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THE BEST PLAYS OF 1899-1909

EDITED BY
BURNS MANTLE

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1919-20
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1920-21
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1921-22
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1922-23
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1923-24
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1924-25
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THE BEST PLAYS OF 1937-38
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1938-39
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1939-40
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1940-41
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1941-42

*Edited by Burns Mantle
and Garrison P. Sherwood*
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1899-1909
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1909-1919



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"BARBARA FRIETCHIE"

Barbara—Now, listen! My life and happiness are coming down
that road where your guns point.

Gelwex—That's nothing to do with me.

(Julia Marlowe, Dodson Mitchell)

THE BEST PLAYS
OF 1899-1909

AND THE
YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA
IN AMERICA

EDITED BY
BURNS MANTLE
AND
GARRISON P. SHERWOOD

With Illustrations

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INTRODUCTION

AS MAY be discovered by reference to the introduction published in the volume of "Best Plays" covering the decade extending from 1909 to 1919, the inspiration for these two added volumes to the American Theatre record stems from a desire to make our theatre history complete.

The annual Year Books of the Drama in America were begun the season of 1919-20. Ten years back, Garrison P. Sherwood, an avid collector of theatre data, suggested that, working together, he furnishing the statistics and I the digests of ten plays that would fairly represent the seasons included, we could bridge a gap then existing between the older and newer records.

Previous histories, starting with the William Dunlap record in 1732, have come down as far as Prof. George C. D. Odell has advanced with his invaluable "Annals of the New York Stage." The thirteenth volume of this series chronicles in detail both theatre and other amusement activities up to and including the year 1888.

There have been a good many recent theatre histories published, including Prof. Arthur Hobson Quinn's "A History of the American Drama," which covers the period between the Civil War and the middle 1930s; Prof. Glenn Hughes' "The Story of the Theatre," which goes back to the beginning and comes down to 1928; George Freedley's and John A. Reeves' "History of the Theatre," also going back to the beginning and coming down to 1941, and Margaret G. Mayorga's "A Short History of the American Drama," which is a "commentary on plays prior to 1920."

None of these, however, is a detailed and statistical record of the theatre seasons covered. They are, for the most part, editorial and critical discussions of plays and playwrights, selected primarily for the importance of the plays and the interest they inspired in the theatre.

We have followed the form and duplicated as far as possible the detail of the twenty-four previous volumes of "Best Plays" already issued. As a result we now have between covers a complete and, we believe, a correct report of the American theatre's activities for the first forty-two years of the twentieth century.

By adding this report to the previously published theatre records

of other historians, any hardy researcher can push his way happily back through an acreage of words, both flowery and weedy, to the earliest transplantings of the drama in this New World.

In selecting the plays chosen to represent the first ten theatre seasons of the twentieth century, not the slightest claim is made to an infallibility of judgment. These ten plays are probably not, certainly not in every instance, the best plays written during this period. Some of them are quite frankly chosen because they represented a pleasantly reminiscent period of playgoing. But they are all, I believe, characteristic of their time and they were all extremely popular with the playgoers who were supporting the theatre at the time of their production. Each of them represents its author, if not at his best, at least at no worse than his second best.

William Clyde Fitch had arrived at his showiest years in the theatre at the beginning of the twentieth century, which accounts reasonably enough for my taking two of his plays, "Barbara Frietchie" to represent the season of 1899-1900 and "The Climbers" the season of 1900-01. The records indicate that during the season of 1900-01 Fitch had no fewer than ten plays running either in New York or on tour simultaneously. Elsie De Wolfe played "The Way of the World," Sadie Martinot "The Marriage Game," Annie Russell "The Girl and the Judge," and Amelia Bingham "The Climbers" at one time or another during the winter on Broadway. S. Miller Kent was touring in "The Cowboy and the Lady," written for Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott; Howard Kyle was touring in "Nathan Hale"; there were three "Lover's Lane" companies on the road and Julia Marlowe was continuing with the previous season's "Barbara Frietchie."

Many other plays were to flow from the pen of this successful dramatist—including "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," "The Girl with the Green Eyes," "The Truth," and "The Woman in the Case." He started writing "The City," perhaps his grimmest and, as it turned out, his last play, in 1908 and completed it in 1909. It was produced posthumously, but did not long survive.

"Barbara Frietchie" was the popular success of its day, and also one of the two Fitch war plays, "Major André" being the other. It offers an interesting contrast with the war dramas that have followed it as representative of the first and second World Wars.

"The Climbers," at the time of its production, was counted the best of the Fitch output up to that time, and is fairly representative of the author's style and of such skill in drama construction as he had developed.

"If I Were King" is one of the colorfully reminiscent plays of its period. It was written by Justin Huntly McCarthy, the English

dramatist, and played successfully by E. H. Sothern in his most persuasive romantic manner. Originally, Mr. McCarthy's wife, the popular Cissie Loftus, had the role of the heroine.

"The Darling of the Gods" is another drama that, as dramatic literature, might easily have been bypassed. But it also represented the florid and popular type of production with which David Belasco built his fame as an outstanding producer of that decade. It was the play that brought John Luther Long into the theatre, following his earlier success with the "Madame Butterfly" sketch from which both the drama and the opera were adapted. It also serves as an interesting comparison of our attitude toward the picturesque people of old Japan and our present contempt for the treacherous enemies who are the lineal descendants of the one-time romantically heroic Samurai.

George Ade was a definite figure among the playwrights who were popular through the 1899-1909 decade. With "The County Chairman," produced in 1903, following the first Ade hit with "The Sultan of Sulu," the genial Indiana humorist took American politics and the Hoosier politicians apart and made good-natured fun of them. Mr. Ade once told an interviewer that it was his ambition to write native comedies that would truthfully and amusingly reveal his fellow countrymen without slandering them or holding them up to ridicule. He consistently held to this standard throughout his comparatively short playwrighting career and probably extracted great satisfaction from the returns he gained by doing so. "The County Chairman" is far from a great play, but it does honestly represent the American theatre scene through the season of 1903-04.

C. M. S. McLellan (who signed himself "Hugh Morton" when he wrote "The Belle of New York") confesses his great disappointment in a preface to the printed version of "Leah Kleschna" that his producers insisted upon his providing a fifth act and a happy ending to the drama. It would, it was his contention, have been a much stronger play if it had ended indeterminately but reasonably at the close of the fourth act. "Leah Kleschna" did much to establish the high standing of the Manhattan Theatre Company which was the favorite enterprise of Harrison Grey and Mrs. Fiske at that time.

"The Squaw Man" was Edwin Milton Royle's fourth play and his greatest success. It was, as more fully appears in later pages, one of those fascinating romantic adventures in playwriting that dot the record. It was dashed off because Mr. Royle was in need of a curtain-raiser to piece out an evening devoted to a new comedy, but a good deal of serious labor was afterward given the rewriting of the script. Mr. Royle's daughter, Josephine, recalls that her father spent the better part of the summer following the first production

of the one-act version, perfecting, among other features, the phonetics of the Ute tongue so that the actors could read them convincingly. George C. Tyler, the producer, also gave great care to the selection of the cast. Happily, the success that followed was ample reward for the labors of all concerned.

Arthur Hobson Quinn, in his excellent "History of the American Drama," credits William Vaughn Moody and his drama of the Southwest, produced originally by Margaret Anglin in Chicago as "A Sabine Woman" and later the same year, 1906, in New York as "The Great Divide," with having been, both author and play, significant influences in establishing the trend of "the drama of revolt in America" at the beginning of the twentieth century. Certainly it was the most literary and most literate of the dramas of its period and fittingly represents the season of 1906-07.

Augustus Thomas was one of the definitely upstanding as well as outstanding American dramatists of this period. He contributed generously and most successfully to the theatre, from the production in 1884 of his first play, "Editha's Burglar" (adapted with Edgar Smith from a novel by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett), through the next three decades. "The Witching Hour" seems to me to have combined as many of the virtues of his skill as dramatist, and of the quality of his dramatist's mind, as any play he wrote during his middle period. It was also the popular success of the season of 1907-08.

Finally, we have Booth Tarkington's and Harry Leon Wilson's "The Man from Home," which, though it might never have been selected as one of the great plays of its day, was still a tremendously successful play the season of 1908-09 and quite honestly reflected the taste of the playgoers at that time. As it happens the choice of a play to represent this particular season was a little confusing. In the first place, Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way" was unquestionably the outstanding drama produced in 1909. But I had already included that in the 1909-19 volume as the representative success and most significant drama of the 1909-10 season, which was the season following its Broadway heralding, but also the season of its greatest country-sweeping popularity.

A second choice was Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell," but Mr. Sheldon was reluctant to see that drama in print again, even in the reduced form in which the plays are here presented. Naturally, I deferred to his wishes in the matter. The Tarkington-Wilson comedy was the next selection and does, I think, strike the proper nostalgic note of reminiscence we considered important to this compilation even in a 1934 revision favored by the authors.

The choice of ten plays to represent ten years covered by this

volume does not, to my mind, represent the most important contribution the book makes to American theatre history. That will be found in the records of dates and casts so painstakingly compiled by my collaborator, Mr. Sherwood. These records not only serve as spurs to memories of a happy playgoing decade, but they are studded with names and dates of both interest and value to researchers in the theatrical field. We are again indebted to our collaborators, Clara Sears Taylor and Elliott T. Martinson, for their valued and sympathetic assistance.

Wartime working conditions force us to send "The Best Plays of 1899-1909" to press with all its imperfections (minor, we trust) on its head. Whether or not it proves all that we hope for it as the last link in the chain of recorded theatre facts stretching from 1700 to 1943, it is still, we feel, a work that should have been done.

B. M.

Forest Hills, 1944.

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BARBARA FRIETCHIE

A Play in Four Acts

By CLYDE FITCH

BARBARA FRIETCHIE (83 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, October 23, 1899. Cast:

Barbara Frietchie.....	Julia Marlowe
Sue Royce.....	Norah Lamison
Mrs. Hunter.....	Annie Clark
Capt. Trumbull.....	J. H. Gilmour
Arthur Frietchie.....	Lionel Adams
Jack Negly.....	Arnold Daly
Tim Greene.....	Becton Radford
Dr. Hal Boyd.....	Algernon Tassin
Corporal Perkins.....	Ralph Lewis
Sally Negly.....	Katherine Wilson
Laura Royce.....	Mary Blyth
Mammy Lu.....	Alice Leigh
Mr. Frietchie.....	George Woodward
Col. Negly.....	W. J. LeMoynes
Fred Gelwix.....	Dodson Mitchell
Edgar Strong.....	Donald MacLaren
Sergt. James.....	Frank Colfax
Orderly.....	H. Phillips
A Boy.....	Byron Ongley

Staged by William Seymour.

This play was revived at the Academy of Music, New York, January 28, 1901, for 40 performances. Cast:

Barbara Frietchie.....	Effie Ellsler
Sue Royce.....	Mary Blyth
Mrs. Hunter.....	Fanny L. Burt
Capt. Trumbull.....	Frank Weston
Arthur Frietchie.....	Algernon Tassin
Jack Negly.....	George S. Christie
Tim Greene.....	Fred Hardy
Dr. Hal Boyd.....	Byron Ongley
Corporal Perkins.....	Richard Warner
Sally Negly.....	Carol Arden
Laura Royce.....	Olive Murray
Mammy Lu.....	Alice Leigh
Mr. Frietchie.....	Charles Stedman
Col. Negly.....	Charles Chappelle
Fred Gelwex.....	George W. Mitchell

Edgar Strong.....	Charles Gibson
Sergt. James.....	William Colfax
Orderly.....	H. Phillips
A Boy.....	Charles Ongley

IN 1899 the American theatre was approaching the turn of the century gaily and with confidence. Having come through a decade of prosperity, and been benefited (in a business way) rather than harmed by the Spanish-American War, the theatre was riding high on the crest of what might be called a star wave. It was the stars of the stage rather than their plays that dominated the playhouses. Many atrociously bad dramas were saved by the attractiveness of their casts, and more particularly by the popularity of their leading players. It was the stars, in fact, who had as much to say in dictating the character of the plays in which they appeared as had their managers.

Clyde Fitch, among other star makers and star worshipers, had enjoyed ten years of varied success. As a young man, recently graduated from Amherst College, he had written "Beau Brummell," practically in collaboration with Richard Mansfield, who played it, and with the help of an earlier Brummell play, Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of George Brummell." He had followed this with "His Grace de Grammont," which helped an ambitious young actor-manager, Otis Skinner, to a firmer footing as an independent in the theatre. He had written "Mistress Betty" for Madame Modjeska, "The Moth and the Flame" for Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon and "The Masked Ball" for John Drew and Maude Adams. His "Nathan Hale" did not do much for Nat Goodwin, but was later played extensively through the West by Howard Kyle. Mr. Goodwin and his beautiful wife, Maxine Elliott, also toyed for a season with "The Cowboy and the Lady." Mr. Fitch's position among his contemporaries was a commanding one, and it was quite natural that his "Barbara Frietchie" should be selected as the 1899-1900 "vehicle" for the beautiful and popular Julia Marlowe.

There was plenty of star competition those days. During this particular season playgoers saw John Drew in C. Haddon Chambers' "The Tyranny of Tears," E. H. Sothorn and Virginia Harned (that was before Miss Marlowe had come into Mr. Sothorn's life) in "The King's Musketeers," and Mrs. Fiske in Langdon Mitchell's "Becky Sharp."

It was in November, 1899, that William Gillette produced "Sherlock Holmes." Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were over from London with "Robespierre." The dramatization of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" was a stage sensation. That season Viola Allen began the

years of her great triumph in Hall Caine's "The Christian," and Maude Adams bounded into stardom with "The Little Minister."

It was also the year that the English actress, Olga Nethersole, was arrested for playing a scene in a dramatization of Daudet's "Sapho" (also by Clyde Fitch), in which her lover (Hamilton Revelle) boldly carried her up a spiral stairway to her apartment. To attract the police today such a scene would at least have to reveal the heroine in a disrobing exhibition en route.

We have selected "Barbara Frietchie" to represent this particular season because it creditably and interestingly reflects the playwrighting art of Clyde Fitch in his pre-social comedy days, and because it gives us a taste of the frankly prettified war drama of the period. We have come pretty far in this division since standards were set by "Secret Service" and "Held by the Enemy." We have known "What Price Glory" and "The Eve of St. Mark." But in the older theatre the romance rather than the realism of war was attractive to audiences. It is their theatre-going tastes and reactions we are striving to recapture.

"Fitch was vigorously criticized for falsification of history," writes Arthur Hobson Quinn in his "History of the American Drama," "and rather feebly defended himself on the grounds that Barbara Frietchie was ninety-six years old and bedridden when Stonewall Jackson went through Fredericksburg. But Whittier's heroine, rightly or wrongly, had become established as the real Barbara and it was a dangerous experiment, since it distracted the attention of critics from the play itself. For, while false to fact and legend, it is true of the spirit of the time, from the social if not from the military point of view. It has not the vigor of 'Secret Service' or the profound depth of 'Griffith Davenport,' but it has a charm of its own, which helped largely in the success of its adaptation into the musical comedy, 'My Maryland' (1927)."

It is a pleasant summer evening in 1863 when we first meet Barbara Frietchie and her friends. The rising curtain reveals the façades of three houses in Frederick, Maryland. Two of them are red brick, with front porches. The third is a frame cottage set back in its yard with a geranium garden in front of it.

On the porch of the Frietchie house, which is in the center, two young girls are sitting gossiping, and on the porch of Col. Negly's house next door a young woman and a young man are talking earnestly. It is early evening. There are a few lamps lighted inside the Frietchie and Negly houses, and through the open windows of the Frietchie house come the strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen." That would be Barbara Frietchie singing and accompanying herself on the piano.

The girls on the Frietchie porch are Laura and Sue Royce. "They are pretty, rather thoughtless young creatures, but sweet-tempered and warm-hearted. They wear soft, light dresses, open at the neck, and are bare-armed." The Royce girls are both interested and curious about the couple on the Negly porch. The girl over there is Sally Negly. They can't see the young man's face but they suspect he is a beau. They are sure of it when Sally politely declines their invitation to come sit with them. A moment later they have recognized Sally's young man. He is Edgar Strong, a young stalwart of the South. Presently Edgar gets up, bows gracefully to Miss Negly and walks a little stiffly down the street, paying no attention to the "Ahems!" of the Royces.

Indoors Barbara continues her singing. She has gone from "Kathleen Mavourneen" to "Maryland, My Maryland," and then to "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Barbara is quite sentimental this evening, Laura Royce observes. And it isn't because of Jack Negly. It's because of a certain Captain Trumbull. And he's a Yankee.

Now Sally Negly has come to join the girls. She brings a message which she calls in the Frietchie window. "Barbara, Jack's coming over." There is a crash of chords on the piano. "Not at home!" answers Barbara, with emphatic emphasis, and begins to sing "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

"That's just how she treats Jack now!" snaps Sally.

"And everybody's talking about Barbara and that ornry Yankee," adds Laura.

"I don't think he's ornry? I think he's nice." This from Sue.

"He's your enemy and you ought to hate him!" declares Sally. "I shan't have anything more to do with Bab if she doesn't stop seeing Capt. Trumbull."

"He has a lovely mustache."

"It isn't the mustache that makes the man!"

Jack Negly, "a handsome young fellow of twenty," comes from the Negly house and, stopping in front of the Frietchies' windows, calls to Barbara. The only answer he gets is a moment's silence, followed by Barbara's resumption of her singing. Jack is persistent. Finally he gets his answer—

"I'm not home—to *cowards!*" calls Barbara.

Jack is stunned for a moment, then he walks deliberately into the house. Barbara's singing ends abruptly. "Would it be wrong to listen?" Sally wants to know. "Decidedly!" answers Sue, getting as close to the window as she can. "And, anyway, I can't hear a word!"

Two Union soldiers are coming down the street. As the girls swish their dresses up out of the way of contamination, one of the

soldiers tosses a rose into Laura's lap. She throws it after him with an expression of disgust. The soldiers disappear laughing.

Sally wishes Barbara would make up her mind to be her brother Jack's sweetheart for good and all. Jack is so moody they can't do anything with him at home. And, anyway, Barbara has no right to be mad with Jack because he won't fight with the South, especially when she is flirting with a Yankee herself.

"The whole town is angry about Barbara," reports Laura. "All the vestrymen of our church were at the house this afternoon, begging Mr. Frietchie to forbid Barbara's seeing Capt. Trumbull any more."

"Bab adores her father. I wonder what would happen if she were called on to choose between the two."

There is a sudden crashing discord on the piano, followed by Barbara's indignant "How dare you!" The Royce girls and Sally huddle together and try to hear. Presently Jack's voice, raised in anger, can be heard shouting—

"Very well; I'll go to the war. Do you hear me, Bab? I'll go and fight if you want it! *I'll go!* But not to fight for my country; understand that? To fight him! To kill this damned Northerner who has taken you from me! *You!* Barbara Frietchie, whom I love better than the South, better than my life!"

A moment later Jack has come bursting through the door. He is ready to damn all women, and does, as he passes the girls. He is rushing down the street when Barbara appears in the doorway.

"Call us what you like," she cries excitedly, yet with girlish dignity; "but remember that we women *love* the man we honor and give our lips to the man we love!"

Barbara "is a ravishing young creature who has more or less willingly upset most of the youth of the town. . . . Her eyes are large and beautiful and she does what she likes with them. . . . She is dressed in a billowy mass of blue gauziness, bare neck, save for a blue cameo, and bare arms, save for two lovely dimples. Another cameo, the color of her lips, is caught at her waist."

Barbara is angry. She has never given Jack Negly the right to speak to her that way. Nor is she impressed by Sally's wish that she would forgive Jack, and love him.

"You can't make yourself love, Sally," insists Barbara. "Love is a willful, adorable child that teases you till you give him his own way."

"Love is a saint that stands always by you and *blesses* you when you find and know him."

"Love is a magician that can make hearts change places in a sec-

ond," declares Sally. "Love isn't Cupid, really. He's Jupiter and rules all the world."

"Love is— Girls, I think *love* is a *man!*" decides Barbara.

"A Yankee man?" taunts Sally.

"I *like* Capt. Trumbull," confesses Barbara, defensively.

It is getting darker. Col. Negly comes from his house looking for Barbara's father and retires to his own porch to smoke his pipe and wait. Hal Boyd and Edgar Strong come down the street and stop before the girls. Hal asks to speak to Laura. He is a little agitated. He would have Laura persuade Sue to go indoors and play the piano. Tell her they all want to dance. He'll take her (Laura); Edgar will take Sally and they will go for a walk. That will leave Barbara alone, and that is what Hal wants. It's serious.

The conspiracy is working. The four are dancing. "Stay here on the steps, no matter what we do," Hal whispers to a confused Barbara. She is still mystified when they all four steal away, leaving Sue still playing. "Don't be afraid to say when you're tired," calls Sue, with friendly satire.

Now a hooded figure appears from the Royces' cottage and makes its way carefully to the side of the Frietchie porch. With a "Pst!" the figure attracts Barbara's attention and, later, makes its way out of the Royces' gate and to Barbara's side. Now Barbara has recognized her brother Arthur, a "high-spirited young Southern soldier."

"I was wounded yesterday in a skirmish on the Gettysburg pike," explains Arthur, haltingly. "The Yankees have taken Hagerstown, but I managed not to get caught, crawled here and have been all day at the Royces'. You must hide me in our cellar till I can get well—or die—"

Arthur has sunk down on the lower step. Barbara is quickly by his side trying to get him into the house before they are seen. She is forced to hide him in back of her as Col. Negly appears on his porch, still looking for Mr. Frietchie. Col. Negly goes back, but now Sue is tired of playing. With a cry of protest she comes to the window to tell the dancers what she thinks of them and finds them gone. She goes back into the room and comes through the front door just as Barbara is helping Arthur into the house. As Sue throws open the door a flood of light reveals Barbara and Arthur.

At this moment Capt. Trumbull comes slowly along the Royces' fence, smoking his pipe. In front of the Frietchie porch he stops to see who is on the top step. As the light falls on Barbara and her brother he hears Sue cry out: "Arthur!" And Barbara cautions: "Hush! Don't speak his name!"

Capt. Trumbull, taking his pipe from his mouth, whistles softly

to himself and turns away. "He is a tall, slender, handsome Northerner, dressed in the uniform of a Union captain. He is one of those fine-hearted, open-souled men who is loved as baby, boy and man by everyone, but so unconsciously, so far as he himself is concerned, as never to be spoiled."

After a moment's hesitation Capt. Trumbull starts to walk slowly up the street as Barbara, Arthur and Sue disappear in the Frietchie house and close the door. At the corner of the Royces' fence the Captain turns and retraces his steps. He puts away his pipe now, walks up the steps and raps sharply with the iron knocker.

As he stands waiting, a search gang of eight Union soldiers comes down the street and turns in at the Royces' gate. Col. Negly, hearing the knocking, comes to the side of his porch to see if Mr. Frietchie has arrived. "Is that you, Frietchie?" he calls. "No, sir, it's Capt. Trumbull."

An angry grunt from Negly. "Oh, I know you, sir! You're a damned Yankee, sir."

"I'm a Union soldier, sir," answers Trumbull. The search gang has gone into the Royce house.

"So was I a soldier, sir, in a just cause. I was a colonel in the Mexican War, sir!"

"I am glad you are not fighting this time, Colonel."

"I'm not, sir, but I'll take up the sword again, sir, if they need me. I'm not too old yet, sir! I may join the blessed South in a fortnight, sir."

"I might keep you a prisoner here and prevent your leaving the town," threatens Capt. Trumbull, with a smile.

"The town won't be yours, sir, in a fortnight! There won't be a damned Yankee left in the place, sir, in a fortnight! (TRUMBULL *knocks again, this time more loudly.*) And, thank God, sir, while you Northerners have our dear town not one of 'em dares to call on *my daughter*, sir. Frietchie's got to stop it too, sir! We're coming to have a word with him. (TRUMBULL *knocks louder.*) Not that I have anything against you personally, sir. I'm bound to believe if it weren't for the war you might be a gentleman, sir."

The Frietchie door is opened just a little by Barbara. She wants to know who is there. Being told, she puts a bare arm through the door to shake hands with the Captain. He would come in, but she quickly slides through the door and faces him. It is, she thinks, much cooler and pleasanter outside. She would close the door after her, but he stops her. He would have her leave the door open. He can see her face much better in the light; besides, he has a good reason.

Next door, Mammy Lu, a large and angry colored lady, is show-

ing the provost guard out the Royces' door. "Is you froo? Bress de Lawd! Is you done giv' up fin'in' any pore Southern sojers hyah? Ain't you gwine to look inside the roses a-growing on de bushes, you devils? And didn't yer forget to look under the stah carpet? And dere's the kitchen closet; you oughter look in the flour barrel and inside the chickens' eggs, too! The hens hyah hide little Rebs in dem, sure!"

Barbara, frightened, has jumped to her feet. Again Capt. Trumbull must tell her not to close the door. He speaks firmly this time and she gives way. Why should she care, anyway? She has nothing to hide!

"Good night, Venus!" calls the Sergeant to the angry Mammy Lu, as he brings his squad over to the Frietchies' house. "Don't you call me no names, you low down white trash, you!" Mammy Lu calls back.

"We have our orders, Captain, to search every house in this quarter of the town," the Sergeant is telling Captain Trumbull. "Information has reached headquarters that several families in this neighborhood are harboring Union deserters and Rebel spies."

"There is no spy in this house," Barbara is quick to assert.

"How about Union deserters and Rebel soldiers? At any rate, our orders are to search every house. You will pardon me, madam."

"There is no one here!"

"Stand aside; your word's not enough!" The Sergeant has raised his arm and would push past Barbara.

"One minute, Sergeant! This lady's word *is sufficient for me!*" Capt. Trumbull has arisen to face the soldier. "I will be responsible for this house that there is no one in it. You are not to search. Refer to me at headquarters."

The Sergeant and his squad have started away when Capt. Trumbull calls them back. "I'm not responsible for the house next door," he says with the trace of a smile. "You'd better search that!"

A moment later Col. Negly is storming his defiance and refusing to permit the soldiers to enter his house until they threaten to break down the door.

Capt. Trumbull has turned seriously to Barbara. He has recognized her brother. He knows the boy is inside the house. He is willing to take her word that he is not a spy, but she must agree to keep him prisoner and see that he does no spy's work.

It is a great pity, thinks Barbara, that Capt. Trumbull is what he is. *A Yankee!* A handsome Yankee, but still a Yankee. Rather nice, too, but a Yankee! And all her men folk are rebels.

The Sergeant and his searchers are coming from the Negly house. They are followed by a furious Col. Negly, "smoking like a house

afire!" Capt. Trumbull stops the Sergeant to inquire about two deserters from his own company—Gelwex and Greene. Have they been retaken? They have not, reports the Sergeant, and they have been heard vowing vengeance against Capt. Trumbull for having disciplined them.

The soldiers have marched away. Col. Negly continues his furious smoking. Barbara turns to Capt. Trumbull. Would he fight for her side? The answer is a quiet but positive *No*. Not even if she begged him to? No. And yet he pretends to care for her. Will he tell her what he really thinks of her?

"I think you are very, *very* adorable—for a Rebel," admits the Captain.

"Oh, I'm tired of hearing so much of Rebel and Yankee!" pouts Barbara.

TRUMBULL—Good! So am I. Would *you* be a Yankee for my sake?

BARBARA (*angry*)—What! Against the South? My South! How dare you ask me that?

TRUMBULL—It's no more than you asked me!

BARBARA—But the North is wrong; the South is right!

TRUMBULL—Oh!

BARBARA—You are the aggressive party. We only ask to be left alone!

TRUMBULL—Left alone to do what you shouldn't.

BARBARA—We don't acknowledge any authority of yours to dictate to us what is right and wrong.

TRUMBULL—You think it right to own slaves?

BARBARA—Yes! There isn't a darkey on our place who doesn't love us, and we love them.

TRUMBULL—You hold it right to buy and sell human flesh, to take the young child from its mother, the wife from her husband—

BARBARA (*interrupting*)—How dare you repeat those things to me?

TRUMBULL—I speak the truth. Here, in this very house—

BARBARA (*more angry*)—Stop! I won't listen. Not to those blackguard lies from the Union papers!

TRUMBULL—Ah! You know what I say is true.

BARBARA (*furious*)—No, lies! lies! *Confound* all you Yankee liars!

TRUMBULL—Miss Frietchie—

BARBARA—The South! I'd die for her. And *you* ask me if I'd give her up, you with your Northern lies about her! You've seen the flagpost on our house. They used to fly from it an American

flag, given my grandfather by Thomas Jefferson; but, when *this war* broke out, we tore it down in rags!

TRUMBULL—Good night.

BARBARA (*still angry*)—Good night!

Captain Trumbull goes down the steps and starts up the street. He has reached the Royces' corner before he hears a faintly coaxing call from the Frietchie porch. He hesitates, then turns and slowly returns to stand below the porch. Barbara is leaning against a column of the balcony, whispering—

BARBARA—" 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy!"

TRUMBULL (*not yet understanding that it is a quotation*)—That's right, Miss Frietchie.

BARBARA—"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; so Romeo would were he not Romeo called."

TRUMBULL (*delighted*)—By George! Yes, that's it! You and I—Romeo and Juliet!

BARBARA—But Romeo promised to forswear his name for Juliet.

TRUMBULL—I don't blame him if Juliet were a "Rebel"!

BARBARA—Then you will forswear yours?

TRUMBULL—Oh, no!

BARBARA—Then Romeo was no "Yankee."

TRUMBULL—He was a lover, that's enough, and so am I! But don't let us be like those unlucky duffers. Let us live and be happy, in spite of the war. You do love me a little, Barbara?

BARBARA (*leaning over and giving him her hand*)—Come back up the steps!

TRUMBULL (*pointing up*)—You see that star?

BARBARA (*laughing*)—Oh, no! No, you don't! Nearly every man in Frederick has tried to show me that star!

TRUMBULL—No, I wasn't going to play a trick. I don't want kisses I have to steal from you.

BARBARA—Oh, dear me! Aren't you particular about your old kisses!

TRUMBULL—Barbara, *will* you kiss me?

BARBARA—No!

TRUMBULL—Ah! Barbara, *will* you *marry* me?

BARBARA—What?

TRUMBULL—Will you be my wife?

BARBARA (*lifting her eyes, which are wet, to his, and smiling*)—Yes! (*He holds her close in his arms for a moment. Then she raises her head, and, half playfully, speaks to him.*) Step down—only

one step! (*He steps down.*) Do you see that star?

TRUMBULL (*looking up*)—Where?

BARBARA (*pointing*)—There! (*Kissing him.*) I like stolen kisses best.

TRUMBULL—My little *Rebel!* My *Rebel!*

BARBARA—Yes, my *Yankee love, my soldier!* Still a *Rebel*, though I'll be your wife. I've fought against it all I could. I've been silly and willful and frivolous with you but you saw behind my woman's barricade.

TRUMBULL—Yes, I saw *you!*

BARBARA—I love you! I've tried not to, but a love like mine must rule even in the heart it dwells in. I think its only master can be God. For, though I love my father dearly, dearly, though I love my brother second best, and love this house where Mother taught me everything I know—including prayers—and love this town—the very bricks of the streets through which I've wandered into girlhood—and Maryland and all the South, the blessed, sweet, dear South, still you, you Northerner—you *Yankee!*—you, my soldier lover—I love *you most!*

Barbara's father, "a handsome old gentleman, with fine face and sympathetic manner," has come up the street and stopped before the Negly porch. Seeing him, the Colonel has risen to invite him up on the porch. Frietchie brings the news that the Northerners have taken Hagerstown and that the Rebels are going to try to take it back. Hagerstown isn't all they are taking, snaps Col. Negly. There's something Frietchie will have to keep out of their hands. The man on the Frietchie porch for example. It is too dark for Frietchie to see, but he can guess who it is. Capt. Trumbull!

Sally and Edgar, Laura and Hal are back from their walk. They come up the street gaily singing "Listen to the Mocking Bird," but are quickly silenced by the discovery of Capt. Trumbull on Barbara's porch. The girls sweep haughtily by. The boys continue on up the street, changing their tune to "Dixie" with a marked emphasis.

Barbara is a little amused at the politeness of her friends, but she assures the Captain that her father will be much worse. Of course she will be able to persuade him in time, but— "It will have to be tonight," the Captain says, firmly. He may be off to Hagerstown to fight in the morning, and he does not intend to give Mr. Frietchie a chance to say that he had stolen Barbara's heart on the sly and was afraid to ask for it.

Col. Negly and Mr. Frietchie have reappeared on the Negly

porch. "Come over and hear me," Frietchie is saying. "I'll give him his congé tonight! Now!"

Barbara has moved over to Capt. Trumbull's aide. She wishes he would not speak tonight—but if he must she'll stand by him. With angry strides Mr. Frietchie has reached his own porch. Curtly he acknowledges his daughter's introduction to Capt. Trumbull and immediately interrupts the Captain's gracious reply—

"I was about to say, sir, in the politest terms I am able to master, that the door of my house from tonight on is shut to you, sir." He has taken Barbara's hand, who turns to give Captain Trumbull a reassuring smile. "My daughter nor no one in my house is at home to you, sir—not to you nor to any other damned Yankee! Have I made myself clear, Negly, or has my effort at politeness concealed my meaning?"

TRUMBULL—Is your prejudice merely based upon my being a Union officer?

FRIETCHIE—I cannot parley words with you, sir. My prejudice is fixed and unalterable. If you are a gentleman, what I have said ought to be sufficient.

TRUMBULL—No, sir, being a gentleman, I resent—

COL. NEGLY (*interrupting*)—*You resent, sir?*

TRUMBULL—I am not on your steps, Col. Negly.

COL. NEGLY—No, thank God!

TRUMBULL—May I have a word with you in private, Mr. Frietchie?

FRIETCHIE—No, sir! I will be obliged to you if you will consider this interview is terminated, sir!

COL. NEGLY—Right, Frietchie!

TRUMBULL—That cannot be, sir, until I tell you that— I love your daughter! (*He waits for the exclamation he expects.*) I love your daughter, and have asked her tonight to be my wife!

FRIETCHIE—What!

TRUMBULL—To be my wife!

COL. NEGLY—No, siree!

TRUMBULL—I am not asking *you* for *your* daughter, sir!

COL. NEGLY—No, thank God!

FRIETCHIE—Never! Do you hear me! Give him his answer Barbara!

BARBARA—I have already!

FRIETCHIE (*to TRUMBULL*)—Wasn't that enough, sir?

TRUMBULL—Quite!

BARBARA (*taking TRUMBULL's hand*)—I said *yes*, Father!

FRIETCHIE—What! You said yes? You'd give yourself to this Yankee nobody, who comes here to rob you of all you have, make your father penniless and take your brother's life if he can? No! (*He seizes her wrist and drags her hand out of TRUMBULL'S.*) I'd sooner give you to the first Confederate deserter that came crawling along the road and feel surer of your happiness! Go into the house!

BARBARA—No, Father!

TRUMBULL—Your insult I pass over, sir, for your daughter's sake.

FRIETCHIE (*to BARBARA*)—Do as I bid you; go to your own room! Your father will take care of you, in spite of yourself. (*She goes into the house, with a meaning look at TRUMBULL.*) Come in, too, Negly. (*NEGLY goes into the house, giving a loud snort as he passes TRUMBULL.*)

TRUMBULL (*to FRIETCHIE*)—Sir, if you wish credentials for my character and family—

FRIETCHIE—Damn you, sir, good night!

COL. NEGLY—And damn your family, too, sir! (*Shuts the door. TRUMBULL stands a moment undecided. An orderly comes quickly around the Royce corner. BARBARA comes softly out into the moonlight on the balcony.*)

ORDERLY—Orders to break and start for Hagerstown at daybreak, Captain, to reinforce Gen. Reno!

TRUMBULL—Very well. I'll be with the men at once.

ORDERLY—Gen. Lee is advancing with his whole army. Expectations of heavy fighting early in the morning!

TRUMBULL—That's bad news, Perkins.

ORDERLY—Yes, sir.

BARBARA—Pst! (*Leaning over.*) More Romeo and Juliet!

TRUMBULL (*going nearer*)—Yes.

BARBARA—Tomorrow!

TRUMBULL (*eagerly*)—Tomorrow! (*His voice changes suddenly.*) Tomorrow!—I'm off to Hagerstown at daybreak!

BARBARA (*disappointed*)—Hagerstown at daybreak?

FRIETCHIE (*in the house*)—Barbara!

BARBARA (*looking back*)—Yes, Father! (*She turns to TRUMBULL.*) Listen! I know a Lutheran minister there! I'll be at his house at noon. I'll marry you all the same!

“She unfastens the camelia at her waist, kisses it, and throws the flower down to him; then hurries into the house. Just as Trumbull catches the flower a distant bugle call is heard. He thrusts the

camelia into his coat, wheels about sharply, and goes straight down the street, turning the Royce corner without looking back again." The curtain falls.

ACT II

The living room in the Lutheran Minister's house in Hagerstown is "a pleasant-looking room, whose walls are covered with large flowered, green-striped paper. . . . A bright, big-figured carpet is on the floor. . . . There is a white marble-topped center table, with a lamp on it on a worsted mat. . . . There are two walnut what-nots in the room boasting of sea shells, small statuettes and other like *objets d'art* of the period. The clock upon the mantel, flanked by two vases of dyed dry grasses, points to 11.30 of a sunny morning."

Presently Mrs. Hunter, "a sweet, placid-looking woman with gray hair in smooth bands," shows in Barbara Frietchie and Sue Royce. The girls are dressed in their very best, carry fans and little parasols and are happily excited. They have come to see the Minister. Dr. Hunter should be back any minute, Mrs. Hunter assures them. He is out getting the news. There is a report that the Confederates will try to retake Hagerstown today.

Mrs. Hunter is at some pains to find out just what the girls do want to see Dr. Hunter about and finally worms the plan for Barbara's wedding to a Yankee officer out of them. Now Mrs. Hunter shares some of their excitement. If there is going to be a wedding she will have to "red up a bit." She doesn't really approve of Barbara's practically running away to marry, especially as her father is opposed to it, and she very much doubts if the Minister will marry them, but if he will she agrees to act as a witness.

Sue is at the window looking to see if Captain Trumbull is coming. There is no sign of him, but there is a good deal of excitement in the street; crowds of people and many soldiers hurrying about. A small boy is passing. Sue calls him into the garden to get the news. "The Rebs are coming to take back the town from the Yankees!" reports the boy, excitedly. "They're only a mile now down the pike! You can see them from the roof of your house!"

"Where'll they fight?" Barbara asks anxiously.

"Everybody says here first probably," says the boy. "You'd better shut your shutters." Sue is frightened. She thinks they should be getting away. Barbara won't budge. She has come to be married and married she'll be, even if the drums must play her wedding march. But Captain Trumbull may be needed to defend the town, Sue points out.

"He'll have to get married first," insists the eager Barbara.

"Then, if he has to fight, he'll have a wife's kisses on his lips and a wife's love in his heart to charm away the bullets and a wife's prayers going up to Heaven for him."

Now they can see Captain Trumbull coming down the street. A moment later Barbara is in his arms. The Captain has been getting a license, convincing Dr. Hunter that he should marry them and so on. They'll have to be married in a hurry. It is true the Southerners are coming and Captain Trumbull has made arrangements that men of his regiment are to take their stand in the Hunter house. All the women will have to go into the cellar. As for him, well, if he should fall it will be while he is loving Barbara and trying to serve his country.

"*Your country against mine!*" sadly muses Barbara.

"No. Our country!" corrects the Captain. "North and South were one in 1776. They'll be one again in 1876."

BARBARA—Yes, in 1776 they were betrothed. This war's a lovers' quarrel; after it they'll wed for good, like you and I today.

TRUMBULL—And then *nothing can separate* them.

BARBARA—Not even death! (*Resting again in his arms, he kisses her silently.*) Will, yesterday I told you I was still a Rebel, after all your reasoning.

TRUMBULL—But still *my* Rebel!

BARBARA—All night I lay awake and tried to take your point of view, and by the morning—

TRUMBULL—By the morning—

BARBARA—By the morning it was easier. Perhaps—perhaps we're wrong. But still I'm torn between the two—you whom I love best on one side; everything else I love stands on the other—and this war—this cruel war blackens our skies with its powder clouds, stains our grass with our own heart's blood, destroys our homes and ruins the land we cherish! What can we women do? My brother escaped today and will be with our—with his troops—when they march into Hagerstown this morning. His gun points toward *your* heart, *yours* toward *his!*

TRUMBULL—God save his life!

BARBARA—And yours! See! (*She takes an old patched American flag from a beaded bag.*) This is the flag I told you of last night; my grandfather's!

TRUMBULL—Yes, I remember; but you told me it was *torn*.

BARBARA—It was. I mended it at sunrise. Then I folded it as you see, close and small as I could, and I give it to you, my Yankee soldier, for a wedding gift. But you must let me place it here.

(*Slipping it inside his coat.*) Over your heart, your wife's flag, and may it be some sort of shield to save your life for her.

Mrs. Hunter has come back dressed for the wedding with a fresh cap and a white lace bertha over her shoulders. Sue is beginning to weep and promises to be a pretty damp bridesmaid. Captain Trumbull has drawn Barbara to him and explained that he had no time to get a wedding ring, so he brought his mother's and will use that. Barbara is deeply moved when he shows her the thin gold band.

Now from the window Mrs. Hunter can see someone coming, and they decide it must be the Minister. There is a great scurrying about as Barbara tries to arrange her wedding party. Where will Sue look best? On which side of Captain Trumbull shall she herself stand? Where is her bouquet? Finally she is clinging tightly to the Captain's arm as the hall door opens.

It is not Dr. Hunter but an orderly who comes into the room. He brings orders that Captain Trumbull shall join his company with all speed. "The enemy are only a few yards off, and our troops are to leave this end of the town open to them!" reports the orderly. He has a horse waiting for the Captain.

There will be no time for the wedding. That will have to wait. Mrs. Hunter and Sue have discreetly withdrawn from the lovers' leave-taking. Captain Trumbull holds Barbara close in his arms for a moment. He takes his mother's ring from his finger and puts it on Barbara's wedding finger. The church bells are ringing a warning of the impending battle. Captain Trumbull kisses the ring on Barbara's hand. She throws her arm about his neck and kisses him. As he gently takes her arms away she whispers: "Good-by. Your wife all the same, Will; your wife, your wife."

At the door he has turned. "Good-by, girl!" he calls. "Good-by, boy!" she answers. From the window she can see him crossing the yard and throws her kisses to him. Now she comes tearfully back into the room. What is there they can do to help? Surely there must be something.

There are men marching toward the house. Sue can see them from the window. The shutters will have to be closed. Mrs. Hunter is putting away some of her best things. With the shutters closed the brightness has gone from the room, leaving a dull, dark daylight. Barbara stands motionless in the center of the room.

Suddenly there is a loud rapping on the shutter of one window. The frightened women stare at one another. After a moment the rapping is repeated. Barbara goes to the window and calls out: "What is it?"

"The Rebs are coming! The Rebs are coming!" It is the voice of the boy who had given them the news before. They're right here; there'll be fighting! Look out!"

"Oh, Barbara! Oh, Mrs. Hunter! Oh, I wish I were home!" wails Sue. "I'll never go with you to get married again, Barbara Frietchie! Oh, we'll be killed! We'll all be killed!"

Barbara opens one shutter a little way and peers out. Quickly she closes it again. "There are some of them here already in the street," she reports.

There is a loud knocking on the street door. They do not answer. The knocking is repeated. Then a voice can be heard outside: "This is the confounded Union Preacher's house. Beat in the door if they won't answer!"

Mrs. Hunter goes to the door. A moment later Arthur Frietchie, followed by Gelwex and Greene and two other Confederate soldiers strides into the room. "We want your house, Madame, for our sharpshooters," Arthur is saying to Mrs. Hunter. "We won't harm you or any of your possessions."

Suddenly Barbara and Arthur find themselves facing each other. Their surprise is mutual. Barbara is the happier of the two. Now she knows that she and her friends will be protected. Arthur will protect them. But Arthur is of a different mind. Hunter is a bitter Unioner and his wife can count on no protection from Arthur, even if she is Barbara's friend. Neither can he do anything about sending his men away. They're there on orders. Each will take a window and, being sharpshooters, pick off the best of the Unioners as they come past, so long as they keep coming.

Arthur is disturbed when he discovers that Sue Royce is with Barbara. Still he can do nothing. He is even more disturbed when he discovers Barbara's real reason for being there. That she intends marrying a Northern officer is bad news, but Arthur listens while she explains—

"Wait! Don't speak yet; you don't know him; you've never even *seen* him," pleads Barbara. "How can you judge? He saved you from the Search Gang last night, though you don't know it. He's a good brave man, and he's here in the army you've come to *fight*! Oh, Arthur, he's as dear to me as you can be to Sue and she to you! Pity me! Help me!"

"I can do nothing, Bab, poor old girl."

"At any rate, you're not angry with me for loving him?"

"No, I'm sorry for you."

Arthur has left and taken two of the soldiers with him. Gelwex and Greene are left. They have exchanged significant glances on hearing the name of Captain Trumbull mentioned. They have little

time to spend listening to Barbara. Sure, they are going to stay there and shoot out those windows. True, they are not Southerners, but the South pays well. They're deserters, if she wants to know—deserters from the good old Seventy-fourth from Hartford.

"Each man must look out for hisself," roars Gelwex. "The Rebs pay well, and if it warn't for us they wouldn't be knowing the Yankees' plan today."

"You betrayed your own—"

"Well, you ain't very grateful, Miss! We done it for your side. But why we done it is 'cause the South's going to win, and the winning side's our side! Eh, Tim?"

The thought that they are going to get a chance to pay their old pals back for many indignities is sweet to the sharpshooters. Captain Trumbull is going to be Greene's private target, because Greene owes him the most. Those nights in the guard house for one thing. How did he get in the guard house? Because of his weakness for good old rye, Gelwex admits.

Barbara has an idea. Rye is not a bad drink. Perhaps the soldier would like a little now. The soldier would, even against the advice of his friend, Greene. Mrs. Hunter has come back into the room. Barbara asks her to get the whiskey. Mrs. Hunter is horrified until she is made acquainted with the situation by Barbara's whispered explanation.

Now the Yankees are in sight. The sharpshooters excitedly man their posts. Barbara has rushed over to them and is pleading wildly with Gelwex, who would send her to the cellar—

BARBARA—No. Listen—listen to me a moment. Isn't there any way in which I can persuade you two men not to shoot out of those windows?

GELWEX—Oh, go down in the cellar!

BARBARA—No! For Heaven's sake, won't you show some kindness, some pity? Turn around and look at me! *Look at me!* (*Throwing herself upon his gun.*) Look into my face! (*GELWEX looks at her.*) Now listen! My life and happiness are coming down that road where your guns point!

GELWEX—That's nothing to do with me! (*Wrenching his gun away.*)

BARBARA—Have you no feeling? Have you never loved anyone—your mother?

GELWEX—She left me in the gutter!

BARBARA—Your sweetheart! Surely you have loved someone?

GREENE—Yes, he *loved* a girl once.

BARBARA (*to GELWEX*)—And she loved you?

GELWEX—No! She married me and left me for another man, taking our baby with her. (MRS. HUNTER *brings the whiskey and her husband's gun.*)

BARBARA—No wonder you're hard if you've had such troubles! Well, here's a good drink to drown them in. (*Taking the whiskey and glass and motioning her to place the gun on the center table.*)

GELWEX—Good! (*A fife and drum corps is playing "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys."*)

GREENE—Here they are! (*As BARBARA starts to pour the whiskey, a far-off pistol shot.*)

GELWEX (*in a hurry to drink*)—Damn the glass! (*He seizes the bottle to drink more quickly.*)

GREENE (*in great excitement*)—Fred! Fred! Look! Look! Can't you see?

GELWEX (*throwing down the bottle*)—Yes! Good! The Seventy-fourth! The Seventy-fourth! (*BARBARA starts violently. Two more distant shots.*)

GREENE (*intently*)—Yes, it's them, sure!

TRUMBULL (*his voice heard outside*)—Come on, boys! Come on! For country and for love!

GELWEX (*fiercely*)—Don't interfere with me! (*BARBARA takes up the Minister's gun.*)

MRS. HUNTER (*behind her*)—Pray, Barbara, pray!

BARBARA—*You pray. If he puts his finger on the trigger, I'll shoot!*

“Gelwex lifts his gun and shows intense excitement as he takes aim. Barbara covers him with her gun and holds it steady. As Gelwex puts his finger on the trigger she herself shoots. With a loud oath from Gelwex, his gun drops from his hold, and, seizing his right arm with his other hand, he turns from the window toward Barbara, who still kneels at the table, and lifts her head defiantly.” The curtain falls.

ACT III

Two days later, in the Frietchie house in Frederick, Barbara Frietchie is sitting in the middle of a crimson-carpeted staircase that leads from the living room to a balcony crossing the front of the house. The front door of the house is back of the staircase. The living room is an old Colonial hall. “It is furnished in rosewood with faded red brocaded upholstery, and curtains of the same at the windows.” There are easy armchairs about and ferns and daisies are growing in the fireplace.

Barbara is listening, "sorrowful and tense," to the noises outside the house. Presently Mammy Lu, the Royces' maid, comes through the parlor door. She has let herself in the back way. The fighting is over, reports Mammy Lu, and she had got to worrying about what Miss Barbara and the others would be doing without those ornery Frietchie niggers who, she heard, had cleared out with the Yankees.

There is something for Mammy Lu to do, says Barbara. She can go upstairs to the spare room and let out the man she will find in the chimney closet. He is a Rebel who has been wounded by a woman.

Mr. Frietchie has come from behind the staircase. He is dusty and his clothes are torn. Barbara faces him, but he takes elaborate pains to avoid speaking to her. He would walk around her if he could. Not until she assures him that she is not yet married to Captain Trumbull will he take any notice of her. Then he grudgingly admits that he has no news of Captain Trumbull. He hopes the Captain is among the missing. He has heard that his son Arthur was always in the thickest of the fight and is proud of him. He has heard, too, that Jack Negly has joined his father's regiment.

"Everyone I have seen agrees Frederick owes most to Arthur Frietchie that she is once more under the Southern flag," says Mr. Frietchie, feelingly. "Come upstairs with me and we'll put the blessed banner out again."

Frietchie is at the foot of the stairs holding out his hand. Barbara doesn't take it. "Father—if—if I told you I had wavered in my allegiance to that flag—" she begins, hesitatingly.

"I wouldn't believe you," he snaps, turning to face her. "Come, come, Barbara! You've been attracted by a handsome stranger—this Yankee officer. You think you love him, but you're only a girl. I'm an old man, and I know what such love is worth. Wait till you're older."

She is standing below him on the stairs, leaning against the newel post—

BARBARA—My mother married you *before* she was my age!

FRIETCHIE—Did she repent it?

BARBARA—No! Nor will I when I marry Captain Trumbull.

FRIETCHIE—You'll *never* marry *him*. Your mother's case was different. She and I grew up together, side by side, and when I first laid you in your mother's arms and whispered: "Barbara, here's your *daughter!*" she smiled back at me through two big tears and said: "She's *yours*; make *her* as happy as you've made me!" And once again, the night before she died, she called you mine, and said:

"Find her a husband, Southern, like her father; don't let her go away into the cold North! Keep her near you—to take—my place—" (*He breaks down for a second and turns away.*) Barbara, your mother's youngest brother, your Uncle Dick, fell in the fight today, killed by a Northern bullet—

BARBARA—Uncle Dick!

FRIETCHIE—And if they brought *here even the dead body* of Captain Trumbull I'd refuse it resting place under my roof!

BARBARA (*with cry of horror*)—Father! (*GELWEX appears on the balcony, his right arm in a sling.*)

FRIETCHIE—Who's this?

BARBARA—A Rebel soldier I've been hiding. His name is Gelwex.

FRIETCHIE (*to GELWEX*)—Were you fighting today?

GELWEX—No, sir. I come from Hagerstown with the young lady couple of days back.

FRIETCHIE—You're wounded?

BARBARA (*quietly*)—I did that!

FRIETCHIE—You?

BARBARA—In Hagerstown. (*To GELWEX.*) Tell him if you wish. (*She goes to the window.*)

GELWEX (*doggedly*)—I was a sharpshooter in the Preacher's house. I had a grudge against Captain Trumbull. He came along, and I aimed, but she shot first!

FRIETCHIE (*outraged*)—My daughter shot a soldier of the South! Would to God you'd killed him first! It's he who made the fighting here today double the work. We almost had the town when he came on with reinforcements and fought like the very devil!

BARBARA (*eagerly*)—You told me you knew nothing! Tell me more!

FRIETCHIE—That's all I know. The Yankee's turned your brain! *You*, my daughter, shot a defender of the South!

BARBARA—What a defender! A *deserter* from the North, paid by our troops to betray his own! I love the South, but I think this time she's wrong.

FRIETCHIE—Wrong? Hush! You're crazy!

BARBARA—No! A mother loves her child even when he's naughty, and so I love the South, but the only flag I'll wave is the flag of the Union, the flag my lover fights for!

FRIETCHIE—Silence!

Frietchie is taking the soldier Gelwex up the stairs for a further conference when Sue Royce comes dashing in. Sue is suffering a severe head cold, caught when she had gone with Barbara to Hagerstown, and has some trouble making herself understood. She has

come seeking news of Arthur.

Now Mammy Lu rushes into the room to report that Captain Trumbull is coming. She has hurried Sue out of the room before the Captain, supported by Arthur Frietchie and a Southern soldier, is brought in. Captain Trumbull has been wounded in the breast, and has tried to stop the flow of blood with Barbara's flag. "Good-by, girl—" he calls weakly, and would have fallen if Arthur and Barbara had not held him.

He is half lying on the floor, his head pillowed on Barbara's bosom, when suddenly he cries out in delirium—

"Come on, boys! Come on! Push ahead! Take the town and stop the bloodshed, before we make the place full of widows and fatherless! That's the only way, even though we must leave some sweethearts and mothers with aching hearts at home. On! On! Beat the drum, boy! Beat with all your might! Follow the flag! For country and for love! Ah—I'm hit! But don't mind me. No! No! Go on! I've something here'll staunch the wound and keep my heart beating till I see her! (*He pauses a moment and then adds in an undertone*) Good God, Arthur Frietchie! You fired that shot! Don't let her know her brother— Don't let her know—"

Arthur tries to explain to Barbara that he did not know, that he could not see Captain Trumbull when he fired. Mr. Frietchie calls from above stairs. He wants to know what is going on. Barbara calls back to quiet her father and stops Arthur from answering. Father had sworn that he would not let Captain Trumbull's dead body lie in that house, she explains. They must get Mammy Lu to help them and send for a doctor.

Arthur will go for Hal Boyd, but let Barbara hide her lover well. Soon a provost's guard will be there searching for all wounded Unioners to make them prisoners.

Barbara is holding Captain Trumbull, her face pressed against his, while she breathes a short prayer that he will live. When Mammy Lu comes back she is told to take Captain Trumbull to Barbara's room, and that no one must know. Together they are helping the wounded man up the stairs when Mr. Frietchie calls again. Presently he appears on the balcony. Barbara shields the Captain's face from her father. Will Father please bring her lint and bandages? He goes grumbling that there ought to be some other house for Union wounded.

Now Gelwex comes to help, and recognizes the Captain. For a moment he threatens to betray them, but under Barbara's pleading looks weakens and lends a hand to get Captain Trumbull into Barbara's room.

Soon the returning Frietchie discovers who the wounded man is, de-

spite all their efforts to keep the knowledge from him. Nor can Barbara's piteous pleading alter his determination to have Gelwex throw the damned Yankee into the street. Frietchie won't shelter him, even though his own son had fired the shot that wounded him.

"He came here to war against my son," shouts the old man. "He's taken you from me, and made you a traitor to your country!"

"Never a traitor!"

"Wasn't it enough that the North should come and lay waste our land, that this man should push his way into my very house and lay its happiness in ruins? Do as I told you, Gelwex!"

Again Barbara has thrown herself in Gelwex's path. Again she turns to her father. "I can't argue with you, Father. I can only beg and pray." She has sunk slowly to her knees and is clasping his hands and arms. "Let him stay! Let him stay!" she pleads.

"No!"

"I love him! If he goes, *I* go with him. If he dies, *I* die. It will kill him. Let him stay!"

"No!"

"Yes! Yes!" She has risen and followed her father as he draws away from her. "Don't you remember what you said to me a little while ago? *I* can still see the picture if *you* can't. The big old rosewood bed we all of us knew as Mother's—I can see her sweet face pale on the great pillow—I see you bending over her with a tiny bundle in your arms—I see you place *me*—oh, so gently!—in those dear thin hands—I hear you whisper, 'Barbara, here's your daughter!' and I see her smile up at you through her tears and say, 'Make *her* as happy as you've made *me*!' Father, my only happiness, all the joy there can ever be for me in this world, depends on the life of that man upstairs! Send him out to die in our streets!—(*A pause.*) You *break* my heart—and—and *damn* my soul, for if merciful death shouldn't come to me, I swear to you before heaven, I'd go myself *to meet death!*"

For a moment Frietchie stands silent. There are tears in his eyes, but still he does not speak. His daughter's threat, spoken almost in a whisper, has moved him. "Please let him stay! Please!" she pleads.

Slowly he turns and looks into Barbara's eyes. "He stays!" he says, taking her into his arms and kissing her.

And now Barbara has one more request. The provost's guard. They must not be permitted to take Captain Trumbull. Let her father ask General Jackson to keep the Frietchie house closed to them. "Only ask him to trust us with our wounded, whether they be Rebels or Union men," she pleads.

Dr. Hal Boyd has come from Barbara's room. His report is guarded but encouraging. Captain Trumbull is quieter. He has a chance. Perhaps one chance in a thousand. Sleep and absolute quiet— Otherwise he may die before morning.

"Don't let anyone disturb him. Don't even go yourself till morning. No one must go into his room tonight!"

"I'll watch here," announces Barbara. "I'll stay here and watch until morning, and then take Mammy's place."

The doctor is no sooner out of the house than the front door bursts open and in romps Jack Negly. His belt is studded with wild flowers. He tosses his hat in the air with a whoop and starts throwing the flowers at Barbara. Quickly she tries to stop him. There is a sick soldier in the house and he must be quiet. But there is no quieting Negly. His disappointed love and his war experiences have apparently unsettled his mind.

"I'll keep quiet if you'll marry me," he shouts. "Will you marry me, marry me, marry me, will you marry me, Babby?" He is dancing around the room. "Come! Let's go upstairs and see your sick soldier! I'll tell him how we won the fight and I won you!"

Barbara gets to the staircase before him and blocks his way. She can't block his tongue.

"Then marry me, marry me now!" Jack continues to shout. "How I fought! I wish you had seen me! I killed three Yankees one after the other, and all for you! Do you understand? Because I love you, and I want to make you love me! Where's your Northern lover? I heard he was there with his company pegging away at us! And I tried to find him, but— (*He breaks off suddenly, and an inspiration flashes over his face. Laughing.*) I know where he is! Ha! Ha! That's good! *He's* the sick soldier upstairs, and no more sick than I am, but I'll make him sick!"

Negly has drawn his pistol. He is stopped momentarily by the quiet intensity of Barbara's denials. They are still arguing when Col. Negly followed by a guard of six soldiers, comes through the front door—

"Miss Barbara, we are going through the house for Yankee prisoners," announces the Colonel. "If your father is home his word'll do that you've none concealed here."

BARBARA—Won't my word do as well?

COL. NEGLY—No! *Yours* won't! We all know you threw my boy over for a confounded Yankee. God forgive you, *I* can't!

BARBARA—My love for my country has not altered.

COL. NEGLY—Has your love for this Captain Trumbull?

BARBARA—No!

COL. NEGLY—I thought not, and his friends are your friends! We must search.

JACK—And he's there, hidden in Barbara's room—I know it! Captain Trumbull!

COL. NEGLY—What? The dog who came between you two?

BARBARA—No! It's a mad idea he has, that Captain Trumbull's here. (GELWEX comes into the hall from the street. BARBARA looks at him frightened.)

JACK—Ask him! He knows! Isn't Captain Trumbull upstairs?

GELWEX (as BARBARA looks pleadingly into his eyes)—No!

COL. NEGLY—I'll not take his word for it; we'll finish the search. (To his men.) Come!

BARBARA (at the foot of the staircase)—No—listen—we have both lied. The wounded man is Captain Trumbull.

JACK—I knew it!

COL. NEGLY—Now I wipe out my score with him!

BARBARA—But you mustn't take him away—to move him will be death!

COL. NEGLY—His life for my boy's brain!

BARBARA—What do you mean?

COL. NEGLY (to his men)—Up the stairs! (His foot on the lower step—the soldiers move to follow.)

BARBARA—No, Col. Negly, you shall not pass!

COL. NEGLY—Out of my way, girl!

BARBARA—No! You'll have to drag me down these stairs! Use force! Let your men charge bayonets! For of my own full will I will not move!

GELWEX—Hold on, here's Mr. Frietchie!

BARBARA (eagerly)—Father!

FRIETCHIE—Negly, old friend!

BARBARA—Have you got it?

FRIETCHIE—Yes. (Giving her the paper. She hurriedly glances over it.)

COL. NEGLY—Frietchie, old friend, I'm under orders to search your house.

BARBARA (giving the paper to COL. NEGLY)—This spares you, sir, that disagreeable duty.

Col. Negly reads the note, smothers his anger and marches his men out of the house. Jack Negly pretends to follow, but hides back of the staircase.

"Follow them and guard the front door for me," Barbara says to

her father. "This house is my fort now, and I mean to hold it!" The now friendly Gelwex, friendly because Barbara had been good enough shot only to wing him when she could have finished him off, guards the side of the house.

As Barbara comes back into the room to put out the light young Negly appears, sneaking around the side of the stairway. He is on his hands and knees starting to crawl up the stairs as Barbara turns out the light. Seeing the creeping figure in the moonlight she calls to him. "Come down those stairs!"

Negly answers with a half laugh, half sneer, and starts up again. Barbara calls again, her tone firm and commanding: "Jack Negly!" As he turns slowly to look at her she fixes him with her eyes and repeats, in a low but firm, strong voice: "Come back!"

Slowly he turns and starts down the stairs. As he reaches the lower step he sinks down and bursts into sobs. "Oh, Barbara! Barbara! You have broken my heart!" he sobs.

"Forgive me," she says, leaning over and touching his shoulder pityingly. "Forgive me—by not breaking mine!"

Gradually she leads him away from the stairs and through the parlor door. She closes the door and leans against it weakly. She starts slowly up the stairs, dragging herself along by the rail. At the top she pauses.

"One chance in a thousand!" she mutters. "I'll fight for that chance."

She has stolen softly to the door of her room and kneels before it. She is listening intently. The curtain falls.

ACT IV

Barbara Frietchie's bedroom is large and square. "The walls are covered with a big, pink-flowered paper, and chintz of a like color and pattern drape the window, the dressing table and an old four-posted bed. . . . It is the cool-looking room of a lovable girl."

There is a small table by the side of the bed, and by the table Mammy Lu is lightly dozing in a high-backed armchair. The window curtains are drawn. The form of Captain Trumbull can barely be seen lying on the bed. It is just before dawn, and a faint, cold gray light is in the room.

The door opens softly and Barbara steals in. "She is pale and anxious, her dress somewhat disordered, and her hair unbound and somewhat disarranged." Mammy Lu wakens slowly and comes toward Barbara. Together they talk in whispers. The Captain had gone to sleep some time ago, Mammy reports. He hasn't moved

since. Now they had better open the window and let a little fresh air in the room and put out the lamp.

The opened curtains permit a pallid dawn to straggle into the room. The stillness frightens Barbara. She thinks she should be hearing her lover's breathing. She thinks Mammy Lu should go and see—

There is a tense silence as Mammy goes to the bed and leans over the still figure. Barbara waits in an agony of suspense. Now Mammy Lu stands up straight and turns toward Barbara—

"Honey! He's sleepin' his last sleep!"

Barbara, with a half cry, half moan, has thrown herself on the floor by the side of the bed. Her head and arms are on the bed and she is crying pitifully: "Will! My sweetheart! my lover! my husband! Don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

From far down the street men's voices can be heard singing "Dixie." After a moment Barbara hears the singing. She raises a tear-stained face inquiringly—

"It's the Southern sojers, chile, marching through the town," explains Mammy.

"Why?"

"'Cause they'se done ben victorious!"

"Vict—!" Barbara has risen to her feet. "No—no! It can't be true!"

As the singing increases in volume Barbara turns to the bed and slowly drags away from Trumbull's body the blood-stained, ragged flag she had given him, clasping it to her bosom. She is breathing with difficulty now, and trying to suppress her sobs as she goes from the room. Mammy Lu follows her as darkness settles over the scene.

When the lights return a crowd is slowly gathering in front of the Frietchie and Negly houses, waiting for the coming of a parade. In the distance the singing increases. Rebel flags hang from the windows of all except the Frietchie house. Small boys have climbed the trees lining the sidewalk and some are perched on the fence posts. The windows are filled with men and women and infants in the arms of large, affectionate black nurses.

A man on the Negly steps calls for three cheers for General Jackson and these are given with a will. Another man on the Frietchie steps calls for cheers as the parade draws nearer.

Suddenly Barbara has appeared on the balcony with her flag still clasped to her breast. Now she is reaching up and fastening it to the balcony staff. From below there are jeers and catcalls.

"Look! Look at Barbara Frietchie!" calls Sally Negly from the Negly balcony. "Sss! Shame! Shame!"

"Damn the Yankee wife!" shouts a woman in the crowd. "Take that flag down!" yells a man. "Take it down!" The crowd has taken up the yell, mingling it with "Damn the Yankee girl!" "Shame!" "Tear it down!" Men and women are picking up stones and loose bricks and throwing them at Barbara.

Now the attention is turned again to the oncoming soldiers. The excitement grows. The crowd is pushed back against the houses to make way for General Jackson. Now the General marches into view. The people are throwing flowers in his path and cheering. There is a fife and drum corps a little way down the street. The soldiers are still singing "Dixie" and waving two ragged, blood-stained, powder-burned Confederate flags.

As the General is opposite the Frietchie porch the crowd remembers Barbara. There is a fresh outburst of jeering. "Shoot if she doesn't drop it! Shoot!" yells the man on the Negly steps.

A boy climbs a pillar of the Frietchie porch and tries to grab the flag. Barbara pulls it out of his reach. Her lips are moving. Curiosity quiets the crowd. She is allowed to speak.

"Shoot! You have taken a life already dearer to me than my own. Shoot, and I'll *thank* you! But *spare* your flag!"

General Jackson has seen and heard. He pauses now, in front of the house, and calls to those following him.

"Halt!" he commands. "Who touches a hair of that woman, dies like a dog! Pass the word along."

An aide leaves the General's side and hurries back through the ranks. Soon the order can be heard as it is repeated: "Who harms the girl on a balcony with a Union flag will be shot!" Down the street it runs. "Forward! March!" The parade moves on. Half the people are singing with the soldiers and half are cheering.

Col. Negly comes into view with his company. Jack is with him. Jack, seeing Barbara, drops from the ranks, takes a quick aim and fires. Barbara falls backward against the house. With a wild cry Sue Royce fights her way through the crowd. The crowd gasps. The singing stops. Barbara, still clinging to the flag, staggers forward and falls, kneeling on the balcony, her head and arms hanging over the rail.

"Who fired that shot?" demands Col. Negly.

"I did!" shouts Jack, lifting a pistol quickly to his own head. Two soldiers spring forward to seize his arms. Col. Negly starts back in horror at Jack's confession.

"What shall we do with him, Colonel?" demands a soldier.

With an effort Col. Negly regains his self-control! "Carry out your orders!" he commands. "Forward! March!"

Mammy Lu and Sue are kneeling beside Barbara on the balcony. The people are following the soldiers. They are singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" now.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE CLIMBERS
A Drama in Four Acts

BY CLYDE FITCH

THE CLIMBERS (163 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Amelia Bingham at the Bijou Theatre, New York, January 21, 1901. Cast:

Richard Sterling.....	Frank Worthing
Johnny Trotter.....	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Godesby.....	Jas. Bennett Sturgis
Servant.....	Henry Warwick
Jordan.....	Edward Moreland
Mrs. Hunter.....	Madge Carr Cook
Mrs. Sterling.....	Amelia Bingham
Clara Hunter.....	Minnie Dupree
Miss Godesby.....	Clara Bloodgood
Tompson.....	Lillian Eldridge
Edward Warden.....	Robert Edeson
Frederick Mason.....	John Flood
Dr. Steinart.....	Geo. C. Boniface
Ryder.....	Mr. Kinard
Leonard.....	Henry Stokes
Footman.....	Frederick Wallace
Jessica Hunter.....	Maud Monroe
Miss Hunter.....	Annie Irish
Miss Sillerton.....	Ysobel Haskins
Marie.....	Florence Lloyd
Richard Sterling, Jr.....	Master Harry Wright

Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Joseph A. Physic and Ernest Albert.

Miss Bingham revived this play at the Princess Theatre, New York, November 14, 1904, for 24 performances. Cast:

Richard Sterling.....	Frank Worthing
Johnny Trotter.....	Roy Fairchild
Godesby.....	Thomas F. Fallon
Servant.....	Fred Thomas
Jordan.....	Charles Hayne
Mrs. Hunter.....	Adelyn Wesley
Mrs. Sterling.....	Amelia Bingham
Clara Hunter.....	Moselle Tatum
Miss Godesby.....	Ivy Troutman
Tompson.....	Marie Wright
Edward Warden.....	Henry Woodruff
Frederick Mason.....	David Proctor

Dr. Steinart.....	Walter Colligan
Ryder	Charles Watson
Leonard.....	Frank Edwards
Footman.....	William Joulins
Jessica Hunter.....	Grace Barton
Miss Hunter.....	Mrs. Goldfinch
Miss Sillerton.....	Grace Chester
Marie.....	Maud Evans
Richard Sterling, Jr.....	Master Harry Earl

WHILE Clyde Fitch was achieving the eminence he enjoyed as a dramatist, and particularly as a writer of social comedy in 1900, Amelia Bingham had been approaching stardom. At least Miss Bingham, having made her way successfully from minor roles to leading parts since the beginning of her professional career in the early 1890s, had set her heart on stardom. With liberal backing she acquired a lease on the Bijou Theatre in December, 1900, and achieved her ambition.

The play she selected for her debut as an actress-manager was Playwright Fitch's "The Climbers." Between the successful launching of "Barbara Frietchie," with Julia Marlowe as its star, and the production of "The Climbers," Master Fitch had been busy providing the English actress, Olga Nethersole, with a dramatization of Daudet's "Sapho," and the blossoming Ethel Barrymore with her first starring role in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

"The Climbers" was also spoken of as a daring adventure in playwriting because its first act followed closely upon a funeral, and presented all its leading women characters in deep mourning. It was because Miss Bingham had the courage of her conviction that "The Climbers" was a good play that she was given the producing rights. All the established producers of the day had refused it because of this particular scene.

"The Climbers" was the most discussed drama of the 1900-01 season, not only because of its funeral scene, but also as a biting social satire which unmasked the pretenders of high society. Miss Bingham played it successfully for several seasons.

Her competition at that time was unusually interesting. Annie Russell and Lawrence D'Orsay were playing "A Royal Family." Otis Skinner was pursuing his career as an actor manager, acting in his own version of "Prince Otto." Coming from Chicago, Augustus Thomas' "Arizona" had its first run of 140 performances in New York, with Eleanor Robson, Vincent Serrano, Theodore Roberts and Edgar Selwyn in the cast.

Virginia Harned was E. H. Sothern's first Ophelia, and this season marked his first appearance as Hamlet. John Drew was play-

ing "Richard Carvel," and W. H. Crane was having fun with "David Harum." Mrs. Leslie Carter enjoyed the full flush of her success as "Zaza" this season. James A. Herne produced his "Sag Harbor," with both the Herne girls, Julie and Chrystal, in a cast that included Lionel Barrymore and William T. Hodge.

Visitors from abroad included Sarah Bernhardt, Constant Coquelin, John Hare and E. H. Willard. Hare played Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex," the others their respective repertoires.

"Florodora" began a run that extended through 505 performances before it was finished, with Edna Hopper, Cyril Scott, R. E. Graham, Willie Eduoin and the sextette that was to become famous—Margaret Walker, Marjorie Relyea, Daisy Greene, Vaughan Texsmith, Marie Wilson and Agnes Weyburn.

Richard Mansfield was enjoying one of his classical flights in a revival of "Henry V," Henrietta Crosman was scoring her first success as a star in "Mistress Nell," Ethel Barrymore likewise with "Captain Jinks," Nat Goodwin was playing Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and all four Cohans were playing "The Governor's Son" at the Savoy.

Returning to "The Climbers" we find that it is four o'clock of a late winter day in New York. The curtains covering the windows of a drawing room at the Hunters', on Fifth Avenue, are drawn, partly concealing a view of the trees in Central Park across the way. There is a fireplace between the windows. The room is pretty well filled with several rows of camp chairs. Larger chairs and smaller tables have been pushed back against the walls or taken out of the room.

Presently Jordan, the butler, and Leonard, a footman, appear and begin taking the camp chairs out through double doors at the left. Their expressions are unusually serious and they step softly. Returning from their second trip they are followed in by Tompson, a lady's maid in her middle years. At Tompson's suggestion the window shades are raised. "After they've left the house it's all over as far as we here are concerned," she says.

Presently Tompson is joined by Marie, a young and pretty French woman. Together they begin to move tables and chairs back into place so the room may again resume its normal appearance. From the maids' conversation we learn that the funeral services just held were for the late Mr. Hunter; that he was a kind man with a great fondness for mince pie; that presumably he was a millionaire, though as to that Tompson would not be so sure. "Some millionaires I've known turned out poor as Job's turkey in their coffins," says Tompson. Still there is a fair chance that she and Marie may get some of the ladies' dresses—

The sound of an arriving carriage in the street is shortly followed by the appearance of Mrs. Hunter and her three daughters—Mrs. Sterling (Blanche), Jessica and Clara, and Blanche's five-year-old son. As soon as the women, who are all in the deepest conventional mourning, raise their veils Mrs. Hunter is revealed as "a well-preserved woman with a pretty, rather foolish, and somewhat querulous face." Blanche Sterling "is her antithesis—a handsome, dignified woman, young, sincere, and showing, in her attitude to the others and in her own point of view, the warmth of a true, evenly-balanced nature. Jessica is a typical second child,—nice, good, self-effacing, sympathetic, unspoiled. Clara is her opposite,—spoiled, petulant, pretty, pert and selfish."

Master Sterling having been dismissed, Mrs. Hunter is free to observe, tearfully, that in her estimation everything has been a great success, with practically everybody there. Her only disappointment was in Jessica, who hadn't shed a tear. People are certain to think that Jessica didn't love her father. "I never saw anyone so heartless," complains Mrs. Hunter, still tearful, while Blanche and Clara are helping to get her bonnet off. "And her father adored her. She was one of the things we quarreled *most* about."

"I'm sure *I've* cried enough," says Clara, going to her mother. "I've cried buckets."

"Yes, dear, you are your mother's own child. And *you* lose the most by it, too."

"Yes, indeed, instead of coming out next month, and having a perfectly lovely winter, I'll have to mope the whole season, and, if I don't look out, be a wallflower without ever having been a bud."

The thought of all the clothes they had brought back from Paris only a month before also distresses Clara. Her mother would chide her for that—"My dear, don't think of clothes—think of your poor father. That street dress of mine will dye very well, and we'll give the rest to your aunt and cousins."

Mrs. Hunter would, at Blanche's suggestion, go upstairs, but she really is too exhausted to move. They will have tea first. The services are still on Mrs. Hunter's mind—

"Girls, everybody in town was there!" she reminds her daughters. "I'm sure even your father himself couldn't have complained."

"Mother!" Blanche is distressed.

"Well, you know he always found fault with my *parties* being too mixed. He wouldn't realize I couldn't throw over all my old set when I married into his,—not that I ever acknowledged I was your father's inferior. I consider my family was just as good as his, only we were Presbyterians!"

The tears must flow again, and Mrs. Hunter is quite sure she

cannot touch a thing. (JORDAN and LEONARD have brought in the *téa on a large silver tray.*) But she does manage several small sandwiches, with Jessica's urging, and soon she has recovered sufficient strength to permit her to look over the mail.

A moment later Miss Ruth Hunter is announced. "She is an unmarried woman between thirty and forty years of age, handsome, distinguished, an aristocrat, without any pretensions; simple, unaffected, and direct in her effort to do kindnesses where they are not absolutely undeserved." Ruth is glad to remove her thick chiffon mourning veil and quite ready to join them at tea. She is not at all ashamed to admit that she is hungry—even if that does shock Mrs. Hunter. Ruth is no hypocrite—

"I think it is awful, Ruth, and I feel I have a right to say it," Mrs. Hunter is saying. "I think you owed it to my feelings to have worn a long veil; people will think you didn't love your brother."

RUTH (*dryly*)—Will they? Let them! You know as well as I do that George loathed the very idea of crepe and all display of mourning.

MRS. HUNTER (*feeling out of her element, changes the subject*)—You stayed behind?

RUTH—Yes. I wanted to be the last there. (*Her voice chokes; she tries to control herself.*) Ah! you see my nerves are all gone to pieces. I *won't* cry any more!

MRS. HUNTER—I don't see how you could bear it—staying; but you never had any heart, Ruth.

RUTH (*biting her lips hard*)—Haven't I?

MRS. HUNTER—My darling husband always felt that defect in you.

RUTH—George?

MRS. HUNTER—He resented your treatment of me, and often said so.

RUTH (*quietly*)—Please be careful. Don't talk to me like this about my brother, Florence—or you'll make me say something I shall be sorry for.

MRS. HUNTER—I don't care! It wore on him, the way you treated me. I put up with it for his sake, but it helped undermine his health.

RUTH—Florence, stop!

MRS. HUNTER (*in foolish anger, the resentment of years bursting out*)—I *won't* stop. I'm alone now, and the least you can do is to see that people who've fought shy of me take me up and give me my due. You've been a cruel, selfish sister-in-law, and your own brother saw and hated you for it!

BLANCHE—*Mother!*

RUTH (*outraged*)—Send your daughters out of the room; I wish to answer you alone.

MRS. HUNTER (*frightened*)—No! What you have to say to me I prefer my children to hear! (CLARA *puts her arm about her.*)

RUTH—I can't remain quiet any longer. George— (*She almost breaks down.*) This funeral is enough, with its show and worldliness! I don't believe there was a soul in the church you didn't see! Look at your handkerchief! Real grief isn't measured by the width of a black border. I'm ashamed of you, Florence! I never liked you very much, although I tried to for your husband's sake, but now I'm even more ashamed of you. My dear brother is gone, and there need be no further bond between us, but I want you to understand the true reason why, from today, I keep away from you. This funeral was revolting to me!—a show spectacle, a social function, and for *him* who you know *hated* the very thing. (*She stops for a moment.*) I saw the reporters there, and I heard your message to them, and I contradicted it. I begged them not to use your information, and they were gentlemen and promised me not to. You are, and always have been, a silly, frivolous woman. I don't doubt you loved your husband as much as you could any man, but it wasn't enough for me; he was worth being adored by the best and noblest woman in the world. I've stood by all these years, trying with my love and silent sympathy to be some comfort to him—but I saw the disappointment and disillusionment eat away the very *hope* of happiness out of his heart. I tried to help him by helping you in your foolish ambitions, doing what I could to give my brother's wife the social position *his name* entitled her to!

MRS. HUNTER—That's not true; I've had to fight it out all alone!

RUTH—It was not my fault if my best friends found you intolerable; I couldn't blame them. Well, now it's over! George is at rest, please God. You are a rich woman to do what you please. Go, and do it! And Heaven forgive you for ruining my brother's life! I'm sorry to have said all this before your children. Blanche, you know how dearly I love you, and I hope you have forgiven me by now for my opposition to your marriage.

BLANCHE—Of course I've forgiven you, but you were always unjust to Dick.

RUTH—Yes; I didn't like your husband then, and I didn't believe in him, but I like him better now. And I am going to put all my affairs in his hands. I couldn't show—surely—a better proof of confidence and liking than that: to trust him as I did—your father. I hope I shall see much of you and Jessica. As for you, Clara, I must be honest—

CLARA (*interrupting her*)—Oh, I know you've always hated me! The presents you gave the other girls were always twice as nice as I got!

MRS. HUNTER (*sympathetically*)—Come here, darling.

RUTH—You are your mother's own child, Clara, and I never could pretend anything I didn't feel. (*She turns to BLANCHE and JESSICA.*) You two are all I have left in the world of my brother. (*She kisses them, and lets the tears come.*) Take pity on your old-maid aunt and come and see me, won't you, *often*— (*Trying to smile.*) And now good-by!

JESSICA AND RUTH (*taking her hands*)—Good-by!

Blanche does not leave. At the door she meets Frederick Mason, the family solicitor, and at his request agrees to stay. "Mason is a typical New Yorker—well built, well preserved, dignified and good-looking—a solid man in every sense of the word." He is surprised and a little annoyed that Blanche's husband, Richard Sterling, is not there also. Mr. Sterling, Blanche reports, has been greatly worried over his affairs of late. Mr. Mason decides not to wait for him.

Mrs. Hunter realizes that Mr. Mason has come about all the horrid business of the estate, and she would have him spare them the details. Just let him tell them what their income is going to be and let the rest go. Mr. Mason is very sorry, but there is no income. And there is no money. Mrs. Hunter, realizing after a moment's complete shock just what Mr. Mason is saying, cries out her disappointment in "a loud, hard, amazed voice." Blanche has some trouble quieting her.

"My good friend, do you mean that literally? That my brother died without leaving *any* money behind him?" Ruth is asking.

MASON—I mean just that.

RUTH—But how?

MRS. HUNTER—Yes, *tell us the details*—every one of them! You can't imagine the shock this is to me!

MASON—Hunter sent for me two days before he died, and told me things had gone badly with him last year, but it seemed impossible to retrench his expenses.

RUTH—*Are you listening, Florence?*

MRS. HUNTER—Yes, of course I am; your brother was a very extravagant man!

MASON—This year, with his third daughter coming out, there was need for more money than ever. He was harassed nearly to death with financial worries. (*RUTH begins to cry softly.* MRS.

HUNTER *gets angrier and angrier.*) And finally, in sheer desperation, and trusting to the advice of the Storrings, he risked everything he had with them in the Consolidated Copper. The day after, he was taken ill. You know what happened. The Storrings, Hunter and others were ruined absolutely; the next day Hunter died.

RUTH—Poor George! Why didn't he come to me? He must have known that everything I had was his!

MASON—He was too ill when the final blow came to realize it.

MRS. HUNTER—But his *life insurance*—there was a big policy in my name.

MASON—He had been obliged to let that lapse.

MRS. HUNTER—You mean I haven't even my life insurance?

MASON—As I have said, there is nothing, except this house, and that is—

MRS. HUNTER (*rising indignantly*)—*Mortgaged*, I presume! Oh, it's insulting! It's an indignity. It's—it's— Oh, well, it's just like my husband, there!

BLANCHE—Mother!

Mrs. Hunter is not to be quieted. She has no sympathy now with either Blanche or Jessica. They had always sided with their father. And their father had willfully left their mother and her daughters paupers.

A moment later Mr. Mason, again apologizing for being the bearer of such bad news, leaves them. He would like to have Mr. Warden, who made all the arrangements for the funeral, see him as soon as possible.

In the family conference that follows, Ruth Hunter would like to be helpful. She is sorry for anything she might have said that hurt Mrs. Hunter, but her apology is not at all graciously accepted. Nor is her further suggestion, that Mrs. Hunter still has her children to live for, and that they will work for her, agreeably received. What can the children do?

Jessica is sure she can do something, but Clara can't see herself working. As for Blanche, she, of course, will do all she can in the family interest. Her father had always said she was "his own child." Ruth would be glad to give Jessica a home, but Mrs. Hunter does not propose to be robbed of her children too, and Jessica feels she should stay at home and be "Blanche's right hand man."

Clara thinks she might go on the stage, even though her mother warns her that smart people are not doing that any more. Jessica might learn typewriting, even though she never could learn to play the piano. Mrs. Hunter can see nothing in any of these suggestions.

If she may be allowed to put in a word, there is only one thing for her girls; only one easy way for them to earn their living—

No, it isn't nursing. Or manicuring. (The ideal!) Or designing dresses. Or bookkeeping. It's marriage! Already Mrs. Hunter has picked an eligible young man for Jessica—Johnny Trotter. "A little cad, trying to get into society—nice occupation for a *man!*" according to Ruth. And Jessica, too. Jessica loathes Johnny Trotter.

"Jess, I might get you some women friends of mine, to whom you could go mornings and answer their letters," suggests Ruth.

MRS. HUNTER—I should not allow my daughter to go in that capacity to the house of any woman who had refused to call on her mother, which is the way most of your friends have treated me!

RUTH—Do you realize, Florence, this is a question of bread and butter, a practical suggestion of life, which has nothing whatever to do with the society columns of the daily papers?

MRS. HUNTER—I do not intend that my daughters shall lose their positions because their father has been—what shall we call it—criminally negligent of them.

RUTH—How dare you! You are to blame for it all. If you say another word injurious to my brother's memory, I'll leave this house and let you starve for all I'll do for you.

BLANCHE—Aunt Ruth, please, for Father's sake—

CLARA—Well, this house is ours, anyway!

BLANCHE—That is what *I've* been thinking of. The house is yours. It's huge. You don't need it. You must either give it up altogether—

MRS. HUNTER (*interrupting*)—*What! Leave it! My house! Never!*

BLANCHE—Or—let out floors to one or two friends—bachelor friends—Mr. Mason, perhaps.

CLARA (*furious*)—*Take in boarders!*

MRS. HUNTER (*listening aghast*)—Take— (*She chokes.*) That is the *last straw!*

Mrs. Hunter has swept disdainfully from the room, followed quickly by Clara. Blanche is convinced that in future they had better discuss their affairs by themselves. Her Aunt Ruth would also have Blanche and Jessica believe that she will always represent their father, and that half of everything she has is theirs.

Richard Sterling, Blanche's husband, has arrived. "He is a man of thirty-eight or forty, a singularly attractive personality, handsome and distinguished. . . . At the moment he is evidently labor-

ing under some especial, and only half-concealed, nervous strain. In spite of his irritability at times with his wife, there is an undercurrent of tenderness which reveals his real love for Blanche.

Sterling is sorry he could not get there before, but he had explained that to Blanche. When she and he are alone, Blanche is inclined to chide her husband for his seeming neglect. Of late she has seen little of him. "I stay at home night after night alone," protests Blanche.

"That's your own fault, dear," Sterling answers, pleasantly. "Ned Warden's always ready to take you anywhere you like."

BLANCHE (*with the ghost of a jest*)—But do you think it's quite right for me to take up all Mr. Warden's time?

STERLING—Why not, if he likes it?

BLANCHE—And don't you think people will soon talk?

STERLING—Darling! People always talk, and who cares!

BLANCHE—It's months since you showed me any signs of affection, and now when my heart is hungrier than ever for it—you know how I loved my father—I long for sympathy from *you*, and you haven't once thought to take me, your wife, into your arms and hold me close and comfort me.

STERLING—I'm sorry, old girl, I'm really sorry. (*Embracing her affectionately.*) And surely you know I don't love any other woman in the world but you. (*He kisses her.*) It's only because I've been terribly worried. I don't want to bother you with business, but I've been in an awful hole for money. I tried to make a big coup in Wall Street the other day and only succeeded in getting in deeper, and for the last few days I've been nearly distracted.

BLANCHE—Why didn't you tell me?

STERLING—I thought I'd get out of it with this Consolidated Copper without worrying you.

BLANCHE—You were in that, too?"

STERLING—How do you mean I, "too"?

BLANCHE—Mr. Mason has just told us *Father* lost everything in it.

STERLING (*aghast*)—You don't mean your father hasn't left any money?

BLANCHE—Nothing.

STERLING—Nothing! But I was counting on your share to save me! What did the damned old fool mean?

BLANCHE—Dick!

STERLING—Forgive me, I didn't mean to say that.

BLANCHE—Oh, *who are you!* What are you! You are not the man I thought when I married you! Every day something new

happens to frighten me, to threaten my love for you!

STERLING—No, no, don't say that, old girl. (*He tries to take her hand.*)

BLANCHE—What right have you to criticize my father, to curse him—and today!

STERLING—I don't know what I'm saying, Blanche. Try to forgive me. I wouldn't have thought of such a thing as his money today if it wasn't the only thing that can save me from disgrace.

If her husband stands in danger of disgrace, Blanche feels that she, as his wife, should be allowed to know about it. His disgrace will be hers as well. Doll wives have gone out of fashion. And how can she be expected to go on loving him without having his confidence? If he continues to put her more and more out of his life there is danger that she might decide to complete the job. But not, as he would imply when he seizes her roughly by the wrists, by being unfaithful to him. His thought of that disgusts her.

Sterling has pulled Blanche to her feet and is embracing her with rough affection. The taint of liquor is on his breath, which to some extent explains his actions. And that, says Sterling, as he puts her from him, is the usual whimper of a woman. . . .

Ruth Hunter is back. She has left Blanche's mother in a somewhat calmer state of mind and is about to go. She is glad to find Sterling there. She would like to make an appointment with him for the next day. She is planning to put all her affairs into his hands—

Ruth's announcement frightens Blanche. She tries to catch her husband's eye. Sterling, for his part, is plainly dumbfounded by this stroke of fortune. He thanks Aunt Ruth profusely. Blanche is still worried. She would have Sterling swear before them both that it is a trust to which he will be completely faithful. Sterling would dismiss the question as foolish. Miss Hunter is convinced that his acceptance of the trust will be proof of his honest intentions. Blanche must be satisfied with this.

Ned Warden is announced. Sterling would see him alone first, if Blanche doesn't mind. After she has greeted Warden, let her go to her mother until he has had a talk with Warden.

Edward Warden, about Sterling's age, though he looks ten years younger "is good-looking, practical, a reasoning being, and self-controlled. He is a thorough American . . . with a feeling of romance alive in the bottom of his heart."

Sterling is ready to blurt out the news of his good fortune at once, but Warden's first greeting is for Blanche. She thanks him heartily for the help he has been to the family. Her heart is filled with

gratitude. She will tell her mother that he is there.

Soon Sterling has repeated the story of his good luck in being given charge of Ruth Hunter's business, and of the bankrupt condition of the Hunter estate. There is, he repeats, absolutely nothing left for Mrs. Hunter and her two younger daughters. Of course he expects to help, but unfortunately, his own affairs are also in a tangle. He, too, had lost everything in the copper crash. That is why he had tried to borrow a large sum from Warden the week before. Yes, he had lied to Warden about his condition then.

Warden is shocked at Sterling's revelations. For twenty years they have been the closest friends, from college days down. Only during the last two years has their friendship been strained. Now Warden knows why: Sterling had purposely taken his business out of Warden's hands because he did not want his friend to know that he had been misappropriating his wife's funds; that he had been gambling with his wife's money.

"You stole from me once when you were a boy," charges Warden.

"No. I didn't!" shouts Sterling.

WARDEN—You lie! Do you hear me? *You lie!* (*He waits a second.*) I was never sure till today! I fought against ever thinking it, believing my suspicions were an injustice to you, but little things were always disappearing out of my rooms—finally even money. Lately that old suspicion has come back with a fuller force, and today it became a certainty.

STERLING—How today?

WARDEN—Because if it weren't true, you'd have knocked me down just now when I called you first a thief and *twice* a liar! (*Squarely facing him.*)

STERLING (*taken off guard*)—Oh, come, you're joking! (*WARDEN makes an angry exclamation.*) Why're you telling me all this now?

WARDEN—Because I want you to be careful. I want you to know someone is watching you! Someone who knows what you've come to! Someone who knows you can't resist temptation! Someone who knows money not yours has stuck to your fingers!

STERLING—You mind your own business.

WARDEN—I'll mind *yours* if it'd be necessary to protect people who are dear to me!

STERLING (*sudden suspicion*)—I didn't know you were particularly attached to Mrs. Hunter.

WARDEN—I'm not.

STERLING—Or to her two unmarried daughters!

WARDEN—Nor am I!

STERLING (*intensely*)—By God, if you are in love with my wife!

WARDEN—If you thought that out loud, I'd knock you down!

STERLING—Huh! You talk as if you thought I were a coward!

WARDEN—No, not a *physical* coward—I've seen you do too many plucky things—but a *moral* coward—yes, you are one!

STERLING (*wavering*)—Oh, you're too damned preachy.

Mrs. Hunter and Clara have come into the room, both visibly stressing their great affliction. Their greeting is formal and sad as Mrs. Hunter repeats her gratitude to Mr. Warden for his many kindnesses. Which of the papers does Ned believe will carry the best accounts of the funeral?

Jordan is in to ask if Mrs. Hunter will receive visitors. Sterling advises against it, but Mrs. Hunter feels that she must see someone or she will break down. Clara, however, should go back upstairs. She is not out yet. In fact they will all go upstairs and then come down again. It would not look right for them to be found there, as though they were expecting visitors.

The callers, Miss Sillerton, Miss Godesby and Mr. Trotter, are shown in by Jordan and immediately begin an inspection of the room, as though the funeral might have changed it. "Miss Sillerton is a handsome, attractive woman . . . perfectly conventional in character and intelligence. Miss Godesby is a little slow, more assertive, sharper of tongue, more acutely intelligent, and equally smartly dressed." . . . Trotter is a "foolish young person, meaning well enough according to his lights which are not of the biggest and brightest."

Their inspection of the house amuses them. "Mrs. Hunter went to the most expensive decorator in town and told him, no matter what it cost, to go ahead and do his *worst!*" insists Miss Sillerton, much to the joy of the others.

Trotter has already had a look at the youngest Hunter daughter and found her classy, he reports. Both his friends agree that Clara is the girl who, with his money and her own cleverness, can "rubber neck you into the smartest push in town." Meantime they will continue to help Johnny so long as he follows instructions. "Nothing pleases society so much as to think you're a blatant idiot," cautions Miss Godesby. "It makes everybody feel you're their equal—that's why you get in."

"I've got a coach and can drive four-in-hand," boasts Trotter. "I've an automobile drag, and the biggest private yacht in the world building. I'm going to have the most expensive house in Long Island, where the oysters come from, and I've bought a lot in Newport twice as big as the swellest fellow's there. I've got a house in

London and a flat in Paris, and I make money fly. I think I ought to be a cinch at a classy success."

Again Miss Sillerton and Miss Godesby are solicitous for their client's future. He had better not make too long a call. It wouldn't be wise for one thing, and for another they, his sponsors, are there in their own interests. They are hoping to pick up a few bargains in the gowns the Hunters brought back from Europe, before anyone else gets a chance at them. They even arrange a conversational code by which one will warn the other if she thinks the price suggested by Mrs. Hunter is or is not a bargain.

With the arrival of Mrs. Hunter and Clara the atmosphere changes perceptibly. The Sillerton and Godesby voices become subdued, their manner eagerly sympathetic. They have come to bring their love and to learn how the Hunters are. They are pleased to find their dear friends looking so well. Black certainly suits Mrs. Hunter. Everybody is saying that. And what a shame it is that they had brought such lovely things home from Europe!

Soon Miss Sillerton and Miss Godesby have reminded Trotter of his engagement. Johnny starts to go, then changes his mind. After all he will not interfere with anything.

It is Mrs. Hunter who brings up the subject of winter clothes. She really doesn't know whether or not she would want to dispose of them—but—"The dresses are of no use to us now, and when *We're* out of mourning—*they'll* be out of style," she says.

The Misses Sillerton and Godesby would be delighted to see the frocks, and Clara is sent to ask Tompson to bring them down—the Worth, the Doucet and the Paquin creations especially. At the door Mrs. Hunter contrives to whisper to Clara to be sure not to tell what had been paid for the gowns, and to warn Tompson not to be surprised at anything she may hear.

The gowns are brought and the fencing as to prices takes on the aspect of a cleverly conducted auction. Mrs. Hunter and Clara do not find it easy to get the better of their shrewd but extremely polite bargain-hunting friends.

Marie, a pretty housemaid, is pressed into service as a model for the display of an exquisite ball gown with which Clara is reluctantly forced to part. The price, having been \$200 in Paris, according to Clara's whispered confidence, becomes \$300 when Mrs. Hunter offers it to Miss Godesby. If it is cut too décolleté in the back, it will be perfectly simple for Miss Godesby to slip a large American Beauty rose in the opening, as Mrs. Hunter demonstrates.

Now both women want the ball gown, but agree, after a further whispered conversation, to pretend not to be willing to pay the price. They will pretend to go. Miss Godesby will leave her muff

as an excuse to come back.

The trick works both ways. As they are about to go Mrs. Hunter reduces the price to \$250 and Miss Godesby snatches the gown practically from under Miss Sillerton's nose. . . .

Blanche has been staying with Jessica, trying to quiet her, but now she is ready to leave. At that moment Ned Warden comes back. He is looking for a letter case which Mason had left. When Mrs. Hunter and Clara have gone and the letter case is found, Warden would turn it over to Blanche. The papers it contains, Mr. Mason has said, are private papers that he thinks should probably be destroyed, yet he hesitated to read them. If Blanche will read them, now, Warden will wait and take the letter case back to Mr. Mason—

"Oh, no, I will send them," Blanche is quick to promise. "I mustn't keep you while I read them. I'm always taking more of your time than I ought."

"But never as much as I want to give you! Don't forget, Mrs. Sterling, what you promised me at your wedding—that your husband's best man should be your best friend."

BLANCHE—And nobody knows what it means to a woman, even a happily married woman like me—(*with a slight effort*)—to have an honest friend like you. It's those people who have failed that say there is no such thing as a platonic friendship.

WARDEN—We'll prove them wrong.

BLANCHE—We will. Good-by, and thank you.

WARDEN—And thank *you!* (*Starting to go.*) Shall I bring that Russian pianist around to play for you some day next week?

BLANCHE—Do—I want some music.

WARDEN—Only let me know.

(*He goes out.* BLANCHE *sits by the table and opens the case. She looks first at a memoranda and reads what is on the outside.*) A business memoranda. Lists of bonds. (*She opens another.*) This, Mr. Mason will understand better than I. (*She finds a photograph in the case.*) My picture!—and *only* mine! Oh, Father! . . . (*She wipes away tears.*) Father, I returned *your* love. (*She reads on the back of the photograph*) "Blanche, my darling daughter, at fourteen years of age!" That's mine! That's my own! (*She puts the picture away separately; takes up a small packet.*) Old letters from Mother; they must be her love-letters. She shall have them—they may soften her. (*She takes up a slip of paper.*) This is for Mason, too. (*She takes up a sealed envelope, blank.*) Nothing on it, and sealed. (*She looks at it a moment, thinking.*) Father, did you want this opened? If you didn't, why not have

destroyed it? Ah! I needn't be afraid; *you* had nothing to hide from the world. (*Tearing it open she reads.*) "I have discovered my son-in-law, Richard Sterling, in irregular business dealing. He is not honest. I will watch him as long as I live; but when you read this, Mason, keep your eye upon him for my daughter's sake. He has been warned by me—he may never trip again, and her happiness lies in ignorance." (*She sits staring ahead for a few seconds; then she speaks.*) My boy's father dishonest! Disgrace—he owned it—threatening *my* boy! It mustn't come! It mustn't! *I'll* watch now. (*She burns the letter.*) He must give me his word of honor over Richard's little bed tonight that he will do nothing ever to make the boy ashamed of bearing his father's name!

She watches to see that every piece of paper burns. The curtain falls.

ACT II

It is Christmas Eve fourteen months later. In the dining room of the Hunter house, now shared jointly by the Sterlings and the Hunters, a dinner party of fourteen is being served by four men servants. "It is a dark wainscoted room, with curtains of crimson brocade. It is decorated with laurel roping, mistletoe, and holly, for Christmas."

The sides of the room are in the shadow. The table is lighted by two large, full candelabra with red shades. The servants have passed the candied fruit and other sweetmeats and the conversation is going in waves of chatter and gossip. Mrs. Hunter would know how Mr. Tomlins is taking his wife's divorce. With a grain of salt, according to Miss Godesby. Ruth Hunter admits being old-fashioned. She doesn't believe in divorce. Neither does Blanche Sterling. "I meant what I said when I was married," says Blanche; "for better, for worse, till death us do part."

Someone mentions the opera. Johnny Trotter doesn't care for Wagner. Wagner's a dodo. Having been to Bayreuth makes a difference with Mrs. Hunter. But she can't remember whether it was "Faust" or "Lohengrin" she heard there. Trotter's favorite operas are "San Toy" and the Rogers Brothers and he saw "Florodora" thirty-six times.

"Mother would have gone with you every one of those thirty-six 'Florodora' times," chuckles Clara. "She's not really fond of music."

"Not fond of music?" counters Mother. "Didn't I have an opera box for four years?"

They are about to leave the table when Sterling suggests that Ned Warden give them a toast. Ned obliges with "Here's to those

whom we love, And to those who love us! And to those who love those whom we love, And to those who love those who love us!"

Blanche would also have a toast to her young son. Christmas Day is his birthday. Richard's father raises his glass to: "Long life to Master Sterling, the best boy in the world, and to all his good friends at this table!"

As they rise from their places one of the women drops her handkerchief, another her gloves, one her fan, another her smelling bottle. For the next few minutes the men are scrambling to recover the various articles, and rising, embarrassed, to receive their ladies' apologies.

Now they have all passed into the other room, except Ruth Hunter and Frederick Mason, whom she has held back. Apparently Miss Hunter is finishing a conversation—

"I sent him imperative word yesterday I must have the bonds. I told him I wanted one to give to his wife for Christmas. He pretends today he didn't receive this letter, but he must have."

"This makes the third time there has been some excuse for not giving you the bonds?"

"Yes, and this letter he says he didn't get was sent to his office by hand."

"I'll speak to him before I leave."

With the guests departed the servants relax. To Jordan it was a very dull dinner, with not an interesting word spoken. To one of the added footmen the thing that interested him most was the way one young man ate and drank. But, Jordan assures him, the hungry one was only an extra, without money, who had been asked to fill up. "He's one of these yere singing chaps what's asked to pass the time after dinner with a song or two *gratis*. This dinner'll last him for food for a week!"

Shortly the men are back and the coffee, liqueurs and cigars are being passed. The conversation turns to stocks. Sterling would know from Mason what he thinks of Hudson Electric. This stock has already dropped alarmingly, and Mason is of the opinion that the bottom will go out of it next day. Sterling refuses to believe such a thing could happen.

Mason is firm. "Mark my words, the day after tomorrow there'll be several foolish people ruined, and not one of the promoters of that company will lose a penny!"

A moment later, after Sterling has confessed that he, himself, is heavily involved in Hudson Electric, Mason adds: "Listen, Dick, after a lifelong experience in Wall Street, I defy any broker to produce one customer who can show a profit after three consecutive years of speculation."

"Oh, you're too conservative; nothing venture, nothing have . . ."

Sterling has moved to the other side of the room. Mason attracts the attention of Ned Warden. He would like to know how heavily Sterling is involved in Hudson Electric. Warden wouldn't know, not having been Sterling's broker for more than a year. But he suspects Sterling has invested heavily.

"But with what? His wife's money?" Mason demands.

"That went fourteen months ago. I put him on his feet then, gave him some tips that enabled him to take this house with her mother, so that with his regular law business he ought to have done very well, but his living could not leave one cent over to speculate with."

It is Warden's opinion that a man who would steal his wife's money would not be too particular about taking his aunt's. He also fears that if Sterling is conscious of his position that he may try to make way with himself that night. If he is too great a coward to kill himself, he probably will try to run away. Probably they had better watch Sterling and, after the others have gone, force a confession from him, so the rest of them may know where they stand.

Blanche has come back to send the men into the other room. She wants to fix the dining room for Santa Claus. She manages to get a word with her husband before he joins the others. She is anxious about what she has heard concerning Aunt Ruth's bonds. Surely Dick hasn't broken his word! And what would she do if he had?

"I would let the law take its course," declares Blanche.

"You must love me very little."

"I *live* with you. First you robbed me of my respect for you; then you dried up my heart with neglect."

"And our boy?"

"Your blood runs in his veins; your shame and disgrace would be a fearful warning to him. It might kill *me*; but never mind, if it *saved him*."

"Oh, well, I haven't broken my word! So you needn't worry. I've been honest enough."

"Oh! I hope so!" Blanche's sigh of relief is deep.

As arrangements go on for a continuation of the party Sterling manages to get word to Leonard to fetch a railway guide from the library and leave it on the hall table. Then he is to go to Sterling's room, pack a bag and dressing case for him and say nothing about it to anyone.

The women are singing in the hall and heading for the dining room. Presently, headed by Clara, they appear loudly chanting "Follow the Man from Cook's." They dance around the table and

Clara would have them follow her as she jumps on and off a chair. They balk at this.

Now the servants have reduced the table to a square and brought in a gorgeously decorated and lighted Christmas tree. It is to be young Richard's in the morning. The servants have brought in a basket containing six small boys' sox, and six small stockings. Each one is stuffed with a bulging present. There is great fun during their distribution.

There is a shock at the end of the hilarity. Someone has suggested that the festivities remind him of one of Johnny Trotter's "informal little dinners," where the favors are so gorgeous that Blanche, for one, was almost ashamed to bring hers home.

"You never saw such a lot of decoration," Miss Godesby is saying. "The game have ribbon garters on their legs, and even the raw oysters wear corsage bouquets! I hope you don't mind what I'm saying, Mrs. Hunter?"

"I must say I do mind very much," Mrs. Hunter answers sharply—"because—well, I am going to marry Mr. Trotter— You are all very rude!" When the chorus of "Not really?" "Not on the level! Not Trotter!" subsides Mrs. Hunter continues: "But I *am*. And I thought here at my daughter's table, among my own friends (I was allowed to name the guests tonight), I could count on good wishes and congratulations."

Several Neapolitan musicians stroll in and take their places at one end of the room. Under cover of their playing a popular song, Blanche says to her mother: "You have amazed and shocked me! I will not tolerate such a thing; we'll talk it over tonight."

Now the men have been summoned. They, too, dance around the table, singing gaily with the orchestra. In the confusion Ned Warden has a chance to tell Mason that he has discovered the timetable and is convinced that Sterling intends to run away. Warden has not thought out a way to stop that yet, but of one thing he is certain: They must find a way to break up the party. He calls Jordan and gives him instructions. Jordan is to go out of the room for a minute and then reappear and tell Mrs. Sterling, loudly enough for the others to hear, that Master Richard is very ill and the maid is frightened. When Jordan hesitates, Warden becomes firm and declares that he will take all the responsibility, whatever happens.

The guests are laughing and talking around the sideboard, where the drinks are. Blanche calls them all to the tree. They are going to have their presents and Dick is to act as Santa Claus. Sterling begs off for a minute and calls Warden.

"Ned, I've been suddenly called out of town on business—must catch the eleven-twenty train. I don't want to break up the party,

so you empty the tree, and when the time comes for me to go, I'll slip out."

"And when your guests go?"

"Oh, then you can explain for me."

Jordan has appeared with the news of Master Richard's illness. Blanche hurries away. Sterling also is disturbed. He can't go away now. He won't leave the boy, who may be dangerously ill. Ruth Hunter has collected the guests and taken them into the other room.

Sterling also would leave, but Warden interrupts him. They are standing facing each other when Blanche comes back, demanding to see Jordan. What did he mean by lying? Richard is not ill. The maid knows nothing of any illness.

Warden is willing to take the responsibility of Jordan's lie. It was the only way he could think of to get rid of the guests. Will Blanche be good enough to go now to Miss Hunter and Mr. Mason? When she comes back her husband will tell her the rest.

Sterling is furious at Warden's interference. If there are charges to be made against him let them be made. What is it Warden has found out?

"From betraying a trust, you've come, in less than two years, to an outright embezzlement."

"Speak out—give us facts!"

"You've stolen your aunt's fortune."

"Prove that!"

Sterling is still defiant. Let Warden prove what he is saying now, not tomorrow, or be kicked out of the house. Warden has no intention of leaving until it is too late for Sterling to catch his train.

Blanche is back. Warden turns to her anxiously. "I *hope* you forgive me now—"

"You did right; I thank you," answers Blanche, pathetically.

As for her husband, Blanche is there to hear what he has to say. Aunt Ruth is asking him to give a true account of her trust in him. He has said Aunt Ruth will have her bonds tomorrow, but will she? Blanche demands of Sterling that he tell them where they all stand. Are they the only ones to suffer, or are there others who may be less generous in their treatment of him? She would know while there is still time to save them all from public scandal—

"You love me—I know that. I appeal to your love; let your love of me persuade you to do what I ask. I ask it for your sake and for *mine!* Tell us here the truth now—it will spare me much tomorrow, perhaps—me whom you love—for love of me—"

Sterling has sunk into a chair and buried his head in his arms on the table. He is afraid to tell for fear he will lose Blanche. No,

she promises, she will stand by him if he will only tell them all the truth. He will tell her, Sterling agrees, but not now, and not before all the others. Blanche is firm. It must be now. Then let it be in the dark, pleads Sterling. Warden agrees to the dark, and presses the button to turn out the lights. Now only the voices can be heard. None in the room can be seen.

"Remember, to help you, to help ourselves, we must know everything. Go on," says Blanche.

STERLING—It began fourteen months ago, after Ned Warden put me on my feet; I got a little ahead—why not get way ahead? There were plenty of men around me making their fortunes! I wanted to equal them—climb as high as they; it seemed easy enough for them, and luck had begun to come my way. We're all climbers of some sort in this world. I was a climber after wealth and everything it brings—

BLANCHE (*her voice throbbing*)—And I after *happiness* and all it brings.

STERLING (*deeply moved*)—Don't, Blanche, or I can't finish. Well, I borrowed on some of Aunt Ruth's bonds and speculated—I made a hundred thousand in a week! I put back the bonds. But it had been so easy! I could see those bonds grinning at me through the iron side of the vault box. They seemed to smile and beckon, to *beg* me to take them out into the air again! They grew to be like living things to me, servants of mine to get me gold—and finally I determined to make one bigger coup than ever! I took Aunt Ruth's bonds out and all the money available in my trust, and put it *all* into this new company! It seemed so safe. I stood to be a prince among the richest! And, for a day or so, I've known nothing short of a miracle could save me from being wanted by the police! Tonight I gave up even the miracle. That's all. It's no use saying I'm sorry.

There is a moment's pause. Mason would know if others besides Miss Hunter have suffered. Yes. There are some non-transferrable stocks of Ruth's left, but all Miss Godesby's holdings and Ryder's are gone. Mason turns to Miss Hunter. Will she resort to the law? Aunt Ruth will not. The others, however, Mason points out, are not likely to be so lenient. The only thing that Sterling can do now is to go to Miss Godesby and Ryder in the morning, make a clean breast of everything and throw himself on their mercy.

Sterling refuses. He could not "eat the dust at their feet, and most likely be clapped into prison for it." If Blanche wants to go, let her, for her boy's sake. To this the others refuse to agree—

"No, you shan't go—you shan't humiliate yourself in his place," insists Aunt Ruth.

"Certainly not; and if your husband is willing, we are not willing," adds Mason. "He must go!"

"But if he won't?"

"He must!"

"You must demand his going." Aunt Ruth has turned to Blanche. "And I demand it, too, as something due to me."

"Very well, I demand it. Will you go?"

There is a moment's silence. "Why don't you speak?" demands Warden, pressing the button that turns the lights on. Sterling is discovered at the doorway at back about to make his escape. There are excited exclamations of disgust from them all. The clock strikes the quarter hour. Warden catches hold of Sterling's arm. "What's your hurry, Dick?" he says. "There goes the quarter hour; you could never catch the eleven-twenty."

"Damn you!" shouts Sterling, turning on Warden. The curtain falls.

ACT III

It is Christmas Day. The Hermitage, Mrs. Hunter's place on the Bronx River, is glistening with recently fallen snow, which lies thick upon a swing, boxes of dead shrubs and a "rookery" in the center of the yard.

Clara Hunter, followed by Johnny Trotter, comes from the house. Clara thinks it wise for them to let her mother rest awhile. After all it is natural that she should be "excited and tired out, being married so suddenly and away from home." Clara stops beside the swing. "It isn't every mother who can elope without her oldest child's consent and have her youngest daughter for a bridesmaid."

"I hope Mrs. Sterling will forgive me," hopes Trotter. "Perhaps she will when she sees how my money can help your mother and me to get right in with all the smarties!"

"Oh, don't you be too sure about your getting in; it isn't as easy as the papers say! But, anyway, that wouldn't make any difference to Blanche. She was never a climber like mamma and me. I suppose that's why she is asked to all sorts of houses through Aunt Ruth that wouldn't let mamma and me even leave our cards on the butler!"

"I thought your mother could go anywhere she liked."

"Oh, no, she couldn't! If she made you think that, it was only a jolly! Blanche is the only one of us who really went everywhere. Come along, 'Poppa,' give me a swing! I haven't had one for years!"

Clara has swept the snow off the seat of the swing and raised herself into it. Trotter decides to accept his position philosophically. He is really very proud of Mrs. Hunter. He would be willing to give up the whole society business and run off and live happily somewhere. Even so, Clara is afraid Trotter is going to find her mother a little difficult. After all he must remember the new Mrs. Trotter is not their age.

Ned Warden and Frederick Mason have arrived. They are looking for Miss Godesby and her brother. Also for Dick Sterling. They are a bit flustered, but pleasant, in extending their congratulations to Trotter. Now they would like Clara to go down the road and hurry the Godesbys along and leave Mr. Trotter with them. Warden wants to have a talk with him.

With Mason gone into the house to talk with Mrs. Hunter, Warden reveals the Sterling situation to Trotter. Dick has misappropriated funds belonging to the Godesbys and others, and a way has got to be found to save him from disgrace on his family's account. That family is now Trotter's family, too. Will he endorse a note of Sterling's to satisfy the client, Ryder?

Trotter is free to admit that he thinks Sterling is a thief and belongs in jail, but Warden is finally able to convince him that, for Blanche Sterling's sake, he should endorse the note. Nor will Johnny consult Mrs. Trotter. Again, on Warden's advice, Johnny will insist on sitting on the box seat and doing the driving in his own family. But he will be very glad to have Warden's note as security. Warden is willing to give that, though there are reasons why his name should not appear. That confidence Trotter must agree to observe.

The next battle is with the Godesbys. For the first time they hear from Warden the story of Sterling's misuse of their funds. Their indignation is immediate and strongly expressed. Nor have they any intention of accepting Sterling's note and helping to hush up his defalcations. State's Prison is where Sterling belongs.

Sterling in prison can't bring them back their money, Warden reminds them. Eventually his (Sterling's) friends will get him on his feet again. Meantime, out of Miss Godesby's friendship for Sterling's wife—

"Blanche Sterling!" exclaims Miss Godesby. "I never could bear her! She always treated me like the dirt under her feet!"

"You dined with her last night."

"That was to please her mother. No, if my money's gone, Sterling's got to suffer, and the one slight consolation I shall have will be that Blanche Sterling will have to come off her high horse."

A moment later, just as Warden is adding his assurance that

Sterling will stay and work with his friends until he has paid back what he has taken, Jessica Hunter comes bounding out with the news that Sterling has already disappeared. He had come back to the house, found his wife gone and had shortly after left. The note he left was to Blanche. Jessica, having been asked to open any mail that came for her sister, had read the note and found it simple. "Good-by. Dick." That's all it said.

Sterling had taken nothing with him. Going through his things later Jordan had found his pistol gone. The only thing Warden can do now is to get Mason back to town at once. If Sterling has shot himself—

Mason and Jessica start at once. Warden has again turned to the Godesbys for help. Miss Godesby thinks she and her brother should also return to town—

"Not until you have given me your promise, both of you, that you will keep silent about the embezzlement of your bonds for the sake of Mrs. Sterling and her son."

"Huh!" is Miss Godesby's answer.

"For the sake of her mother, who is your friend."

"Oh, come, you know what sort of friends we are—for the amusement we can get out of each other. This is the case—I trusted this man with my affairs. He was very attractive—I don't deny that; business with Dick Sterling became more or less of a pleasure—but that doesn't cut any ice with me; he's stolen my money. To put it plainly, he's a common thief, and he ought to be punished; why should he go scot free and a lot of others not? You know perfectly well his note wouldn't be worth the paper it was written on; and, anyway, if he hasn't gone and sneaked out of the world, I won't lift my little finger to keep him from the punishment he deserves!"

Warden continues his pleading with mounting eloquence. Still Miss Godesby, with the backing of her brother, stands firm. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—that's Miss Godesby. But Warden will not give up. He has faced her now with a last plea—

"You'll have many a heart wrench, I'll bet you! You'll have to run across the results of the harm you do to Mrs. Sterling and Richard day in and day out, year after year! I don't believe you realize what it means! Why, I know *you* can't bear to see a *dog* suffer! I met you last week on the street carrying a mangy, crippled brute of a little dog in your arms, afraid lest he'd get into the hands of the vivisectionists, and yet here you'll let a boy and his mother—"

Miss Godesby's determination wavers. "Stop! Stop!" she cries, half in anger. "I don't want you working on my feelings that way."

"I'm only knocking at the door of your heart. And now because it's opened just a tiny way, you want to shut it in my face again. Will you leave this woman's name fit for her to use? *Won't* you make that boy's life worth living to him?"

There is a moment's pause, then Miss Godesby turns to look straight into Warden's face. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she says impulsively. "Get me some security, some sort of indorsement of Sterling's note—"

But she is not willing to wait. She must have her security at once. Warden asks that Mr. Godesby leave them alone. He will not try to persuade Miss Godesby against her decision, but there is something he would like to tell her. With Godesby gone Warden agrees to give Miss Godesby his own endorsement if she will accept it. She will, and the offer, she concludes, is highly revealing. So, that's what has been happening—Warden is in love with Blanche Sterling! Oh, ho!

WARDEN—Wait a minute! You've got me in a corner, but knowing half the truth, you mustn't *guess* the whole. She is even more ignorant of my love for her than you were ten minutes ago! (MISS GODESBY *smiles*.) You don't believe that, but I'll *make* you. I'm going to tell you something I've never even told myself. I'm going to put you to a big test, because I've got to. Apparently, I can't help myself; but after all, somehow I believe in the human nature in you, and you've got it in your power to help or hurt the woman I love—I say those words aloud for the first time—the woman I love!

MISS GODESBY (*incredulously*)—You've never told her?

WARDEN—Never; and you show how little you really know her when you ask that question! She loves her husband.

MISS GODESBY—I'm not so sure about that!

WARDEN—I am, and I *love* her. But surely the silent love of a man, like mine, is no insult to a good woman—cannot harm her! A love that is never spoken, not even whispered, can't hurt anyone, except, perhaps, the one who loves. You must acknowledge even *you* have never heard a hint; you *showed* just now your real surprise at what circumstances revealed to you! I'd die sooner than bring the slightest shadow of a scandal on her, and I've hugged my secret tight. Have you any idea what such a love means? How it grows and grows, its strength shut in, held back, doubling and redoubling its powers—its ideality increasing, the passion *suppressed*, locked up! Good God! I tremble sometimes when I think—suppose some day it should burst out, *break* my control, *master me!* And here, now, I've told *you*; I'm sorry, but I had to for *her* sake

again. Will you help me keep my secret?

MISS GODESBY—Yes, because I believe you.

WARDEN—And Mrs. Sterling?

MISS GODESBY (*with sincere meaning*)—I envy her!

WARDEN—No one is to know I indorse Sterling's note?

MISS GODESBY—You needn't sign the note; my brother'd have to see it. I'll take your word for the indorsement.

When the returning Godesby would know what his sister has done he is told not to worry. She has taken care of herself a good many years, says Miss Godesby, and still feels up to that job.

The bells of the Godesby sleigh are heard, loudly at first, as they are driven down the road. Then they are swallowed up in the silence. Warden stops a servant carrying fire wood into the house to suggest that if Mrs. Sterling arrives he be permitted to see her before she goes to her mother in the house. Presently the jingle of approaching sleigh-bells signals the arrival of Blanche.

Blanche has just come from her Aunt Ruth's. She had thought at first, when she had heard of her mother's marriage, that she would not come at all, but Aunt Ruth had persuaded her to put the best face she could on the matter and she had decided to do that. Her voice breaks and her eyes fill with tears as she confesses her decision.

Warden is quick to change her thought by telling her of the good news about Ryder, and the Godesbys. Both have agreed to keep silent about what Dick Sterling has done. Blanche is overcome with gratitude. To whom did these friends give their promises? To Mr. Mason, Warden tells her. Mason had been there and had gone to find Sterling—

But she had just passed the Godesbys on the road; how could they have seen Mason? Suddenly the truth dawns upon Blanche, as Warden embarrassedly tries to find a way out—

"Oh, no, no!" cries Blanche. "It wasn't Mr. Mason. I see the whole thing clearly. Dick was too great a coward, and *you* did it! It was *you* who won over Ryder! It was *you* who persuaded the Godesbys! (WARDEN *shakes his head and makes a movement to deny it.*) Don't try to deny it; you can't make me believe you! It's to *you* I owe whatever promise the future has for me! It is *you* who have given me all the happiness I've had for years. It is *you* who have watched over, taken care of me—*you*, the best friend any woman in this world ever had. It is *you* now who have saved my boy's honor. It is *you* who lift the weight off my shoulders, the weight off my heart! You!—you!—you!"

It has begun to snow. Blanche sinks down on the bench. Her

sobbing is too much for Warden. "With all his love bursting out into his face, and into his voice, he cries: 'Blanche! Blanche!'"

She is standing and facing him now, and he realizes her love at last. As he would take her in his arms she gently discourages him. Let him not spoil this perfect moment—

"Speak of anything except what is in your thoughts at this moment!" she pleads. "Help me not to forget that no matter what he has done, Dick is still my husband."

But she does not know all that Dick has done, Warden tells her. Her husband has left her with only the one word: "Good-by." He has taken nothing with him except the pistol from his room. Mason is now looking for him.

Again jingling sleigh-bells indicate the approach of a sleigh. They stop just as Warden, moved by his sympathy rather than his love for Blanche, takes her hand. At that moment Sterling, "wild with drink and jealousy," walks into the yard.

"Drop my wife's hand!" shouts Sterling, as Warden and Blanche move apart. "So, I've caught you!"

WARDEN—Caught us?

STERLING—Yes, I had my suspicions roused some time ago!

BLANCHE—Of what?

STERLING—*I could go to the devil—what did you two care! I could go to State's Prison! All the better—out of your way!*

WARDEN—You're speaking like a madman!

STERLING—I went back to my house this morning; my wife was gone—no message left where to! But I questioned the servant. She'd driven here! Why? Ha! (*A bitter half laugh; he turns to BLANCHE.*) *You've come here once too often!*

WARDEN—Sterling!

STERLING (*to* WARDEN)—Then I went to *your* house. *They* knew where *you'd* gone! You ought to train your servants better! *Both here!*

WARDEN—If you're not careful, I'll ram your insinuations down your throat.

STERLING (*jeering*)—Insinuations? I've caught you! I make no insinuations. I tell you *both* you're caught! You're my wife's lover, and she's your damned mis—

WARDEN (*seizing* STERLING *by the throat*)—Don't you finish!

BLANCHE—Sh!—For Heaven's sake! (*To* WARDEN.) Let him alone; I'm not afraid of what he says.

STERLING—No, you never were a liar, I'll give you credit for that—so confess the truth—you're his—

BLANCHE (*excited*)—Listen! And you shall have the truth if

you want it! These years that he's been befriending me I never dreamed of loving him nor thought of his loving me. (DICK *sneers.*) Wait! No, not even the day my father was buried, when I learned outright you were *dishonest!*

STERLING (*surprised*)—What do you mean?

BLANCHE—What I say—I learned it then from a paper of my father's. I shouldn't have kept my knowledge to myself—I see that now; but I did, for your sake, not for love of you—the love went for good that day. But here, a moment ago, I realized for the first time that my old friend *did* love me, love me with an ideal devotion the noblest woman in the world might be proud of! I didn't tell him then I loved him, but now I take this chance, I take it gladly before you!—*forced by you*—I tell him now, what perhaps he has already guessed, I love him with all my heart—I *love him!* I LOVE HIM!"

STERLING—Damn you both! Then it's the end of me! (*He pulls out a pistol and tries to put it to his temple.*)

BLANCHE—Ned!

WARDEN (*wrenching the pistol from him*)—So that's what you planned to do, is it—make a wretched scene like that?

STERLING (*in utter collapse*)—Why did you stop me? I'm better out of the world. I'm crazy with shame. First I disgraced and now I've insulted—degraded—the only living thing I care for—that's my wife.

BLANCHE (*quietly*)—Come back to the house. Mr. Mason is looking for you; he has something to tell you.

STERLING—I know—more bad news.

BLANCHE—No, good.

STERLING—Good! (*Starting to go.*) I want *you* to know that I know I'm a rotten beast. (*He goes.*)

WARDEN—You're going back *home?*

BLANCHE—"Home!" (*With a faint smile.*) I should hardly call it that.

WARDEN—You're not afraid?

BLANCHE—Oh, no! And my boy's there.

WARDEN—What's to be done?

BLANCHE—Wait; we'll see—we'll see—let it be something we could never regret. Good-by, Ned.

WARDEN—Good-by, Blanche.

He kisses her hand "very tenderly and almost with a certain kind of awe." The curtain falls.

ACT IV

The Sterlings' library next morning is still brightly decorated with Christmas holly and mistletoe. It is a warm, comfortably furnished, livable room. Shortly Ruth Hunter arrives and then Blanche Sterling comes from above stairs to meet her.

Both women are visibly keyed up with the situation facing them. Blanche has asked Ruth to call that she might talk with her first. She has made her own decision. She will leave her husband at once.

Miss Hunter is distressed by the thought of what that would mean. Ned Warden had told her all that had happened at the Hermitage. She had hoped that when Blanche rode home with her husband that they would have found at least a temporary solution of their difficulties. They had not even spoken, Blanche tells her.

Mrs. Hunter bursts in upon them. She, too, is anxious to know what Blanche has decided to do. An absolute divorce—no legal separation. That's Mrs. Hunter's advice. Ruth Hunter is shocked. She will do all she can to discourage Blanche from taking such a step—

"You used to agree with me," Ruth is saying. "I've heard you decry these snapshot, rapid-transit, tunnel divorces many a time. I've heard you say when a woman has made her bed, she must lie in it—make the best of her bad bargain."

"I'm not strong enough to fight out an unhappy life for the sake of setting an example to other women—women who *don't want* the example set!"

"Blanche, I counted on you to be strong, to be big—"

"But I love Ned Warden. He loves me—life stretches out long before us. Dick has disgraced us all. I don't love him—should I give *my* happiness and Mr. Warden's happiness for *him*?"

Mrs. Hunter is quick to answer that such an idea is absurd. Let Blanche be as quick to make a decision as her mother was. Let her get her divorce at once. "Trotter says divorce was made for women," quotes Mrs. Hunter.

"And what was made for man, please? Polygamy?" demands Miss Hunter.

"I don't know anything about politics! But I could count a dozen women in a breath, all divorced, or trying to be, or *ought* to be!"

"And each one of them getting a cold shoulder."

"What of it if their hearts are warm—poor climbers after happiness!"

Clara has arrived. She, too, is eagerly on Blanche's side in the matter of divorce. Ruth Hunter continues to fight for the conven-

tions, even after Mrs. Hunter and Clara have gone. They are staying at the Waldorf, Mrs. Hunter is pleased to remind everybody.

Blanche has made the point that it would be better for little Richard if she were to leave Dick. Surely it would not be for the boy's good to be brought up under his father's influence!

"If he saw you patiently bearing a cross for the sake of duty, can you imagine a stronger force for good on the boy's character?" demands Ruth. "What an example you will set him! What a chance for a mother!"

"But my own life, my own happiness?"

"Ah, my dear, that's just it! The watchword of our age is self! We are all for ourselves; the twentieth century is to be a glorification of selfishness, the Era of Egotism! Forget yourself, and what would you do? The dignified thing. You would live quietly *beside* your husband if not with him. And your son would be worthy of such a mother!"

"And I?"

"You would be *glad* in the end."

From above stairs little Richard can be heard singing a Christmas carol, "Once in Royal David's City—" It is a reminder to Blanche that she had forgotten all about Christmas. She must go to her boy now. Ruth may go with her if she likes. The two are leaving the room, their arms about each other, when they meet Dick Sterling in the doorway. He has come to see his doctor, who is being shown into the library. Greetings are casual and friendly, but the women do not stop.

Dick finds himself in bad shape, he tells Dr. Steinhart. He has been drinking too much for some time; his nerves are on edge; he can't sleep; none of the sedatives he has taken has any effect on him. If the doctor will give him something that will guarantee him one night's rest he will make a fresh start in the morning.

The doctor agrees to this. He writes a prescription for two quarter-grain tablets of sulphate of morphine. This will be enough for the night, though Sterling thinks he should have more than that.

"Two's enough," says the doctor firmly. "We don't give a lot of drugs to a man in a nervous condition like yours. Don't let them wake you for luncheon if you're asleep. Sleep's best for you. Good-by—pleasant dreams."

After Dr. Steinhart has left, Sterling studies the prescription. It is written in ink. If it were lead pencil it would be easier to change it. But, testing the ink in his own pen, he discovers that the color matches. Quickly he puts a one before the two. A moment later he has sent Leonard with the prescription. It is to be brought to him immediately, with a glass of water. . . .

Blanche, coming back to the library, finds Dick sitting in a chair with his head in his hands. He lifts his head to look at her.

"I know what you are going to do; you don't have to tell me; of course you're going to divorce me," he says.

"No."

STERLING (*doubting his ears*)—What!

BLANCHE—No.

STERLING (*in amazement and joy*)—Blanche!

BLANCHE—I give you one more chance, for your sake only as my boy's father. But—*don't make it impossible for me*—do you understand?

STERLING—Yes! I must take the true advantage of this chance your goodness gives me. I must right myself, so that people need not hesitate to speak of his father in Richard's presence. *And this I will do.* I know I am at the cross-roads, and I know the way; *but* I don't choose it for your reasons; I choose for my own reason—which is that, unfit as *I am, I love you.*

BLANCHE—I tell you truly my love for you is gone for good.

STERLING—I'll win it back—you *did* love me, you *did*, didn't you, Blanche?

BLANCHE—I loved the man I thought you were. Do you remember that day in the mountains when we first came to know each other, when we walked many, many miles without dreaming of being tired?

STERLING—And found ourselves at sunset at the top instead of below, by our hotel! Oh, yes, I remember! The world changed for me that day. (*He sinks back into his arm-chair, overcome.*)

BLANCHE—And for me! I knew then for the first time you loved me, and that I loved you. Oh! how short life of a sudden seemed! Not half long enough for the happiness it held for me! (*She turns upon him.*) Has it turned out so?

STERLING—How different! Oh, what a beast! What a fool!

BLANCHE (*with pathetic emotion*)—And that early summer's day you asked me to be your wife! (*She gives a little exclamation.*) It was in the corner of the garden; I can smell the lilacs now! And the raindrops fell from the branches as my happy tears did on Father's shoulder that night, when I said, "Father, he will make me the happiest woman in the world!"

STERLING—O God! To have your love back!

BLANCHE—You can't breathe life back into a dead thing; how different the world would be if one could!

STERLING—You can bring back life to the drowned; perhaps your love is only drowned in the sorrow I've caused.

BLANCHE (*smiling sadly*)—Life to me then was like a glorious staircase, and I mounted happy step after step led by your hand till everything *seemed* to culminate on the day of our wedding. You men don't realize, *can't* realize, what that service means to a girl. In those few moments she parts from all that have cherished her, made her life, and gives her whole self, her love, her body, and even her soul sometimes—for love often overwhelms us women—to *the* man who, she believes, wants, *starves*, for her gifts. All that a woman who marries for love feels at the altar I tell you a *man* can't understand! You treated this gift of mine, Dick, like a child does a Santa Claus plaything—for a while you were never happy away from it, then you grew accustomed to it, then you broke it, and now you have even lost the broken pieces!

STERLING (*coming to her*)—I will *find* them, and put them together again.

Blanche can only shake her head doubtfully. The past is not to be reclaimed as easily as that. Still Dick is determined. He will yet make his son proud of him. She will see—

Leonard has come with the medicine. Sterling shakes two tablets out of the chemist's box. He puts the rest of them into an envelope, twists it up and tosses it into the fireplace. He knows, he says, why Blanche has been reviving their past to him—it is to give him hope. No, she says, it was just the opposite—

"Then you've defeated your end, dear," Sterling shouts, almost gleefully; "you will stay here with me."

"Opposite you at table, receiving our friends, keeping up appearances, yes—but nearer to you than that? No! Never!"

Miss Godesby and Mr. Warden are announced. Miss Godesby has come for a further business conference. Her brother has kicked up a row over her agreement to keep silent about Sterling. He refuses to accept the conditions unless she can get from Sterling a signed admission of guilt and an agreement to pay. It is to be signed by both Blanche and her husband. The names may be worthless as collateral, but not as a point of honor. Sterling protests dragging Blanche into the affair, but Miss Godesby is firm.

"She made me come—she wouldn't come alone," Warden explains to Blanche, as Sterling and Miss Godesby go back to the desk with the paper; "Otherwise I should have waited until you sent for me."

"It's as well—I've decided," says Blanche, looking him straight in the face. "Oh, I wonder if I'm doing wrong!"

"No, *you* can't do wrong," Warden assures her, returning her steady gaze. "But I warn you of one thing—I'm not any longer

the controlled man I was."

Blanche has signed Miss Godesby's paper, with Warden as witness, and Miss Godesby is leaving. Both the Sterlings would thank her, but she is inclined to treat the favor she has done them lightly. She is greatly impressed when Blanche adds a kiss to her thanks "By George! I haven't been kissed by a woman for years!" she exclaims.

Blanche has followed Miss Godesby into the hall, leaving Sterling to tell Warden of her decision. At first Warden refuses to believe that Blanche has decided not to leave Sterling. If she has, it is only to protect her boy—

"Never mind, she won't leave me," Sterling is repeating. "I have her promise and I'll win back her love."

WARDEN—You fool! You can't win her back! She would never have loved me if you hadn't disillusioned, *dishonored* her! I'm not worthy of her, but I'll never dishonor her, and please God, never disappoint her, and so I'll keep her love.

STERLING—Well, as to that, she decides to stay, leaving love out of the question.

WARDEN—And you'll accept that sacrifice! You don't even *love* her. You're only thinking of *yourself* now. Love, real love, forgets itself. You, after having spoilt half her life, are willing to spoil the rest, for *your own sake!*

STERLING—No, for the boy's sake, and her sake—to save a scandal—the world—

WARDEN (*beside himself*)—Oh, damn the world! It's heaven and hell you'd better think of. *Scandal!* It couldn't harm her, and the hurt it would do you is a small price to pay. Those whom God has joined—yes! But it was the devil bound her to you!

STERLING—Here! I've had enough! Look out!

WARDEN (*moving toward him*)—You look out—you shan't rob her of her happiness. You—a drunkard! A forger! A thief!

STERLING—I'd keep her now if only to spite you!

WARDEN—Hah! There spoke the true man in you! Would to heaven the old days of dueling were back!

STERLING—A brave wish, as you know they're not!

WARDEN—They fight in other countries still for their love and honor, and I'm ready here, now, if you are, with any weapons you choose! (STERLING *sneers*.) Sneer! But will you fight? We'll find a place and something to fight with, or fists if you'd rather! You wouldn't kill me before I got you out of her way for good. Will you fight?

STERLING—No!

WARDEN (*more enraged*)—If you lose, you go away, and set her free of your own will!

STERLING—No!

WARDEN (*losing self-control*)—What do you want to *make* you fight—will that? (*He gives him a stinging blow in the face.*)

STERLING—Yes!

The two men have sprung at each other's throats, just as Ruth Hunter and Frederick Mason appear in the door. Warden and Sterling are standing rigidly facing each other. Sterling explains that he has just told Warden of his wife's resolution not to leave him. Ruth, with a sigh of satisfaction, is sure Warden will not try to shake that resolve, but she gets a quick answer from Ned that he will.

"I hardly know what I say or do," declares Warden, emphatically. "But look out for me, I'm desperate! I'm a torrent that's only let loose since yesterday, and now all of a sudden you try to stop me! But it's too late; I've got my impetus; the repressed passion of years is behind me; nothing can stop me—and God keep me from doing the wrong thing! I am determined to clear him out of the way of the happiness of the woman I love. (*To RUTH.*) Do you mean to say you approve of her decision? (*He turns to MASON.*) Do *you?*"

Reluctantly but positively Ruth is moved to admit her defeat. She can see now it would be useless for Sterling to try to overcome so determined a love. She refuses to help him further, or to go with him to plead with Blanche. She will go with Warden instead.

Mason, too, agrees with Ruth's decision. Sterling should go away, he thinks, and let Blanche know that he is never coming back. If he would rebuild his life, let him do it with hard work. There are still other debts to be paid beside those of the Godesbys—

Sterling doesn't want to talk about that now. He wants to be alone. After Mason leaves him Sterling struggles with a new decision. "There is not one soul in the world who cares for me, and it's my own fault," he mutters. Again Richard is heard upstairs singing his Christmas carol. (*STERLING listens.*) "Yes, one little soul loves me, and it would be better for him, too, if I went away."

He decides to sleep. He will make his final decision when he awakes. As he reaches for the tablets, a new thought comes to him. Why not end it all now, without any more bother? He remembers throwing the rest of the tablets into the fireplace and goes to recover them. Gazing into the fireplace his will weakens and he calls to Leonard to light the fire. Leonard applies a match but it goes out. There are no more matches. Now again Sterling's decision

changes. He will not be needing a fire after all. Let Leonard fetch him a pint bottle of champagne.

He returns again to the fireplace and recovers the twisted envelope. "If not now—perhaps some other time—who knows?" he mutters. . . .

Leonard has brought the champagne and a glass. No, Mr. Sterling will not change his mind about the fire. When Leonard goes he fills the glass half full of wine. Slowly he counts out four of the tablets, then adds two more, drops them into the glass and drinks quickly. Putting the glass down he takes out his pen, finds a piece of paper, thinks a second and starts to write. Perhaps he can make it appear accidental. "I have accidentally taken an overdose of my sleeping draught," he writes, repeating the words. "I have tried to call someone, but it's no use. I ask only one thing, that you forget all my sins, wipe out the memory with my name. I want my boy to change his name, too. (*He hesitates, then scratches out the last sentence.*) No, I won't say that. (*He waits a moment.*) God in heaven, what wouldn't I give for one friendly word just now! Someone to sort of say *good-by* to me—take my hand—even a *servant!*"

He is becoming drowsy now. As the door opens and Warden comes in looking for his hat, Sterling calls to him. Something in his voice attracts Warden. "What's the matter?" he asks.

"Nothing—I'm half asleep, that's all—the reaction—I'm worn out and I've changed my mind—"

WARDEN—How do you mean?

STERLING—I'm going away for good—that's the best I can do; I want you to forgive me—*could* you? What do you say? Forgive me for everything! For the sake of the old schoolboy days—

WARDEN—When are you going?

STERLING—Today. Will you say good-by to me and wish me well on my journey?

WARDEN (*without sympathy*)—You can count on me always to help you in any way I can. You can still retrieve a good deal if you're strong enough.

STERLING—I know what a beastly friend I've been, and yesterday was more than any man would stand, but forgive that, too, will you? I've always been a bad lot!

WARDEN (*with the sympathy of a man for a child*)—No, a weak lot; that's been your ruin, Dickie. I'll see you again before you go.

STERLING—No, I'm going to sleep as long as I can now, and I don't want anyone to wake me up; but when I do wake, I shall

have other things to do. This is good-by.

WARDEN—Well, good luck! (STERLING *finally gets the courage to hold out his hand.* WARDEN *hesitates a moment, then shakes it.*) Good luck!

“Sterling, who has been growing more and more drowsy, as soon as he is alone goes with difficulty to the door and locks it. He is so drowsy that he leans against the door for a moment; then he starts to go back to the table, but is unable to get there and sinks on the sofa half way between the table and the door. His eyes close, but suddenly he starts violently and tries to rise, but cannot, crying out faintly.”

STERLING—Good God—the money! I forgot the money—who'll pay my debts? Ah, this is a fitting climax for my life—the weakest, dirtiest thing I've done— (He gets the letter from his pocket and holds it in his hand. He murmurs in a faint, drowsy voice.) Coward! Coward!

BLANCHE (*calling*)—Dick! (STERLING's body relaxes and sets.)

RICHARD (*entering with BLANCHE and RUTH*)—Merry Christmas, Father!

BLANCHE (*going toward sofa*)—Dick!

RICHARD—Merry Christmas, Father!

BLANCHE—Sh! Father's asleep. (They start toward one door as WARDEN enters through the other.)

WARDEN—Oh, you are here! I went down into the drawing room where I left you.

BLANCHE—Sh! (She points to STERLING.)

WARDEN—Yes, I have a message for you from him. (Looks at RICHARD.)

RUTH (*understanding*)—Come, Richard, I haven't seen your tree yet.

WARDEN (*to BLANCHE*)—Give me your hand. (Softly, with a man's tenderness in his voice.) He is going away for good.

BLANCHE—Away?

WARDEN—For good.

BLANCHE (*slowly withdrawing her hand*)—For good? (She looks from STERLING to WARDEN.) What does he mean?

WARDEN—We will know when he wakes.

IF I WERE KING *

A Drama in Four Acts

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY

IF I WERE KING (56 perf.)—Play in four acts by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, October 14, 1901.
Cast:

François Villon.....	E. H. Sothern
Tristan l'Hermite.....	Arthur Lawrence
Thibaut d'Aussigny.....	Norman Conniers
René De Montigny.....	Sydney C. Mather
Colin De Cayeux.....	Herbert Ayling
Casin Cholet.....	William J. Sorelle
Trois Echelles.....	Malcolm Bradley
Poncet De Riviere.....	Fred B. Hanson
De Nantoillet.....	B. B. Belcher
Montjoye.....	Francis Powell
Mother Villon.....	Fanny I. Burt
Blanche.....	Charlotte Deane
Isabeau.....	Rachel Crown
Katherine de Vaucelles.....	Cecilia Loftus
Huguette du Hamel.....	Suzanne Sheldon
Louis XI.....	George W. Wilson
Olivier le Dain.....	John Findlay
Noel le Jolys.....	Henry C. Carvill
Guy Tabarie.....	Rowland Buckstone
Jehan Le Loup.....	William Park
Robin Turgis.....	Frederic Lotto
Petit Jean.....	George C. Rave
Du Lau.....	Frederick Courtenay
Toison d'Or.....	Charles Vane
Captain of the Watch.....	Charles Redmund
Jehanneton.....	Clara Blandick
Guillemette.....	Helen Logan
Denise.....	Annette Huntington
Queen.....	Margaret B. Caskie
Ladies of the Court: Misses Evans, Bolck, Lashmutter, Scott, De Silva, Slavin, Burke and Fursmann.	

Pages: Hooves, Du Puy and Swarz.

Masquers: Dunning, Childs, Hayes, Townsend, Ferrara, Horton and Patterson.

Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 508 and 574.

* All inquiries regarding this play should be addressed to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, New York, or 811 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, California.

"The Vagabond King," a musical version of this play, was produced at the Casino Theatre, New York, September 21, 1925. Dennis King played François Villon and Carolyn Thomson was Katherine De Vaucelles. See "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 451.

To FAIRLY old playgoers "If I Were King" falls into place as the first big hit in Edward H. Sothorn's career. He had been on the stage something like twenty years when it was produced, and had won his letter as a popular leading man with Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Stock Company from 1885 to 1898. During these thirteen years he had scored many hits, first in rather trivial comedies, later in such pieces as "The Highest Bidder," "The Love Chase," "Editha's Burglar," "Lord Chumley" and "Captain Letterblair." Gradually he approached the romantic drama, playing "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "An Enemy to the King" with more enthusiasm than he had the comedies. For a time he went back to parlor romance, but as soon as he left the Lyceum, and started out for himself, he returned to the swashbucklers he had learned to love. "The King's Musketeers," "The Song of the Sword" and "Richard Lovelace" preceded "If I Were King."

Justin Huntly McCarthy, poet novelist, had also considerable experience and success as a writing man before he produced this stirring and popular romance. He was 41 years old the year he wrote it. The son of the Justin McCarthy who had at one time been a leader of the Irish Nationalist Party in the British House of Commons, he had himself taken up politics and stood successfully for Parliament from 1884 to 1892. After he turned to literature he produced several novels, books of verse and a number of outstanding histories. An awakened interest in the theatre was followed by his elopement with Cecilia (Cissie) Loftus, to whom he was married in Edinburgh in 1894. She divorced him in 1899, but she was the first to play the heroine of "If I Were King," and it was she whom he probably had in mind when he first planned the play. He had previously written several other dramas, including "The Highwayman" and "My Friend the Prince," but it was "If I Were King" that sent his stock skyrocketing. He never wrote another play of comparable popularity.

"If I Were King" won hosts of friends and for a variety of reasons. First there was the popularity of Mr. Sothorn's dashing performance and the ardor of his love-making. His recitation of the newly re-discovered poet Villon's verse was an item. Second, there was the character of Huguette, the light-o'-love of the Fir Cone Tavern, who dressed as a boy and displayed shapely limbs on a stage that had not grown accustomed to seeing such displays at that

stage of our theatre's progress. Suzanne Sheldon, a handsome young American actress who had devoted her public appearances to the London theatre, came home to play Huguette, and to die heroically in saving Villon's life. Miss Sheldon was always a favorite with "If I Were King" audiences. After her came Virginia Hammond, an attractive amateur from Chicago, who took over the Huguette role and tights, also with complete satisfaction to many admirers.

The role of the lovely Katherine de Vaucelles was a trifle exacting for Cissie Loftus in those days. Her stage experience had been mostly devoted to vaudeville and imitations of her fellow artists which were, perhaps, the most perfect copies of her selected subjects that any mimic has given the theatre. When Miss Loftus gave up Katherine her successors included many fine actresses—Margaret Illington in 1902, Florence Reed in the 1907 revival, Elizabeth Valentine in 1913 and Alexandra Carlisle in 1916, when Mr. Sothorn staged two weeks of a grand farewell revival of the play and gave the profits to Daniel Frohman's Actors' Fund.

The early nineteen hundreds were brave days in the theatre. Even a hasty glimpse of the listed attractions of that season is stimulating to pleasant memories, but pretty depressing to present day comparisons. Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were touring America, playing "King Charles I," "The Merchant of Venice," "Louis XI" and other selections from their repertories. Richard Mansfield had returned to Shakespeare with an impressive revival of "Julius Caesar." Joseph Jefferson was still toddling about amusingly in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who had come over from London and brought George Arliss, among others, with her some months before, was back for a second tour. Mrs. Fiske was playing "Mary of Magdala" with the father of the current Tyrone Power of the movies playing her Judas. Eleanora Duse was with us briefly, playing "Francesca di Rimini." And the Lady Mendl, recently bombed out of Europe, was the Elsie de Wolfe who was starring in Clyde Fitch's "The Way of the World," with John Mason as her leading man.

William Gillette was drawing excited audiences to see "Sherlock Holmes," Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company was in its thirteenth season, with Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin playing H. V. Esmond's "The Wilderness," Virginia Harned was playing Pinero's "Iris," David Montgomery and Fred Stone had just scored their first success in "The Wizard of Oz" and Otis Skinner was getting a little tired of being an actor-manager in a piece called "Lazarre," which he wrote with Aubrey Boucicault. Certainly these were a part of the good old days.

But let us get back to "If I Were King." It is night at the Tav-

ern of the Fir Cone. The large, raftered assembly room "looks snug and comfortable in a somewhat sordid way." There is a large group of "gaily dressed women and ruffianly looking men" draped about the place. No one on the gallery that runs across the room at back and to which a stairway leads, but a dozen or so sitting at tables and around a fireplace below. René de Montigny is there, and Guy Tabarie. There are barrels and flagons, not to mention pipkins, of wine everywhere.

The entertainment of the moment, which is causing a good deal of laughter, comes from Huguette du Hamel, who might be described as a luscious wench. Huguette, dressed as a man, is sitting on a table reciting verse. The others, including Robin Turgis, the landlord, are grouped variously about her.

"Daughters of Pleasure, one and all,
Of form and features delicate,
Of bodies slim and bosoms small,
With feet and fingers white and straight";

Huguette has pointed to Denise and Isabeau to illustrate her poem, and there is much laughter—

"Your eyes are bright, your grace is great
To hold your lovers hearts in thrall;
Use your red lips before too late,
Love ere love flies beyond recall."

She throws a kiss to Landlord Robin and picks up a deck of cards from the table. "Devilish good advice, dollies," René de Montigny tells the girls, who are giggling and holding their men close.

"For soon the golden hair is gray,
And all the body's lovely line
In wrinkled meanness slipped astray";

They are more serious now, and Huguette more ominous with prophecy—

"Your limbs so round and ripe and fine
Shriveled and withered; quenched the shine
That made your eyes as bright as day;
So, ladies, hear these words of mine,
Love ere love flutters far away."

It is a sad song, thinks Denise, as Huguette finishes.

"Master François Villon made it for me t'other day when I was teasing him," explains Huguette, gaily. "You will grow old, Idol,"

he said, and he made that song for me. And I tell it to you to teach you true things."

"Kiss me and forget it," pleads Guy Tabarie, attempting to follow up his suggestion. Huguette pushes him away. "I have no kisses for any Jack of you all but François," she warns, and there is more laughter. "There's no one of you can make songs like him or make one sad as he can in the midst of gladness," sighs Huguette. And where is this good François? Huguette has not seen him for two days.

They have gone back to their drinking and love-making. They do not see the wide door at back open softly. They do not see Tristan l'Hermite enter, peer carefully about and return to whisper: "Come in, messire!"

A moment later King Louis XI appears. The King and Tristan are both dressed as "decent burgesses of the poorer kind" and are at some pains to conceal their faces as much as possible. They go to a small table across the room from the roisterers' group and are prepared to order wine when Robin approaches them.

"This is seeing life, friend Tristan," ventures Louis, with satisfaction.

"Let's hope it mayn't be seeing death, friend Louis," answers Tristan. "There are a couple of rogues in that covey who would spit you or split you or slit you for the price of a drink."

LOUIS—Gossip Tristan, there is at my court a scholar who told me an Eastern tale.

TRISTAN—Pray God it be a gay one such as your Majesty loves!

LOUIS (*quickly*)—Hush, man! No "Majesty" here. 'Tis of an Eastern king—one Haroun, surnamed, as I shall be surnamed "The Just." (*Snort from TRISTAN.*) It was his pastime to go about Bagdad of nights in disguise, and mingling with his people, thus learn much to the welfare of his realm. I am following his example, and I expect to learn much.

TRISTAN (*gruffly*)—You are likely to learn how unpopular you are.

LOUIS—You are always a bird of evil omen. Be bright, man! Look at me. The Burgundian leader is at my gates; my throne sways like a rocking chair, yet I don't pull a sad face. The stars promise succor, and I dreamed a dream last night that filled my heart with lightness.

TRISTAN—Dreams and stars! Stars and dreams!

LOUIS—I dreamed I was a swine rooting in the streets of Paris, and that I found a pearl of great price in the gutter. I took it and

placed it in my crown, where it shone so brightly that it filled all Paris with its light.

TRISTAN—A pig with a crown! A tavern sign!

LOUIS—But it made my crown so heavy for my brow that I plucked the pearl from its place and flung it to the ground, and would have trod on it, when a star fell from Heaven and stayed me, and I awoke trembling.

TRISTAN—Leave dreams to weaklings, sire.

LOUIS—Don't preach but instruct. Who are these people?

TRISTAN—Some of the worst cats and rats in all Paris. The men belong to a fellowship that is called the Company of the Cockleshells, and babble a cant of their own that baffles the thief-takers. The women are trulls. Yonder she-thing in the man's habit is Huguette du Hamel, whom they call the Abbess for her nunnery of light-o'-loves. Yonder fellow in the purple jerkin is René de Montigny, of gentle birth and a great breaker of commandments. But it would waste my breath and your patience to tell them all over. Bullies, wantons, thieves, murderers—to enumerate their offenses is to say the Decalogue backwards.

LOUIS—You have a pithy humor, Tristan. Our gallows shall be busy anon.

TRISTAN—I miss one rogue from the gallery, a fellow named François Villon, who is easily their leader. The strangest knave in all Paris—scholar, poet, drinker, drabber, blabber, good at pen, point, and pitcher. In the Court of Miracles they call him the King of the Cockleshells.

They have not long to wait for the appearance of Villon. He is even now outside the Tavern, finishing a song—"Perchance she now will pass me by, Since I have left the prison gate—"

They all turn to welcome François as he comes bursting gaily through the door. "He is picturesquely ragged, in patched and faded finery of many colors; his tattered coat is tilted by a sword; in his belt is thrust a small parchment; a cock's feather is stuck in his cap. He has a small beard, and his hair is long and unkempt."

Villon has advanced among them now, shaking hands with the men, embracing the women with ardor. "Well, hearts of gold! How are ye? Did ye miss me, lads? Did ye miss me, lasses?"

They did, they did. Huguette most of all. He pushes them from him as they crowd about. He would have wine, and quickly, and a little more service from good Landlord Robin. He would drink damnation to the Burgundians. When Robin is slow to serve him, not having seen the color of his money, Villon, hand on dagger, is

of a mind to show the fellow that money sometimes is of the color of blood, but the others stop him.

"None of your swaggering, Master François," shouts the frightened but firm Robin. "We have a new King, and there should be a new king's name on the coinage. Show me a Louis XI and I will show you my Beaune wine."

Again Villon is of a mind to cut the landlord up, but is stopped by the anxious Huguette, just as Louis himself takes a part in the scene. "Let me do so much for you," the King is saying. "Will you honor me by drinking at my expense?"

Villon turns to bow and stare at the stranger. Finding him inoffensive he is mollified. "You are a civil stranger, and I will so far honor you," agrees Villon. "I left my purse under my pillow this morning—" (*there is great laughter at that suggestion*)—"under my pillow," repeats Villon with emphasis, "and this ungentle fellow denies me credit. How rarely we meet with an ale-draper who is also a gentleman."

"My host, a flagon of your best!" calls Louis. He tosses Robin a coin, but it is Villon who catches it and studies it with great interest. "And is this the new King's counter? Well, God bless His Majesty, say I, for I owe him my present liberty," declares Villon, to the amazement of the Cockleshells. "There was a jail clearing when he came to Paris, and as I happened to be in jail at the time—through an error of the law— (*Laughter from VILLON'S friends.*) Through an error of the law—they were good enough to kick me out into the free air. Will you add to your kindness, old gentleman, by allowing me to keep this token of our dear monarch in memory of the event?"

"By all means," agrees Louis, but with a wry face, and Tristan is far from pleased. "Master Villon, you'll be sorry for this," Tristan is muttering in his beard. . . .

Again Huguette has grown a little exuberant in her embraces. This reminds Villon that he suffers a bruised body still tender from a cudgeling he had had as a victim of love. They are excited by the thought of such an adventure for their hero and clamor for the details. Even Louis would like to hear. Now they have all gathered closer and Villon, tossing his hat on the table with a flourish, is launched on an impassioned recital.

VILLON—You must know, dear devils and ever-beautiful blowens (*to HUGUETTE*) that three days ago, when I was lying in the kennel, which is my humor, and staring at the sky, which is my recreation (*to LOUIS*) I speak, sir, but in parable or allegory, a dear device with the school-men—I saw between me and Heaven the face

of a lady, the loveliest face I ever saw.

HUGUETTE—You are a faithless pig!

VILLON (*unheeding her*)—She was going to church—God shield her!—but she looked my way as she passed, and though she saw me no more than she saw the cobble-stone I stood on, I saw her once and forever. We song-chandlers babble a deal of love, but for the most part we know little or nothing about it, and when it comes it knocks us silly. I was knocked so silly that—well, what do you think was the silly thing I did?

RENÉ DE MONTIGNY—Emptied a can for oblivion?

BLANCHE—Kissed a wench for the same purpose. The times that I've been wooed out of my name.

CASIN CHOLET—Picked the woman's pocket?

JEHAN LE LOUP—Got near her in the crowd and pinched her?

VILLON—La, la, la! Sillier than all these. I followed her into the church.

ALL—Oh!

COLIN DE CAYEULX—Whew!

LOUIS (*crossing himself repeatedly under his gown*)—You are not a church-goer, sir?

VILLON—No, old queernabs, unless there's a pretty girl to follow.

GUY TABARIE—Fie, fie! You'll shock this smug citizen.

VILLON—Nonsense! This good cuffin has a friendly face (*smack*) and can take a joke (*smack*). Can't you, old rabbit? (*Kicking him.*)

LOUIS—I thank Heaven I have a sense of humor.

VILLON—Well, I sprawled there in the dark, with my knees on the cold ground, and all the while the sound of her beauty was sweet in my ears, and the taste of her beauty was salt on my lips, and the pain of beauty was gnawing at my heart, and I prayed that I might see her again. HUGUETTE *catches up a jug to throw at VILLON, but is dexterously disarmed.*) And the incense tickled my nostrils and the painted saints sneered at me, and bits of rhymes and bits of prayers jiggled in my brain, and I felt as if I were drunk with some new and delectable liquor—and then she slipped out and I after her. She took the holy water from my fingers.

HUGUETTE—I wish it had burned you to the bone.

VILLON—It burned deeper than that, believe me. Outside, on God's steps, stood a yellow-haired, pink-faced puppet, who greeted her, and they ambled away together, I on their heels. Presently they came to a gateway and in slips my quarry, and as she did so she turned to her squire and I saw her face again, and lost it, for the tears came in my eyes. I suppose you wonder, sir (*to LOUIS*) why I talk like this? But when my heart's in my mouth, I must

spit it out or it chokes me.

LOUIS—I have learned to wonder at nothing.

VILLON—I saluted the gallant and begged to know the lady's name. He took me for a madman, but he told me—

HUGUETTE (*coaxingly*)—What was the name, dear François?

VILLON (*turning to her*)—Be secret, sweet; it was Her Majesty, the Queen! (VILLON'S friends laugh.)

LOUIS—Fellow! (LOUIS rises, but TRISTAN'S heavy hand forces him into his seat again.)

VILLON (*to LOUIS*)—Now, now, my rum duke, your loyalty need not take fire. It was not Her Majesty, but her name— I shall keep to myself, though it is written on my shoulders in fair large blue and black bruises.

RENÉ DE MONTIGNY—Did the popinjay beat you?

VILLON—No, no; it came about thus. We tinkers of verses set a price on our wares that few find them worth, yet with the love fever in my veins I wrote rhymes to this lady, and sent them to her fairly writ on a piece of parchment that cost me a dinner.

LOUIS—Did you think she'd come to your whistle, like a bird to a lure?

VILLON—In this kind of madness a minstrel thinks himself a new Orpheus who could win a woman out of hell with his music. But I got an answer— Oh, I got my answer!

RENÉ DE MONTIGNY—What was the answer?

VILLON (*laughing*)—A fellow like a page boarded me here three days ago, asked me if I had sent certain verses to a certain quarter; if so, I was to follow him at once. I followed like a sheep, with my heart drumming, till we came to a quiet place, and there four boobies with yard-long cudgels fell on me. I had no weapons but my jack dagger, so I took to my heels. But I have been rarely drubbed and roundly basted, and my poor back and sides are most womanishly tender.

HUGUETTE—Will it teach you not to play the fool again?

VILLON—It will teach me not to play the fool again, Abbess. The mark of the beast is upon me, and I shall dream no more dreams.

Villon is thirsty again and his call for liquor is insistent. Perhaps, suggests Louis, he drinks too much. There isn't anything else to do, answers François, with France going to the devil and the Burgundians camped in the free fields "while a nincompoop sits on the throne, and lets them besiege his city."

"No doubt *you* could do better than the King if *you* were in his place," sneers Louis.

"If I could not do better than Louis Do-Nothing Louis Dare-

Nothing, having his occasions and advantages, may Huguette there never kiss me again," laughs Villon.

"Perhaps she never will," flaunts Huguette, but the others are thrilled by the challenge. It is not a new challenge to them. They remember that Villon has made a rhyme of how he would carry himself if he were in the King's shoes, which they would have him recite to the stranger.

Louis, too, is eager to hear the verse, and settles himself down to listen, pulling Isabeau down to his knee to sit with him. Villon is not averse to the repetition of the poem. "'Tis a true song," he insists, "though it would cost me my neck if it came to the King's ears, very likely."

They are quiet now, and huddled in a circle at Villon's feet, as he begins—

"All French folk, whereso'er ye be,
Who love your country, soil and sand,
From Paris to the Breton Sea,
And back again to Norman strand,
Forsooth ye seem a silly band,
Sheep without shepherd, left to chance—
Far otherwise our Fatherland
If Villon were the King of France!"

The Cockleshells are applauding rapturously. Isabeau gets down from Louis' knee and sits at his feet. Villon goes on—

"The figure on the throne you see
Is nothing but a puppet, planned
To wear the regal bravery
Of silken coat and gilded wand;
Not so we Frenchmen understand
The Lord of lion's heart and glance—
And such a one would take command
If Villon were the King of France!"

There is more excitement among the poet's friends and lusty shouts of "Villon!"

"His counselors are rogues, perdie!
While men of honest mind are banned,
To creak upon the gallows tree,
Or squeal in prisons over-manned!

We want a chief to bear the brand
 And bid the damned Burgundians dance:
 God! where the Oriflamme should stand
 If Villon were the King of France!"

There would be another demonstration now, but Villon quiets his partisans as he concludes—

"Louis, the Little, play the grand!
 Buffet the foe with sword and lance;
 'Tis what would happen by this hand,
 If Villon were the King of France!"

There are general acclamations. "Well crowed, chantecler!" agrees René de Montigny. "I forgive you much for that light in your eyes," admits Huguette, throwing her arms about Villon.

"You call yourself a patriot, I suppose," smiles Louis.

"By no such high-sounding title," answers Villon, leaning wearily against a barrel. "I am but a poor devil with a heart too big for his body, and a hope too large for his hoop. Had I been begotten in a brocaded bed I might have led armies and served France, have loved ladies without fear of cudgelings, and told kings truths without dread of the halter, while, as it is, I consort with sharps and wantons, and make my complaint to a dull little buzzard like you, old noodle! Oh, 'tis a fool's play, and it were well to be out of it."

"You are sententious!"

"The quintessence of envy, no less. I have great thoughts, great desires, great ambitions, great appetites, what you will. I might have changed the world and left a memory. As it is, I sleep in a garret under the shadow of the gallows, and I shall be forgotten tomorrow, even by the wolves I pack with. But this is dry thinking; let's to drinking."

They turn in search of Robin, but the worthy host is asleep on the bench. Dexterously Villon unhooks a ring of keys from Robin's belt and, with a triumphant gesture, disappears through the door to the wine cellar. The others have gone back to their games.

Tristan sidles up alongside King Louis. "Shall I hang him tomorrow?" he queries.

"We shall see!" mutters Louis, vaguely. "He is a loose-lipped fellow, but he might have been a man. He has set me thinking of my dream. I was a swine rooting in the streets of Paris. I found a pearl—well, well!"

Louis is not prepared to leave. He is expecting a visitor—Thibaut d'Aussigny, the Constable of Paris, no less. It will be a surprise to Thibaut to find his King there, chuckles Louis. Thibaut would not come if he suspected—

There is a rustle at the door, but it is not Thibaut. A little old woman is there begging to see Master Villon. René de Montigny and the others would mock her as she pushes her way into the room. They form a circle and dance about her. Only Huguette comes to her rescue until Villon appears from the cellar. He puts an armful of bottles down and makes short work of the mocking roisterers. The old lady is his mother and for three anxious days she has been seeking him. She does not much believe his story that he has been engaged on state's business. She would have him come home now, but he must first recite for her a little prayer he has written for her, and then he must send her on, with promises that soon he will follow.

Guy Tabarie has appeared at the door and rushed into the room. He comes to report a fight at Fat Margot's. Two wenches, stripped to the waist, are fighting furiously. "They're at it hammer and tongs. Come and see, for the love of God!" shouts Guy. He is out the door again, and the crowd piles after him. Villon, however, will not go, even though Huguette urges. . . .

Villon has closed the door and drawn the curtains over the windows. He makes himself comfortable on the settle by the fire and is soon asleep. At table Louis and Tristan are playing cards.

Presently the door is pushed open and an armed servant enters. Seeing the place cleared he goes back to the door and is followed into the room by a lady closely muffled. Sending her servant out she advances on the card players.

"Has Master François Villon been here tonight?" she asks of Tristan.

"Yonder he squats by the fire," answers Tristan. As Katherine turns he catches a glimpse of her face and is all excitement.

"Zounds, sire! Do you know who that was? It was your Majesty's kinswoman, the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles."

Louis is amused. Perhaps the lovely Katherine comes to meet Thibaut whom she is presumed to loathe. Villon? So that is the girl the poet meant.

Katherine has moved across to Villon. Tristan has gone out and Louis, starting for the door, changes his mind. Seeing he is unobserved, he hides back of the window curtains. Katherine touches Villon's shoulder. The sleeper shifts his position but does not waken. She touches him again and, moving away from him, uncovers her face. Waking, Villon bounds from the settle, crosses himself hurriedly and kneels before her. "If this be a dream, pray Heaven I may never wake!" he mutters.

Katherine has taken a parchment from her gown. "You wrote me these verses?" That he may be reminded she starts to read:

"If I were King, ah, love! If I were King what tributary nations I would bring to kneel before your scepter—"

"And to swear allegiance to your eyes and lips and hair; beneath your feet what treasures I would fling if I were King!" adds Villon.

KATHERINE—My elders tell me that poets say much and mean little; that their oaths are like gingerbread, as hot and sweet in the mouth and as easily swallowed. Are you such a one?

VILLON—I am your servant!

KATHERINE—Are your words gold or gilded?

VILLON—My words are my life. I love you!

KATHERINE—Just because I show a smooth face?

VILLON—If all my dreams of loveliness had been pieced together into one perfect woman she would have been like you. All my life I have read tales of love and tried to find their secret in the bright eyes about me—tried and failed. I might as well have been seeking for the Holy Grail. But when I saw you the old Heaven and the old Earth seemed to shrivel away and I knew what love might mean. The world is changed by your coming; all sweet tastes and fair colors and soft sounds have something of *you* in them. I eat and drink, I see and hear in your honor. The people in the street are blessed because you have passed among them. (*He moves toward her.*) That stone on the ground is sacred, for your feet have touched it. I love you! All philosophy, all wisdom, religion, honor, manhood, hope, beauty lie in those words—I love you! (*Kneeling and kissing her dress.*)

KATHERINE—Well, I have come to put your protestations to the proof. If you meant every word you said, you can serve me well. If not (*speaking severely*) good night and good-by.

VILLON (*stopping her*)—I wrote with my heart's blood!

KATHERINE—Listen. I am one of the Queen's ladies. Thibaut d'Aussigny, the Grand Constable of France, loves me a little and my broad lands much, and he swears that I shall marry him. He tried to force me to his will, to shame me to his pleasure, and so I hate him, and so should you, for it was he who gave you your beating.

VILLON—Oh, it was he—

KATHERINE—He gave your rhymes to me, and told me how you had been treated. When I read them I said, "Here, if a poet speaks truth, is the one man in France who can help me."

VILLON—Why not your yellow-haired, pink-faced lover?

KATHERINE—Noel le Jolys is a man many women might love—but I love no man. I only hate Thibaut d'Aussigny. Do you understand?

VILLON—I begin to understand.

KATHERINE (*going eagerly to him*)—Kill Thibaut d'Aussigny. You are a skillful swordsman, they say. You are little better than an outlaw. You swear you love me more than life. Kill Thibaut d'Aussigny. Are you less eager to serve me than you were?

VILLON (*rising*)—No, by Heaven! But I've been dozing and dreaming; and I've got to rub the sleep out of my eyes and the dream out of my heart. Tell me how to serve you.

KATHERINE (*rapidly*)—Thibaut d'Aussigny comes here tonight. He has come here before in disguise, for I have had him followed. I think he means to betray the King to the Burgundians, so you will serve France as well as me. How do such men as you kill each other?

VILLON—Generally in a drunken scuffle. Will you wait here till he comes, pretty lady, for I never saw him. Then leave the rest to me.

KATHERINE—You love me very much?

VILLON—With all the meaning that the word can have in Paradise.

KATHERINE—You didn't expect to be taken at your word?

VILLON—I didn't hope to be; I will try to be worthy of the honor.

KATHERINE—You love and laugh in the same breath.

VILLON—That is my philosophy.

KATHERINE—If you wish (*VILLON turns*) you may kiss my hand.

VILLON—Nay, I can fight, and, if needs must, die in your quarrel; but if once I touched you so, that might make life too sweet to adventure.

Muttering "As you will!" a little stiffly, Katherine has moved to the back of the room. The shouting and singing of a crowd indicate the return of the boys and girls of the Cockleshells. Quickly Villon beckons to Katherine to follow him up the stairs to the gallery. From there she can see without being seen. When Thibaut d'Aussigny comes let her point him out. Villon will do the rest. She can escape to the street from the gallery.

Now the crowd is back, shouting, laughing, repeating accounts of the battle of the wenches with great gusto. Louis has come from in back of the curtains and motioned Tristan to join him again at the card table.

Presently they are warned of Thibaut's coming. A few seconds later the Constable of France is there. He is tall and powerful, and dressed as a common soldier. Katherine indicates to Villon that this is the man she means. Thibaut has moved over to the hearth

and ordered wine. Presently he is joined by René de Montigny. There are words of common greeting between them, then René produces a paper and hands it to Thibaut. It had been shot over the city walls on the tip of an arrow. Under the lantern over the fireplace Thibaut reads the paper.

"The Duke of Burgundy will give me a duchy if I deliver Louis into his hands," he says, on rejoining René. "Can you command some safe rogues of your kidney who think better of Burgundian gold than of the fool on the throne?"

"Aye, I know of half a dozen stout lads who would pilfer the King from his palace of the Louvre if they were paid well enough for the job."

"Good! Meet me again tomorrow." He has given René a purse and moved over to the fireplace to throw away the incriminating paper. He starts for the door when Villon gets in his way, staggering a little.

"You walk abroad late, honest soldier," simpers Villon.

"That's my business."

"Don't be testy. Let us crack a bottle."

"I've had enough and you've had more than enough. Go to bed!"

"You're a damned uncivil fellow, soldier, and don't know how to treat a gentleman when you see one."

"Get out of my way!"

"I will not get out of the way. How do I know you are an honest soldier? How do I know that you are a true man?"

The altercation has attracted others, who gather around. René de Montigny has slipped to Villon's side to warn him that Thibaut is not what he seems, but Villon pushes him aside. "Who cares what he seems?" He mutters. "It's what he is, I want to know. Perhaps he's not an honest soldier at all. Perhaps he's a damned Burgundian spy."

"Fling this drunken dog into the street!"

"Drunken dog, indeed!"—Villon has drawn his sword. "You are a lying, ill-favored knave! Keep the door, friends; this rogue has insulted me. Pluck out your iron, soldier!"

The women have drawn back, except Huguette, who suddenly comes forward to demand a fair fight. This is David and Goliath. The only way to make things fair between them is to clear the room, put out the lights and let them fight with sword and lantern in the dark.

"What do you say, Goliath?" calls Villon.

"Any way you please, on this understanding," answers Thibaut; "when there's an end of you there's an end of the quarrel."



Photo Byron Studio; Collection Museum City of New York.

"IF I WERE KING"

Katherine—. . . Oh, that a man would come to Court. For the man that shall trail the banners of Burgundy in the dust for the King of France to walk on I may, perhaps, have favors.

Villon—You are hard to please.

(Cecilia Loftus, F. H. Sothorn)

"That's promised."

Thibaut takes off his helmet, cloak and scabbard. Someone hands him a lantern from the side of the fireplace. Another lantern is given to Villon. The crowd has pushed Robin, the landlord, into a corner of the room and there he stays.

"This must be stopped, sire," protests Tristan.

"Not at all, gossip," answers Louis; "whichever kills the other saves the hangman some labor."

The crowd has formed a circle about the fighting men. The light is out. In the shadows the two figures can be dimly seen circling for an advantage. From the shadows comes the voice of Villon promising himself revenge upon Thibaut for the beating he has been given.

There is a clash of meeting steel. Huguette can be heard calling the crowd to stand back. In the midst of the next clash there is a sound of pounding on the outer door, followed by an order. "Open in the King's name!" Thibaut would have the watch break in the door, but Villon counters that suggestion with a fresh attack.

The pounding continues. Suddenly Thibaut drops his lantern and would deal Villon a two-handed blow on the head. Villon is too quick and runs his adversary through.

Immediately the door gives way and the watch rushes in, followed by the populace bearing torches. Villon, standing over Thibaut, his sword at the fallen man's heart, looks up to the gallery. Katherine, leaning over, tosses him a knot of ribbon which he quickly hides in the breast of his jacket. The Captain of the Watch advances to demand the cause of the tumult.

"A fair fight, good Captain," answers Villon, "conducted according to the honorable laws of sword and lantern."

"Who is this man?" demands the Captain, crossing to the prostrate Thibaut.

René de Montigny has lifted Thibaut's head and is supporting him as he speaks—"I am Thibaut d'Aussigny, the Grand Constable!" As the Captain kneels and the crowd gasps its surprise, Thibaut adds dramatically, pointing to Villon: "Take that fellow and hang him from the nearest lantern!"

Soldiers move in to place Villon under arrest. The crowd mutters its protests. Huguette rushed forward to kneel at the feet of Villon.

"Take that fellow outside and hang him!" echoes the Captain.

"Stop, sir!" calls King Louis. "That young gentleman is my affair."

"Who are you that dares to interfere with the King's justice?" demands the Captain.

"I am the King's justice," replies Louis, removing the hood that

has shielded his face.

The crowd has moved back completely awed. Tristan uncovers, muttering: "God save the King!"

"The King! Good Lord!" gasps Villon.

The soldiers have closed in and are dispersing the crowd. The curtain falls.

ACT II

At noon the following day a disturbed King Louis is pacing up and down a path in a garden in the Palace. An astrologer is with him and has been nervously trying to interpret Louis' dream.

"Your pearl of great price tells me that there is one in the depths who, if he be exalted to the heights, may serve and save the state," the Astrologer is saying. "Of such a one it is written in the stars that he would have potent influence for seven days from this day. Then the Book of Heaven is confused, and the portent of the falling star puzzles me."

The Astrologer is dismissed. Louis resumes his pacing and his musing. "If Villon were the King of France!" The lines of the "mad ballad-maker" still run in his mind. "Fools are proverbially fortunate," muses Louis, "and a mad man may save Paris for me as a mad maid saved France for my sire."

Tristan has come to report that the wound of Thibaut d'Aussigny had not proved mortal and that the traitorous Thibaut had escaped to join the Duke of Burgundy. The "tavern rabble" that had amused His Majesty the night before was in custody, Villon among them. Tristan would have enjoyed hanging Villon, but Louis has other uses for the vagabond at the moment.

"There is a tale of Haroun al Rachid," says Louis. "How he picked a drunken rascal from the streets and took him to his palace. When the rascal woke sober the courtiers persuaded him that he was the Caliph, and the Commander of the Faithful found great sport in his behavior. I promise myself a like diversion."

"Are you going to let him think he is king, sire?" Tristan asks anxiously.

"Not quite. When he wakes he is to be assured that he is the Count of Montcorbier and Grand Constable of France. His antics may amuse me, his lucky star may serve me, and his winning tongue may help to avenge me on the froward maid."

Katherine de Vaucelles crosses the garden. She has been gathering roses for the Queen. Louis would talk with her, though she gives him but slight encouragement. Yes, she admits, it is true that Thibaut d'Aussigny woos her, but she would have none of him. She is startled to hear that Thibaut was no more than slightly

wounded. She is anxious, too, about Thibaut's assailant. The man bore Thibaut no malice. She would not have him pay the full penalty for his crime. Thibaut was a traitor and a villain.

Louis is amused. If this man's life means much to her, she might try pleading for it to the Grand Constable—the new Grand Constable—whose name is Count of Montcorbier. "He is a stranger in my court who has found lodging in my heart," Louis assures Katherine. "You shall have audience of him."

Katherine has gone on to the Queen when Louis summons Barber Olivier, who had been given charge of François Villon the night before. Villon, Olivier reports, had been put to sleep in prison the night before with a pot of drugged wine. "This morning he woke in a palace, lapped in the linen of a royal bed," he adds. "He has been washed and barbered, sumptuously dressed and rarely perfumed. He is so changed that his dearest friend wouldn't know him. He doesn't even know himself. He carries himself as if he had been a courtier all his days."

"I have little doubt that when the jackass wore the lion's skin he thought himself a lion. But is he not amazed?"

"Too much amazed, sire, to betray amazement. His attendants assure him, with the gravest of faces, that he is the Grand Constable of France. I believe he thinks himself in a dream, and, finding the dream delicate, accepts it."

"Have the fellow sent here, and remember only you and I and Tristan know or must know who he truly is."

Louis has resumed his pacing, smiling at the thought of what sport he will have watching his Jack and Jill dance to his whimsy like dolls on a wire. Villon shall hang for having mocked his King. But he shall taste of splendor first.

Louis has gone into the Palace when Villon comes into the garden. "He is magnificently dressed, and carries himself with the air of a Grand Seigneur. His face is now smooth-shaven, his hair trimmed and dressed smoothly, and he consequently looks very different from the Villon of the first act. He is preceded by Olivier le Dain, who is preceded by four pages, two of whom carry golden trays with flagons and cups."

"Will your dignity deign to linger awhile in this rose arbor?" asks Olivier, bowing low.

"My dignity will deign to do anything you suggest, good master blackamoor," answers Villon, affably. "Better to humor them," he mutters to himself.

OLIVIER—I shall have to trouble you presently with certain small cares of state.

VILLON—No trouble, excellent myrmidon. These duties are pleasures to your true man. (*Aside.*) What on earth are they talking about?

OLIVIER—His Majesty will probably honor you with *his* company later.

VILLON—Always delighted to see dear Louis. He and I are very good friends. People say hard things of him, but, believe me, they don't know him.

OLIVIER—May we take our leave, monseigneur?

VILLON—You may, you may. Stay one moment. You know this plaguy memory of mine; what a forgetful fellow I am. Would you mind telling me again who I happen to be?

OLIVIER—You are the Count of Montcorbier, monseigneur.

VILLON (*astonished*)—The Count—

OLIVIER (*bowing*)—Montcorbier, monseigneur.

VILLON—Montcorbier: Montcorbier: Montcorbier.

OLIVIER—The Grand Constable of France, monseigneur.

VILLON—Eh!

OLIVIER—The Grand Constable of France, monseigneur (*bowing*). It is His Majesty's wish that you contrive to remember this.

VILLON—Of course, it was most foolish of me to forget. Now I suppose, good master long toes, that a person in my exalted rank has a good deal of power, influence, authority, and what not?

OLIVIER—With the King's favor, you are the first man in the realm.

VILLON—Quite so. And does my exalted position carry with it any agreeable perquisite in the way of pocket-money?

OLIVIER—If you will dip your fingers in your pouch—

VILLON (*thrusting a hand into pouch at belt*)—Gold counters, on my honor. Good sir, will you straightway dispatch someone you can trust to the Church of the Celestins, and inquire of the beadle there for the dwelling of Mother Villon, a poor old woman, sorely plagued with a scapegrace son? Let him seek her out—she dwells on the seventh story, and therefore the nearer to the Heaven she deserves—and give her these coins that she may buy herself food, clothes, and firing.

OLIVIER—It shall be done. If there be anything your dignity should desire, you have but to sound upon this bell.

VILLON—You are very good. Eh! Stay a moment. The Count of—

OLIVIER—Montcorbier.

Villon repeats the word several times. Olivier and two pages withdraw with every sign of the most profound deference. No hint

of any suppressed mirth, no consciousness of a hidden joke is to interrupt for a moment the gravity of the scene as far as Olivier and the pages are concerned. As soon as they have gone out, Villon looks curiously around him and goes to dial to drink. When about to drink he sees the two remaining pages; puts down cup and dismisses them.

VILLON—Last night, I was a red-headed outlaw sleeping on the straw of a dungeon. Today, I wake in a royal bed and my varlets call me monseigneur. There are but three ways of explaining this singular situation. Either I am drunk, or I am mad, or I am dreaming. If I am drunk I shall never distinguish Bordeaux wine from Burgundy, a melancholy dilemma. Let's test it. (*Pours wine, sniffs, drinks.*) This quintessence of crushed violets ripened no otherwhere than in the valleys of Bordeaux. (*Pours from other flagon.*) By Heaven, no nobler juice ever rippled from Burgundian vineyards. Ergo, I am not drunk. I do not think I am mad either, for I know in my heart that I am poor François Villon, penniless Master of Arts, and no will-o'-the-wisp Grand Constable. Then am I dreaming, fast asleep in the chimney corner of the Fir Cone Tavern, having finished that flask I filched and everything since then has been, and is, a dream. The coming of Katherine, a dream. My fight with Thibaut d'Aussigny a dream. Then the King—popping up at the last moment, like a Jack-in-the-box—a dream. These clothes, those servants, this garden—dreams, dreams, dreams. I shall wake presently, and be devilish cold and devilish hungry and devilish shabby. But in the meantime these dream liquors make good drinking.

Olivier is back, bringing a request. It is the King's wish that his new Grand Constable should pass judgment upon certain rogues and vagabonds who were taken in a brawl at the Fir Cone Tavern the night before—

"Tell me, is Master François Villon, Master of Arts, rhymer at his best, vagabond at his worst, ne'er-do-well at all seasons and scapegrace in all moods, among them?"

"Your dignity is pleased to jest. Shall I send you the prisoners?"

"Can I do with them as I wish?"

"Absolutely as you wish. Such is the King's will."

"Set a thief to try a thief," muses Villon and then, with a flourish he adds: "Well, bring them in!"

In they troop—Noel de Jolys importantly in charge of them. Guy Tabarie, Casin Cholet, Colin de Cayeux, René de Montigny, each in charge of a soldier. And after them the women, Jehanne-

ton, Isabeau, Denise, Blanche, Guillemette and Huguette. A sad-looking crew, inclined to surliness and defiance. The fact that Noel is evidently giving extra attention to Huguette does not please Villon, but he passes the irritation by as he conceals his face as much as possible and orders that René de Montigny be first set before him.

René, pushed forward by a soldier, would explain his predicament by describing himself as being one of gentle birth fallen upon ungentle days. An honest man, he insists. He is visibly perturbed when the Grand Constable warns him that when Burgundian arrows fall in his garden they are likely to produce a pestilent crop.

Guy Tabarie is called. He, too, comes with clean hands and a proper fear of God in his heart. It is a fear that must have been lacking the day in March that he broke into the Church of St. Maturin and stole the gold plate from the altar, the Constable reminds him, greatly to Master Tabarie's confusion.

Colin de Cayeux and Casin Cholet are called. They, the Constable decides, are the "Castor and Pollux of purity," according to their own estimate. But they forget the girl they kidnaped last Shrove Tuesday and carried away to Fat Margot's to hold for ransom.

Presently the women are called up. They, too, all have honest occupations, and are quite innocent of wrongdoing. They are poised and confident until, one by one, the Constable whispers reminders in their ears that set them staring and giggling and running to each other to compare reports. Here, indeed, is a very wizard of a man.

Now the Constable has gathered them together and stopped their laughter that he may have some chance of being heard by them.

"Young women," he calls to them, and they immediately brace up to face him; "young women, the world is a devil of a place for those who are poor. I could preach you a powerful sermon on your follies and frailties, but somehow the words stick in my gullet. Here is a gold coin apiece for you. Go and gather yourselves roses, my roses, to take back to what, Heaven pity you, you call your homes." (*Gives a handful of money to JEHANNETON.*)

"Are we free?" demands an incredulous Jehanneton.

"Free? Poor children; such as you are never free. Go and pray Heaven to make men better, for the sake of your daughters' daughters."

The girls, visibly impressed, disappear quietly as Villon turns to the men—

"As for these gentlemen, let them go where they will. But first give them food and drink and a pocketful of money."

One by one they move forward, confused but delighted at their

good fortune. Their thanks are profusely given.

"Go your ways, and, if you can, mend them," advises Villon, in dismissing them.

"My Lord, you are the miracle of mercy," ventures a surprised and incredulous Noel.

They have all gone now except Huguette. Villon has moved near to her and taken her gently by the hand. He compliments her comely face and her fine figure, and though she discovers familiar tones in his voice, she does not recall that she ever has had the honor of serving him.

"What are you going to do with me?" Huguette would know, a little haughtily.

"Set you free, my delicate bird of prey," answers Villon. "Those wild wings were never meant for clipping and caging. Is there anything I can do to pleasure you?"

HUGUETTE (*earnestly*)—What has come to Master François Villon?

VILLON—Why do you ask?

HUGUETTE—He was with us when we were snared last night. But he did not share our prison, and he is not with us now. Does he live?

VILLON—He lives—he is banished from Paris, but he lives.

HUGUETTE—The sweet saints be thanked!

VILLON—Why do you care for the fate of this fellow?

HUGUETTE—As I am a fool, I believe I love him.

VILLON—Heaven's mercy—why?

HUGUETTE—I cannot tell you, messire. A look in his eyes, a trick of his voice—the something, the nothing that makes a woman's heart run like wax in the fire. He never made woman happy yet, and I'll swear no woman ever made him happy. If you gave him the moon he would want the stars for a garnish. He believes nothing; he laughs at everything; he is a false monkey—and yet I wish I had borne such a child.

VILLON—Let us speak no more of this rascal! He believes more and laughs less than he did. He is so glad to be alive that his forehead scrapes the sky and the stars fall at his feet in gold dust. Paris is well rid of such a jackanape.

HUGUETTE—You are a merry gentleman.

VILLON—I would be more gentle than merry with you. Will you wear this ring for my sake? Fancy that it comes from Master François Villon, who will always think kindly of your wild eyes.

Huguette would have a look at Villon's face, but he avoids her. Now she has gone, proudly admiring her ring, even as she makes

eyes at Noel de Jolys and invites him to visit her. For a moment Villon is alone, and worried. "Heaven forgive me, I am becoming a most pitiful loud preacher. Every rogue there deserves the gallows, but so do I no less, and I have not swallowed enough of this Court air to make me a hypocrite. Well, all this justice is thirsty work and, mad or sane, sleeping or waking, let me drink while I can."

On the upper reaches of the terrace Olivier le Dain has appeared, and behind him Katherine de Vaucelles. Katherine stands a moment as Olivier points out the Grand Constable and as Villon fills a cup with wine. Now Villon has turned and is startled at sight of her.

"My lord, there is a lady there who desires to speak with you," Olivier is saying.

"I desire to speak with her," eagerly answers Villon.

"Remember, my lord, that you are the Count of Montcorbier, newly come to court. Forget all else; the King commands it."

"The King shall be obeyed."

Katherine has come forward and is kneeling. Quickly Villon assists her to her feet. She has come, says Katherine, to plead the cause of a man in prison—one François Villon—who had wounded Thibaut d'Aussigny in a fight over a woman. Villon should not suffer the penalty of death, insists Katherine, because Thibaut d'Aussigny was a traitor. Villon had "risked his life with a light heart because a woman willed it." That she knows—because she is the woman. Villon had seen her and thought he loved her. He had written her verses—very beautiful verses. She was in mortal fear of Thibaut and had asked the poet to kill him. It were not just that Villon should suffer for her sin—

"Do you, by any chance, love this Villon?"

"I pity him," answers Katherine, with dignity, "and I do not want him to die, though indeed life cannot be very dear to him if he could fling it away to please a woman."

VILLON (*going near her*)—Even when you are the woman? If I had stood in this rascal's shoes I would have done as he did for your sake.

KATHERINE—If you think thus, you should grant the poor knave his freedom.

VILLON—That broker of ballads shall go free. Your prayer unshackles him, and we will do no more than banish him from Paris. Forget that such a slave ever came near you.

KATHERINE (*bowing low*)—I shall remember your clemency.

VILLON (*raising her to a seat beside him*)—By Saint Venus, I

envy this fellow that he should have won your kind thoughts. For I stand in his case, and I too would die to serve you.

KATHERINE—My lord, you do not know me.

VILLON—Did he know you? Yet when he saw you he loved you and made bold to tell you so.

KATHERINE—His words were of no more account than the wind in the eaves. But you and I are peers, and the words we change have meanings.

VILLON—Though I be newly come to Paris, I have heard much of the beauty and more of the pride of the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles.

KATHERINE—I am humble enough as to my beauty, but I am very proud of my pride.

VILLON—Would you pity me if I told you that I loved you?

KATHERINE (*rising*)—Heaven's mercy! How fast your fancy gallops. I care little to be flattered, and less to be wooed, and I swear that I should be very hard to win.

VILLON—I have more right to try than your taproom bandit. I see what he saw; I love what he loved.

KATHERINE—You are very inflammable.

VILLON—My fire burns to ashes. You can no more stay me from loving you than you can stay the flowers from loving the soft air, or true men from loving honor, or heroes from loving glory. I would rake the moon from Heaven for you.

KATHERINE—That promise has grown rusty since Adam first made it to Eve. There is a rhyme in my mind about moons and lovers:

“Life is unstable
Love may uphold;
Fear goes in sable,
Courage in gold.”

VILLON (*aside*)—My rhyme!

KATHERINE—

“Mystery covers
Midnight and noon;
Heroes and lovers
Cry for the moon.”

VILLON—What doggerel!

KATHERINE—Doggerel? 'Tis divinity!

VILLON—Tell me what I may do to win your favor.

KATHERINE—A trifle. Save France.

VILLON—No more?

KATHERINE—No less. Are you not Grand Constable, chief of the King's army? There is an enemy at the gates of Paris and none of the King's men can frighten him away. Oh! That a man would come to court. For the man who shall trail the banners of Burgundy in the dust for the King of France to walk on, I may, perhaps, have favors.

VILLON—You are hard to please.

KATHERINE—My hero must have every virtue for his wreath, every courage for his coronet. Farewell.

VILLON—Stay, I have a thousand things to say to you.

KATHERINE—I have but one, and 'twas said long since. Farewell!

VILLON—I will follow you.

KATHERINE—You may not. I go to the Queen.

Katherine has gone. For a moment Villon stands looking after her and musing on what she has said. "Oh! That a man would come to court.' Why should I not deserve her? Last night I was only a poor devil with a rusty sword and a single suit. Today all's different. I am the King's friend, it would seem, a court potentate, a man of mark. What may I not accomplish? This finery smiles like sunlight and the world will warm its hands at me."

He has turned as King Louis comes from the tower. His Majesty is in a friendly mood, and greatly pleased with the progress of his plan. He is pleased with his new Constable of France, too. But he would not have him misunderstand. His tenure of office is to be for one week only—

"One wonderful week," repeats Louis, as Villon stands aghast at the realization of what his sentence means. "Seven delirious days, one hundred and sixty-eight heavenly hours. It's the chance of a lifetime. The world was made in seven days. Seven days of power, seven days of splendor, seven days of love."

"And then go back to the garret and the kennel, the tavern and the prison—"

"No, no, not exactly. You don't taste the full force of the joke yet. In a week's time you will build me a gibbet in the Place de Grève, and there your last task as Grand Constable will be to hang Master François Villon."

"Sire, sire, have pity!"

"Are you so fond of life! Are you so poor a thing that you prize your garret and your kennel, your tavern and your prison so highly?"

"I was content yesterday."

"Can you be content today? Please yourself. There is still a

door open to you. You can go back to your garret this very moment if you choose. Say the word and my servants shall strip you of your smart feathers and drub you into the street."

"Your Majesty, be merciful!"

"You read Louis of France a lesson, and Louis of France returns the compliment. I took you for true gold, and I am afraid you are base metal. You mouthed your longing for the chance to show what you could do. Here is your chance. Take it or leave it. You may have your week of wonder if you wish, but if you do, by my word as a king, you shall swing for it."

"In God's name, sire, what have I done that you should torture me thus?"

"You have mocked a king and maimed a minister; you can't get off scot-free."

Olivier le Dain has come to announce the approach of a herald from the Duke of Burgundy under a flag of truce. Katherine de Vaucelles, with her ladies of the court, has appeared on the terrace. Villon, in misery, is mumbling the terms of his sentence.

Now Louis, glancing toward the radiant Katherine, has another idea. "How if my lady virtue who flouted me could be lured to love this beggar man," he mutters. Turning quickly to Villon he adds—

"One further chance, fellow. If the Count of Montcorbier win the heart of Lady Katherine de Vaucelles within the week he shall escape the gallows and carry his lady-love where he pleases."

"On your word of honor, sire?"

"My word is my honor, Master François."

On the terrace the fair Katherine is strumming a lute and singing. "Life is unstable, Love may uphold—"

Louis is grimly smiling as he notes the rapt expression on Villon's face. "Well? You cried for the moon; I give it to you," he chorales, gleefully, rubbing his hands.

"And I take it at your hands," cries Villon. "Give me my week of wonders, though I die a dog's death at the end of it."

"Spoken like a man," agrees the King.

There is a fanfare of trumpets. Soldiers, knights and archers swarm the terrace. Presently Toison d'Or, the Burgundian Herald, appears, coming down the steps to face Louis. Katherine and the Ladies of the Court have moved out on the terrace. The Herald is speaking—

TOISON—In the name of the Duke of Burgundy, and of his allies and brothers-in-arms assembled in solemn leaguer outside the walls of Paris, I hereby summon you, Louis of France, to surrender this

city unconditionally and to yield in confidence to my master's mercy.

LOUIS—And if we refuse, Sir Herald?

TOISON—The worst disasters of war, fire and sword and famine, much blood to shed and much gold to pay, and for yourself no hope of pardon.

LOUIS—Great words.

TOISON—The angels of great deeds.

LOUIS (*looking at VILLON*)—The Count of Montcorbier, Constable of France, is my counselor; his voice delivers my mind. Speak, friend, and give this messenger his answer.

VILLON—As I will, sire?

LOUIS—Yes, go on, go on. "If Villon were the King of France."

VILLON (*facing the Herald*)—Herald of Burgundy, in God's name and the King's, I bid you go back to your master and say this: Kings are great in the eyes of their people, but the people are great in the eyes of God, and it is the people of France who answer you in the name of this epitome. We are well victualed; we are well armed; we lie snug and warm behind our stout walls; we laugh at your leaguer. But when we who eat are hungry, when we who drink are dry, when we who glow are frozen, our answer to rebellious Burgundy will be the same. We give you back defiance for defiance, menace for menace, blow for blow. This is our answer—this and the drawn sword. God and St. Denis for the King of France. (*All draw and repeat.*) KATHERINE comes forward and kneels to VILLON.)

KATHERINE—My lord, with my lips the women of France thank you for your words of flame.

NOEL—Katherine!

LOUIS—Mistress, what does this mean?

KATHERINE (*rising*)—It means, sire, that a man has come to court.

The curtain falls.

ACT III

It is a week later. In the late afternoon the gardens of the Palace are bathed in a red sunset. King Louis, his Queen and courtiers, are seated on the Palace steps watching a ballet. As the dancers complete their figure and disappear the company is dismissed. Louis and Villon are alone.

Now Villon has a report to make. He has spread the rumor that the King and Court feast tonight. This, reaching the ears of the Burgundians, will tempt them into an attack. It is Villon's plan to bait them further by a sortie from St. Anthony's gate, which

will draw them into an ambushade.

"If the Duke of Burgundy falls into my trap men will call me a great captain," Villon concludes. "Yet it is no more than remembering the shape of the meadows where I played in childhood."

"Where did you learn wisdom?" the King would know.

"In the school of hope deferred," answers Villon. "When I was—what I was, I still believed that this dingy carcass swaddled a Roman spirit. In the pomp of my pallet I dreamed Olympian dreams. And the dreams have come true."

"You are an amazing fellow. Here in a week you have made me more popular than I made myself since my accession. In Court, in camp, in council, men are pleased to call you paragon."

"I am a man of the people, and I know what the people need. A week ago the good people of Paris were disloyal enough. I repeal the tax on wine, and today they clap their hands and cry 'God save King Louis' lustily. A week ago your soldiers were mutinous because they were ill fed, worse clothed, and never paid at all. I feed them all, clothe them warm, pay them well, and today your Majesty has an army that would follow me to the devil if I whistled a marching tune."

"But in the meantime your sands are running out. Is your heart failing? Is your pulse flagging?"

"Not a whit. I have been translated without discredit from the tavern to the Palace, and if the worst come to worst, I may say with the dying Caesar, 'Applaud me.'"

"You speak as if you had reigned for a century."

"A man might live a thousand years and yet be no more account at the last than as a great eater of dinners. Whereas to suck all the sweet, and snuff all the perfume but of a single hour, to push all its possibilities to the edge of the chessboard, is to live greatly though it be not to live long, and an end is an end if it come on the winged heels of a week or the dull crutch of a century."

Katherine has appeared on the terrace with her ladies, attended by an anxious Noel le Jolys. She is impatient with the courtier, however, and would dismiss him. A moment later she has espied Villon, and, voicing the request of her ladies, would have him rhyme them a rhyme. A rhyme about love would be their choice.

To the music of the lute which he strums Villon recites to them—

"I wonder in what isles of bliss
Apollo's music fills the air;
In what green valley Artemis
For young Endymion spreads the snare;

Where Venus lingers debonair:
The wind has blown them all away—
And Pan lies piping in his lair—
Where are the gods of yesterday?

“Where is the Queen of Herod’s kiss,
And Phryne in her beauty bare;
By what strange sea does Tomyris
With Dido and Cassandra share
Divine Proserpina’s despair:
The wind has blown them all away—
For what poor ghost does Helen care?
Where are the girls of yesterday?”

“Alas for lovers! Pair by pair
The wind has blown them all away,
The young and yare, the fond and fair:
Where are the snows of yesterday?”

The verse finished, there is a new light in the eyes of the ladies, and those of Katherine de Vaucelles are softly luminous. “Sweet ladies, my song is sung,” Villon is saying, as he assists them to rise. “Yesterday is dead, tomorrow comes never.” And then to Katherine he adds: “Let us live and love today.”

The ladies and courtiers have gone now to the great hall, where there are Italian players to entertain them. Villon and Katherine are about to follow the others when a hooded monk appears. A glimpse beneath the hood startles Katherine. The face is greatly like that of Thibaut d’Aussigny. She stops Villon to tell him of her fear. He would be reassuring. The report, he says, is that Thibaut lies dead in the camp of the Burgundians.

“If he be dead I hope he will not haunt me,” sighs Katherine. And then, with a further sigh she adds: “Ah, I tingle tonight like a lute that is tuned too high.”

“Will you watch the players?” asks Villon.

KATHERINE—No, I am more in a mood for moonlight than candlelight.

VILLON—May I ask you a question?

KATHERINE—Surely.

VILLON—Are you content with me?

KATHERINE—You have done much.

VILLON—I have more to do. For seven days I have wrestled with greatness as Jacob wrestled with the angel; I have made the

King popular, the Parisians loyal, the army faithful.

KATHERINE—Then why do you linger here where courtiers feast and ladies dance?

VILLON—I want the Duke of Burgundy to believe that the King's favorite is a zany and the King's court an orgy, where the King's honor melts like a pearl in a pot of vinegar. But our swords are tempered in wine and sharpened to dance music and tonight we ride.

KATHERINE—I would I were a man that I might ride with you.

VILLON (*taking her hand*)—I ride in your honor. Heaven has been very good to me, and I serve France serving you. (KATHERINE *withdraws her hand*.) Perhaps I serve both for the last time.

KATHERINE—For the last time?

VILLON—Even so, my sweet lady Echo. Those far-away lanterns warn me that I may die tomorrow. Some of us will be dreaming their last dreams by sunrise. I may be one of those heavy sleepers.

KATHERINE—You may die if you ride on the King's business, but so may I who sit at home and eat my heart.

VILLON—For whom?

KATHERINE—I will tell you that tomorrow.

VILLON (*staying her*)—There is no time like now time. That dial there is as wise as the wisest. (*He reads from the dial.*)

“Observe how fast time hurries past,
Then use each hour while in your power;
For comes the sun, but time flies on,
Proceeding ever, returning never.”

KATHERINE—This was old wisdom when Noah sailed the seas.

VILLON—Well, let tomorrow tell tomorrow's story. Tonight I feel like a happy child in a world of make-believe. Tonight we are immortal, you and I, wandering forever in this green garden under those indifferent stars, breathing this rose-scented air, spelling the secret of the world.

KATHERINE—You may say what you please—tomorrow.

VILLON—Alas, no! Tomorrow I shall be mortally sober; tonight I am divinely drunk—drunk with star wine, flower wine, song wine. The stars burn my brain; the roses pierce my flesh; the songs trouble my soul. Tonight if I dared I would ease my heart.

KATHERINE—You may say what you please tonight. (*Giving him her hand.*)

VILLON—If I were to die tomorrow I would tell you this. I love you. (*Kneeling.*) These are easy words to say, yet my heart fails as I say them, for their meaning is as full and musical as the Bell

of Doom. Men are such fools that they have but one name for a thousand meanings, and beggar the poor love word to base kitchen usages and work-a-day desires. But I would keep it holy for the flame which it sometimes pleases Heaven to light in one heart for the worship of another. I never knew what love was till I saw a girl's face on a May morning, and wisdom stripped the rind from my naked heart. The God in me leaped into being to greet the God in your eyes. I love you. This is what I would say if I were to die tomorrow.

KATHERINE (*after a long pause*)—If you were to die tomorrow I might tell you this much tonight. A woman may love a man because he is brave, or because he is comely, or because he is wise, or gentle—for a thousand, thousand reasons. But the best of all reasons for a woman loving a man is just because she loves him, without rhyme and without reason, because Heaven wills it, because earth fulfills it (*taking his hand*), because his hand is of the right size to hold her heart in its hollow.

VILLON (*embracing her*)—Katherine!

Noel le Jolys has returned to the terrace and taken note of the scene. He, too, would speak to the Lady Katherine. Villon is of no mind to be interrupted, nor her ladyship either. But, having promised Noel audience, Katherine begs Villon's indulgence.

With Villon gone, Noel le Jolys becomes importunate. He cannot understand why it is that he must be always seeking her. Why has he been put out of favor "since a fellow from nowhere plays the fool in high places?"

"When a man comes to court it is worth while to be a woman," Katherine assures him, with a smile. "You will learn that some day, Sir Noel, if you grow to be a man." With this she leaves him.

From the edge of the garden Huguette appears, wearing a pilgrim's gown over her boy's costume. She interrupts Noel, musing upon a revenge he has planned, and which Huguette has come to aid. They have found an astrologer to help them, she tells Noel. He is letter perfect, and will appear before the King whenever he is summoned by an owl's call. This astrologer, it has been agreed, will warn Louis against his new Grand Constable and will suggest that Noel le Jolys be put in his place—

"Then I shall be king of the castle, and you shall have a great gold chain and pearls as big as a virgin's tears," exults Noel.

"You know the way to win a woman," laughs Huguette.

"I'm no jingling rhyme-broker, I thank Heaven. I pay my way," promises Noel. He would embrace Huguette in his enthusiasm, but she will not kiss him until he wins.

Noel has left Huguette to fetch the King. Now Villon returns to the garden. He is curious about this second pilgrim. At first Huguette would turn from him, but when he is persistent she stands unhooded before him. She is close to him and slowly comes to know him for Villon. Joyously she throws her arms about her dear François and would know what he is up to. There is a fear in her heart that some great lady has bewitched him, but she cannot put him from her for that.

Now she tells him of René de Montigny's great plan. "The fair fool Noel, deceived by me, has persuaded the King to see an astrologer here tonight, when all is quiet," reports Huguette. "Noel believes that the Astrologer will advise the King to fling his Grand Constable out of the window and call Messire Noel in at the door. But we really mean to kidnap the King and sell him to the Duke of Burgundy."

"A great game. And who is this astrologer?"

"Thibaut d'Aussigny, who pretends to be dead, but who lives for this revenge."

"Then it was he."

"Noel is to give us the signal by crying an owl's cry thrice."

Here is a pretty chance for Villon. A chance in a thousand, in fact. All he has to do is to close his eyes and shut his ears, let the good Thibaut carry the good Louis to the good Burgundians—and there will be no hanging on the morrow.

"One would say I were a fool to let such occasion slip through my ten commandments," muses Villon. "But I have learned a thing called honor, which I must not lose for the sake of my lady."

To the somewhat doubtful Huguette he unfolds a plan. He will himself have a hand in this new game. He borrows her pilgrim's habit and bids her hide. Then to Noel he tells of the King's danger and takes him inside the Tower to relate the plan to him.

Now Noel has reappeared and given the owl's cry signal and slowly from the sides of the garden the Cockleshells begin to gather—with the disguised Thibaut leading them. The plotter is in rare humor. "I tell you, friend, when I fold my fingers about that yellow neck of his I would not change names with an Emperor," Thibaut confides to René de Montigny. "That grip of mine means France for Burgundy, Paris and Katherine for me. Who is the fool that usurps my office?"

"No one knows," answers René. "He dropped from the tree of Fortune like a ripe plum."

"Messire Noel, where is that astrologer?" Louis can be heard calling from the castle. Presently Noel has appeared and put the question to René de Montigny. The star gazer has arrived, René

assures him, and he is the wonder of the age.

Noel has gone into the castle to fetch the King, who seems a little shaky as he appears and approaches Thibaut in silence. Thibaut grabs the King by the wrist and forces him to his knees.

"Sire, I can decipher your destiny," he begins, and then in hoarse warning adds: "Do not speak, or I will kill you." He has drawn a dagger from which the crouching Louis shrinks and trembles. "I am Thibaut d'Aussigny, sire, whom you thought to be dead, but who lives to prison you," continues Thibaut, while the conspirators gather around. "You are in the toils. Silent, you are still a man; give tongue and you are simple carrion. You must come to the knees of Burgundy. You shall be the Duke's footstool."

Villon's trembling increases. He is as frightened as a King could be, and Thibaut is disgusted. "Can a King be such a cur?" he sneers. And, as he shakes Villon he adds: "Stop crying!"

"He seems to be laughing," suggests René de Montigny.

"Laughing?" echoes Thibaut.

With this Villon throws aside his coat and gives way to a hearty peal of laughter. The next moment the gardens are surrounded by archers and soldiers. All exits are barred. Thibaut is being held by two archers as the King comes from the Tower, and turns to Villon. "Well, my Lord Constable?"

"His counselors are rogues perdie, while men of honest mind are banned!" mocks Villon, pointing gleefully to the pinioned Thibaut.

"You shall laugh no more!" cries Thibaut, breaking from his guards and plunging at Villon with a naked dagger. At that instant Huguette throws herself between them, her arms protectingly about Villon. It is she who receives the dagger thrust.

In the excitement Thibaut makes a dash through the crowd and is gone, the soldiers after him shouting, "Kill him! Kill him!" The other conspirators are seized and held. Villon has carried Huguette to the sun dial.

"Let me alone—I'm done for!" murmurs the stricken girl.

"Courage, Abbess, courage, lass," whispers Villon.

"This is a strange end." Huguette is sinking to the floor. "I always thought I should die in a bed. Here is another kind of battlefield. Give me drink."

"Some water?"

"Not water. Wine. I have ever loved the taste of it, and 'tis too late to change now. (OLIVIER *brings wine*. To VILLON) You give it to me. (VILLON *does so*.) Your health. I suppose I have been a great sinner. Will God forgive me?"

"He understands his children."

"You always were hopeful. Many men have loved me, only one ever took my heart— (*Holds out her arms.*) Give me your lips.

"Daughters of Pleasure, one and all,
Use your red lips before too late;
Love ere love flies beyond recall. Ah!"

Huguette has sunk to the floor. Villon is kneeling beside her.

The King has motioned Tristan to look after the body of Huguette, which is borne away by the soldiers, followed by Tristan and Olivier. The King joins Villon.

"Are you so dashed by the death of a wanton?" inquires Louis.

"She had God's breath in her body, sire," answers Villon, recovering his poise. "I was John-a-nods for a moment, now I am Jack-a-deeds again. The hour for battle is at hand."

"You have done me a good turn, gossip, and may ask any grace of me—except your life. That depends on your lady."

"Sire, grant me the lives of these rascals. They will ride with me and fight for France."

Katherine is seen coming down the path. The soldiers have released the Cockleshells, who stand apart, talking excitedly. Louis has joined Tristan and Noel.

Katherine is all smiles as she comes down the steps carrying a scarf, which she hands to Villon—

"Wear this with my prayers," she is saying. "With it I give you my hand and my heart. You shall carry my plighted troth with you into the battle. Let me tell my love to all the world."

VILLON—Wait, wait, you must say no more until you know me.

KATHERINE—Do I not know you?

VILLON—Look in my face—look well. Do you see nothing there that reminds you of other hours?

KATHERINE—Of happy hours in this rose garden.

VILLON—No, no, of a dark night, a tavern, a cloaked woman, a sordid fellow drowsing sottishly by the fire, a prayer, a love-tale and a promise, a crowd of bullies and wantons, a quarrel, a fight with sword and lantern in the dark, a breast-knot of ribbon flung from a gallery.

KATHERINE—What are you trying to tell me?

VILLON—Here is the knot of ribbon which you flung to me in the Fir Cone Tavern. (*Kneeling.*) Oh, Katherine, pity me, I am François Villon.

KATHERINE—I can hear what you say, but it makes no mark upon my brain.

VILLON—I am François Villon who served you with his sword, who praised you with his pen, and who loves you with all his soul.

KATHERINE—It isn't true, it isn't true. I don't believe you.

VILLON—Whatever my fate, you must know the truth. Guy, René, all of you, come here. Look at me—closer, closer. (*They gather round him.*) Don't you know François Villon in spite of this new spirit shining in his eyes.

RENÉ DE MONTIGNY—François!

GUY TABARIE—François!

KATHERINE—Sire, sire, is this true?

LOUIS—Most true, pretty mistress. You disdained me for this.

KATHERINE—Pitiful traitor, why did you live this lie?

VILLON—I loved you.

KATHERINE—Do not shame the sweet word. I hate you. To think the face that I have learned to love should mask so base a heart. You have stolen my love like a thief; you have crucified my pride. I hate you. Go back to the dregs and lees of life, skulk in your tavern, forget, what I shall never forget, that so base a thing as you ever came near me.

LOUIS—Is this the course of true love?

KATHERINE—Sire, you have wreaked a royal revenge upon a woman. There are no tears in my eyes yet, but I pray they will come that I may weep myself clean of this memory.

LOUIS—I am afraid you will hang tomorrow, Master Villon.

VILLON—I should be glad to greet the gallows now, but I have a deed to do before I die. (*Going to KATHERINE.*) I dreamed that love through which I have been born again could lift me to your lips. The dream is over. But you bade me serve France, and I ride and fight for you tonight. Comrades! Let each man carry himself tonight as if the fate of France depended upon his heart, his arm, his courage. Strike for the mothers that bore you, the wives that comfort you, the children that renew you—the women that love you. Forward in God's name and the King's!"

The curtain falls.

ACT IV

In an open space in Paris a gallows has been erected with platform and steps. Below it, at the corner of a narrow street, is the entrance to a Gothic church, and near the door of the church a dais has been erected for the King and Queen. It is covered with purple velvet.

At the foot of the gallows the hangman, a tall, lugubrious fellow, and his assistant, a round and rather jolly little fellow, are talking

of the day's promise. The hangman is moody because business is poor. He has not hanged a man for a week. The little fellow is bright and gay, because that is his nature. They have little to report, save that all Paris is swarming the city walls watching the battle with the Burgundians.

They are interrupted for a moment by the appearance of Mother Villon, on her way to church. The old lady has had no report of her missing son. "They say he is banished," she tells them, "but he has sent me money, bless him!—though I touch none of it, lest it be badly come by."

The hangmen have climbed the gallows platform and composed themselves for slumber when Katherine de Vaucelles enters the square, followed by Noël le Jolys. Katherine would rather not be followed. She prefers to go to her prayers alone. Does she pray for her lover? Noël would know.

"My prayers are for a brave gentleman whom I shall never see again," she answers.

"I am a brave gentleman," counters Noël. "I slew Thibaut d'Aussigny last night. The King has taken me back into favor. Cannot you do the like?"

"No, for you envy a great spirit, and your envy makes you a base thing."

"He is no man-angel! He is made of Adam's clay like the rest of us."

"My pride has the right to hate him, but he is still my soul's man."

King Louis, followed by Tristan and Olivier, has come from the church. He would have someone go speedily to the Gate of St. Anthony and bring him report of the battle. As Katherine would pass him on the way into the church he begs a few worldly words with her.

Louis is convinced Villon was a fool to tell Katherine so much of his past. He should have let the jest go farther. Nor can he see how Katherine can forgive him.

"Sire," she answers, "in the long white night of my sleepless sorrow I have learned to ask rather than to grant forgiveness. However his wheel of life may spin, his spirit is too great for mine to disdain it. My pride is drowned in a sea of tears. May Heaven pity him and me!"

"If you will wait in the church for his homecoming you will see how the jest ends," chuckles Louis, as Katherine goes into the church.

Louis admires so fair and chaste a lady. He wishes there were

something he could do for Villon except hang him, but his ministers are agreed that it were better to hang one of such growing popularity before the populace prefers him to their king. . . .

The square is beginning to fill with people coming from the walls. The Queen has arrived and taken her place by the side of Louis, her ladies and courtiers grouped about them. The hangmen have awakened and are hanging over the rail of the gallows platform. Shortly there is shouting and music in the distance. The Grand Constable is returning in triumph!

The press of citizens increases. Soldiers appear and form a line to hold the people back. Heads begin to appear at the upper windows of the houses lining the square. There is a rain of flowers upon the square as Villon, resplendent in his war trappings, rides a white horse through the archway and dismounts amidst the cheers and the continued rain of flowers. He advances to salute the King and Queen, followed by five of the Cockleshells, proudly wrapped in Burgundian banners they have taken in battle.

"Louis of France, we bring you these silks for your carpet," cries Villon. "An hour ago they wooed the wind from Burgundian staves and floated over Burgundian helmets. I will make no vainglory of their winning. Burgundy fought well, but France fought better, and these trophies trail in our triumph. When we here, who breathe hard from fighting, and ye, who stand there and marvel are dust; when the King's name is but a golden space in chronicles gray with age, these banners shall hang from Cathedral arches, and your children's children, lifted in reverent arms, shall whisper an echo of our battle."

"God save the Grand Constable!" shouts the crowd.

"They cheer him, sire," whispers Olivier in warning.

LOUIS—My Lord Constable, and you, brave soldiers, the King of France thanks you for your gift. Victory was indeed assured you by the justice of our cause. My Lord of Montcorbier, you may promise these brave fellows that their sovereign will remember them.

VILLON—In the King's name a gold coin to every man who fought, and a cup of wine to every man, woman, or child, who wishes to drink to the King's health.

LOUIS—Ever generous!

VILLON—To the end, sire.

LOUIS—What have you now to do?

VILLON (*sees gallows*)—My latest duty. (*Turning to the crowd.*) Soldiers who have served under me, friends who have fought with me, and you, people whom I have striven to succor; listen to my

amazing swan song. You know me a little as Count de Montcortier, Grand Constable of France. I know myself indifferently well as François Villon, Master of Arts, broker of ballads, and some-while bibber and brawler. It is now my task as Grand Constable of France to declare that the life of Master François Villon is forfeit, and to pronounce on him this sentence, that he be straightway hanged upon yonder gibbet.

ALL (*following a startled silence*)—What! Hanged! No! No!

RENÉ DE MONTIGNY—What jest is this?

VILLON—Such a jest as I would rather weep over tomorrow than laugh at today. For the pitcher breaks at the well's mouth this very morning. Messire Noel, to you I surrender my sword. I like to believe that it has scraped a little shame from its master's coat. Master Tristan, perform your office upon this self-doomed felon.

VOICES—No, no! Long live the Grand Constable! (*Cries grow louder and louder.*) Pardon him, save him! Pardon—pardon!

RENÉ DE MONTIGNY—King, is this justice?

LOUIS (*rising*)—Good people of Paris, you have heard your Grand Constable pronounce sentence upon a criminal. Has Master François Villon any reason to urge, any plea to offer, why this sentence should not be carried out?

VILLON—I have nothing whatever to say, sire. François Villon is doomed, and François Villon must die. (*Murmurs of dissent.*) It's bad luck for him, but he has known worse luck, and so—to business.

VOICES—He shall not die! Justice! Justice! Mercy! Rescue him! Save him! A rescue! A rescue!

GUY TABARIE—Kings must listen to the voice of the people. Shall the man who led us to victory die a rogue's death?

ALL—No! (NOEL LE JOLYS *and courtiers draw swords. The Scottish Archers have formed a circle round the King.*)

VOICES—Hear the King! Let him pardon! Rescue! Pardon! Speak!

LOUIS—Good people of Paris. You all love this man? (*Shouts of "Yes, Aye."*) Hear then my judgment! This man's life is forfeit. (*Shouts of "Oh, no, no!"*) Which of you will redeem it? (*Long pause.*) If there be one among you ready to take Master Villon's place on yonder gibbet, let that one speak now. Who will slip neck in noose for the sake of a hero?

The crowd has fallen back a little and is silent. Villon cries out that no man shall die for him. The King has sent Tristan into the church for a candle. So long as the candle burns Villon shall

live. When it is burned out, unless someone has taken his place, he shall be hanged. A Herald proclaims the King's decree. There is no response. A second time the decree is proclaimed.

This time Mother Villon, coming from the church, hears it. At first she does not understand. Then as she sees Villon in custody, she rushes forward.

"Sire, sire, I will die for him!"

"Mother, mother, go away!" calls Villon, struggling with his guards.

"Herald, for the last time," commands Louis.

For the third time the proclamation is announced. This time it is Katherine who, standing on the steps of the church, hears and steps forward.

"I will!" she answers firmly, as the Herald finishes. "I will die for him, sire!"

"Katherine!" protests Villon, helplessly. And again: "Katherine!"

LOUIS (*ignoring the supplications*)—Mistress, we speak to men.

KATHERINE—Sire, I love this man, and would be proud to die for him. It may chime with your pleasure to slay him; it cannot chime with your honor to deny me. Your word is given, and a King must keep his word.

LOUIS—We speak to men.

VILLON—I speak to a woman. Katherine, my Katherine, death is a little thing. For love is deathless, and you give me a better thing than life.

KATHERINE—Sire, I claim your promise.

LOUIS—We speak to men. Tristan, do your office.

VILLON (*breaking from Guards*)—No, by God's rood, the candle of my grace has not yet burnt to the socket. (*He turns to crowd.*) People of Paris, shall I not speak to my lover before I die?

LOUIS (*as the tumult grows*)—Speak to her while the candle burns, not a second longer.

KATHERINE—François, will you not take life at my hands?

VILLON—Dear child, if that crowned Judas there had taken you at your word, do you think that I would have outlived you by the space of a second?

KATHERINE—You are resolved?

VILLON—I am as stubborn as a mule, and no pleadings will move me.

KATHERINE—Oh, dearest, the candle flickers in the wind. There is a dagger in your girdle. Slay me and yourself.

VILLON—You mean it?

KATHERINE—By God's Mother and God's Son!

VILLON (*as if seized by a sudden thought*)—Then we will spoil old Louis' pleasure yet. Love, will you marry me here at the foot of the gallows?

KATHERINE (*arms about his neck*)—With all my heart.

VILLON—King, I crave your patience, but your sentence must tarry and turn, for I claim to marry this lady.

LOUIS (*rising*)—It is too late. Sing your neck-rhyme and have done, for your noose is too large for a wedding ring.

VILLON—Sire, I am a Master of Arts of the University of Paris, and as such have the right *in extremis* to any sacrament of the Church. I have lived a confirmed bachelor, but now I have a mind to change my state. Find me a priest, King Louis. (*The crowd murmurs with delight.*)

LOUIS—What do you hope to gain by this?

VILLON—The right to die like a soldier by the sword, not like a rogue, by the rope.

KATHERINE—Nay, you gain more than this. I am the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles, kinswoman of the royal house, mistress of a hundred lands, Grande Sénéchale of Gascony, Warden of the Marches of Poitou. In my own domains I exercise the High Justice and the Low. This man is of humble birth, and when I marry him he becomes my vassal. Over my vassals I hold the law of life and death. (*VILLON kneels.*)

LOUIS—You are a bold minion and you have a quick wit. But if you marry this jail-bird you decline to his condition. Your high titles fall from you, your great estates are forfeit to the Crown, and you and he must go out into exile together—the beggar woman with the beggar man.

VILLON—Do you think I'm worth it, Kate? 'Tis a big price to pay for this poor anatomy.

KATHERINE—'Tis a little price to pay for my lover. Do you doubt me?

VILLON—No, Kate, no! The world is wide, our hearts are light; for a star has fallen to me from Heaven, and it fills the earth with glory.

LOUIS—A star has fallen from Heaven. My dream, my dream. The stars have spoken. People of Paris, I have tried that man's heart and found it pure gold (*shouts from the crowd*), that woman's soul, and found it all angel. (*Coming between FRANÇOIS and KATHERINE.*) Shepherd and shepherdess, go tend your sheep.

KATHERINE—You may carry my heart where you will.

VILLON—

Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing
A simple ballad to a sylvan air,
Of love that ever finds your face more fair;
I could not give you any goodlier thing
If I were King.

There is cheering and general enthusiasm as

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE DARLING OF THE GODS

A Drama in Five Acts

BY DAVID BELASCO AND JOHN LUTHER LONG

THE DARLING OF THE GODS (182 perf.)—Play in five acts by David Belasco and John Luther Long. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, December 3, 1902. Cast:

Princess Yo-San.....	Blanche Bates
Prince Saigon.....	Charles Walcot
Tonda-Tanji.....	Albert Bruning
Lord Chi-Chi.....	Edward Talford
Hassebe Soyemon.....	Warren Milford
Shusshoo.....	F. Andrews
Yoban.....	Carleton Webster
Kugo.....	Maurice Pike
Migaku.....	Rankin Duvall
Tcho.....	Winthrop Chamberlain
Man in Lantern.....	Westropp Saunders
1st Secretary.....	Legrand Howland
Banza.....	Gaston Mervale
Tori.....	F. A. Thomson
Bento.....	J. Harry Benrimo
Takora.....	John Dunton
Nagoji.....	A. D. Richards
Little Sano.....	Madge West
Rosy Sky.....	Eleanor Moretti
Setsu.....	Ada Lewis
Madame Asani.....	France Hamilton
Isamu.....	May Montford
Zakkuri.....	George Arliss
Kara.....	Robert T. Haines
Sir Yuke-Yume.....	James W. Shaw
Admiral Tano.....	Cooper Leonard
Kato.....	J. Harry Benrimo
Inu.....	Harrison Armstrong
Crier.....	Charles Ingram
Shiba.....	E. P. Wilks
Kojin.....	Arthur Garnell
Taro.....	John Dunton
Imperial Messenger.....	F. A. Thomson
2nd Secretary.....	A. D. Richards
Nagoya.....	Albert Bruning
Korin.....	Rankin Duvall
Kosa.....	Richard Warner
Kaye.....	Arthur Garnell

Jutso.....Dexter Smith
 Chidori.....Mrs. Charles Walcot
 Nu.....Madeleine Livingston
 Kaede.....Dorothy Revell
 The Fox Woman.....Mrs. F. M. Bates
 Niji-Onna.....Helen Russell
 Ato.....Joseph Tuohy
 Gentlemen of Rank: Messrs. Redmund, Stevens,
 Dunton, Smith, Meehan, Richards, Shaw and
 Chamberlain.
 Geisha Girls: Misses Winard, Karle, Vista, Mardell,
 Coleman and Ellis.
 Singing Girls: Misses Livingston, Mirien and Earle.
 Heralds from the Emperor, maids-in-waiting to the
 Princess, screen bearers, Kago men, coolies, re-
 tainers, runners, servants, geisha, musume,
 priests, lantern bearers, banner bearers, incense
 bearers, gong bearers, jugglers, acrobats, tor-
 turers, carp flyers, Imperial soldiers and Zak-
 kuri's musket-men.

Staged by David Belasco. Settings by Ernest Gros.

This play closed for the summer, reopening at this theatre, September 16, 1903, with the original cast for 64 performances.

JOHN LUTHER LONG was a Philadelphia lawyer who had no thought of becoming a playwright until he suffered a nervous breakdown from overwork and his physicians prescribed a "change of thought." Mr. Long thereupon determined to try his 'prentice hand at writing. Because of his fondness for the Orient and Japan (that would be the old Japan that was all romance and flowers and a quaint and lovely people, with a child-like approach toward life, as well as a great friendliness for the people of the Western world). Mr. Long wrote a couple of short stories with a romantic Japanese background. His first was called "Miss Cherry Blossom." His second "Madame Butterfly."

It was "Madame Butterfly" that caught the eye, or was called to the attention, of David Belasco, then approaching the crest of the wave he rode as a producer of plays in New York through the 1890s and the early 1900s. It was Mr. Belasco who made a one-act dramatization of "Madame Butterfly," and it was immediately following the production of "Madame Butterfly" that the Philadelphian suggested that a Long-Belasco collaboration be continued with another Japanese play.

The collaboration now was close. Mr. Belasco evidently suggested the story outline, finding at least a small part of his inspiration in a melodrama with which he had toyed some years before called "Il Carabiniere." He also furnished Blanche Bates as a

model for the role of the heroine. Mr. Long proceeded to fit both story and heroine to the Japanese settings and atmosphere with which he was familiar.

Becoming fascinated with his work as the development of the drama proceeded, Mr. Belasco tossed caution out the stage door together with several expensive but discarded scenes. For example, in an effort to produce a translucent *River of Souls* for the final scene of the play, \$6,500 was spent on scenery and a variety of swing devices which, it was hoped, would suggest the passage of soul patterns heavenward bound. When these wraiths persisted in looking like a bevy of fairly fleshy chorus girls, Mr. Belasco disgustedly ordered the whole scene abandoned. The same night he glimpsed the shadow of a stage carpenter crossing the stage in front of a gauze curtain. This gave him his inspiration for the scene he had been working weeks to make possible.

When the curtain rose on "The Darling of the Gods" in New York, December 3, 1902, a total of \$78,000 had been spent on its preparation. After it had played to tremendous business for two years it showed a first profit of \$5,000.

It was "The Darling of the Gods," interestingly, that proved the final cause of the break between Belasco and the then powerful Theatrical Trust. (See introduction to "Leah Kleschna.") Belasco wanted his popular spectacle booked in St. Louis at the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904. Mr. Erlanger refused to provide a theatre. Mr. Belasco thereupon engaged an independent theatre, the Imperial, and the Belasco-Theatre Syndicate feud was well started. It continued violently for the next five years, was extremely costly to both parties and persistently irritating to the theatre-going public.

Two other Belasco stars were happily employed that same season. Mrs. Leslie Carter was highly successful as the royal courtesan, "Du Barry," and David Warfield was enjoying a hugely profitable sentimental success with Charles Klein's "The Auctioneer."

Richard Mansfield was devoting his season to Booth Tarkington's "Beaucaire." The popular English comedian, William Hawtrey, had brought Richard Ganthony's "A Message from Mars" from London. Mrs. Fiske was playing "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" and Annie Russell and the veteran we knew affectionately as "dear old Mrs. Gilbert" were co-starred in "The Girl and the Judge."

George Tyler had just brought Mrs. Patrick Campbell from London with a repertory that won her immediate attention, including as it did her sensationally successful performance as Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with George Arliss playing his first engagement in America in her support.

Henrietta Crossman, who had also been a Belasco star in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and had gone on to a happy venture with George Hazleton's "Mistress Nell," now turned to Shakespeare's "As You Like It," playing Rosalind for upward of 100 performances on Broadway, a little to everybody's surprise, including her own.

Oscar Asche had come from London to co-star with Virginia Harned in Arthur Wing Pinero's "Iris." William Gillette was ready and eager to come forward with his "Sherlock Holmes." Viola Allen and E. J. Morgan were impressively popular in Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." And James K. Hackett was playing a dramatization of "the other" Winston Churchill's "The Crisis."

The opening scenes of "The Darling of the Gods" are typically Belascoan. The rise of the first curtain reveals a sacred mountain in the distance, and in the foreground the Great Buddha of Kama-kura. As this scene fades the audience is given "a glimpse of the gardens within the yashiki of the Prince of Tosan." They are beautiful gardens, with a bright sun shining between long shadows. A musical accompaniment "varies with the moods of Yo-San," the Princess of the house, who presently appears with her arms filled with flowers. These she hands to her maid, Setsu, who already has a basket running over with blossoms.

A butterfly arises from a clump of azaleas to attract Yo-San's attention. When it settles again she quietly steals upon it and catches it in her hand. Now, as Setsu comes to see, Yo-San opens her hand. The butterfly is dead. Yo-San is very sorry. She blows it from her hand and as it falls to the ground "an ominous peal of thunder is faintly heard." Frightened, Yo-San clings to Setsu. From the house Yo-San's tutor, Kaede, can be heard calling Yo-San.

Out of the dark emerges the banquet room of the palace, being set for "The Feast of a Thousand Welcomes." Lanterns flicker, and the dim forms of servants preparing the table for the feast flutter through the shadows.

Again the voice of Kaede, the teacher, is calling. "Where is the honorable headstrong Yo-San?" Yo-San and Setsu steal in, carrying their sandals. Setsu is frightened. Never before has her Princess stayed out so late. But Yo-San will not answer Kaede. She is too curious about the preparations for the feast. She finds the music especially intriguing, which is wrong, Setsu tells her, because this is geisha music. Peeking beyond the banquet room Yo-San sees many men—twenty, she counts.

It is wrong for the Lady Yo-San to look at a man, Setsu warns her, but the warning falls on deaf ears. Yo-San will see. She finds a parchment at the seat of the august guest of honor and from it reads the name of Prince Kara, which thrills her. "Oh, name of a

thousand beautiful whispers . . . Kara!" she murmurs. "Prince Kara, I make my kowtow to you."

Kaede, the prim one, comes suddenly into the room. She is quite agitated. "O Mistress Yo, come quickly," she calls. "You are to dress . . . Your father wishes you to see, for the second time, your betrothed, the Honorable Tonda-Tanji."

"Aie, Tonda-Tanji!" Yo-San is disgusted.

Rosy Sky has come into the room, gaily dressed and singing happily. Yo-San, greatly curious, refuses to heed Kaede's frightened call that she, the immaculate one, should not look at Rosy Sky.

"Is she not lovely?" demands the enraptured Yo-San. And then of Rosy Sky she inquires: "Who are you?"

ROSY SKY—I am Bara-Bara, but foreigners of wealth call me Rosy Sky.

KAEDE (*wailing*)—Aie!

YO-SAN—I am Yo-San. . . . How is your honorable health? (*As they salute, each maid does the same behind her mistress.*) Do you happily eat well?

ROSY SKY—I have not happily eaten well of late.

YO-SAN—For that I am augustly sorry. But your husband eats happily well—your most noble husband?

ROSY SKY—I have no most noble husband—unfortunately none.

YO-SAN—Is he solemnly dead?

ROSY SKY—He has not yet joyously lived.

YO-SAN—No?

ROSY SKY—I have not married a husband—not seriously.

YO-SAN—Then how are your honorable children? Do they eat well? (*ROSY SKY is astonished.*)

KAEDE—Guileless Princess, you do not know what you say. (*Tugging at YO-SAN's kimono—aside.*) She is a geisha.

YO-SAN—Look in your book and see if all are no. alike in the sight of the gods.

KAEDE—Aie!

YO-SAN—O fortunate Miss Geisha, you will see this feast.

ROSY SKY—Yes, there will be beautiful young men here. They will acclaim me.

YO-SAN—Aie!

ROSY SKY—Some of them will wish to accompany me home.

YO-SAN—How beautiful! (*To KAEDE, who is wringing her hands.*) Say so.

KAEDE—Odious!

YO-SAN—Please excuse her—she is my hateful teacher of manners. (*She goes to ROSY SKY and, lifting her veil, takes possession*

of it as ROSY SKY tries in vain to keep it.) You are very pretty, but too much painted. Why do you wear your obi tied in front?

ROSY SKY—I live in Geisha Street, “the little city without nights.” ’Tis thus I make my sign for men.

YO-SAN—Sign? For men?

KAEDE (*horrifed*)—Aie!

ROSY SKY (*simply*)—I am a courtezan.

YO-SAN—Court-e-zan? There are so many strange words I have not heard. You see I only came into the world three days ago.

ROSY SKY—Into the world three days ago? . . .

YO-SAN—I lived in the convent temple and danced to please the Gods. Oh, it was dull! But now, I am permitted to learn the things of the world. You may therefore tell me: what is a— (KAEDE *tries to stop her*)—cour-te-zan?

ROSY SKY—A courtezan is one dedicated to love.

YO-SAN—Love? Beautiful Gods, that is nice! O you must be a good girl, a good girl, to be dedicated to love. (*To* KAEDE.) Say so.

KAEDE—Reprehensible!

YO-SAN (*stamping her foot*)—Go—love is not in your book—go! (KAEDE, *wailing softly, disappears.*) She is such unfertile soil for love. Setsu, bring cushions quickly.

The discussion of love between Yo-San and Rosy Sky is expanded. Both have much to learn. Rosy Sky would refresh the paint on her lips. Yo-San would discourage this. If a man should kiss Rosy Sky he would stand in danger of being poisoned. But Rosy Sky does not know what a kiss is like. Yo-San, who carries in her sleeve a strange red book “from the large village called United States,” is more generously informed.

“Love is full of kisses and embraces and touches,” she informs Rosy Sky; “the kiss goes on the lips, the embrace goes on the waist and the touches—almost all over.” Yo-San kisses Rosy Sky, then draws back. “There! That is what men do . . . Did you like it? Say so.”

“What does it mean?”

“I think it requires a man,” answers Yo-San, reflectively. “The book said so. And it should be long and slow.”

It is, Rosy Sky admits, amusing to be a courtezan. By night there is much revelry. This convinces Yo-San that she would like to try it. She will buy Rosy Sky’s kimono and be a courtezan for a night. When Rosy Sky warns her she will be expecting twenty lovers, Yo-San is the more pleased.

Now the excited Kaede has come again to warn the Princess that



Photo Byron Studio; Burns Mantle Collection.

“THE DARLING OF THE GODS”

Kara—. . . My men crept in desperation to the very shadow of this guarded yashiki. . . . This is the fourth arrow they have sent to call me back! And you said there was no signal!

Yo-San—I did it undutifully, Lord, to keep you a little longer.

(Robert T. Haines, Blanche Bates)

her father is approaching and that Zakkuri, the war minister, is with him. And now the young women have both run away, Yo-San with Rosy Sky's kimono, singing the geisha song, and Rosy Sky with a gesture of hatred in the direction of the approaching Zakkuri. "That terrible Zakkuri who tired of me— Some day I shall make him very much trouble!" mutters Rosy Sky.

The Prince of Tosan is "a man of noble type, his white hair worn in a queue." As he comes into the banquet room he is preceded by his major-domo, Shusshoo, kowtowing elaborately. All is ready, announces Shusshoo, but the guest of honor is late. The guest of honor still has twenty minutes, the Prince of Tosan notes. Let the feast be delayed—

"I have hunted this outlaw, Kara, your guest of honor, for nearly a year without success," announces Zakkuri. "It has been the one blot upon an otherwise faultless administration as War Minister. The Emperor—heaven-born—ancestored by gods—(both kowtow) is exceedingly annoyed. Today he would not see me—me—Zakkuri! That is the nail in my sandal. But possibly my spies have taken advantage of your guest and have killed him."

"I do not like your use of my sacred hospitality, O Zakkuri! You put me in the position of a Prince who gives a feast to which the guest is decoyed whilst spies wait to strangle him."

"Yielding that—consider: your guest is an outlaw. He has no appropriate place where I can kill him. He is so very inaccessible that you, yourself, had to paint your invitation upon the trees of the forest: 'Invited: Kara, Prince and outlaw, at the hour of the dog, on the third day, in repayment of an obligation of honor. Signed: Saigon, Prince of Tosan.'"

"Before Shaka, I wish I had let this obligation pass . . ."

"You could not. He saved your life and the exalted Princess Yo-San's. Such an obligation must be acknowledged within the third day."

It was not only the saving of his own and his daughter's lives that inspired the Prince of Tosan's gratitude, but the fact that by so doing Kara had also saved the honor of the Princess, which otherwise would have been defiled. Notwithstanding, Zakkuri repeats, Kara is an outlaw, one of a small band of ten Samurai who have defied the Emperor's edict to give up their two swords. With Zakkuri planning to ambush his guest, the Prince regrets that he has summoned Kara. As it is, Zakkuri repeats, Kara will have to show his courage by attending the feast, or lose the respect of followers.

Now, Zakkuri's man, Kugo, has arrived to report that Kara, who "has moved as an unseen spirit" up to now, is at last approaching the Hokkaido gate. This is great news to the sinister Zakkuri, who

immediately orders that Kugo shall post twenty of his men at the Hokkaido gate and see to it that Kara does not live to pass it. Let another messenger haste to the Emperor and give that august one the news that his abject slave, Zakkuri, has taken Kara.

While they are waiting for the guest of honor, it is proposed by the Prince of Tosan that his daughter be summoned for her second "look-at" meeting with her betrothed, the lord Tonda-Tanji, "a young exquisite, a dandy of Japan," who is musical and also falsetto. Presently the Princess Yo-San approaches her father's presence preceded by six screen girls carrying three beautiful gold screens, which they proceed to set up to form a private room for their Princess.

The Princess is very beautiful in a state kimono glittering with gold embroidery. She is holding a fan between the men and herself, with a great show of modesty. The ceremony of greeting being finished, Yo-San is quick to admit that, while she breaks her bones to her venerated father, she does not want to marry with Tonda-Tanji—at least not now. She does not like Tonda-Tanji, as she had said at their first look-at meeting. Now she is sure she would grow to hate him.

Perhaps if the beautiful Tonda-Tanji would perform some mighty deed, the Princess suggests, she might like him better, seeing that she extravagantly admires a brave man. Tonda-Tanji would grant his loved one's every wish, if he could. "I wish to love my husband," explains Yo-San. She would love him, too, in the way of which she has read, with kisses and embraces. "I do not want much—only to be perfectly happy all my life," meekly admits Yo-San.

"As yet I have not felt one sorrow," continues the Princess; "no sorrow do I wish. The gods have kept large watchful eyes upon me—I am the plaything of their happy moods. My life has been as a moon flower's in the dawn, nodding its plume to every gentle wind. Japan has flung its perfume for my smile, its blossoms for a carpet where I tread . . . I live, I know not why, nor how, nor ask the gods. Perhaps I am like the rose: my simple fate,—only to be fair to see."

"My little witch of all the moons." The Prince of Tosan is proud of his daughter.

"An hour ago a butterfly was dancing in the wind. I killed it in its flight. I am sorry. Its life was finished in my hand. (*Opens her palm sadly.*) I do not think it knew it died. To the high gods we are no more than butterflies; yet we make life a thing of sadness. O Shaka, god of life and fate, send no evils after me, remembering I was created—not to suffer—merely to be pleasing. (*To her father.*) Say so. (*To ZAKKURI.*) Say so!"

Yo-San does not deny that she is changed. This is because she

has loved. That day in the mountains, in the flash of a lantern's light, she had opened her eyes when she thought she was dead ". . . and there he was. His lips smiled at me . . . I smiled a little back . . . I gave him all my souls—he gave me his: therefore I belong to him. It is finished."

When her father continues to insist that she set the date of her wedding to Tonda-Tanji she definitely names that day "on which he does a mighty deed." To Zakkuri that would be easy. In an aside he suggests to Tonda-Tanji that he promise to deliver the outlaw, Kara, dead. Zakkuri will see to it that his spies make the deed a simple one. Tonda-Tanji makes the promise. To Yo-San this is a joke. That this dandy should meet and kill a fierce outlaw! This lotus flower! "Yes, on that day I will name the hour of my wedding," she promises. "I pledge that day by Shaka."

Yo-San has gone into the palace with her attendants. The guests and entertainers are beginning to arrive for the feast. There are tumblers providing a variety of athletic feats. There are twelve guests of high rank. As they gather they talk among themselves. One would be willing to wager that Zakkuri, with all his men and all his traps, will not be able to prevent the arrival of the guest of honor.

The hour arrives and there is no Prince Kara, but before the echo of the great bell's tolling dies away there is a trumpet sound. A moment later "The honorable guest of a thousand welcomes, His Highness, Kara, Prince of Chosu," is announced by Shushoo.

There is a murmur of admiration as the outlaw enters. ". . . Kara for a moment eyes the guests whom he knows, to a man, to be his enemies; then, with a lordly salutation draws in his breath and greets his host. From under his short haori a bit of his shirt of old mail can be seen. A pair of swords curve down in his girdle at the left side: one sword is short, one is long . . . they are splendidly carved and of beaten gold. As he comes toward his host he takes his two swords, holds them out to the Prince, who receives them. The Prince of Tosan hands the two swords to Shushoo, who puts them in a sword-rack."

"Illustrious Daimyo, your swords are sacred within my yashiki."

"By which way, illustrious Kara, did you come?" politely inquires Zakkuri.

"By the Hokkaido gate."

"I trust I do not outrage this magnificent hospitality, when I state that I had twenty spies there to kill you."

"Yes?"

"It is a beautiful night," observes Zakkuri. "One to die in."

"Do you die tonight?" as politely asks Kara.

"Do you?"

"The gods alone order death."

Kugo and Tonda-Tanji are quick to assure Zakkuri in whispered confidence that Kara must be grievously wounded. They had seen the fight. Kara's swords were charmed—but still there were a dozen cuts.

The dinner proceeds. The guests are at their places. A full-rigged war junk is carried on, its sails of pale yellow inscribed with crimson Japanese characters. There is an incessant chatter among the guests. Now the Prince of Tosan has arisen to speak. "Publicly I wish to honorably acknowledge my debt to the brave Prince Kara, for two lives: my own life and that of the serene Princess Yo-San."

"O noble Prince, I declare all debt between us canceled."

The Prince of Tosan drinks. His cup is carried to Kara. Kara drinks and would pass the cup back with his left hand and take his host's hand with his right. But as he does so he momentarily drops his hand. A look of pain is on his face. Then they drink to the toast: "To your gods, your ancestors, yourself!"

While the toasts are passing, Yo-San, dressed as a veiled geisha and escaping from Kaede, comes into the room in back of the guests. Peering out she sees Kara and hears the toasts that pass with Zakkuri. "As you are neither a cloud nor a god, whichever way you turn when you leave here . . . death waits!" Zakkuri is saying.

"Without a doubt, illustrious Zakkuri, I die tonight," answers Kara.

"To the present moment, then . . ."

Setsu has reached Yo-San and would pull her back. The Princess will not go. She must see the one who is to die.

"I have chosen my course," Kara is saying. "Honorably pardon me for believing that there is not one here who does not envy me my swords, though each would loyally strangle me as I sit. (*All are motionless. Suddenly they all blow up a cloud of smoke.*) Aie, I again transgress by saying that in our swords—and only there—lives yet the soul of old Japan for which our ancestors fought and died in a thousand splendid battles. And you—you have flung aside that soul! Why? The Emperor—"

"Celestial born!" dutifully murmurs the War Minister, as all but Kara bow.

". . . commands it at an order from foreign friends he fears. Our country now relies upon the imperial mob of hired defenders. Have the gods seen hired defenders fight as we have fought? I have not. Have the gods seen men protect their women and children without swords? I have not. Why is it wrong that we should

wish to die for our country? Why? (*All puff as before.*) Honorably pardon me for believing that when the last of my little band of ten is gone—others will spring to life. You cannot kill the Sumurai—the warrior; he will be reborn to his country which he has loved and defended for twelve thousand great years. Shaka! Shaka! I pledge the war cry of our clan: 'For my swords I live—by my swords I die!'

As he rises, Yo-San from her balcony at back sees and recognizes the face she had seen in the lantern's light.

Shushoo has returned Kara's swords. Now the outlaw begs leave to go, but to go, as is his right, in darkness. As he moves to go, Tonda-Tanji insolently steps in his path. He has promised the Princess Yo-San the outlaw's death, he relates. Kara would brush him aside.

Zakkuri has again reminded Tonda-Tanji that within the gardens is sanctuary, but whatever road Kara goes he must pass Kanzashi Forks, and there he will vanish in the mists.

Guests and guards have now all withdrawn. The only light comes from Yo-San's lantern and the moon. With a quick glance around Kara raises his sword on the defensive and starts to go. With a groan of pain he is obliged to let his long sword fall—

KARA—Ah! I cannot fight. If I must die, it shall be by my own sword. (*He tries to lift his small sword but cannot.*)

YO-SAN (*realizing that he is about to kill himself, grasps his arm*)—Kara . . .

KARA (*seeing her face in the light of her lantern*)—Gods!

YO-SAN—Gods! . . . I have given all my souls—have I yours?

KARA—You had my souls in that flash of light upon Hakoné.

YO-SAN—Then here in your presence, O my beloved, I kneel with my sandals off—your slave. (*She bows.*)

KARA (*staggering*)—I am wounded . . .

YO-SAN (*pityingly*)—Ah! (*She gives him her veil to staunch the blood, then suddenly as though hearing something.*) Sh! . . . There is a safe way . . . by the Jizo shrine where women worship . . . the wall is broken. We must go quickly in the dark . . . Come . . . Come . . .

KARA (*sinking down*)—I am dying.

YO-SAN—No, no. Kara . . . (*On her knees beside him with uplifted hands.*) Shaka! (*INU comes with a torch.*) Inu?

INU (*with a guttural sound, he points to a curtain on which the shadow of MIGAKU is seen, a lantern in his hand. He is one of ZAKKURI's spies.*) Ugh!

YO-SAN—Zakkuri's spy. . . . (*In a half-whisper*) Put out the

lights. (INU's *torch goes out. They crouch, watching MIGAKU, waiting until he disappears from the window and presently goes away.*) Take him behind my shoji . . . (INU *lifts KARA.*) They dare not look for him there. Behind my shoji—he will be safe.

The curtain falls.

ACT II

The Kanzashi Forks is marked by a point of rocks which has been hewn out of the side of the hill to form a crossroads. On a rise of ground there is a tall, weather-beaten stone votive lantern. Inside a watcher is stationed. On the back is a heavy wood. In the distance a temple bell is striking the hour of the ox, which would be 2 o'clock. As the scene comes into view Kugo and his spies are seen kneeling in the shadows. Tonda-Tanji sits impatiently on a stone step.

Tonda-Tanji feels that he is wasting time on this delayed outlaw. He might be in Geisha Street with his head in a beauty's lap. Kugo is reassuring. Kara will not escape this time. He must pass through one of four gates as he leaves the yashiki of the Prince of Tosan. There are guards at each gate.

One by one these guards report by lantern signal. Kara has not passed the northern gate. Nor the eastern gate. There is someone approaching through the mist. The guards spring to attention. The newcomer is Zakkuri, flanked by a body guard of four. The War Minister is also impatient.

There is a signal from the Nikko gate. Kara has not passed. But one more gate remains. Presently there comes a report from this last gate. It is the same. Kara has not passed.

"Gods! What have you to say?" an irate Zakkuri demands of a trembling Kugo.

"He has slipped out through the mist," ventures Kugo, and is knocked to the ground for the suggestion. "Yebisu, you rat, you twisted back, you worm! Ojin Tenno protect me . . . for I sent word to the Emperor that I had taken Kara . . . and you lost him for me in the mist. Jigoku!"

Again a man is running toward them. Kugo struggles to his feet to send his men into hiding and to report to Zakkuri the man's approach. He runs! He pauses! His feet ring unsteadily! He is here! But again it is not Kara. It is Migaku, who had been left to watch, lest Kara hide in the shadows of the yashiki. Kara has not left the yashiki, and the gates are closed for the night—

"If the Prince should grant sanctuary beyond the obligation his life must pay," mutters Tonda-Tanji.

Kugo would have his men beat Migaku for losing the trail, but Zakkuri stops him. Migaku does not lie. A new thought has occurred to Zakkuri. "Yo-San!" he is muttering, his finger raised, his face spread with a look of cunning, as the lights fade.

In the slowly increasing light the house of Yo-San emerges. It is set among moon flowers, and the only lights visible burn at the back. There is a bar across the balustrade protecting Yo-San's balcony, and before the steps Inu is curled up like a watchdog. The shadow of Yo-San moving back of the shoji is followed by her appearance. She would have Inu see if her father sleeps. Then she would have Setsu bring the incense. They must pray while they watch "the face that sleeps inside as though dead."

Yo-San has touched the balustrade and found it covered with blood where Inu had carried the sleeping one inside. Setsu must bring water and cleanse the balustrade.

A watchman crosses the curved bridge, rattling a stick with a chain on it and calling a weird "Hi-no-yo-zin-e-no-yo-zin." Yo-San has crowded back into her doorway. Now she comes forward again and kneels in prayer.

"In all these worlds there are but two things tonight: love and death," she murmurs. "O Shaka! whose eyes have seen what I have done, kindly permit that I bring him into my prayer for safety. Do not forget, O Shaka, do not forget, O beautiful Shaka! Do not forget, Shaka . . . And to my thousand ancestors, I say a nem-but-su: keep it, keep it, keep it."

Migaku, the spy, wades quietly across the edge of the pond, stealing up to the balcony to peer into the shoji. "Kara!" he mutters. Yo-San, finishing her prayer, sees the spy and knows that he has seen Kara. Migaku comes off the balcony and starts for the bridge. There Inu appears and catches him by the throat. Now Migaku is stabbed with his own knife and his body is thrown into the pool. But still others approach. Wildly the dumb Inu indicates his fear for Yo-San, crouching beside her as she prays again: "Look down quickly, O Shaka, into the yashiki of the Prince of Tosan near Yeddo where I am—and see a small woman who prays to you against the evil that approaches. Look, look, look. . . ."

Yo-San has retreated behind the shoji. Inu has taken his place again as guard. Kugo, carrying a lantern and followed by Zakkuri, Tonda-Tanji and the spies, come into view. So far there is no trace of the missing Kara. Footprints have led the searchers this far.

Setsu can be heard singing: "Nothing ever changed since the days

of the gods, Water runs the same, love goes the same." Kugo is back to report that all footprints lead in, none out; one of the prints is that of a woman. Bloodstains show that two walked with the wounded one. The searchers have come now to the steps and are stopped by Inu, who claps his hand in warning. The singing stops. Setsu pushes back the shoji. Who dares disturb her honorable mistress?

Zakkuri answers. He would look after the safety of the Princess. There is an outlaw in the yashiki. If Setsu's mistress will veil her face, he, Zakkuri, will make a search. As soon as Setsu disappears Zakkuri orders Kugo to take down the barrier Inu is guarding. At that minute Inu dashes to a bell hanging at a corner of the balcony and rings it vigorously.

Immediately from the inside of the palace there are voices. That of Prince Tosan rises above the others. What has happened to his daughter? What of Yo-San? Another moment and the Prince of Tosan has appeared. Seeing Zakkuri he would know by what excuse the Minister of War has broken sanctuary? "You have stolen like a thief in the night under my daughter's very shoji."

"Prince of Princes, give me Kara and I will go," answers Zakkuri.

"Give you— Is it possible, Zakkuri—you say that I conceal the outlaw?"

"He was here; he has not gone. He was wounded . . . Men do not vanish like mist. Behind the shoji of the Princess, where the night light burns . . . (*Pointing.*) I have it in my mind—"

The Prince stops Zakkuri. He would hurl the shame of such an accusation back in the face of the War Minister. He spreads his arms as though to protect Yo-San, and as he does so he touches the balustrade. When he raises his hand, it is red with blood.

Zakkuri's lantern throws light upon the Prince's hand. "There is my right—that blood upon your hands," he says. "In the Emperor's name I will enter."

The Prince has stepped aside and Zakkuri is about to cross the balcony when Yo-San appears. She is in her loose night robe, her hair down and tangled about her face. "Father," she says, "forgive my appearing here . . . no obi . . . no veil . . . but I am much frightened. While I slept a man looked through my shoji . . . Inu killed him." Inu holds up the body of Migaku from the pool, the water dripping from the dead man's face.

PRINCE OF TOSAN—Is this one of your spies?

ZAKKURI—He deserved his miserable death—if he were not killed

for what he saw. (INU drops MİGAKU's body into the water.)

PRINCE OF TOSAN—The zealous Zakkuri dares to say that an outlaw, Kara, sought shelter behind your shoji: answer.

ZAKKURI—Upon oath—before Shaka! (*All kowtow, save the Prince who resents the insult.*)

PRINCE OF TOSAN—Zakkuri!

ZAKKURI—I am but the servant of the Emperor who must have the truth.

PRINCE OF TOSAN (*to YO-SAN*)—Before Shaka! (*All kowtow.*)

YO-SAN (*motioning SETSU to bring incense*)—Before Shaka, god of life and death, to whom my word goes up on this incense, I swear, hanging my life on the answer, I have not seen this Kara. (*Simply*) With much shame I ask: how could I—since I am dressed for sleep?

PRINCE OF TOSAN (*looking at ZAKKURI*)—You hear . . .

ZAKKURI—Lord of Tosan, I was too zealous for the Emperor. (*Fawningly to YO-SAN.*) May the gods give you good sleep. (*He goes, followed by TONDA-TANJI and his spies.*)

PRINCE OF TOSAN—My daughter, may the goddess of pleasant dreams visit you. (*He disappears.*)

YO-SAN (*without moving, wiping the tears from her impassive face*)—It is better to lie—a little—than to be unhappy much.

The curtain falls.

ACT III

It is forty days later. Yo-San's sanctuary, with a shrine to Buddha in an alcove, is now set with a small table in the center. There are kneeling cushions about. Yo-San and Kara are at breakfast, attended by a disapproving Setsu and Inu. Kara's arm is in a sling. Yo-San is reading to him from the red book she has from America. It is strange, she thinks, how much to their liking have proved those things of which the book speaks—those embraces with arms and—Setsu and Inu must turn their backs while she says it—those kisses. "Is it not worth a little lie to my father—this honorable intimacy with you?" Yo-San would know.

"My darling of the gods, Buddha has forgiven it," declares an enraptured Kara. Setsu and Inu sniff quite openly.

"I am glad that I gave up twenty lovers for you," Yo-San is saying a little later. "Oh, yes. The night you came, beloved, I had decided to lead the beautiful life of a courtesan.

"What?"

"For one night, at least; for I gathered that I would be nobly dedicated to love."

"Oh!" Then Kara understands. "The gods adore you as I do," he says. "They have made you to misunderstand."

YO-SAN—We shall be exquisitely happy when we are married. I shall wear dark clothes and always meet you at the gates with kisses and all my children will be yours.

KARA—Yo-San, Yo-San . . . your lips are more perilous than a thousand enemies. (*Touches her hair.*)

YO-SAN—Let us read again of this new thing—love. (*Looking in the book.*) To what extent, my beloved, do you love me?

KARA—Is that question in the book, delicious one?

YO-SAN (*motioning to SETSU*)—Pst! (*As SETSU turns away.*) No.

KARA—To the extent, my Princess, of the witchery of the moon, the mist on the brooks, the foaming seas.

YO-SAN—Not enough.

SETSU—Aie!

YO-SAN—The book says so.

KARA—The book is very hard to please. (*Imitating her.*) Say so.

YO-SAN—Oh, I make this the extent of my love: I add gold and silver fishes and give back to you your moon and brook.

KARA—Not enough.

YO-SAN—Hai! Hai! (*Clapping her hands, laughing.*) Take all the tiniest child fishes too, then.

KARA—Not enough, my lady of delight.

YO-SAN—Exacting Prince of splendors, I add a mountain made of all the petals of all the blossoms of all the cherry trees in all the worlds. Even more: on top of that, I set a volcano with its glittering eye.

KARA—Still not enough.

YO-SAN—Oh, I have confined our love to the things of this one little life, when the next one is, perhaps, three hundred times longer.

KARA—Things of this world all wait their fate hour.

YO-SAN—Aie, I do not like that fate hour.

KARA—By Shaka, by beautiful death, by all the lives that follow until the worlds in which we shall live pile up—

YO-SAN—Like Fujiyama—

KARA—I shall love you.

YO-SAN—But after that?

KARA—There is a sleep in Shaka's bosom that follows after the last death, where there is no love, no sudden beatings of the heart, nor anything but rest, peace, sleep.

YO-SAN—I would not have that sleep. Let us put off that solemn rest in Shaka's bosom by not being too perfect.

Kara's wounds are healed. Now he can take his arm from the sling. He knows that in honor he must go soon. The thought distresses Yo-San. "Aie, that is the end of love whose other name is 'good-by,'" she sighs. But Kara is a Samurai. To a Samurai honor is all. He will go, but he will leave directions to his hiding place so that Inu may find it and bring him messages from his Yo-San.

Now Kara would know how long he has lain in fever; how many messages have been shot by arrow through the walls of the shoji. When he reads the tablet that Setsu gives him he is appalled to find that forty days have passed. To Yo-San it still is the night he came.

"Forty days! . . . And my men . . . Inu!" Inu steps into the room from the balcony. "Are you sure you took my message to the Daimyo tombs? (INU bows.) You hid it where I told you? (INU bows again and goes to the balcony.) They know that I live. . . . They know that I am here . . . What do they think delays me? Gods, what a leader! Forty days . . . no signal from them in all that time. They are gone, trapped, dead. Zakkuri has taken them."

At the turning of the fever Kara had thought he had heard the signal of the Samurai, but Yo-San insists there was none. "Your men are dead; you, too, are dead; I will be dead also," she says. "The miserable world has forgotten us. Let us forget the—"

There is the swish of an arrow through the paper shoji. Yo-San gets it and holds it behind her until she must surrender it. Hurriedly Kara reads the parchment attached. As he learns the truth, his face is drawn in rage. He turns on Yo-San, who is kneeling at his feet. "It was not a dream!" he thunders. "My men crept in desperation to the very shadow of this guarded yashiki . . . (*Holding out the parchment on the arrow.*) This is the fourth arrow they have sent to call me back . . . and you said there was no signal."

"I did it undutifully. Lord, to keep you a little longer."

"Shaka! They know that I am held by a woman, yet they do not reproach me . . . (*Reads.*) 'We wait, we trust, come.' . . . And you kept the arrows. . . . I have lain here at a woman's feet as men lie at the feet of courtezans. My name is something to whisper in the dark. . . . Banza, the same sword has wounded us both: what do you think of me? Nagoya, you who bathed my wounds and forgot your own: what do you think of me? And you, little Sano, carrying the samisen on your back as we fight, singing

songs of war and songs—(*halting, then brokenly*) of honor that never let us forget we are gentlemen of Japan. . . . Gods! Gods! Gods! What do you all think of me, leaderless ones? While you face death, I linger behind a woman's *shoji*. . . . Inu, help me—I go."

Inu is quick to fetch Kara's swords, and his coat of mail. Even as Yo-San's pleading is redoubled, growing eloquent with her grief, Kara listens impatiently. In the end, pleading but for a single day, sinking prostrate at his feet, bowing to the shrine and swearing in the name of her mother that she will not try again to hold him—if but this one day's delay is granted her—Kara's will is broken. He will stay until tomorrow.

Yo-San's joy is boundless. "Lord, you will stay—say so. Ah, you were almost gone. Hai, hai! (*Half laughing, sighing in relief, she lights his pipe.*) I am like a happy carp in my lotus pond. I am like a very pleasant field of iris. You will stay, lord, you will stay. . . . Hai, hai! I will sing. I will make you beautifully happy—till tomorrow. A little song—it is in the red book. It is about love." She sings gaily—

"There are fleet loves and sweet loves
And loves of all seasons, and loves without reasons,
And great love like mine,
When the heart aches, the heart breaks
That vows can be slighted when love has been plighted . . .
Red roses will never make wine."

But Kara does not hear the song. His thoughts are still far away. Noting this, Yo-San sighs resignedly. Now she rises slowly and gives her lover's swords back to him. "Tonight, lord; go to-night," she says. The joy of Kara is great as he leaves to complete his preparations.

Suddenly Setsu darts in to warn her mistress that Tonda-Tanji is outside. The *yashiki* is full of his men. Even now Tonda-Tanji's voice is heard outside. He would remind the Princess Yo-San of her promise to marry him when he has dispatched the outlaw Kara. Also he notes that another arrow has pierced Yo-San's *shoji*. But Yo-San cannot be bothered now. She is, she calls out, at prayer.

Presently Tonda-Tanji announces that his venerable august Aunt Chidori is approaching. That would be "Chidori with the needle eyes," Setsu is convinced. Yo-San goes to the next room to warn Kara and then returns to order the *shoji* to be opened for the entrance of Aunt Chidori, whose retinue approaches with cries of "Way for the beautiful old one, Chidori."

Chidori "is a white-headed, garrulous old woman with a drawn face, peering eyes and an expressionless smile." Cushions are arranged for her. Two of her retainers hold her up while her maid removes her sandals. Chidori is quite disgusted that in these tempo days it should be that the old shall seek the young. To Yo-San's assurance that she is miserably sorry, the old one answers wisely—

"One sorrow effaces the sin of three years—so says Buddha. Moreover, yamato-faced Princess, vexation feeds upon our fat and leaves us wrinkles. Remember even a devil is pretty at eighteen. (*Pointing with her closed fan.*) Aie, keep that gnat off me. (*Her maid goes to catch the gnat.*) Nay, kill it not—it may be your brother's soul."

Outside Tonda-Tanji would raise his voice in song, but is quickly stopped by his unmatched aunt. Chidori would inquire after the health of all Yo-San's relatives and would also speak a word for her nephew. "He is capable of anything as men go," she answers Yo-San. "They are not what they were. Oh, these tempo days! Why, it is nothing for a man to own eighty women besides his wife—eighty! I would like to see the man who could keep me in his yashiki with eighty other women!"

Lying on the mat is the handkerchief Kara has used as a sling. Chidori is quick to see that, and as quick to recover it. "It looks like a bandage," she says. "Permit me to accept it."

And now from the distance comes the sound of death's head drums and the voice of a crier is heard intoning: "Decree! Decree of the illustrious Zakkuri! A price on the head of the outlaw Kara is proclaimed in the name of the Heaven-Born!"

"Touching that outlaw edict proclaimed outside," Chidori is saying, as her maid hands her a pipe. "Is it not a miracle that this Kara should go up like smoke? Do you know the proverb: 'The darkest place is just beneath the candlestick'? (*Puffs.*) Some say he is still hidden here: What do you say?"

"Impossible! He would have to come out for food and water."

"O—Dei, the Nokodo's daughter hid a man in her rooms. Of course she killed herself when they took him. What else could she do?"

"Of course."

"By that reprehensible act, she lost her people and her death-name. Moreover, she made herself unknown in all the heavens, and she was too evil for any of our hells. Kowakatta! Her body was given to the foxes; her house was deserted; through the rotting shoji, one could see the gnawing rats pull down the empty walls."

Fearing that she transgresses by too long a visit, Aunt Chidori gathers her retinue and is on her way. "He is here," she whispers

to Tonda-Tanji as she passes him at the door.

They have all gone now, Tonda-Tanji flinging back the promise that when he has captured Kara he will toss the outlaw's sleeve against Yo-San's shoji.

Now Kara has returned, wearing his mail and helmet. He takes Yo-San in his arms. "If I am taken, it must not be here to shame you," he says.

KARA (*as YO-SAN clings helplessly to him*)—Yo-San, Yo-San, I must go. . . . Inu shall show you the way to the shrine of Kwan-non. . . . May Buddha guard you until I see your face again . . . and if we never meet—

YO-SAN (*helplessly wiping the tears away with the sleeve of her kimono*)—No, no, we must meet again. (*As they embrace and kiss, the PRINCE OF TOSAN enters.*) Shaka, my father.

PRINCE OF TOSAN—You have been here in my daughter's sanctuary . . . you have been here. . . . Permit me. (*He takes short sword from KARA and, reversing it, offers it to him. KARA takes it, flinging down the sheath. Prince takes long sword, flings away scabbard and pulls up his sleeve. To YO-SAN.*) Bare your neck. (*YO-SAN kneels and obeys. To KARA.*) There was a debt between us, which now is canceled; there was a bond of honor which now I break. . . . I am disgraced, destroyed. My daughter and I will follow you. Nothing else is possible. . . . We are waiting for your death.

KARA (*tucking the sleeves of his kimono out of his way and mechanically feeling the edge of his sword*)—She is not to die.

PRINCE OF TOSAN—Do you say you have not made a wanton of my daughter?

KARA—I say that I have not.

PRINCE OF TOSAN (*to YO-SAN*)—Do you say it?

YO-SAN (*kowtowing*)—I never heard that word before, my father.

PRINCE OF TOSAN (*dragging her to shrine*)—Say "no" upon your mother's Kaimyo . . . She is looking into your soul. Dare to swear before her that you are pure.

YO-SAN—O reverend Father: (*takes the Kaimyo*) O dear, dead Mother: I am pure.

PRINCE OF TOSAN—Yebisu! (*As she holds the Kaimyo in her arms, he strikes her down and raises the sword over her.*)

KARA (*cutting down the sword in the Prince's hand*)—Outrager of hospitality that I am. O Prince, I fight for honor. I do not take it. I should have gone, but I loved her. By the gods, she kneels before you as pure as the mother whose tablet she holds. Mighty Prince of Tosan, we do not fight today, there is no cause.

PRINCE OF TOSAN—I find you in her sanctuary . . . I find you here. It is enough! Shaka! Strike to kill, strike to kill, strike, I say, strike! (*The Prince has attacked KARA, who parries his mad thrusts, refusing to fight. Shouts are heard outside. Drums.*)

KARA (*standing undefended before the Prince*)—I will not fight. Strike! (*At the sound of the drums the Prince pauses.*)

VOICE OF CRIER (*outside*)—"Decree of the Illustrious Zakkuri! A price on the head of the outlaw Kara! Proclaimed, proclaimed in the name of—"

PRINCE OF TOSAN (*going to shoji, throwing them open, raising his arm commandingly*)—Kara! Kara! (*Turns to KARA, points off.*) Go. (*Hands him sword.*)

YO-SAN—Father, it is death. . . .

PRINCE OF TOSAN (*to YO-SAN*)—Go. Sleep no more beneath my roof—outcast!

KARA (*after PRINCE OF TOSAN has left the room*)—If I live, Yo-San, come to me on the third day. . . . I will wait for you at the shrine of Kwannon. Sayonara. (*He steps quietly out of her arms, leaving them outstretched and empty.*)

YO-SAN—Kara. . . . Oh, no, no. . . . It is death out there. (*KARA disappears. SETSU closes the shoji. Outside, cries and sounds indicate KARA's desperate fight against clubs and missiles. YO-SAN runs to the shoji and, with a thrust of her fist, makes a hole in it, then sinks down, disheveling her hair, tearing her kimono.*)

TONDA-TANJI (*outside*)—Yo-San! . . . Yo-San! . . . He is taken. (*Throws KARA's sleeve into the room through the hole in the shoji.*) I remind you of your promise.

YO-SAN (*picking up the sleeve, throws it out, screaming*)—I throw it in your face! (*Turning for the first time, showing her distorted face and disheveled hair.*) Shaka! Shaka! Shaka!

She falls to the floor, lying motionless. The curtain falls.

ACT IV

The old sword room in the cabinet of the Minister of War Zakkuri is high-ceilinged and impressive, with lacquered walls and ceiling, "dark, yet livid in aspect." The floor is also lacquered in black. Steps at back lead to large double doors, and beyond these is a handsome corridor and a wide window "filled, shoji-like, with translucent decorated paper."

At one side of the room Zakkuri's desk is placed on a platform, and behind this the desks of two secretaries. There is a small trap-door in the platform through which Zakkuri is enabled to observe

what is going on below. Below the platform, in front of a massive, ugly figure of Ojin Tenno, the war god, there is another and larger trap-door from which stairs descend to the nether regions. At the moment there are four spies at the back of the room and two runners, with handkerchiefs tied about their heads.

Zakkuri, "the picture of serene satisfaction," is directing the activities of the day. Kara has been taken and the Emperor has showered favors of reward upon Zakkuri. People in the streets, too, express great enthusiasm for the War Minister, but behind the runners' backs many have the effrontery to admire the outlaw. These, promises Zakkuri, shall be punished in due time.

Now, to complete his triumph, Zakkuri would gather in all ten of Kara's defiant band. He already has offered Kara respite if his men will hand in their swords. But, Kara, Kugo reports, only laughed.

Tonda-Tanji arrives laughing. This is also the day of his triumph, although the Princess Yo-San has cast her promise back in his face. He still is eager to marry the Princess, even though she may be what Zakkuri refers to as "this soiled woman." Yo-San has been driven from her house, an outcast.

Word comes that the followers of Kara have sent another arrow within the imperial walls demanding Kara and threatening even the Emperor's sacred life. The capture of the Samurai outlaws becomes more imperative. Word has come that Kato, a carp fisherman, has been taken. He is accused of having furnished food to Kara's men.

Zakkuri would see this Kato, but not until the scene is set. Kara is to be brought in by his guards. The door is to be left open so Kato can see. When Kara is brought in by two half-naked, tattooed coolies, Zakkuri bows low in mockery and begs that his guest be seated. Kara prefers to stand.

Does Kara know Kato, a fisher of carp by the Inland Sea? Kara does not. But as Kato is brought in he bows to Zakkuri and then, seeing Kara's face, falls quickly to his knees before him, crying "Daimyo!" Zakkuri is well pleased. And does Kato also know the Samurai who follow Kara? Does he sell them food? No, insists Kato.

"I perceive you are one of those to whom the Samurai are still a creed," says Zakkuri. "You would give them your souls. Answer."

"Yes, most high Excellency. I have been taught to love the Samurai. We poor fishers believe them to be the last flash of the old glory of our Japan."

Kara would cry out in protest and warning, but there is little

use. Zakkuri's examination continues ruthlessly. He offers to free Kato for information that will lead to the capture of the Samurai. He threatens the life of Kato's wife and the lives of his three sons—even little Tani, who is only twenty days old—unless Kato will tell all that he knows about Kara's men. Kato's own death, naturally, will follow. Now, what hope can Kara offer his unhappy follower?

"None," miserably admits Kara. "The deeds of the Samurai are our creed. They fought and smiled and died, but never betrayed. Courage, Kato."

Again Zakkuri demands Kato's answer. The fisherman appeals pitifully to Kara, who reiterates his demand for loyalty.

"Gods! They will look for me to come home when the dusk hour falls and the junks steal in and fold their sails. They will look for Kato, and wait and wait. . . ."

A burst of light comes through from below as Kugo raises the trap. "Take him to the room of mysteries," directs the implacable Zakkuri. "The speechless speak quickly there."

Kato is crying out in fear as the two coolies drag him toward the door. "They will make me speak—they will make me—" But Kara's only answer is the repeated injunction: "Courage, Kato!"

"The simple fisher will tell," promises Zakkuri. "What do you say?"

For answer Kara grabs a sword from a rack and turns viciously on his tormentor. At that instant a blinding glare of light pours out from a doorway full in Kara's face. The outlaw staggers back, dropping his sword. "The servant of the Emperor has a thousand eyes," calmly remarks Zakkuri.

The War Minister has opened the trap-door near his desk. What report has Kugo to make? Has Kato spoken? There is an ominous pause. Then Kugo's voice can be heard unhappily admitting that the fisherman is dead. He had died without a word. For an instant Zakkuri is stripped of his composure. He is livid with anger as he cries back to Kugo—"And you permitted him to die without one—Yebisu!"

Zakkuri has closed the trap and ordered the room cleared. An instant later he is kneeling before the war god in an attitude of prayer—"August Ojin Tenno, god of war," he prays, "my life-god, magnanimously give me these ten swords: not for my own glory—but that I may humbly lay them at your invincible feet."

Word is brought that Mme. Asani and her geisha girls are waiting and would attend Zakkuri. Relieved, Zakkuri orders the lights turned on; that cushions be brought; that saké be served. A moment later Mme. Asani, followed by four singing girls and six geisha,

enter. Soon there is music and dancing. Zakkuri would have them dance something that he has not yet seen.

"Lord, you shall live at least two magnificent, glittering lifetimes in one hour," promises Asani, announcing "the dance of the blowing blossoms."

It is in the midst of the dance, and before Asani has succeeded in lulling Zakkuri into a momentary forgetfulness, that the approach of the Princess Yo-San is announced. Quickly the War Minister claps his hands and dismisses the dancers. No time now for Asani and her love making, much to the dancer's disgust.

The great door opens and Yo-San enters. She is wearing a cloak over a kimono. While she waits to be announced, the courtesan, Rosy Sky, slips into the room. She is a bedraggled courtesan now and much surprised to find Yo-San there. What would the Princess be doing in Zakkuri's palace? And with sorrow in the eyes. Rosy Sky knows what it costs to please the War Lord. She had had her day with a lacquered house and liveried servants, and been miserably dismissed. Now she comes only to vex and pester Zakkuri.

But if Yo-San has come to ask favors, let her paint her face; let her tie her obi in front, as one who has something to give; let her do all the pretty geisha tricks, but let her not weep. "Nothing for nothing is given here," warns Rosy Sky. "Tie your obi in front or go."

Zakkuri has come and Rosy Sky is ushered unceremoniously out of the room. Kugo will take care of her later.

Now the War Minister would know to what he is indebted for the Princess' visit, and what he can offer her in the way of hospitality. Quickly Yo-San makes known her mission. She has come to beg of the great one a very great favor. He, being most powerful, can give life, and he will, Yo-San is sure, even though she has sheltered his enemy and lied to him. That was reprehensible. But that is the way with love. The gods had made Yo-San desire such things as kisses and embraces, "and for these I have given Kara all my souls, so he cannot die," she announces. The august Zakkuri shall permit him to live.

And what is the Princess Yo-San prepared to give for this life she craves? "O Zakkuri, when the heart hurts, politeness stops at the lips," cries the Princess. ". . . Please, what do you honorably wish? Tell me."

ZAKKURI—Shaka, how you tremble at the thought of harm to this man! (*Lifting the lantern, he turns it so the light shines on her face.*) This outlaw taught you very much, eh? . . . You were

so shrinking, so full of temple manners—you are awake. I thank Kara. Yebisu, we shall trade with zest. . . . Hai! You have much to offer. Your cheeks are ripe, fresh fruit; your eyes are flaunting velvet banners; your lips are luscious to the thirsty. You are different from these geisha.

YO-SAN—But you do not kindly tell me what you want . . . that we may trade.

ZAKKURI—A moment ago, I begged Ojin Tenno to grant me one wish—that was all I wanted—then; now I am possessed of another.

YO-SAN—Great August One—what?

ZAKKURI (*sending up a cloud of smoke*)—You.

YO-SAN—Me?

ZAKKURI—Pardon, imposing Princess, I observe that my unworthy saké remains untouched. (*Sets the cup in her hand.*)

YO-SAN—I do not comprehend . . . but do I understand that you want my life for his? Then I honorably permit you to take it. (*Bows.*) To the gods. (*Drinks.*)

ZAKKURI—That is not what I desire.

YO-SAN—No?

ZAKKURI—But we approach . . . It is always like this when people trade. . . . Oh, we will trade today. . . . Let us suppose that you have already had your wish—that it is granted.

YO-SAN—His life?

ZAKKURI—His life. (*He strokes her hand with his finger tips.*)

YO-SAN—She was right, that poor Rosy Sky; she said you would do anything for women . . . women and laughter and song and no tears . . . O good, distinguished, noble, high-born, exalted, considerate Lord Zakkuri, I will give you all that. Hai! Hai! I will amuse you . . . I will paint my cheeks redder with bani, for you will set my lover's feet out of the trap . . . Kara free? Gods, how I shall please you! I shall dance for you . . . You love song? Let me begin at once. (*He has moved the table from between them and drawn her head to his shoulder as she sings.*)

“There are fleet loves and sweet loves,
And loves of all seasons . . .”

(*With a sob, she breaks down on his shoulder. He holds her to him.*)

ZAKKURI—You shall live in my palace . . . You shall be treated as an empress, a favorite wife.

YO-SAN—Wife?

ZAKKURI—Being an outcast, of course I cannot marry you.

YO-SAN—Oh! . . . Friend of my father—now I know . . .

(*Pointing to the door through which Rosy Sky went.*) She was that to you . . . That is being a courtesan . . . Gods! Gods!

ZAKKURI (*chuckling*)—Hai, hai, hai, hai!

YO-SAN (*pushing him away violently*)—Ah, shame! (*Rises to her feet.*) There are devils in your hands . . . your eyes. You would make me a serpent to crawl in the dust; to be crushed under your heel; to cringe before the altars—the creature lowest in all the hells! You, the small horrible Zakkuri, would debase me before my ancestors in the twenty-seven great heavens . . . make their ghosts spit upon my tomb. Gods, you would make me a courtesan. . . . No! I am a Princess of the house of Tosan . . . the blood of a thousand Princes is in my veins. . . . (*Starting to go.*) I go to the Emperor—he cannot be so terrible as his servant Zakkuri. Inu?

ZAKKURI (*clapping his hands with an air of indifference*)—It is unfortunate that we cannot trade today—

YO-SAN—Inu?

ZAKKURI—For death is swifter than your feet.

YO-SAN—Death?

ZAKKURI—It is Kara's death hour.

Zakkuri turns to order that the prisoner Kara be brought out. There shall be a unison of trumpets and a ruffle of drums; then the tall executioner will come and finally the prisoner. Now Yo-San realizes that the situation is desperate. Deliberately she puts two little rings of paint on her cheeks, and slowly turns her obi around.

Zakkuri is pleased with his victory. He would come close to Yo-San, but she holds him away. There still is trading to be done. She would see Kara released; she would see him pass the shoji and know that he goes back to his men. She will know how to find out if this is done. And how will she know? Because, answers the Princess, innocently, she knows where the Samurai are hidden.

Now Zakkuri is eager to complete the bargain. He will do more for Yo-San than he has promised. He will free all ten of the Samurai—if she will tell him where he may find them. Yo-San refuses to take advantage of this offer until she sees Kara set free, though Zakkuri towers over her threateningly.

Now there is a blare of trumpets outside. Immediately a frightened servant throws himself prostrate before the War Lord. A messenger from the Emperor is approaching. The excitement doubles. Zakkuri humbly prostrates himself as the big doors swing open and four heralds precede the Emperor's Messenger, bearing a scroll, into the room. For a moment the Messenger stands without salutation.

“Receive the words of the Heaven-descended. Ruler of Everlast-

ing great Japan!" demands the First Herald.

Zakkuri humbly crawls on his knees to the Messenger and touches the scroll to his forehead.

"The sacred person of the Celestial One being threatened," reads the Messenger, "his servant Zakkuri is allowed no longer than the dusk hour of the morrow to fulfill his promise to find and kill these last ten under the two-sword edict."

A cry of pain and protest escapes Yo-San as she realizes Zakkuri's treachery to her. "These are the last words of the Heaven-born," intones the Herald. "What does the servant of the Heaven-descended One augustly forfeit if he fail?"

"His life," meekly answers Zakkuri.

When the Messenger and the heralds have gone, Zakkuri miserably throws himself upon the mercy of the War God, praying desperately for his life. Suddenly he turns again to Yo-San, who has reversed her obi and wiped the paint from her cheeks. "I will trade with you in a different way," pleads the War Lord.

"Lies! Lies!" cries Yo-San, seizing cymbals at the feet of the God and crashing them together. "Ojin Tenno, Ojin Tenno!" she shouts to the God. "A liar prays to you—do not listen!"

"Let him be deaf—I ask it—if the trading be not fair this time," pleads a desperate Zakkuri. From below comes the sound of a gong and the chanting of priests. Yo-San has sunk to her knees, her body swaying. "Tell me where his ten men are hidden and I give him back to you without so much as touching your most desired hand. It shall be much for nothing as you first wished. (*As she does not answer*) You do not know where those men are . . . you said that to deceive me . . . You lied! If you knew, you would not let him die—you could not."

"There was a moment of parting this morning, O Zakkuri, when I stood outcast," Yo-San is saying. "In all this world I had only that poor place of meeting put in my hand by Kara. In solemn parting I accepted that trust; I cannot betray it, I cannot kill his ten for one—even if that one be Kara . . . Gods, I do not know what to do . . . I do not know what to do."

Angrily Zakkuri strikes a gong and orders Kara brought in. The prisoner is pale and his eyes are bandaged. The death chant and the gong are still heard below. Zakkuri orders that the room shall be cleared of all save the coolie guards. Zakkuri takes the bandage from Kara's eyes. Kara is staring straight ahead into space, as though he saw all in a dream—

YO-SAN—Lord, I have made you die . . . I have dutifully remembered honor. Aie, turn to me, Lord! Say that you are glad

I made you die, that you wish to—to die. . . . (*She takes KARA's hand—it falls lifelessly to his side.*) What have you done to him? (*To KARA.*) Are you already dead?

ZAKKURI—He but sleeps . . . 'Tis nothing. We give them dreams that the awakening may be more terrible below. (*Points down through the open door in his platform.*) Shall he go down? (*As he makes a gesture, the coolies take KARA down the stairs, his feet guided by them. The trap-door is left open.*)

YO-SAN (*kneeling*)—O Kara, to your souls I pledge mine forever. . . . (*ZAKKURI raises his hand.*)

KUGO (*calling from below*)—In the name of the Emperor! (*ZAKKURI bows. It is evident that KARA is being tormented below, each time "In the name of the Emperor" is spoken.*)

ZAKKURI—His dreams are ending . . . He is awake now. (*To YO-SAN.*) Where are the ten enemies of the Emperor? Tell me and I will let Kara go free.

KUGO (*below*)—In the name of the Emperor! (*ZAKKURI bows.*)

ZAKKURI—Will you speak? I have sworn by Ojin Tenno, Kara shall never be retaken.

YO-SAN—Zakkuri!

KUGO (*below*)—In the name of the Emperor!

ZAKKURI (*bowing*)—Do you speak. (*He takes YO-SAN's hand and draws her to the open trap, forcing her to look down.*) It is not yet too late.

YO-SAN (*aghast at what she sees*)—Ah!

ZAKKURI (*calling*)—Again—

YO-SAN—No, no! . . . In the red bamboo forest by the Daimyo tombs. . . . (*Holds out the piece of parchment which KARA has given her.*) It is written here. (*ZAKKURI takes the parchment.*)

KUGO (*below*)—In the name of—

ZAKKURI—Wait, Kugo. (*He looks at the parchment, then calls so that KARA may hear.*) I considerably permit the outlaw Kara to go free. (*He shuts the trap-door. She takes the parchment from him, falls upon it wailing and beating herself with sounding blows.*) Sh!

YO-SAN—Kara, I have told . . . I have told.

The curtain falls.

ACT V

It is the dusk hour of the third day following. At the ruined shrine of the Goddess Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy, a fire burns under a torii bearing the legend: "Mercy to All Who Pass." A long flight of stone steps leads down the side of a steep mountain to the

shrine, and half way down a trail leads from a rock landing to the Bamboo Forest.

Bento and Nagoya, two of the nine Samurai present, are doing sentinel duty. Kara, tired and spent, is gazing abstractedly into the fire. So far there has been no sign of Banza, who is expected. The cry of the Chida bird signals the approach of someone, but it is not Banza. It is the Fox Woman, a weird person, "her clothing shrunken by rain and stained by contact with the earth." The Fox Woman is preceded by two Fox Men, who are playing reeds. She comes to greet the Samurai with great respect, and to bring them a silver carp for food. She comes also to tell them that for three nights the lordly woods have been restless, as though there were strangers in them.

The Samurai would belittle the old woman's fears, but she stands firm. "Daimyo," she says to Kara, "when one has entered Zakkuri's terrible house, it is better that he does not come back. Evil follows evil; vengeful spirits walk behind him." She has lighted papers in her lantern and thrown them away, as though to wave evil spirits away.

Now Banza has arrived. He is patriarchal and wears his armor over his priest's robe. He has come to lead the Samurai in prayer at the dusk hour. As each of the Samurai takes off his two swords and holds them aloft before the Goddess, Banza prays—

"August Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy: here assembled at the dusk hour we honorably ask as always that we, the last of the Samurai, may live for our swords and by our swords may die. Nembutsu, nembutsu."

Banza is troubled by what has happened. He has a feeling, too, that Kara's heart is troubled, that his thought is not with his followers; his soul is not in his sword, and his very pardon is shrouded in mystery. "Zakkuri never gave a life for nothing," ventures Banza.

Kara answers defensively: "I only know that my swords were thrust into my girdle, and a voice whispered: 'Go, but remember all must think you dead.' I tore the bandage from my eyes. I saw the sunlight suddenly. Every road was deserted as if by intention."

"Did you linger to see if any followed?"

"I lay an hour at the lantern of the Demon's Eye. No one passed. Then I took the false road."

"Clearly there was only one object—to find us all," says Banza; "and yet he did not follow."

"It is strange," agrees Nagoya. It is Nagoya who later concludes that the change that has come over Kara is traceable to but one

influence—that of a woman. Kara admits as much. The woman who is outcast because of him is every moment in his thought. He had bidden her, if he lived, to follow him there.

Immediately several of the Samurai rise in protest. They cannot be longer led by a Chief—and a woman. Without protest Kara surrenders his swords to Banza, but Banza would plead with the Samurai to consider what they are doing. There is not a heart among them that has not loved. "Some of our women are gone, weary with waiting; some dead by our enemies; but their spirits have ever led us to just revenge, even when our hearts have been heaviest. . . . The Daimyo is young. Youth will have its love, even as we had ours."

The Samurai are kneeling before the prostrated Kara, as though asking his pardon, when Yo-San appears on the path above them. A moment later Kara has seen her and she has fallen wearily into his arms. "Aie, she has come far for me," Kara tells them. "Samurai, the Princess of Tosan!" He introduces Yo-San to his friends and kneels beside her that she may rest her head against his body. Gratefully but reluctantly Yo-San yields to exhaustion, though still trying to rouse herself to warn them. "Kara, let us go away . . ." she says, weakly. "Go away beyond the west ocean . . . go away quickly." Then, changing, she adds: "No, Kara, it is too late!"

Kara is setting the watch for the night when little Sano, Nagoya's young son, who has been singing "that the lovely lady may have celestial dreams," suddenly snaps a string of his samisen and rolls down the steps dead. Zakkuri's musket men have found the Samurai.

Again Kara is the leader. He calls the Samurai together. They have fought before. They will fight again. But how did Zakkuri know? The parchment he had given Yo-San! Was that the price of his freedom? Were his friends to die that he might live?

"I did not know them. They were strangers. I knew you," wails Yo-San.

"Gods, did you not know honor?"

"I knew only you, Lord."

Bento has come to report that Zakkuri's men are everywhere. They advance slowly through the forest with their torches so that no Samurai can slip past them. Kara beats his breast with grief that this calamity has come upon the Samurai through him. Pitifully Yo-San drags herself to her lover and bares her throat that he may kill her. It is Banza who would stay his hand—

BANZA—Prince, it is not for us to give the punishment. Henceforth, under our laws and our gods, she is as one dead, for she has

betrayed to death lives entrusted to honor. Of those who sully honor it is written: none shall touch them, feed them, give them shelter. A death hour awaits them with none to see or hear . . . no gods—nothing. (*To KARA.*) Obey the law. (*KARA retreats, followed by the others. To YO-SAN.*) You stand alone.

YO-SAN—But not for long . . . I shall die and go to the lotus fields with him.

BANZA—Alas, you cannot, unhappy one.

YO-SAN—I cannot die . . . with him?

BANZA—Princess of Tosan, you are accursed. Kneel.

YO-SAN—I shall be separated from him?

BANZA (*opening his scroll of rites—NAGOYA holding the torch that she may see to read*)—Read what is written for those like you.

YO-SAN (*reading*)—"Before the betrayers of honor shall rise to the First White Heaven of Form, they"—Aie!

BANZA—Read.

YO-SAN—"They shall sink down into the darkness of wandering souls, for the gods hold them back from heaven—one thousand years."

BANZA (*as all drop to their knees with a faint murmur of horror*)—One thousand years. . . .

YO-SAN—Then I have thrown away this whole world to be with him . . . and I cannot . . . because there is a thing called honor. Aie! (*Wailing, she falls to the ground.*)

ZAKKURI'S VOICE (*at a distance*)—Samurai?

YO-SAN (*calling out*)—Ah, no, Zakkuri, no!

BANZA (*in a low voice*)—Zakkuri. . . .

ZAKKURI—Do you give up your swords? . . . Answer.

KARA (*raising his voice so that ZAKKURI will hear*)—Samurai: I look upon your faces for the last time.

YO-SAN—No, no, Kara!

KARA—There were forty-seven Ronin: like them we have but one word: honor. There were thirty of us . . . then ten . . . in a moment there will be none.

BANZA—But our names shall be whispered to the gods.

KARA—Are we satisfied?

ALL—We are satisfied. (*They kneel preparing for battle, putting on their helmets.*)

YO-SAN (*going to the steps*)—No, no, Zakkuri, take me.

ZAKKURI'S VOICE—Samurai, in the Emperor's name, your answer!

KARA—Gentlemen of Japan, we are making our last stand. Those who live can fight no more; wait for the end in the Bamboo Forest . . . as Samurai who die by their own swords. To those who do

not come, a happy, peaceful, glorious good-night. (*All salute and, with the exception of BANZA, file past KARA with drawn swords. They form a line up the steps, waiting for KARA to lead.*)

YO-SAN (*grasping KARA's cloak*)—Forgive me. . . .

KARA—I am a Samurai . . . (*He goes forward with BANZA, all following.*)

YO-SAN—Kara . . . Kara. . . .

She falls on the steps and lies in the darkness as the last battle of the Samurai is fought. The curtain falls.

In the Red Bamboo Forest the light of a red and full moon illumines the tryst of death. Kara is the first to come, spent and breathless. Throwing his armor on the ground he steadies himself with his sword and calls to know who is there. Nagoya, Korin and Tori—they are all the voices that answer. The rest are gone, and these can fight no longer.

"Then to us the honor of dying by our own swords," announces Kara. "We have prayed for it."

"Chieftain, I die . . . Sayonara . . ." The sound of a body in armor is heard to fall.

"Sayonara . . . I salute your soul as it passes," calls Kara.

Three times the call is sounded and the salute given. Kara has thrown aside his cloak and turned his back. In a second Yo-San is by his side. "Abjectly, Lord, I am here. Oh, reach me your hand. I love you. Let me slip by the judgment gods with you . . . in the dark."

KARA—You cannot.

YO-SAN—Let me be with you but one step of the way: I know it is forbidden but the gods may not see—they are so vast.

KARA—The gods are just. (*Still with no emotion, but raising his small sword.*) Sayonara.

YO-SAN—August Lord, before you take your life, wait but one minute—wait. (*Still not daring to touch him.*) I . . . I . . . Oh, I must suffer all these years of torments alone in the dark; but I do not care if at the end I shall see your face. . . . Whisper that you forgive; that you will wait for me at the edge of the First White Heaven beyond the Meido where I shall come to meet you pure and white . . . in one long thousand years.

KARA (*making a wound with his short sword, then holding out his arm*)—Yo-San, I can forgive . . . now. (*Takes her in his arms and falls.*) Gods . . . be gentle with her . . . remembering it was for love.

YO-SAN—But you will wait for me?

KARA (*lying in her arms, his face upturned*)—In the Meido, call my name . . . I shall be waiting . . . I shall be listening. Sayonara . . .

YO-SAN—Sayonara. . . . (*Then uplifting her head.*) From Nirvana, it is whispered to me: a thousand years in the sight of the gods are as one moment: are as a flash in the night upon Hakoné . . . Sayonara. . . .

She touches the hilt of her knife—raises it, looking upward, praying, her lips not moving. As the lights go out, her knife is heard to drop. The curtain falls.

The curtain has risen in darkness, “showing the Mountain of Shiede on the brink of the River of Souls. It is a ghostly black mountain over which a flush of fire comes and goes. A black restless river runs below it. The waters live and move, rising in human shapes, as souls float across and disappear. Presently the soul of Yo-San floats by and we hear Kara’s name called softly.”

YO-SAN—Kara, where are you . . . Kara, where are you? . . . It is a thousand years . . . Have you forgot? . . . Which is the way to the First White Heaven? . . . Kara . . . Kara . . .

Slowly the scene fades into that of “The First Celestial Heaven,” as the intermezzo is played. Now “only vague shadows are seen. The lower ones are dark, suggesting the border between the underworlds and the Celestial Heaven. Kara appears at the back, among the lighter shadows, waiting. His face is luminous, his arms outstretched. Yo-San, now in form, is seen drifting up toward him. With shining faces and arms outstretched, they meet.”

The music swells into a throb of ecstasy as the lovers ascend to the next Celestial Heaven.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN

A Comedy in Four Acts

BY GEORGE ADE

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN (222 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by George Ade. Produced by Henry W. Savage at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 24, 1903. Cast:

Jim Hackler.....	Maclyn Arbuckle
Elias Rigby.....	Charles Fisher
Wilson Prewitt.....	Harry Holman
Jefferson Briscoe.....	Edward Chapman
Vance Jimmison.....	J. Sydney Macy
Cal Barcus.....	Claude C. Boyer
Clabe Overton.....	Howard Cuyler
Lucy Rigby.....	Miriam Nesbitt
Mrs. Elias Rigby.....	Christine Blessing
"Chick" Elzey.....	Anna Buckley
Tillford Wheeler.....	Earle Brown
Riley Cleaver.....	Fred Bock
Jupiter Pettaway.....	George Ricketts
Eck Millbury.....	W. J. Gross
Joe Whittaker.....	E. R. Phillips
"Chub" Tolliver.....	Fred Santley
Amos Whitney.....	Roy Richards
Dawson Montgomery.....	John J. Meehan
Lorena Watkins.....	Grace Fisher
Tilly.....	Nina Ainscoe
Sassafras Livingstone.....	Willis P. Sweatnam
Mrs. Jefferson Briscoe.....	Rose Beaudet

Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burridge.

This play closed June 4, 1904, for the summer, reopening at this same theatre, September 1, 1904, for an additional 44 performances.

"The County Chairman" served Mr. Arbuckle as a vehicle until 1907.

For revival see "The Best Plays of 1935-1936," page 507.

ONE of the theatre's great tragedies, the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago on December 30, 1903, added an expanding note of depression to the theatre season of 1903-04. There were 602 lives lost in that fire. For weeks there was no theatre at all

in Chicago. The authorities debated at length the question of proper protections to be installed in all theatres to meet the possibility of a recurrence of such a disaster. Families and friends of the fire's victims slowly recovered emotionally from the shock.

The effect of the tragedy became nation-wide in scope, and the existence of asbestos fire curtains in all theatres today, nearly forty years after the burning of the Iroquois, is still a visual reminder of that calamity.

George Ade's "The County Chairman" was being played in New York at Wallack's Theatre that season. It had been brought on from Chicago, where it was first tried in September, 1903, and began a run at Wallack's that lasted for 222 performances. It was Mr. Ade's first attempt at writing "straight" comedy, after a successful experience with two musical comedies, "The Sultan of Sulu" and "Peggy from Paris."

The competition in New York that season was represented by "The Girl from Kay's," with Sam Bernard, at the Herald Square Theatre; Victor Herbert's and Glen MacDonough's "Babes in Toyland," which had succeeded the successful "Wizard of Oz" at the Grand Opera House in Chicago the summer of 1903 and been brought on for a New York run in November; "Sweet Kitty Belairs," David Belasco's production of the season, with Henrietta Crossman; one of the earlier crook plays, "Raffles," the story of a gentleman thief suavely impersonated by the handsome Kyrle Bellow; Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," with Eleanor Robson, and Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," with William Gillette.

"Whoop-de-doo" was the current riot at the Weber and Fields Music Hall. George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" had been brought out of the library by Arnold Daly and Dorothy Donnelly and had proved one of the minor but most talked about successes of the season. The beauteous Maxine Elliott was playing Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way." Raymond Hitchcock was a comedy success in Henry Blossom's and Alfred Robyn's "The Yankee Consul." Maude Adams, the greatly beloved, was toying with "The Pretty Sister of Jose," having for her leading man one commonly called "the handsomest actor in England," Henry Ainley.

Clara Bloodgood was touring in Fitch's "The Girl with the Green Eyes" that season. William Hawtrey was over from England with "The Man from Blankley's" and Marie Tempest with "The Marriage of Kitty." Richard Mansfield was playing "Old Heidelberg" and Blanche Bates "The Darling of the Gods" and "Madame Butterfly." Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller were weeping into their wine in a revival of "Camille," Wilton Lackaye was starring in "The Pit" and a handsome newcomer named Dustin Farnum was

ruling the prairies in a stage Western, Owen Wister's "The Virginian."

Yes, there was plenty of competition for "The County Chairman" in 1903-04, but, as Ade was recalling in 1936, when the Players Club of New York revived the comedy (with Charles Coburn in the role of Jim Hackler), his favorite political satire stood up amazingly the season through. A simple play it was, but completely representative of the period.

The first scene of "The County Chairman" is played in front of Vance Jimmison's General Store, which faces Main Street in the village of Antioch. Antioch is the county seat of Jefferson County and proud of the honor, though nothing much has ever been done about it. There is a wide porch in front of the store, a couple of steps leading up from the sidewalk below, a pump and watering trough just off one end and a widespreading shade tree surrounded by a bench off the other.

This August afternoon in the early eighties the porch is fairly littered with unpacked merchandise and an assortment of natives. The merchandise is mostly in boxes, barrels and crates. The natives are in country dress and there are few coats in sight. It is a hot, lazy day and the loungers have made themselves as comfortable as possible. One is playing a harmonica after a fashion. One has come with a jug to be filled at the pump. They're digging a well at his place, but they haven't got down more'n thirty feet.

Conversation is spasmodic and unimportant. Seeing there is a convention going on over at Boggsdale there is a touch of politics in the air. Jefferson Briscoe, the most aggressive of the store porch orators, is convinced something will have to be done with Great Britain over the Behrin' Sea business, and probably there'll have to be fightin' in it.

"As usual they're talkin' compromise and arbitration," reports Briscoe, giving an angry flip to the newspaper he has been reading. "Arbitration nothin'! We've licked 'em twice an' sure as my name's Jefferson Briscoe, we'll have to do it again."

"Jeff, where is this Behrin' Sea?" Uncle Eck, a village ancient sitting on a bench by the tree, wants to know.

"Don't make no difference where it is," snaps Briscoe, after a pause that starts a titter with the others. "The question is, air we, the greatest and most powerful nation on earth, goin' to set back and be bully-ragged an' horn-swoggled by some Jim Crow island that looks, by ginger, like a freckle on the ocean! If they had any backbone at Washington—"

At which point young Chub, a village boy, reports that he can see Mrs. Briscoe comin' down the street and Mr. Briscoe decides

that he doesn't want to have any words with his wife before a crowd of men. He has disappeared when Mrs. Briscoe arrives. She had sent Jeff for a package of corn starch an hour ago, and now she has had to come for it herself. When they laugh at that she is quick to tell them that they aren't any of them any better than Jeff—just a pack of loafers.

Amos Whitney—one of the lankier Whitneys—has ridden in on an old-fashioned high-wheel bicycle, and that is pretty exciting. His is the first of these crazy contraptions that has been seen in Antioch. The crowd thinks Amos ought to set 'em up on the strength of the new wheel. Amos is willing. . . .

Judge Rigby, a prosperous, aggressive type, has come over to hear what news there is from the convention. There doesn't seem to be any. Jupiter Pettaway has heard that the delegates are clinched in a three-cornered deadlock, with everybody hangin' on like grim death, but that's all. Nothing like a deadlock worries the Judge. He just was wondering who he'd have to beat. Which reminds him that Chick Elzey may be approached later. Chick, an awkward but pretty child, is the village orphan who lives with the Briscoes—

"By the way, Chick, now that I'm a candidate ag'in," says the Judge, "I suppose Jim Hackler and his crowd will be out with the usual pack of lies. If they come round you askin' any questions about me, don't you talk to them. I'm your lawyer and your guardeen and I'll look after your property."

"Yes, sir," meekly answers the awed Chick.

"Property! Didn't know there was any!" Jupiter Pettaway is surprised.

"What there was just about paid the claims, and the—"

"Lawyer's fees?"

"Yes, sir—the legal fees," snaps Rigby, disappearing in the store.

"My, but he's smart, ain't he?" Chick is awfully impressed.

"Any man that can make money in Antioch *has* to be smart," Jupiter assures her. . . .

Rigby and Briscoe are still anxious about what is happening at the convention. Rigby doesn't think it matters much who the opposition puts up—they won't be able to overcome three hundred majority. Not even in an off year, with side issues, and Jim Hackler doing everything he can to get the Rigby scalp.

Sassafras Livingstone, "a touch of local color," would also put in his word of encouragement. "Judge Rigby, suh, I'm foh you," announces Sassafras, shuffling up to Rigby and Briscoe. "People come round askin' who you all goin' to vote foh persecuting attorney. I say Judge 'Lias Rigby. No need to offeh me no money to vote for no one else 'cause I knows who my frien's is. I say, 'I kin go to

Judge Rigby any ole time an' git *anything* I want.'"

Sassafras has got around to the business that has brought him to the store. He has three dozen eggs he would like to offer in trade to Mr. Jimmison. If it's true, as Jimmison says, there are some duck eggs among them—that ain't nobody's business. Sassafras can't help it if ducks do come over to his yahd to lay their eggs.

The crowd has come out of the store, most of them puffing the Whitney set-up seegars. Politics is again in the air. Joseph Whitaker, a drummer traveling for the S. W. Jenkins Duplex Wind Pump Company, is looking for Jim Hackler. Hackler, they tell him, wouldn't be interested because he doesn't own any farms— "But he comes pretty near ownin' his party," pipes up Jupiter Pettaway. That sets Jeff Briscoe off—

"Jupiter Pettaway, you made a statement here a few minutes ago that Judge Rigby was afraid of Jim Hackler in this fight," says Jeff.

"Maybe not afraid, but he's a little worried, and he'd better be. Jim's put on three kinds of war paint."

"Why, sir, we have got in Jefferson County a clean majority of three hundred—ain't we?"

"You've got about three hundred. I don't know how *clean* it is."

"And what's more, Jupiter Pettaway, we have got the organization. I have devoted a good deal of thought to the situation here, in Jefferson County, and I tell you that, just as sure as the sun comes up tomorrow mornin' Judge Rigby's goin' to be the next Prosecutin' Attorney of Jefferson County, an' I'll tell you why—" Mrs. Briscoe enters quickly.

"Jefferson!" Mrs. Briscoe's tone is firm and commanding.

"I—I—was just startin'," explains Briscoe, nervously.

"You stop runnin' the government for a few minutes an' go home an' split some wood."

"Now, now, don't get excited. I had so much to do all afternoon, I couldn't git home any sooner—"

"Git!"

"I'm gittin'—I'm gittin'—" Mr. Briscoe has disappeared.

"Enough lazy lummoxes settin' 'round this store every day to git out an' work a section of land," concludes Mrs. Briscoe, with a flirt of her skirt, as she leaves them.

"I never *did* like that woman," allows Uncle Eck. . . .

Cal Barcus, the station agent, is looking for Tillford Wheeler. He's got a telegram he'd like to give him. Interestin' telegram, too. But Tillford has gone to the school picnic with Lucy Rigby— That's news that causes Cal Barcus to scratch his head and smile broadly. "Well, if that don't beat all!" ejaculates Cal. But he

won't tell the rest of 'em what he's thinking about. They'll find out soon enough. . . .

Whittaker, the drummer, has met Lorena Watkins, the village milliner, in Jimmison's store. They come out now, walking very close together, Whittaker evidently in the midst of an interesting description.

"It must be grand, Mr.—Mr. Williamson—"

"Whittaker—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Whittaker. You see, I meet so many traveling gentlemen. It must be perfectly grand!"

"It's wonderful, Miss Watkins. They've got these silver dollars right in the floor and looking glasses all over the walls."

"Oh, it has been the ambition of my life to see Chicago."

"It's the grandest city in the world! We're crawling up on St. Louis every day."

"It must be superb. Just think of it, buildings six stories high! I've had so many traveling gentlemen tell me about it. Do you know, I love drummers—oh, I simply adore drummers! They're so much more refined than most of the men around here."

"Well, any time you come to Chicago, you let me know and I'll meet you at the train."

"I'm just crazy to go. I've been as far as St. Joe."

Lorena has left them. She thinks perhaps she will be walking past the Commercial House later in the evening—if Mr. Weinberg—Mr. Whittaker—is stopping there.

Sassafras Livingstone also picks up an interest in Mr. Whittaker. He reminds Sassafras very much of another gentleman who had traveled through Antioch about a month before. That gentleman was representing a clothing establishment and he gave Sassafras a coat—a lavender coat. If he could get a vest and pants—

"You don't have anythin' to do with a clo—with a clothin' hou—with a clothin' establishment, do you?" Sassafras would know.

"No, I'm selling windmills," explains Whittaker, with a laugh the crowd takes up.

"I don't know what I could do with a windmill," drawls Sassafras. Then he has a new thought. "You know, suh, that when a strangeh comes around these parts, anticipatin' to do business, he's gen'ally expected to set 'em up."

"To set 'em up, eh?" Whittaker scans the faces of the waiting crowd. "Well, there's nothing cheap about me. Come on, boys." He leads them into the store. . . .

The five-thirty gets in, with a good deal of clatter down by the station, and Jim Hackler is on her. Jim is a big man, full of good-natured bluster and bursting in a dignified way with amiability.

He comes striding into the space in front of Vance Jimmison's store talking vigorously with Wilson Prewitt. He is almost completely surrounded by admiring and wildly questioning natives. When he gets to the tree he motions the crowd to silence—

"Now, now—don't everybody talk at once and I'll tell you all about it," Jim promises them. The crowd quiets down quickly and falls into a variety of listening positions. "Didn't he git my telegrams?"

"Didn't who?" asks Jupiter Pettaway.

HACKLER—Tillford.

PETTAWAY (*surprised*)—Tillford?

HACKLER—Yes. We nominated the boy today. (*Crowd surprised.*)

PETTAWAY—Against Judge Rigby?

HACKLER—I believe that's the name of the opposition candidate? (*With a smile for WILSON PREWITT.*)

BRISCOE—Is that so, Jim Hackler?

HACKLER—Well, you can ask Mr. Prewitt here—he's an editor, an' wouldn't deceive you for the world.

BRISCOE—Guess I'll go an' notify the Judge.

HACKLER—That's right. Fly on the wings of love. (*All laugh.*)

PETTAWAY—How did you work it, Jim?

HACKLER (*going to pump*)—Didn't *have* to work it. (*Takes cup from pump and uses it to emphasize words.*) Whenever destiny comes along an' taps a man on the shoulder, an' says, "Tag, you're it," it's no time for poor weak mortals to interfere. (*Pumps up cup of water, drinks, empties rest of water in trough, hangs cup up on pump.*)

PREWITT—Destiny had something to do with it—but I guess you had something to do with it, too.

HACKLER—No, sir. I believe in the office seeking the man.

CLEAVER—Yes, and you generally have the man right there when the office comes along.

HACKLER—Well, I try to make the supply equal the demand. That's political economy.

JIMMISON—Lively convention, Jim?

HACKLER—Middlin'. (*Sits by tree.*) Couple of fights.

JIMMISON—Well, come tell us about it.

ALL—Yes, go on, tell us, etc.

HACKLER—Well, there ain't much to tell, boys. Convention got together about ten o'clock. We agreed on a harmony program, an' then started in to fight. (*Crowd amused.*) First ballot about noon. Pomeroy, 38—Jackson, 35—Hackler, 20.

CLEAVER—Didn't know you was a candidate.

HACKLER—Wasn't. Few of my friends insisted on votin' for me, an' it happened that I got just enough to keep Jackson and Pomeroy from knockin' the persimmon. (*Crowd amused.*) Second ballot the same—third ballot, no change. It run along that way fer ten ballots, fifteen ballots, twenty—twenty-five—thirty—everybody tired an' hot, an' hungry, but too all-fired stubborn to give in. Nearly four o'clock, nothin' to eat since mornin', wouldn't adjourn—farmers ready to start home, an' I judged the deadlock couldn't last much longer—just about time to trot out a dark horse. An' it come to me like a flash—Tillford Wheeler! So when old Foghorn Perkins come over to me an' says, "Jim, we need a compromise candidate," well, we touched off the fireworks. There was an explosion, a stampede, an' a hurrah. An' when the dust cleared away, Tillford Wheeler had 78 votes—Tillford Wheeler nominated!

CLEAVER—Then what did you do?

HACKLER—Who, me?

CLEAVER—Yes, you.

HACKLER—Why, I took the five-thirty train home. (*General amusement.*)

CLEAVER—And do you think you can overcome three hundred majority?

HACKLER—Well, we'll do the best we can. You know what Bill says?

CLEAVER (*sneeringly*)—Bill who?

HACKLER (*looking at him in amazement and disgust*)—Bill who? Bill Shakespeare! Bill says, "Whoever does the best he can under the circumstances, does well, acts nobly; angels couldn't lay over that, very much." But where in thunder is the people's choice? Soon as he was nominated I rushed out an' sent him a telegram.

PETTAWAY—He didn't git it. He's out to a school picnic.

Jim is both surprised and amused when they tell him that Tillford Wheeler has gone to the school picnic with Lucy Rigby. Seems like everybody had noticed how things were going in that direction except Hackler, who was supposed to know everything that happened in Antioch. Even Sassafras had been watching the romance interestedly. But now Sassafras is ready to turn again to politics. He would have Mr. Hackler know that he, Sassafras, certainly can be counted on—

"If anybody comes round to me, offehin' to pay me to vote foh somebody else, I'll say, no, suh, I'm foh Wheeler. By the way, Mr. Hackleh, suh—"

"It's com'n' fast." Jim has winked at the crowd.

"Mr. Hackleh, I s'pose you knows how we gen'rally stahts off a campaign."

"I was expectin' this," agrees Jim, heartily. "Come on, boys, have a cigar on me—an' the new candidate. You Rigby fellows, too," he adds, as the crowd troops into the store. . . .

Now the school picnic comes marching home. There are about twenty children, walking two and two. In front of the store they break ranks and rush the pump. Everybody wants a drink and wants it in a hurry. Mrs. Rigby does what she can to preserve order. At the end of the line come Tillford Wheeler and Lucy Rigby, he, a stalwart young man carrying a lunch basket; she, a pretty girl with a small basket of flowers. They are having a great time, talking and laughing. It has been a wonderful day for everybody.

Now the children have been dismissed and are scattering toward their homes. Chub hangs back for a minute. He has something to say. "Say, I seen you and her out there today," he blurts, facing Wheeler. "But it's all right. I won't tell nobody." With that he is off.

Lucy and Tillford absorb their embarrassment. Mrs. Rigby is waiting for Lucy to come home with her when Tillford, at Lucy's urging, decides to speak—

"Mrs. Rigby, I know this is hardly the time or place," he begins, shakily; "but you know, I don't feel like coming to your house on account of the old trouble between the Judge and Jim Hackler."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wheeler, that politics should keep friends apart, but you know the Judge."

"Yes, I *do* know the Judge. That's why I'm worried. You see, Mrs. Rigby, I—I—"

"Yes?" Mrs. Rigby tries to be encouraging.

"Well, you see—the fact of the matter is—I—that is— Oh, Lucy, I guess you'd better tell her—"

"Why, Tillford, and you are a lawyer—making speeches every day—"

As it happens nobody has to tell Mrs. Rigby. She has guessed.

LUCY (to MRS. RIGBY)—I know that father doesn't like him very well because he's Jim Hackler's partner, and I know he's poor— (WHEELER *a bit embarrassed*.) But I don't care—when he came to me today and said what he did he made me the happiest girl in Antioch, and I'm going to marry him— (*Turns and gives hands to WHEELER*)—unless he changes his mind.

WHEELER—No danger of that.

MRS. RIGBY—Mr. Wheeler—if you were not Jim Hackler's law

partner, I'm sure the Judge—

WHEELER—I'm not making apologies for Jim, Mrs. Rigby.

MRS. RIGBY (*giving hand to him*)—Well, I'll speak to the Judge this evening. Good-by, Tillford.

LUCY (*delighted*)—She called you Tillford. That's the first time—

WHEELER (*enthusiastically*)—Lucy, your mother is a brick.

LUCY—And father—

WHEELER—Well, any man with a wife like that would naturally absorb a few virtues.

LUCY (*laughingly*)—Tillford, I know it's wrong, but I don't feel a bit like a dignified school-ma'am. I'd like to jump up and down and holler.

WHEELER (*sitting on edge of trough*)—Then do it. I feel the same way. Lucy, when shall it be? Next week?

LUCY—Next week! Oh, I've promised to take the school for another year.

WHEELER—But I don't want you to teach school any more. I want you to have a home of your own—and a hired girl to do the work.

LUCY—Look out, Tillford. Don't build castles in the air.

WHEELER—Not at all. I've picked out the house—the old Williams place.

LUCY—The old Williams place? Oh, it's lovely! Why, it has a bay window!

WHEELER—Little run down, but I can fix it up. It has trees all round, and flowers in the front yard—a good stable—we can keep a horse.

LUCY (*greatly delighted*)—Oh, Tillford—trees, flowers, a horse—and you! (*Tenderly.*)

WHEELER (*ruefully*)—A horse—and me?

LUCY—No, no, no! You, you, you!

WHEELER (*taking her hands*)—Lucy!

It is Sassafras Livingstone who is the first to congratulate them. Sassafras has known all the time. So's everybody else. Now the crowd has come from the store and Tillford hears what the convention has done to him.

The fact that he wasn't a candidate doesn't seem to have had anything to do with it. Jim Hackler decided he knew what the sovereign voters wanted and gave it to them. Lucy Rigby is amazed. Tillford, nominated against her father!

“Well, somebody had to be nominated against father,” Hackler

reminds her. And to Wheeler he adds: "Till, I wanted to make Lucy proud of you."

Rigby and the Briscoes have arrived. Rigby is pretty mad. This is more of Jim Hackler's work. And a tricky thing for young Wheeler to do. He is even mad at Lucy for being there in a crowd of men talking politics, and sends her home.

"Jim Hackler, you've played a good many tricks on me in the past twenty years," explodes Rigby, "and I reckon this will turn out the same as the rest."

"Look here, Judge Rigby," interposes Tillford; "I want to set myself square in this business."

"Hold on, you're a candidate now. Don't talk too much." Hackler has laid a warning hand on Wheeler's arm.

"Whatever I've got to say, Mr. Wheeler, I'll say to the voters of Jefferson County. If you want to go in with Jim Hackler in this fight against me, I'll give you all the fight you're lookin' for!"

"Judge!"

"Keep cool—keep cool!" advises Hackler. "Don't mind what he says. He's been talkin' that way for twenty years."

Rigby has gone. The crowd has disappeared in the store. Sas-safras is trying to make a dicker with Vance Jimmison to trade in his campaign cigars.

Presently Hackler and Tillford Wheeler find themselves alone. Tillford is of a mind to protest what Jim has done. It was well intended, but how can he (Wheeler) run against Rigby when he wants to marry his daughter? "If I make this fight against Rigby I'll lose her," protests Tillford.

HACKLER—Well, my experience has been that a woman, if she's any good, don't fall in love with a quitter. (WHEELER *looks at him*. HACKLER *shakes his head decidedly*. WHEELER *drops his eyes*.) You know what our old friend Bill says. Bill says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken on the jump, leads on to fortune. But if you don' git aboard at the right minute you're liable to be a dead card all the rest of your life." Now, Tillford, brace up. (*Slaps him on shoulder*.) We nominated you today because we believed you're the man that can beat Rigby. Think of the possibilities. If you make a record as Prosecutin' Attorney, you can be a State Senator in four years. You can go to Congress after that, and I bet before I die I'll be calling you Governor Wheeler, and Lucy'll be boss of the Executive Mansion.

WHEELER—But we can't beat Rigby in this county.

HACKLER (*going to him*)—Tut, tut, my boy! That's no way for a candidate to talk. You want to claim everything. We *can*

defeat Rigby, and we will. And I'll tell you why. He's the guardian of this Elzey girl that works over at Briscoe's boardin' house. Her father was Bill Elzey—fought in our home company. Here last Spring, her grandfather died, over in Illinois, and it was supposed there'd be some property comin' to the girl. Rigby went over there to see what he could git for her. He never brought back a cent, but I've got it straight that she's entitled to about three thousand dollars. Now, if we can prove that he's holdin' back property belongin' to Bill Elzey's girl, I think we can get the soldier vote.

WHEELER—That's a cheerful prospect! Go out and denounce your future father-in-law as a thief!

HACKLER—You're not marryin' the whole family. Besides I'll do all the fighting. I'd get up before breakfast any morning to fight that man. Now you go on the stump, an' do the spread eagle business, and I'll put on my gum shoes and go on a still hunt, and when "the frost is on the punkin an' the fodder's in the shock," as Bill says—

WHEELER (*looking straight in front of him*)—No, no, that isn't Bill. That's that young fellow Riley—over at Greenfield.

HACKLER—Well, I knew it was *some* good man. Anyway, when November comes, we'll have Mr. Rigby's hide nailed to the fence.

Jim has gone into the store to trade in his campaign cigars for some he can smoke. Lucy Rigby comes hurriedly and timidly into the square. She has come to report her father furious. He has ordered her neither to see nor speak to Tillford again. But—Lucy has given Tillford her promise. She'll stick to that. Tillford is sure she will never regret it. He is bound in honor to make the fight against her father, but he will not permit it to become personal. "I'll leave him alone because we *must* be friends sooner or later," promises Tillford.

"Thank you, Tillford." Lucy has taken his hand and shaken it vigorously. "I just wanted you to know I haven't changed my mind."

Lucy has gone and Tillford is standing dejectedly by the pump when Jim Hackler, who has been watching from the porch, comes down and puts his hand on young Wheeler's shoulder.

"Don't you worry, Tillford. We'll git you the office."

"I'm not thinking of the office."

"Oh, I understand. Well, we'll git you the girl, too."

"Jim has handed Tillford one of his *good* cigars and is helping him light it." The curtain falls.

ACT II

Judge Rigby has come to inspect the preparations for his campaign meeting in Court House Square. Several men are hammering vigorously on the speakers' platform, which is just about finished. The stand is liberally decorated with flags and bunting and there are scattered groups of citizens gathering.

It is not a particularly good time for Judge Rigby to appear. Jupiter Pettaway is just completing collections for the band. They want to buy uniforms, and they'd like to put the Judge down for something. The Judge is willing—but— Taxes are high and collections slow. Two dollars is about as high as he can go. Which does not impress Jupiter greatly.

Jeff Briscoe has a report on the campaign. "The boy seems to be makin' a favorable impression everywhere he goes," Jeff tells Rigby; "and besides it's an off year. But I don't *think* they can lick you."

"This upstart!" The Judge is pretty sore. "Just out of a law school, and me a property-holder—pay more taxes than anybody else in the township—been in business here ever since the war."

Riley Cleaver has arrived with another campaign suggestion. "Judge—Wilson was out in Purvis township yesterday. He says Hackler has been doin' some smooth work out there, tellin' how this boy worked his way through college, at the same time lettin' them know that you deal in chattel mortgages. It's time to go after Hackler."

"Time to leave him alone, I think," warns Briscoe.

"Why don't you challenge Wheeler to a debate?" suggests Cleaver.

"Don't you do it," advises Briscoe. "When he gets started he's a regular Dan Voorhees. He kin charm a bird out of a tree."

"He's a fool—but he *can* talk," the Judge admits.

"Yes, but he won't accept no challenge," persists Cleaver. "I've got it straight. He told Vance Jimmison that he'd promised not to cross swords with you in this fight."

"Who did he promise? Not Hackler?"

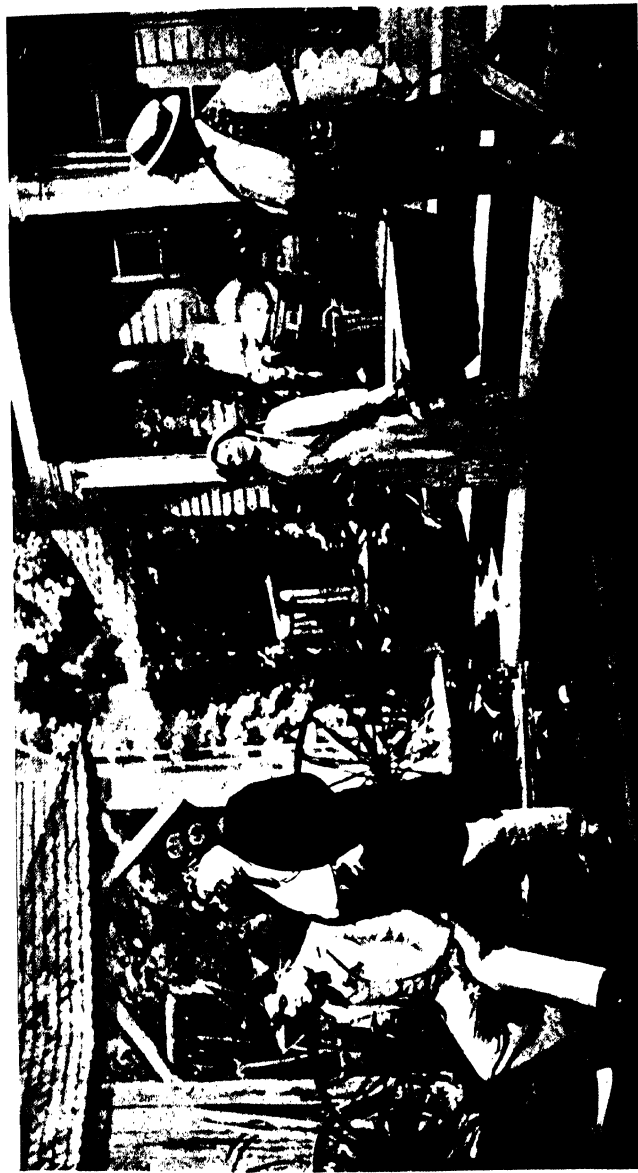
"I guess you ain't very bright. He promised Lucy."

"Lucy?"

"Everybody says the reason he don't open up on you in his speeches is that he is kind o'—a—well, he thinks he'll be your son-in-law some day," adds Briscoe.

"And do you think I'd let my daughter marry Jim Hackler's side partner?"

"That ain't the point. He's fixed so that he don't dare come out in the open and fight you. Now your play is to challenge him,



Garrison P. Sherwood Collection, Museum City of New York.

“THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN”

Tilford—If I make this fight against Rigby, I'll lose Lucy.
Hackler—Well, my experience has been that a woman, if she's any good, don't fall in love with a quitter.

(Earl Browne, MacLynn Arbuckle, Anna Buckle, George Ricketts)

and make all the capital we can out of it."

"That's the politics of it—sure as you're a foot high."

"My idea is to go over to the office, fix up a challenge and spring it on him today."

"He's right, Judge," agrees Briscoe. "Come on." And the Judge goes. Or would have gone if Sassafras Livingstone hadn't appeared to stop him. Sassafras has news. There has been a birth at his house. Another little chocolate drop has entered the Livingstone family circle. And is he smart?

"Two days ol' an' he undehstands eve'thing you say to him," reports Sassafras. "I spoke to him this mornin'. I said 'L R, L R' and he looked up."

"What's his name?"

"L. R. Livingstone is the appellation—the cognomen—the name—L. R. 'Lias Rigby Livingstone is the name selected—chosen—I mean—yes, suh."

"Named him after me, did you?"

"Yes, suh—I—I said to Miss Ethel—that's my wife—I said to her, Ethel, Judge Rigby cert'nly will be gratified, that is, he will be pleased to—"

"Well, of course, Sass, I appreciate the honor."

"Yes, suh."

"You come over to my house tomorrow and I'll give you a job rakin' leaves," says the Judge, taking his watch from his pocket and noting the time.

"Shall I bring my own rake?" Sassafras calls after him, as he leaves.

The crowd begins to gather. Chick Elzey and Jupiter Pettaway have brought a heavy lunch basket. They's like to have Sassafras watch it until dinner time, but Sassafras is going to be pretty busy with his own affairs, or was, until he gets a sniff of fried chicken in the basket. Then he thinks maybe he can oblige.

Lorena Watkins, the milliner, has brought Mr. Whittaker, the drummer, and Mr. Whittaker has brought a copy of a new song, "Mollie Darling." Lorena is charmed with the words—"Do you love me, Mollie darling? Put your little hand in mine." But Mr. Whittaker doesn't sing it very well. Lorena thinks she had better go right home and pick it out on the melodeon. . . .

Jim Hackler wanders over. He has been trying to elude a delegate looking for campaign funds. Interesting to run away from his friends and find he has fallen right into the hands of the enemy. Including Mrs. Judge Rigby. But she isn't to be included in the fight, Hackler promises. "Mrs. Rigby, I've heaved a good many brickbats over in your direction lately, but none of them was meant

for you—or Lucy,” he assures her.

Mrs. Rigby understands and is friendly. She even lets Jim help her thread a needle, he being handy that way, after years of being a bachelor. “Bill’s right,” observes Jim, fussing with the needle. “He says, ‘It’s easier for a rich man to get into heaven than for a politician to go through the eye of a needle.’ Now, the special election this year is a god-send. It gives the people something to talk about. It gives Cleaver and Prewitt something to put in their papers. . . . Politics—why, we couldn’t git along without ‘em.”

“Jim, you’re always joking.”

“Well, I don’t mean to. Candidly speaking, I’ll tell you how the land lays. Now I don’t want to do anything to hurt your feelings. There was a time, some twenty years ago, when we was good friends. Mighty good friends— But you was fortunate. You picked out a money-makin’ business man, while I, up to date, have traveled alone, and have managed by perseverance to accumulate about two suits of clothes and some law books. But, for old time’s sake, I’d hate to make any trouble for you, and, of course, I’d hate to do anything that’d spoil Tillford’s chances with Lucy.”

There are other consequences following upon Hackler’s visit to the camp of the enemy. Jupiter Pettaway mentions the subscription for the new band uniforms. Hackler only has eleven dollars. The band boys get ten. He holds out one for an emergency. The emergency arrives shortly in the person of Sassafras Livingstone.

“Mr. Hackleh, I s’pose of co’se you have come in contact with the rumoh that we have anotheh child—anotheh baby—anotheh infant at ouah house,” begins Sassafras.

“Boy or girl?”

“Boy—male—” Sassafras is momentarily confused. “Male boy—” he finally concludes, giggling.

“Look here! How many does that make this year?”

“That’s the only boy.”

“Named him yet?”

“Have we *named* him yet? I reckon we have, suh. J. H. is what we called him—J. H. Livingstone.”

“J. H.?”

“Jim Hackleh Livingstone is what we decided on.”

Jim has gone into his pocket. “I knew I’d need that dollar,” he says, handing it over. . . .

Lucy Rigby has managed to elude her family and appears suddenly on the speakers’ platform. Tillford Wheeler, with Jim Hackler’s help, has got away from Uncle Eck and several other admirers and is thrilled when she calls to him in a stage whisper. He rushes back and is shaking her hand eagerly—

“What would people say if they knew that I was actually talking to Tillford Wheeler—the monster who represents the opposition?”

“By George! I’m a disreputable character. I didn’t know I had a past until I went into politics. I passed your father on the street this morning and he didn’t speak to me.”

“Father takes politics very seriously.”

“Well, I think he’d better, with Jim Hackler camping on his trail.”

“Oh, you men!” protests Lucy, half seriously, half laughingly, but with ardor. “You laugh at the follies of gossiping women—you are superior creatures. And yet, what could be more childish than the petty jealousies, the cheap intrigues and the low trickeries of your politics. That’s why women don’t want to vote. They couldn’t come down to your level.”

“Phew! Well, I’m glad you’re not making stump speeches against me.”

Riley Cleaver has arrived with the challenge for debate. Tillford reads it carefully—

“I hereby challenge you to meet me in a joint debate under such conditions as may be determined by the two campaign committees. Signed, Elias Rigby.”

“Mr. Cleaver, you should not have done this,” protests Lucy, coming down to stand beside Tillford.

“The Committee thought it advisable.”

“Say to Judge Rigby for me that I prefer not to make this a personal fight.” Wheeler’s answer is firm.

“Then I take it, sir, that you decline the challenge?” There is the trace of a sneer in the Cleaver voice.

“I suppose it amounts to that.”

“I’ll tell him so.”

“Tillford, I’m afraid you’re making a big sacrifice on my account,” says Lucy, immediately Cleaver has gone. “Now they’ll say you’re *afraid* to meet father.”

“Lucy, I’m getting to the point where I don’t care much what they do say,” answers Tillford, putting his arm around her. “I can afford to lose this election, but I don’t believe I can afford to lose you. There’ll be other elections other years, but for me there’ll never be another girl like you.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m positive.”

“Tillford,” says Lucy, gently, “you’ve kept your word with me and I’ll keep my word with you, no matter what father says.”

He looks swiftly around and then kisses her. Nobody sees—that

is, nobody except Chub. But again he promises not to tell—and collects a dime. . . .

Jim Hackler hears about the challenge to debate and young Wheeler's answer a moment later. He is mad enough to fight, even though he knows Tillford's reasons for his action. The reasons are all right, but "you can't fight with boxin' gloves when the other fellow is using a meat ax!"

"Well, this is my campaign," says Wheeler.

"*Your* campaign! That's a good one. Why, who are you?" Jim wants to know. "You are only the candidate! Your cue is to lay low and follow instructions. . . . You stay here and hear what Rigby's got to say, and maybe you'll change your mind."

The music of a fife and drum corps has been growing louder. Shortly the head of a procession appears. There is a large group of school children in white and blue sashes, carrying flags with the names of the states on them. Judge Rigby, Riley Cleaver, Uncle Eck and Sassafras Livingstone follow and go up on the platform.

A Rigby Campaign Club follows in costume, carrying banners reading: "Wheeler is Owned by Hackler!" "Down with Boss Rule!" "We Want a Man, Not a Kid!" A group of women, including Mrs. Rigby, Lucy, Lorena Watkins and Mrs. Briscoe, is followed by Whittaker, who would set up his stand and sell a windmill if they'd let him.

The Elias Rigby Glee Club sings. "That ought to make us a few votes," suggests Jim Hackler. As an encore Sassafras volunteers a couple of verses of "Baby Mine"—

"He's honest, tried and true,
He's the man foh me an' you,
An' *perhaps* he'll be elected—"

"*Perhaps* he'll be elected!" shouts Jeff Briscoe, stopping Sassafras.

"Well, you can't sometimes always tell."

"*Perhaps!* Who wrote that song?"

"Jim Hackleh!"

A small riot follows, with Briscoe trying to murder Sassafras. Order is finally restored by Chairman Cleaver. "Fellow Citizens, we are assembled here today, in Nature's amphitheatre, under the rustling leaves of these majestic trees—"

"Same old speech!" Jim assures Tillford, as the ripple of applause dies out.

"To do honor to one whose name is written high on the scroll of

fame as a pure-minded citizen, a patriotic leader, and a gallant soldier."

"In the hospital most of the time."

"It gives to me great pleasure to introduce to you the next Prosecuting Attorney of Jefferson County, Judge Elias Rigby!"

The Rigby crowd applauds. The Hackler crowd hisses and cries out for Wheeler. Judge Rigby rises, pours himself a glass of water and begins—

RIGBY—I am proud and happy to greet the intelligent voters of Jefferson County. I had hoped to meet here today, upon this rostrum, the precocious youth who thinks he is running against me. (*Slight commotion by crowd.*) For some reason, he is not here. Maybe Jim Hackler didn't have time to write his speech. (*Exclamations of disapproval from Wheelerites.*)

HACKLER (*to WHEELER*)—How do you like that?

RIGBY—Mr. Hackler played a smooth trick on the convention at Boggsville, but I don't think he's slick enough to fool the voters of Jefferson County into electing a mere child that ain't got sand enough to come out in the open and declare himself. (*Commotion among crowd, applause and disapproval.*)

HACKLER (*to WHEELER*)—Well, are you going to take that? Jump in and give him hell! I'll hold your hat.

RIGBY—I'll tell you why the young man ain't here today. He's afraid to— (*Crowd yells applause and disapproval. WHEELER throws off hat and jumps up on stump.*)

WHEELER—It's a lie! (*Confusion of crowd dies down as they turn to him.*)

BRISCOE (*shouting*)—Till Wheeler, this is our meeting, and you can't come in here an' bust it up!

MRS. BRISCOE—Jefferson Briscoe, you set down!

RIGBY (*shouts*)—What do you mean by interrupting these proceedings?

WHEELER—I am here, sir, on invitation—on your invitation. It's true, fellow citizens, that I did not wish to meet Judge Rigby in a joint debate, because I shrank from the bitterness of personal controversy, but when Judge Rigby, or any man, says that I am afraid to come out in the open and meet him, he says that which is not true. (*Applause and groans. HACKLER is quietly seated, whittling.*) I have nothing to conceal. (*Wheelerites say "no."*) I wear no man's collar about my neck. (*"No, he don't—that's right!"*) My only crime is that I am young and inexperienced and poor. I'd rather be poor than to have grown old and rich, fattening on the adversities of my neighbors! (*Wheelerites shout approval. Rigby*

crowd angry.) Wringing dollars from the unfortunate—grasping, greedy, selfish— (*A yell from all, approval on one side, anger on the other.* LUCY steps down, facing WHEELER, and throws up her hand.)

LUCY—Stop! (*All noise stops suddenly.*)

HACKLER—That comes purty near bein' personal.

WHEELER (*leaping from stump*)—Lucy!

LUCY—No, you've broken your word!

RIGBY—This meeting is adjourned.

PREWITT—This meeting is *not* adjourned. We demand the right of free speech! (*Two of the Rigby men rush down and pull him from stump. The Rigby men and Wheeler campaigners begin to fight. The children scream and at signal from HACKLER run to him and cling to him. All is in uproar. Frightened women. Men are keeping up the fight as the curtain falls.*)

ACT III

The law office of Hackler and Wheeler, on the second floor of a two-story building, is plain and shabby. There is a large desk in the center of the room presumably belonging to the senior member of the firm, and a smaller desk against a wall for his young partner. The large desk is littered with papers and there is a general air of untidiness and accumulated dust about the premises. The town's busiest talkers do a good deal of their loafing and conferring here. At the moment there is a discussion on, about the importance or unimportance of a protective tariff, although, as Jupiter Pettaway observes, it does not appear plain what the tariff has to do with the election of a Prosecutin' Attorney in Antioch.

"I'm in favor of anything that will pull Till Wheeler through," admits Jupiter.

"We'll never pull him through unless Jim Hackler attends to business," answers Wilson Prewitt, testily. "I've been waitin' here an hour to see him."

It appears that Jim Hackler has made a mysterious trip to Illinois and nobody knows why. Everybody's mighty curious, including Riley Cleaver, who has come over hoping to get the monthly school report which Lucy Rigby would ordinarily have turned into Tillford Wheeler of the School Board.

Wheeler presently arrives from the Court House, but he is not of much help. He hasn't received Miss Rigby's school report and he doesn't know what has happened to Jim Hackler. As for his stand on the tariff, Wheeler believes in high wages for the working man and low prices for the consumer. What more could anyone ask?

Suddenly Mrs. Jeff Briscoe appears on the scene, gives the room and its occupants one disgusted look, and bristles into action as an outraged housewife. Before anyone knows what is happening she has pinned up her skirt, discovered a broom and set to work sweeping things out, beginning with Uncle Eck. She presses both the boy, Chub, and the official bill posteh, Sassafras Livingstone, into service. She not only sweeps the floor, but Hackler's desk as well, tossing bundles of loose papers into the waste basket. When Wheeler protests that some of the papers are valuable, she answers that that desk top is certainly no place to keep anything valuable and goes on with her cleaning.

When Lorena Watkins appears Mrs. Briscoe would include her in the cleaning-out job, but Lorena is there on business and is permitted to stay and state it. Lorena is all through with her latest traveling gentleman, Mr. Whittaker. She has brought Wheeler a small packet of Whittaker letters and she wants to bring suit for breach of promise. They are, Lorena thinks, positive proof of Mr. Whittaker's intentions, seeing that he was at some pains to put the stamp in the left-hand corner of the envelope, and that means, in code, "I love you." Also the very first time he had called, Mr. Whittaker had brought Lorena a candy heart reading "Be Mine," and given her a ring. He had said the ring cost twenty-five dollars, but it is turning black and Lorena is beginning to doubt Mr. Whittaker's veracity.

As a final insult Lorena reports that Mr. Whittaker has been calling on Lucy Rigby. Certainly, knowing that, Tillford will be ready to understand and sympathize with her. Suddenly she has cast herself upon him and would weep upon his shoulder if he had not moved it away. Tillford's best advice to Lorena is, first, to control herself and second, not to be too familiar with strangers. Happily, the arrival of Mr. Whittaker in person a moment later paves the way to a reconciliation.

Sassafras Livingstone also has a small matter that he would like to take up with Mr. Wheeler. That baby boy at the Livingstone house is showing the most wonderful progress. Tillford Wheeler Livingstone is what they have decided to call him and, after four weeks, he knows who's running for office—

"I'm teachin' him to say: 'Hurrah for Tillford Wheelch,'" reports Sassafras. "Of course it don't sound much like anything unless you're familiar with the language used by a child of that age—"

"Look here, Sassafras, I was talkin' to Doc McLain the other night and he tells me that this new baby of yours is a girl," protests Tillford.

"A girl?"

"That's what he says, and he ought to know."

"Well, yes, suh, that's right," admits Sassafras, after a slight hesitation. "The doctuh is right. It's a gihl."

"Well, how can a girl baby be named Tillford?"

"Who said anything about Tillford?"

"You did."

"Tillford? I said 'at baby's name was Tilly—Tilly, suh. We sometimes call it Tillford for short—when we's in a hurry—but it's regulah name is Tilly. Tilly is she for Tillford—that's what we call it. Named after you, suh."

"Well, here's a half dollar anyway," says Wheeler laughingly producing the coin. "You buy something for the infant."

"Yes, suh. I'll buy some peppermint candy."

Lucy Rigby has come in with her report and Tillford Wheeler has cleared the office to receive her. Lucy is very calm and does not find Tillford's attempts at extreme politeness at all amusing. She would go as soon as she has delivered her reports, but he insists that she shall stay until he has made his explanation.

"I haven't had a chance to speak to you since that day in the Grove when I got up and lit into your father," says Tillford. "I promised you I wouldn't make a fight on him, and—well—I guess I broke my word—but you heard what he said that day. You crowd a man into a corner, and you *make* him fight, Lucy. I'm sick and tired of politics. I'd rather have you than all the offices this side of Jericho."

"How can you say this to me when you and all your friends are working night and day to ruin my father, and bring disgrace on my family!"

"No—not the family."

"If you attack him, you attack all of us."

"Attack you? Why, Lucy, I'd rather give up this fight than hurt your feelings."

Sounds of voices are heard on the stairs. Tillford quickly turns the chair in which Lucy is sitting so that she is shielded from the view of the intruders. They are Cleaver and Briscoe and they have come, excitedly, to demand a retraction from Jim Hackler—

"They're holdin' the press over to the *Banner* office to print a story that Judge Rigby stole all the money belongin' to this Elzey girl," shouts Cleaver.

Lucy has jumped from her seat. "Oh, it's infamous," she protests indignantly.

While the men are making their explanations and excuses to Lucy Jim Hackler strides into the room. He is carrying a carpet bag and is wearing his old linen duster. "Howdy, everybody!" Jim

calls cheerily, giving the group a lingering glance. "About twenty of the free and untrammelled voters of Jefferson County are waitin' out in front, so I came up the back way."

LUCY—Mr. Hackler, are you going to print a story that my father stole the money belonging to the Elzey girl?

HACKLER—Now, don't you get mixed up in this, Lucy. Please don't.

LUCY—I was here on business and heard the talk.

HACKLER (*looking at CLEAVER*)—"Stole" is a pretty hard word, but we're goin' to show that he collected some money belongin' to her and never turned it into court. (*She turns to him with an exclamation.*) Now, of course, he may be able to explain everything. Candidates are usually good at explaining.

LUCY—Do you think it's right—to print such stories?

HACKLER—My child, all's fair in love—an' war—an' politics. Have you seen some of the stories they're printing about *me?* (*CLEAVER and BRISCOE turn away.*) I'm sorry on your account, because I like you, but you may have discovered that I have no burning love for your father.

LUCY—He is my father, and I'm going to stand up for him. I don't care about your politics. I'm only thinking about my father. You say that all's fair in this kind of a fight, but you don't mean it, Mr. Hackler. (*Pleadingly.*) You'll not print that story.

HACKLER (*patting her hand*)—I'm a politician. I can't tell a lie. I've got to print that story.

LUCY—Oh, I'm glad I'm not a man!

BRISCOE AND CLEAVER—Miss Lucy—

LUCY (*turns in door*)—No, you're all alike.

HACKLER—Well, that's the worst thing ever said about me.

BRISCOE (*angrily*)—Jim Hackler, you'd better not print that story!

HACKLER—Say, how did you get in here, anyway?

CLEAVER—You want to remember one thing, Hackler—we've got libel laws in this State.

HACKLER—Well, they're no good, or you'd have been in jail long ago. Mr. Cleaver, I think I could hit that window with you, an' I'll try it if you don't clear out of here in two shakes of a lamb's tail!

CLEAVER—Well—I've warned you.

HACKLER—And take your live-stock with you.

Tillford Wheeler is also excited about the story Jim is determined to print. That exposure of Lucy's father would certainly

ruin his chances of marrying Lucy. Hackler doesn't think so, but he is going to print the story just the same. It is no time in the campaign to be gentle with an opponent. Politics is politics and the best man's got to win.

Outside there is a tremendous racket. This would be Jupiter Pettaway whaling away at Jeff Briscoe. Jupiter had resented certain slurring remarks Jeff made when Jupiter told him he and Chick Elzey were on their way to see Jim Hackler. If he has to, Jupe is prepared to take a few pokes at anybody else who wants to question Chick's right to go where she wants and see whom she likes. Especially Elias Rigby, who has followed Chick and Jupiter into Hackler's office.

Hackler would discourage any more fighting. He assures Chick that her interests will be entirely protected. He has been over to Illinois and discovered that she has about three thousand dollars coming to her, and she'll get it.

Chick and Jupiter go their way, relieved and happy. Rigby tries to get some sort of statement from Hackler. "There's such a thing as crowdin' a man too far," he warns. "If you print any story that I stole the money belongin' to Bill Elzey's girl, I'll kill you!"

"No, 'Lias," says Jim, looking at him calmly and shaking his head slowly. "I guess you won't do very much killin' an' for this reason: The voters of Jefferson County may elect a thief, but I don't think they'd elect a murderer."

RIGBY (*dropping into chair*)—Jim Hackler, we was boys together—went into the army together, slept under the same blanket. But you've been houndin' me for twenty years, and I don't know why.

HACKLER—Yes, you do know why! You know that when a man keeps after another man, the way I've kept after you, it's something besides politics. Do you remember that morning twenty years ago, the home company went away—the crowd at the depot—and Mary Leonard there to tell us good-by, both of us? Me and you stood on the platform and waved to her as far as we could see. I had the inside track that day, and you knew it by the way she acted. When we got into camp at Maysville, you was made orderly sergeant—you handled the mails both ways. That was when her letters stopped comin' to me and my letters stopped goin' to her.

RIGBY—You can't prove I held out any letters.

HACKLER—I don't need proof. I *know*. She thought I'd forgotten her, off there at the front. I didn't suspect— You went home on a furlough—sickness. That was your long suit. An' she, for some reason, God knows what, up and married you. I heard about it—that's why I re-enlisted in the field. Didn't come back

till it was all over, and then I heard it all. How Mary Leonard wrote to me an' waited—an' wrote to me an' waited—until she was too proud to write again. Then I come home and little Lucy was three months old, an' I didn't dare let on or say a word. An' I ain't—from that day to this. But I've been after you every minute. You tricked me out of the only woman I ever cared for. You're the only man on earth I hate clean through—an' I've got you where I want you— (MRS. RIGBY *enters quickly*. HACKLER *sees her and steps back*.) Mary!

RIGBY (*to MARY*)—What are you doing here?

MRS. RIGBY (*pleadingly to HACKLER*)—Jim—Lucy has told me. Surely you won't go as far as that?

RIGBY (*angrily*)—It's your fault as much as anyone's. He's got a fool idea—

HACKLER (*furiously*)—Stop! (*With contempt*.) 'Lias Rigby, you're worse than I thought you was.

MRS. RIGBY (*half sobbing, excited tone*)—Jim, I've tried to keep out of this fight between you two men. Women don't belong in politics—but this ain't politics. I don't know whether it's true or not—(*glances at RIGBY*)—but what satisfaction can it be to you to humiliate Lucy—and shame me?

HACKLER—No, Mary—you don't understand.

MRS. RIGBY—We were good friends once, Jim. (HACKLER *sinks in chair and drops head on arm*.) I knew you to be generous and big-hearted. You didn't have an enemy in the world. What's come over you lately?

PREWITT (*entering quickly*)—Hackler! I'm holdin' the press for that story—you know the one I mean. (HACKLER *looks at RIGBY, takes paper from pocket, hesitates, then with air of determination hands it to PREWITT*. MRS. RIGBY *starts toward HACKLER, exclaiming, "Jim!" hands outstretched*.)

HACKLER (*quickly*)—Prewitt! (PREWITT *comes back with paper*.)

Hackler looks at Mrs. Rigby, hesitates, takes paper from Prewitt and tears it in half. The curtain falls.

ACT IV

It is election night. The Town Hall at Antioch is pretty well crowded with interested voters. Party leaders are weaving from group to group. There is a blackboard at one side of the room. On the board are totaled the figures received in the local township fight for Prosecuting Attorney. Four townships have been heard

from. They give Rigby a total of 211 and Wheeler 189. From time to time Cal Barcus, the station agent, receives additional figures over the telegraph instrument on the table at which he is seated and calls them off to whomever happens to be nearest the board and the chalk. Occasionally he injects a small joke—

“Early returns indicate that Mississippi has gone—Democratic!” shouts Cal, and the crowd roars.

Mrs. Briscoe has come for a late report. She has left Jeff home, sick. All day she had kept him in bed and thereby accounted for one vote Rigby didn't get. A moment later Jeff has followed her into the hall. He is breathing hard but he had escaped.

They are building a bonfire down by the Depot, and that takes the crowd away. The votes continue to come in, Rigby leading by a few but not by many. He has carried Beaver County, Rigby notes, by nine votes when he should have carried it by fifty. He gets Cherokee by 174 to Wheeler's 162. The totals now are Rigby 1,071, Wheeler 1,055.

“You're crawlin' up a little at a time,” says Briscoe.

“Have you got a speech ready, Judge,” Cleaver puts in.

“No, I ain't had time to write no speeches,” admits the candidate.

“Better come over to the office and get one ready,” Cleaver advises. “The crowd'll expect it.”

“I s'pose I had, but I can't git over that—bein' licked right here in my own township,” answers an increasingly doleful Rigby.

The Rigby party is moving out as the Wheeler party moves in. They meet in the doorway and elaborately ignore each other. Till Wheeler is also a doleful candidate. He can see by the returns that he is being beaten. The loss of the election means the loss of Lucy Rigby. Life's pretty sad.

“That's no way for a politician to talk,” growls Hackler. “Claim everything until the last precinct is in and then holler ‘Fraud!’”

There are a couple of shining faces. Chick Elzey has got herself a new dress on credit and Jupiter Pettaway is resplendent in his new band uniform. Hackler thinks perhaps Chick will be able to bring Pettaway to the point of proposing—if she uses a little chloroform—but Chick doesn't know where to get the chloroform.

Mrs. Rigby and Lucy stop by. Lucy takes a hasty glance at the blackboard. She is plainly miserable, but she refuses to take any notice of Tillford. Mrs. Rigby has come to thank Jim Hackler for suppressing the story about her husband, but Jim refuses thanks. He never could fight a man over a woman's shoulder—and, besides, it was Till Wheeler's idea. Wheeler would deny this, Hackler explains, but that's just his modesty. Still, Lucy takes no notice.

Sassafras Livingstone has a picture of little J. H. Livingstone, but

Jim isn't interested. The campaign is over.

"Why, Mr. Hackleh," Sassafras protests, his voice trembling, "afteh all I done foh you—as official billposteh—an' singin' yo' campaign songs—an' helpin' in eve'y way I could. Of co'se, I tol' Judge Rigby I'd vote foh him—a cullud man has to be ev'ybody's friend, but Mr. Hackleh, I nevah went back on you, suh. You've always been good to me. When my little chillun was sick, you give me money to buy medicine, and now foh you to turn roun' an' say—"

"Hold on, Sass. I don't know whether you're lyin' or not. But that kind of talk always fetches me. Here—here's a dollar. You go over to the livery stable an' when that boy brings in the Purvis Township vote, you hurry it over here—"

"Yes, suh."

Sassafras has gone for the missing Purvis Township returns. The crowd is still outside milling around the *Banner* office and the bonfire. Frequently loud cheers break upon the ticking of Cal Barcus' telegraph receiver. Hackler is stealing a moment's relaxation when Lucy Rigby appears. She has come back, she says, because she is still interested in the election—on her father's account.

"Lucy, do you hear all those people shouting out there?" Jim Hackler is both friendly and paternal. Outside the quartet is singing. "They've all gone crazy tonight. But they'll get over it. A man's love for his party is like chills and fever—it comes and goes. But if a man loves a woman, an' she's the right kind of a woman, an' it's the right kind of love—it never changes."

"Why, Mr. Hackler, I'm surprised to hear you talking this way!" Lucy has gone to Jim. Hearing her voice Tillford Wheeler appears on the balcony, out of her range of vision.

"You needn't be," Jim tells her. "Don't you suppose I know what it is to worship a woman and lose her? And then the lonely years— Lucy, don't you and Tillford make the same mistake I made."

"That *you* made? Why, Mr. Hackler, I don't understand."

"There—don't mind me. What I want to say is—I don't blame you for standing on your pride— It's all right to be loyal to your blood and kin, but don't—don't let pride or anything else come between you an' the man that was meant for you—an' you for him!"

"Oh—Mr. Hackler—" Lucy has slipped her arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his. "You know—you must know—that he's the only one. But I—I can't go to him and—"

"Lucy!" shouts Wheeler, leaning excitedly from the balcony

"Oh—h— I didn't know he was there!" Lucy has buried her face in her hands.

"Come on down here, you idiot!" shouts Jim, beckoning wildly. "Oh, Mr. Hackler—why didn't you tell me!" protests the blushing Lucy.

"Well, am I a County Chairman or a matrimonial agent!"

A second later Lucy is cuddled in Wheeler's arms, agreeing heartily with him that they have had enough politics for awhile. Jim considerably turns his back while they seal the bargain. . . .

The crowd is coming back. The last of the bulletins at the *Banner* office indicate that Rigby has been elected, and the Rigby crowd is jubilant. The sight of the closely joined Lucy and Wheeler takes something of the triumphant ring out of Rigby's voice. He isn't going to stand for that. Before he can do anything about it there is a further commotion at the door and a new crowd, headed by an excited Mrs. Briscoe, oozes into the room. There is talk of brides and grooms, but Lucy and Tillford could have spared their blushes. The crowd is referring to Joe Whittaker and Lorena Watkins. Lorena is in her wedding finery. They have just stopped in to get the returns before they start for Chicago on their wedding tour. They'll be back the next night.

"Lorena, what made you marry *that?*" demands Mrs. Briscoe.

"Oh, I think he's rather nice," explains the happy Lorena. "Besides, I was just dyin' to take a trip to Chicago."

Reports from the missing townships are coming in now. River Township gives Rigby 137, Wheeler 127, putting the Judge 28 ahead. The crowd wants to holler— Hackler holds up his hand to quiet them—

"Fellow citizens—don't holler till you're out of the woods," he advises. "We've heard from nine of the ten townships. The figures are: Rigby, 1,432. (*Rigbyites shout and cheer.*) Wheeler, 1,404. (*Wheelerites shout.*) Our friend the enemy has got a lead of twenty-eight votes, which shows that we must build more school-houses in this county!"

"You're purty good at jokes, Hackler, but this time the joke's on you. We've licked you!"

"Well, if you have you'll find me at the same old stand next campaign."

A great beating of the big drum outside the hall heralds the approach of Jupiter Pettaway and Chick Elzey. The crowd is greatly amused. "By the way, ladies and gentlemen," Hackler continues, "now that Judge Rigby's elected—or thinks he is—he's got something to tell you. As guardian of Miss Elzey on my right, he has lately succeeded in digging up, over in Illinois, about three thousand dollars which he's going to turn over to her immediately. (*Astonished exclamations.*) That's right—ain't it, Judge?"

"I—I guess that's about what it'll amount to." The crowd murmurs in wonder.

"Three thousand will come in handy when Miss Elzey settles down as Mrs. Jupiter Pettaway."

Chick and Jupiter are blushinglly accepting the crowd's joking when Sassafras Livingstone comes shuffling back from his errand. He has the returns from Purvis Township—if he can find 'em. He searches one pocket after another, whetting the impatience of the crowd—

"I went theah—I got theah—and I tol' 'em you send me oveh," reports Sassafras. "I met the equestrian—the horseback rider—the paper-carrier—an' I say, "Mr. Hackleh desihes that I get the vote."

HACKLER—Hurry up! Give me the paper.

SASSAFRAS—He gave 'em to me—he gave 'em to me! (*Feels in his pockets.*) I've got 'em somewheahs. (*Crowd murmurs, "Bet he's lost them!" "Oh, hurry up!" etc.*)

RIGBY (*angrily*)—Can't you remember what it was?

SASSAFRAS—I heard—(*Still searching*)—but I can't exactly remembah. You got *some* votes, though. (*Wheeierites laugh.*) He gave 'em to me—I—took 'em right in my hand. I— Oh, h— I remembah—I got 'em!

ALL—He's got 'em!

SASSAFRAS—I got 'em! (*Takes off cap, takes paper carefully from inside.*) Heah it is! Had it right neah my brains and couldn' remembah wheah it was. (*Hands paper to HACKLER. Crowd excited, cry out, "Now we'll know!" "Read them out!" "Let's hear it!" etc.*)

HACKLER (*looks at paper, then at crowd*)—Ladies and gentlemen, we have the returns from Purvis Township. ("Yes, yes!") Purvis Township, as you know, was the home of Tillford Wheeler. Tillford Wheeler was born and raised in Purvis Township and, as Bill Shakespeare says, "A man is not without honor save in his own country." We know this to be true, because Judge Rigby, who has lived in Maple Township all his life, lost it today by about eighty votes. (*Wheelerites cheer.*)

RIGBY (*angrily*)—Never you mind about me! You read them figgers!

HACKLER—I'll read 'em. (*PREWITT writes name on blackboard.*) Rigby, 103— (*Rigby crowd cheers.*) Wheeler— (*Shakes head sadly, holds up hand as if to say, "No hope." Paper falls from his hand, when suddenly changing his tone, he shouts—*) One hun-

dred and eighty-one! (*Crowd yells. HACKLER puts up his hand for silence.*) Mr. Wheeler is elected by an even fifty votes.

“The crowd cheers and surrounds Wheeler and Lucy. Rigby sinks into a chair dejectedly. Cleaver and Briscoe are shouting ‘Fraud!’ Band in balcony plays and Sassafras starts a buck dance. Mrs. Rigby stands at her husband’s side, her hand on his shoulder Hackler goes to blackboard and stands looking at her.”

THE CURTAIN FALLS

LEAH KLESCHNA *

A Drama in Five Acts

By C. M. S. McLELLAN

LEAH KLESCHNA (131 perf.)—Drama in five acts by C. M. S. McLellan. Produced by Minnie Maddern and Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, December 12, 1904. Cast:

Paul Sylvaine.....	John Mason
Kleschna.....	Charles Cartwright
Schram.....	William B. Mack
General Berton.....	Edward Donnelly
Raoul Berton.....	George Arliss
Valentin Favre.....	Etienne Girardot
Herr Linden.....	Robert V. Ferguson
Anton Pfaff.....	Charles Terry
Johann.....	H. Chapman Ford
Reichmann.....	Monroe Salisbury
Baptiste.....	James Morley
Leah Kleschna.....	Mrs. Fiske
Madame Berton.....	Cecilia Radclyffe
Claire Berton.....	Emily Stevens
Sophie Chaponniere.....	Frances Welstead
Frieda.....	Marie Fedor
Charlotte.....	Mary Maddern

Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

This play reopened at this theatre September 25, 1905, for an additional 24 performances.

For revival see "The Best Plays of 1923-24," page 421.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE and her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, had been battling what was then known as the Theatrical Trust the better part of ten years when they produced C. M. S. McLellan's "Leah Kleschna" at their recently acquired Manhattan Theatre in New York, on December 12, 1904. Preliminary to that event they had successfully outmaneuvered and outwitted the Trust in a variety of competitive contests from one end of the country to the other.

The Theatrical Trust, or Syndicate, had been formed by the six most influential producing managers then active in theatre affairs. This sextette was composed of Charles Frohman, Marc Klaw, Abra-

* All inquiries regarding this play should be addressed to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, New York, or 811 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, California.

ham Erlanger, William Harris, Al Hayman and J. Frederick Zimmerman of Philadelphia. In a praiseworthy effort to bring order out of the chaos that had developed in the routine booking of plays in New York in the spring to play in the leading legitimate theatres from coast to coast the following winter, the promoters of the Trust at first met with great success.

This success spurred them on to dreams of monopoly. They leased or bought practically all the best established American theatres, collected one fee from the theatres' owners or lessees for furnishing them with attractions, and a second fee from play producers for booking the plays. By common report they ran affairs with a high hand.

The more prominent of the theatre's stars, having for years had a hand in the conduct of their own enterprises in booking their attractions with whom they pleased, and agreeing to fill such time as was agreeable to them, quite naturally resented becoming pawns in the hands of the Trust. Richard Mansfield, Francis Wilson, Mrs. Fiske and Joseph Jefferson were among the first to declare their independence. David Belasco would have none of the Trust, though its organizers had previously been his associates. Mr. Fiske, speaking for Mrs. Fiske, was a vigorous opponent, using the editorials of his *Dramatic Mirror* to blast the "octopus" and all its works in every issue of that theatrical weekly. There was a frequent exchange of libel suits as a result.

When Mr. Fiske could not book Mrs. Fiske in a city or in a town in which the Trust controlled the theatres, Mrs. Fiske would play in the local vaudeville theatre, which would be taken over for one or more nights; or in a local burlesque theatre, or she would replace the local stock company for a week. In parts of the far West, notably Texas, both she and Sarah Bernhardt, who was making one of her frequent farewell tours, often played in tents, and their dramatic "circuses" were the sensation of the day.

It was during the course of his fight with the Trust that Mr. Fiske discovered that he could, working through agents unknown to the Trust, outbid the lessees of a rundown theatre which, after its rehabilitation, became known as the Manhattan. For the celebration of Mrs. Fiske's first season in her new home the Manhattan Company was organized. John Mason, a favorite among the established leading men of the day, was engaged to support the actress. George Arliss, who had made a name for himself in the early tours of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who brought him to America in 1902, was engaged for character roles. Charles Cartwright, another English actor well known in London but little known in New York, and William B. Mack, a young American character actor of prom-

ise, were added to the roster.

C. M. S. McLellan, writing under the *nom de plume* of Hugh Morton, had gained a fine success as the author of the librettos of several popular musical comedies, "The Belle of New York" among them.

He was eager to try his hand with a serious drama and "Leah Kleschna" was the result. He wrote the play originally in four acts, bringing its story to an indeterminate but what he considered an artistic conclusion. However, happy endings were the prevailing order of the day with producing managers and favored stars, even with stars who stood as high in public esteem as did Mrs. Fiske. Reluctantly Mr. McLellan agreed to add a fifth act to his drama to please the Fiskes. "Leah Kleschna" was an immediate success, ran out the season in New York and played a season on tour. In May, 1905, it was produced in London with Lena Ashwell playing Leah, Leonard Boyne the Sylvaïne, Charles Warner, father of H. B. Warner, the role of Kleschna and Herbert Waring that of Raoul Berton. The American success was repeated in England.

The season of 1904-05 appears, from the record, to have been no better than average in the matter of the quality of the dramas produced. It was an off season for Richard Mansfield, who was relying on his repertory, plus a revival of Molière's "The Misanthrope." Charles Wyndham was over from London with Hubert Henry Davies' "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace." Nance O'Neill, still chaperoned by McKee Rankin, was playing the Amazonian heroine of "Judith of Bethulia," opposite the Holofernes of the late Charles Dalton, and Sudermann's "The Fires of St. John" ("Johannesfeur") with Mr. Dalton and Mr. Rankin in her support.

Isadora Duncan, who had been a barefooted dancing sensation in Europe for a couple of years, was beginning to attract attention at home. Lillian Russell, realizing an ambition to be accepted as a regular actress, as well as the stunning beauty who walked in and out of the skits put on by Weber and Fields at their Music Hall, was playing "Lady Teazle." Viola Allen had revived "The Winter's Tale." Dear old Mrs. Gilbert was ready to retire, and Clyde Fitch had written a farewell drama for her called "Granny," in which Marie Doro played the ingénue.

Mr. Fiske, in addition to conducting the affairs of Mrs. Fiske, was bent on making an English-speaking star of Bertha Kalich, for many years an idol of the Yiddish theatre. He presented her on Broadway in Sardou's "Fedora," to be followed later by Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." This was the drama in which Mme. Kalich was supposed to visit the tent of a barbaric conqueror clothed only in her cloak. There was a good deal of talk about the scene and its

implications at the time, but the actress' final acceptance of art and the law could not possibly have inspired the present-day strip tease.

John Drew was being pleasant in "The Duke of Killicrankie," and Ethel Barrymore was advancing rapidly as a favorite young star in "Cousin Kate." To prove that she was also an actress of parts she played Nora in "A Doll's House" at a special matinee.

Alice Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was a comedy success, with Eleanor Robson's mother, Madge Carr Cook, playing Mrs. Wiggs. William Hodge was the Mr. Stubbins and Mabel Taliaferro the Lovey Mary. George M. Cohan had just made a place for himself in the \$2 theatres with "Little Johnny Jones" and was on his way to the fame, fortune and popularity that he afterward enjoyed. But let's return to "Leah Kleschna."

The Kleschnas are living in a set of lodgings in the Rue de Clichy in Paris. There are Kleschna and his daughter, Leah, and Schram, an old associate. In Paris the Kleschnas are known as the Garniers, and Schram is posing as their servant, Joseph. They have come recently from their native Austria, where they have committed several rather important and successful jewel robberies.

As we walk into their living room, which is modestly furnished and looks out through tall windows upon two shallow iron balconies and beyond over the roof tops of Paris, we find Kleschna polishing his boots. "He is a thick-set, round-headed, jovial-looking man of middle age, with a short gray mustache. His very white teeth are usually revealed in a smile that is half genial and half wicked." Kleschna is wearing a white shirt, open at the collar, and his trouser braces are falling over his hips.

Near Kleschna, Schram, "a younger man, his smooth-shaven beard showing blue against his pale face," is mending a bird cage in which are two canaries. Schram, "quick-eyed, nervous, with a sour expression of countenance," wears the black and yellow-striped waistcoat and green cloth apron of a servant.

Their talk turns from amusing banter to a job planned for the next night. This is going to be so easy it will be like having the goods delivered at the door. That's how Kleschna looks at it. Schram isn't too sure. Kleschna may and may not have pumped the truth about the layout of the house they are going to rob out of a certain rotten Monsieur Berton. Schram is also uneasy about Leah.

Schram, it appears, has been devoted to Leah Kleschna for years, but she will have none of him. Still his devotion persists and, says he, always will. Kleschna is not altogether happy about Leah himself at the moment. Something she had said to him the day before had set him thinking—

"'Twas when we were coming back from St. Cloud," reports Kleschna. "When I showed her Monsieur Sylvaine's house, and pointed out the balcony, with the window she's got to go through tonight—she kept very quiet. I thought she wasn't taking much interest in what I was telling her. Looked pale and out-of-sorts—not a bit like Leah. When we were walking down the road away from the house I said: 'What are you thinking about, little girl?' She kind of blinked and coughed, and then she said: 'I was thinking that sneaking into a strange house at night is a pretty miserable sort of business.'"

Schram raises his head very slowly. "She said that, did she?"

"Those words."

"Well, I tell you again what I told you before, you've made a failure of her."

"Made a failure of her! I've made a damned clever workman of her."

"Clever! What good's cleverness in our business if you're sentimental? Cleverness and sentiment will keep you in prison for life. I tell you to leave Leah out of it, now. Let me and you work the game alone."

"Shut your mouth," snaps Kleschna, making a threatening gesture toward Schram. "What do you mean, a cheap crook like you, telling me my business?"

Schram dodges out of the way. His tone is plaintive now. "Well, you told me yourself what she said."

"Never mind what she said. All you've got to do is to keep quiet and be ready when I want you. *I'll* look out for Leah."

"That's the way you always round on me, Kleschna!"

Schram is cowed but not beaten. He, too, has his reasons for believing that Leah has changed. Just the day before yesterday he had been walking along the quais with her when they had stopped to look in a shop-window. There Leah suddenly had picked out the picture of a man they had met on the steamer *Marseilles* the night that ship was wrecked. It was the picture of a man who had taken the captain's place in the life boat and brought them, after two days, safely to shore. Schram had heard Leah talk about this man many times, and when she did "there was a look in her face I never saw before," he says. "She's been dreaming of him ever since. What do you think of a thief dreaming? What'll it lead to?"

"Oh, go to the devil!" snarls Kleschna.

But Schram must go on with his story. When Leah asked the shopkeeper who the man of the picture was the shopkeeper didn't know. An actor, perhaps, or a painter. Later in the walk, when they had reached the Rue Saint Honoré, Leah made an excuse to

leave Schram, and when Schram thought he would go back and buy the picture to show Kleschna, he found that Leah had been there before him and had the picture. Now she had decided that sneaking into a strange house at night was a pretty miserable sort of business. "I tell you now, go careful with that girl and don't mix her up with your best jobs," Schram warns.

For a second Kleschna stares steadily at Schram. Then he smiles, a little dangerously, tapping his words into Schram's chest: "Now listen, Schram. The subject's closed. You understand?" And Sam does.

"Good! Now, cheer up, old pal. Day after tomorrow we'll all be in Monte Carlo. Ten louis on double O to start with, like a drunken sailor, eh, Schrammy? My God, but life's all right when you've got the price."

"When you've got it—yes."

Leah, who has been paying particular attention to her toilet in her room, steps through the door. For a moment she stands, "balancing herself easily with her back against the jamb of the bedroom door, looking brightly at her father. She is aware that he is observing her appearance, on which she had been expending so much care. Although cheaply dressed, she looks tremendously neat and trim and well-groomed."

"Well? Was it worth while?" Leah is smiling at her father.

KLESCHNA (*warmly*)—Worth while? Why, you're a perfect little butterfly of fashion, that's what *you* are.

LEAH—Oh, now you're making fun of me.

KLESCHNA—I leave it to Schram. How does she look, Schram?

SCHRAM (*gruffly*)—What difference does it make? Looking well ain't going to do her any good.

LEAH (*putting hat and gloves down—brightly*)—Oh, yes, it is. When I think I look well I've got courage and—lots of cheek. I can do anything then. But when I know I look horrid, I'm afraid of everybody—as afraid as you are of a policeman, Schrammy. Here, button my boots for me, there's a dear. (*She holds out a button-hook to SCHRAM and sits down, pushing a foot with an unbuttoned boot out to him. He kneels and proceeds to button her boots.*)

KLESCHNA (*lighting a cigarette*)—Well, you'll be feeling very fit for tonight, eh, Leah?

LEAH (*suddenly serious*)—Oh—I hadn't been thinking of tonight. But I'll be fit enough.

KLESCHNA (*taking up newspaper*)—Today's *Matin* has got another of Monsieur Sylvaine's speeches. He gave it to them hot again

in the Chamber yesterday.

LEAH—Monsieur Sylvaine! It's his house I'm visiting tonight.

KLESCHNA—Yes. You'll have to read what he says here. Why, he's a hundred years ahead of his time. Gad, how he lashes the old fogies! And a fighter—well, you can't stop him. He'll go to the top here in France, he will. (*Smiling.*) There's a man worth robbing, eh?

LEAH (*dreamily*)—I see. Well, now, if you put a chap like that in a corner—he'd be apt to work his way out—if the odds weren't straight against him—wouldn't he?

KLESCHNA (*sharply*)—What d'ye mean?

SCHRAM (*getting to his feet*)—Now you've got her started wrong, d'ye see: you've got her started wrong.

LEAH—No, he hasn't got me started wrong. But we're talking about a man that isn't a soft thing. If he should come in and find me at work, why—

KLESCHNA—Drop it! Drop that! Now, are you going to put up a lot of hurdles and make yourself jump over them— This is the straightest going you ever had—easier than the job in Vienna. Every servant sleeps on the top floor of the house—a mile away from you.

LEAH—Yes, but Monsieur Sylvaine is in the next room.

KLESCHNA (*rising—vehemently*)—What if he is? What if he comes in on you? There you are with a barker in your hand. (*He catches up a revolver and pushes it into LEAH's hand.*) Look there! There you are with a barker. Now then, what can he do?

LEAH (*throwing pistol on table*)—But I won't shoot. I've told you a hundred times I wouldn't shoot.

KLESCHNA—Who wants you to shoot? You won't have to shoot. When he sees the barker it's a hundred to one he'll run back to his room. Then you're out of the window and away with the jewels. But say he stands in front of the gun and don't blink; you've got him where you like just the same. Look at him; a man that's going to be married in a week, and you in his rooms at two in the morning. There you are, a good-looking, well-dressed girl spending the evening with the best-known Deputy in France! He'll have to let you go. He couldn't face it, any more than the old man in Vienna could when you told him to call his wife in and introduce you. This Sylvaine's a quick thinker, and if he tumbles in on you, he'll know the best way out of the scrape is to say nothing. Give him the bluff straight and hard, the way I taught it you, and you'll see him fold up. . . . Now what are you whining about?

LEAH—I'm not whining.

KLESCHNA—Yes, you are whining. Now stop it!

SCHRAM (*grumbling*)—Well, the old way's good enough for me—without a woman doin' the dirty work.

Kleschna has resumed his newspaper. He has shut Schram up again and given Leah a final warning not to go soft. A moment later Leah has gone to the window and called to two of her friends below—Sophie and Valentin. A couple of chatterboxes they are, to Kleschna, but a couple of naughty little children to Leah. Married? "They'd look silly married," she says to her father. "I think they're more natural as they are."

Valentin and Sophie Chaponniere are indeed a quaint pair. "Valentin is a charming little youth with a faint shadow of a mustache, his hair a bit long, a soft, broad-brimmed hat jammed on one side of his head, and with clothes of an ultra-Parisian cut. His companion, Sophie, is a veritable Mimi Pinson, a true flower of Montmartre, petite, chic and naive."

They have been waiting, Valentin and his adorable Sophie, to hear the delicate footfall of their friend Leah before they came up. They had wanted to show Mlle. Leah the exquisite new frock that Valentin's unparalleled Sophie had made with her own dainty fingers. But now they must hasten away to the tavern, where Valentin will write his "bouquet of fait divers for *L'Etoile de Paris*." They are really the talk of the boulevards, though the editor, a man of no sympathy, does not value them.

That is why Valentin's salary remains at a ridiculous 60 francs a week, on which they must live and also buy those exquisite underthings which Valentin must get for his beautiful Sophie, and which he would now show Monsieur Kleschna, if Sophie did not slap his hand down. They are not, says Sophie, anything for the world to see.

"Sixty francs a week," muses Kleschna. "Why, you can live like robins in a nest; and, what is it you say?—blend with nature. Do you continue to blend with nature, my young friend?"

"Monsieur, is it not the science of life? Only those who blend know the perfect ecstasy. Blend—ripple—offer not the sharp edge—"

"Yes, but get even with your enemies at the same time, eh?"

"Perfectly, monsieur. You have finished my phrase. Get even always with your enemies. And—"

Which reminds Valentin of his very great enemy. Of this he would not speak to the Kleschnas, if Sophie did not urge him, since the enemy is Monsieur Berton, who is Leah's friend, is he not? He is not, Leah assures them. She hates Monsieur Berton and her father knows it.



Photo Byron Studio; Burns Mantle Collection.

“LEAH KLESCHNA”

Leah—And you would want me to live there always—in England?

Sylvaine—No. I hope that soon I shall bring you to France again.
To my home. To Saint Cloud.

(John Mason, Minnie Maddern Fiske)

"Did you hear that, Sophie?" cries Valentin, exultantly. "He is not her friend after all. Now I am happy. Now I will tell you all. Listen too, monsieur; I will tell you why Monsieur Berton is my enemy and why I will get even. (*He turns to LEAH.*) Oh, it is a shocking affair! (*Crosses to SOPHIE.*) You see this left elbow of my delicious Sophie—" (*He lifts SOPHIE's arm and points to the elbow.*)

"Yes."

VALENTIN—It is a most tempting elbow, you will admit; but it is for me only. And would you know what this Berton has dared to do? He has dared to *pinch* that elbow—*pinch* it. Oh, mon Dieu! Never shall I sleep until I repay that insult.

KLESCHNA (*dryly*)—And quite right. You mean to say he pinched that lovely elbow?

SOPHIE—It was frightful!

VALENTIN—It was tragical, monsieur!

LEAH—When did it happen?

VALENTIN—Yesterday in the hallway. He entered from the street, immediately behind Sophie, on his way up to see you. It was then he pinched that wonderful left elbow!

LEAH—What did you do, Sophie?

SOPHIE (*illustrating*)—I turned on him like that, and I said, "Pig of a man!" just like that—"Pig of a man!"

KLESCHNA (*dryly*)—And then he kissed you.

SOPHIE (*rising with a jump*)—Good heavens, no!

VALENTIN (*gasping*)—Kissed my Sophie, monsieur! Had he done that he should have been dead by now.

KLESCHNA—Tut, tut! I thought you never lost your temper.

VALENTIN (*quieting down*)—Quite right, monsieur. You do well to remind me. That is not to blend with nature. One does not lose one's temper. But I will get even—smoothly— (*SOPHIE takes his arm.*) Sophie, we shall go to the *taverne* with hearts that dance like thistledown. For we are to revenge ourselves upon one who is detestable to us. And now we go.

The Chaponnières have gone. Leah would go too, but Kleschna thinks she should stay. Berton will be popping in, probably, and it will be her last chance of seeing him.

That is why Leah would go. If she should never see Berton again it would be a bit of luck. And why should she? The only thing he thinks of is getting her to come and live with him in his flat in the Rue Martigny. Hasn't her father got from him all he knows?

Berton is a lot worse than they are. She'd like to "slang" him just once.

Kleschna doesn't like either Leah's language or her attitude. He would warn her not to put on airs. Think what he might have made her with her education. A schoolteacher, or a typist. Instead of which he has put her into a profession that stands high—at least in her father's estimation—

"What are you getting at, Dad?" Leah demands.

"I'm getting at this. Stop your dreaming. Young Berton is good enough for my purpose now and good enough for yours. Perhaps you wouldn't buy *his* photograph if you saw it in a shop. (LEAH *flings up her head and her eyes harden. She glances quickly at* SCHRAM.) But he fits in, d'ye see; he fits into the game."

"The game."

"The most popular game on earth today," laughs Kleschna, "doing your neighbor."

"Do so many people play that game?"

"The world over. Some of 'em go at it roundabout, and call it business principles. We fancy fellows go the straight course, that's all."

A moment later a knock at the door announces Berton and Schram has let him in. He is "a young man of most dissipated aspect, with a pale, evil countenance and an air of sensual languor. He is attired with great care in a morning suit, wears a characteristic top-hat, is gloved and carries a handsome cane. His shoulders stoop, his eyes suggest permanent inebriety, and his whole appearance is bad."

Berton does not see Kleschna, but swaggers insolently toward Leah. Where is she going? She is going out. He'll go with her. He can't? Why can't he? He's getting tired of being put off.

Now he sees Kleschna, but that doesn't change his mood. He isn't interested in Kleschna, and he is tired of hearing Kleschna talk about Sylvaine. What he wants to know is when is Leah to be sent over to his apartment, according to their agreement—

"That's what I came in for—to put matters bluntly," admits Berton, when Kleschna protests his manner. "There are my rooms with nobody in 'em. (To LEAH.) I sent Chiquette away when I met you—bundled her out within two days. Well, I've invited some people to sup with me on Saturday. I want to give 'em a surprise. I want to say: 'Messieurs and mesdames, la belle Chiquette has gone, but here is her successor—permit me to present my—'"

Schram, his rage overcoming him, makes a sharp dash for Berton and is standing back of his chair about to throttle him, when a shout from Kleschna stops him. Berton has not realized what has

happened, but is startled by Schram's expression—

"I say, Garnier, what a damned villainous-looking servant you keep."

"Well, he's not beautiful, but he's good," smiles Kleschna, whose effort now is to restore everybody to a better humor. Glasses are brought, and absinthe. Much is said about the approaching wedding of the distinguished Paul Sylvaine to the beautiful daughter of Gen. Hyppolyte Berton, and sister of the ultra chic Monsieur Raoul Berton—

"You'll admit a wedding is always a charming subject," protests Kleschna when Berton is inclined to question his great interest in this particular event. "Think of the palpitating bride standing at the threshold of her new life, waiting—er—waiting—"

"Waiting for the presents to pour in."

"Ah, well, that *is* a very interesting part of it. And Mademoiselle Berton, we may be sure, will not wait in vain. Consider the groom's splendid gift alone—the famous Sylvaine jewels. (*Leaning anxiously towards* RAOUL.) I think you said they were to be sent to Monsieur Sylvaine's house yesterday."

"M—m! I was there when they arrived from the deposit. (KLESCHNA *looks at* LEAH.) Silly nonsense, a quiet little church-goer like my sister having a whole jeweler's shop like that. I could do something with 'em if I had a chance. Eh, Leah? If *you* were chatelaine in the Rue Martigny."

"I've been wondering about Monsieur Sylvaine," admits Leah, musingly. "What is he really like?"

"He's good—and being good he's dull. A plodding, ambitious, moral prig. Full of highfalutin notions; believes in people. Doesn't drink, doesn't keep a mistress. He's what I call a rotter."

"Oh, he's what *you* call a rotter." The disgust in Leah's tone is plain, though it does not visibly impress Berton. A moment later he has renewed his pleading for a first rendezvous with Leah. She playfully advises him to expect her the next day. Let him have everything arranged and a dainty dinner ordered and then let him wait until she appears. Berton is quite excited by the prospect.

Kleschna and Berton continue their talk after Leah has left them. Berton, as a man of the world, will know how to handle Leah, Kleschna is sure of that. But what was he saying about the habits of Monsieur Sylvaine? If Sylvaine is such a steady-going man as reported he would surely be in his bed by midnight—

There is a ring of the bell. Kleschna tells Schram he does not want to be disturbed. He changes his mind a moment later when Schram brings him Paul Sylvaine's card. What can that mean?

Berton thinks he knows. Sylvaine is again messing in his

(Raoul's) affairs. He wishes Garnier would not see Sylvaine. If he must he is not to let him know that Berton has been there.

Berton goes into the adjoining room. Kleschna turns to tell Schram to let Sylvaine in when he notices the look of fright on Schram's face. Sylvaine is the man who had saved them from the shipwreck, hoarsely whispers Schram; they are going to rob the man who took the captain's place that night! No good can come of that!

Kleschna is not moved. "Keep quiet, you fool! Show him in!"

Paul Sylvaine "is a man of peculiar elegance, grace and calmness. In a lesser person the close-fitting overcoat, the high black cravat, the carefully placed top-hat and the dangling eyeglass would appear affectatious, but they do not detract from Sylvaine's power."

Monsieur Sylvaine accepts with dignity the compliments with which Kleschna greets him as a distinguished member of the Chamber of Deputies. He has come upon a matter of business, which he will state as briefly as possible. The matter, as Monsieur Garnier may have guessed, concerns a young friend, Monsieur Raoul Berton, who, Sylvaine knows, is a frequent visitor at the Garnier apartment. Young Berton is the son of the distinguished French General Hyppolyte Berton, a very great man in France, and one whose honor is very precious to him. His (Raoul's) mother has been an invalid for years. If the despair of which she is a victim is in any way increased she must surely die.

Kleschna would protest that he has little, if any, influence over Raoul Berton. That is as it may be. Monsieur Sylvaine is depending upon an appeal to Monsieur Garnier's superior intelligence to understand that he (Sylvaine) may have various motives in seeking the interview, some of which he does not state.

"For one thing you are betrothed to Mlle. Berton," suggests Kleschna.

SYLVAINE—I say I do not state all my motives in coming here. But on behalf of General Berton and Madame Berton, I venture to suggest, Monsieur Garnier, that you leave Paris tomorrow—and take your daughter with you.

KLESCHNA (*stiffening*)—This is plain speaking.

SYLVAINE—Doubtless. Perhaps it will not be necessary to speak more plainly still. I have stated an unfortunate situation. Possibly you will be ready to make some slight sacrifice in order to improve it.

KLESCHNA—On what ground? For people that I've never seen?

SYLVAINE—On the ground, let us say, that the people you have never seen need that sacrifice.

KLESCHNA (*with a movement of impatience*)—Ha! From reading your speech of yesterday, Monsieur Sylvaine, I should have judged you to be a man of sounder intelligence than—than I am now finding you.

SYLVAINE—Ah! You read my speech. All of it?

KLESCHNA—Well, I had not quite finished it when you came in.

SYLVAINE—No? Then probably you had not reached my remarks on the subject of crime—crime in France.

KLESCHNA (*looking keenly at him*)—Crime in France!

SYLVAINE—My speech led up to that at the end. Are you at all interested in the subject of criminology, monsieur?

KLESCHNA (*sternly*)—Monsieur Sylvaine.

SYLVAINE (*quietly*)—Probably you would find it too depressing. It is—so long as we believe that crime must persist forever, so long as we are convinced that its only cure is in punishment. (*Smiling.*) Don't be alarmed, Monsieur Garnier. But you mentioned my speech, and that part of it interested me more than the rest. My colleagues in the Chamber smiled at me yesterday when I ventured to assert that the time would come when there would no longer be any prisons in France. And probably *you* will smile too, Monsieur Garnier. (*He looks steadily at KLESCHNA.*) And yet you *don't* smile. You don't smile.

KLESCHNA (*pale and stern, leaning across the table*)—Monsieur Sylvaine, will you permit me to say that this interview appears to be leading us into extraordinary fields. Why do we prolong it?

SYLVAINE (*rising*)—I beg your pardon. We shall not prolong it any further. I began, monsieur, with the conviction that you were a man of unusual intelligence. I am convinced I made no mistake in forming that opinion. Well—of a thoroughly intelligent man I have the highest hopes. He will usually do the clever thing, often the good one. Moreover, a man of your courage—

KLESCHNA (*sharply*)—Courage, monsieur?

SYLVAINE—I refer to your glorious conduct at the fire in the charity bazaar a few years ago. It is not remembered by the world, which forgets so easily, but I treasure it in my memory as a model of human nobility. I am proud to have met the man who could be equal to such an achievement. Monsieur Garnier, good day.

Kleschna hesitates, as Sylvaine reaches out his hand, but decides to shake hands. A moment later Sylvaine has left. Schram comes in quickly, wild with curiosity, which Kleschna fails to satisfy. Sylvaine had come to talk about Berton—that's all. And he (Kleschna) doesn't want any more questions from Schram. The Sylvaine job goes through as planned.

Berton, emerging apprehensively from his hiding place, would also know what has happened. Nothing, Kleschna assures him.

Suddenly the hall door is heard to open. A moment later Leah steps in and closes the door behind her. Eagerly she scans the faces of the men before her. In a voice almost of awe she demands—

“Father, has anyone been here?”

“No. Just us, that’s all.”

“I saw him leaving the house!”

“Him? Who?” She studies their faces intently. They watch her guardedly.

“Who the devil do you mean? No one’s been here.”

She comes into the room and sinks into a chair. She is smoothing back her hair with a nervous hand. “He—must have been calling on someone downstairs. I only thought—for a minute—he might have been here.”

Her voice dies away and she sits listlessly gazing in front of her. The three men stand looking at Leah. The curtain falls.

ACT II

The study in Paul Sylvaïne’s house in St. Cloud “is the room of a gentleman of culture and taste furnished in the French Renaissance style.” At one side of the marble fireplace is a handsome cabinet, which is in reality a safe. An ornate writing desk is prominently placed. Within a gracefully curved embrasure at back a broad French window extends to the floor. The wall spaces are filled with bookshelves.

General Berton, “a distinguished-looking military man of sixty years of age; his silver hair close-cropped and his mustache trimmed to the severe line of his mouth,” and Paul Sylvaïne are sitting before the fire talking.

The General has just discovered that it is nearing two o’clock in the morning and that he must be going. He has heard Sylvaïne’s story, and is somewhat reassured as to his son Raoul’s situation. He still doesn’t understand just why the Garniers have agreed to leave Paris at Sylvaïne’s bidding, but he must be content with what he knows.

“Apparently you’ve rescued Raoul again from a bad position,” the General is saying, “which is doubly decent of you, because you certainly can’t think he is worth rescuing.”

“There’s no one that isn’t worth rescuing, and no one that can’t be rescued.”

“There you go again with another of your charming inconsisten-

cies. No one that can't be rescued. Do you believe that?"

"It must be so, regardless of any belief or doubt on my part."

"I don't see why?"

"No more do I, but I'm sure it is true. You'll keep on trying to rescue Raoul because you know he can be rescued, and if you never rescue him, you'll know it's because you never found the way. That's why all the stray ones are not rescued, General. We haven't found the way. We've done all we can today for Raoul. The particular young woman who controls him for the moment is about to be removed."

"And you're the one to be thanked for it, Paul. You don't know what this means to me now. It gives me time—time to see what can be done with Raoul's finances. It's incredible what the boy has done."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Oh, it's not merely ordinary debts. It's worse, much worse. But, whatever happens, you, Paul, have my gratitude. If my son has humiliated me, I am to have a son-in-law who has raised my pride again out of the dust. Now I'm going."

They will be seeing each other the following evening, when Paul is to take the Sylvaine jewels to Claire. It is quite wonderful, the General thinks, that his Claire is to wear the famous jewels he has so often seen on Paul's mother in the old days. It worries him to think that the precious gems are there even now, in Paul's safe.

Paul has shown the General to the door and is back now, turning off the light in the hall. He draws the portiere and sits down at his desk. There is a letter he wants to write before he goes to bed—

"Dear Monsieur Garnier," he repeats as he sets down the words, "Should this letter find you still in the Rue de Clichy I depend upon it that a letter sent later in the day will fail to do so."

He seals and directs the letter. As he does so he starts slightly, as though he had heard a sound. Putting down his pen he goes to the window and listens. Apparently satisfying himself that everything is all right, he returns to the table, finishes addressing the letter, goes back to the window for a moment and then turns out the light and disappears through the door to his room.

In the darkness the curtain is lowered briefly to indicate a lapse of time. When it is raised Leah is discovered on her knees before the safe. She has placed a flashlight on a stool so that it shines on her hands as she works at the safe door with a jimmy. Presently she is able to pry open the door. From inside the safe she draws a red leather jewel-case, takes it to the writing table and is working

with it when she becomes conscious that someone has entered the room:

Standing before the door of his room in the shadow Sylvaine can be barely distinguished. He has a revolver in his hand, and the click of the trigger as he cocks it has an ominous sound. Leah starts, slams the jewel-case shut, turns out the light, takes her own revolver from her coat and stands motionless.

"Be careful," calls Leah, in low, even tones. "You are not to interfere with me or I shall kill you."

"Oh, I think not," calmly and sorrowfully answers Sylvaine.

"Listen, monsieur. You are to let me pass out the way I came. If you arouse the household I shall claim I was here by your invitation. I was your companion for the night, and when you found me robbing you you gave the alarm." Sylvaine is still unimpressed. Leah goes on: "You'll not dare try to prove the contrary. Your approaching marriage makes that impossible—your public position forbids it. I shall have a perfect story to tell, one that the world will believe. Now you'll let me go and say nothing."

Leah has reached out for the jewel casket and is ready to leave when Sylvaine steps forward and snaps on the light. She has raised her revolver to threaten him when she catches a glimpse of his face. With a sharp cry of "Monsieur!" she starts back. The hand with the revolver drops to her side and she hides it behind her.

Sylvaine shuts off the light again, returns in the darkness to the desk and turns on the lamp. He has laid his revolver on the table and is looking steadily at Leah. She has been gazing at him with wide eyes, but now she pulls herself together in an effort to regain her composure. She is again menacing—

"You won't prevent my going out of here," Leah is saying. "If you do—you heard what I said—you'll have to face a dirty scandal."

SYLVAINE—What makes you think I *won't* face one? Had you any reason to think before you came in here that I was a coward?

LEAH (*quickly, with a flutter of weakness*)—No—no!

SYLVAINE (*pausing—regarding her calmly, then*)—Who prompted you to do this? Was it Raoul Berton?

LEAH (*startled*)—What's that? Raoul Berton knows nothing of it.

SYLVAINE—Ah! You seem very anxious to convince me of that. Is it because you love him?

LEAH (*with a perfectly convincing gesture*)—Love him? No!

SYLVAINE—Yet you valiantly assert his innocence. That's interesting. Won't you sit down?

LEAH (*throwing back her head impatiently*)—Look here, don't

talk to me like that. I want to know this. If I make a move for the window, are you going to try to stop me?

SYLVAINE—I *shall* stop you.

LEAH—You propose to hand me over to the police?

SYLVAINE—I propose to do what I think is right.

LEAH—Well, let me tell you if you try that on there *will* be bloodshed here, and no mistake.

SYLVAINE—You mean your father is in the garden below, waiting for a signal?

LEAH (*looking sharply at him*)—My father? What do you know of my father?

SYLVAINE—I've met him, talked with him. And I know that underneath all his mistakes and cruelties there's a fine quality—the quality of courage. (*He pauses for an instant.*) But he sent you in here instead of coming himself. I can't understand that.

LEAH (*quickly*)—Well, you don't think he was afraid, do you? He isn't afraid of anything.

SYLVAINE—Ah, you're loyal too. How very interesting.

LEAH (*with an angry toss of her head*)—Now stop that. You're treating me like a child; you're talking like one yourself. I'm not making a call on you. This isn't afternoon tea. I'm robbing you, do you understand? And you've caught me at it. Now you'd better think what you're going to do. As for me, I intend to go out that window. If you make a move to stop me I'll fire, and that will bring my pals in on you. You don't want that— (*Puts pistol in her left hand.*) God help you—you don't want that.

SYLVAINE—How do you know I don't? I want this episode to go to its logical conclusion. So I've determined to give the signal myself for your pals to come in.

Sylvaine has taken up his revolver and is pointing it toward the ceiling, prepared to fire, when Leah quickly jumps forward, calling to him not to shoot. Sylvaine, with an expression of relief and gladness, lowers his arm. Leah has saved him from making himself ridiculous, he says, and he is grateful. The day before he had addressed his colleagues of the Chamber on the prevalence of crime. In that address he had expressed pity for the criminal. If he had been killed there tonight all Paris would have laughed.

Leah has been staring into his face. "Pity for those who commit crime—that's funny!" she mutters in a strange voice.

"Yes, it is funny, frightfully funny," admits Sylvaine. "All sorts of people laugh at it. The burglar laughs as loud as the banker. I almost catch myself laughing at it at times. But I take courage every now and then—and I'm taking it now."

"Now?"

"Yes, now. Because *you don't* laugh. Why *is* that?"

"I don't know," Leah admits. Her voice has taken on a strange quality.

Leah is able to take her gaze from Sylvaine finally. As he questions her she grows hard again. Her answers are sullen. She averts her face and casts down her eyes. No, she is not French. She is Austrian. Born near Neustadt. Her mother died when she was ten. Her father had taken her to Vienna. Soon she learned how he lived. At first she was frightened, but she soon got used to it.

Now her attitude has changed. She will tell him no more. She doesn't want to be "treated fairly." She doesn't want to be preached to.

"That's anger. That's pride," announces Sylvaine, confidently. "Put it aside and meet me on equal ground. The truth of you is what I want. Why didn't you shoot me when you could; why didn't you let me shoot and bring your companions in? You couldn't. If there's this good in you, what did you come here for at all?"

"To rob you."

"You cannot rob me of anything I'll regret except the faith I have in my own people."

"You needn't try to have faith in *me*."

"I don't try. It's here within me—strong as my life. And you can't rob me of it. I believe in every one of us—that every one of us is a part of truth, and the thief that comes into my house is only a specter of madness. That specter cannot destroy my faith. It only veils the soul, the universal soul, which is love. (*Pause.*) Love, but lost in darkness; the same darkness through which the whole world is struggling, the thief a little more helpless than the rest."

Leah is weakening now. The firmness has all gone from her face. She wants to get out of there. Either she'll go or he'll stop her. "You shan't talk to me—you shan't look at me like that." Her voice has risen hysterically. "You *shan't* look at me! Damn you, stop looking at me!"

"Do you know what I'm looking for?" he demands, taking her hands and holding them. "For you—the child that was afraid. For you that's hidden behind that unhappy mask. I've seen it—since I came in on you here I've seen it—I see it now, in your eyes, as they look at me. It's the light—the light. Don't be afraid of it—don't be ashamed—let the good grow and shine there, and trust me."

She is unresisting now. She is staring at him, unable longer to

withstand the power of his will. They are sitting on the sofa and his questioning goes on. When did she begin to steal? She can't remember. It was in Vienna—no, in Milan. Had she ever questioned the right or wrong of it? No—not for a long time. Then it was too late. She had been a thief all her life. She tried not to think—

“But the truth was there—knocking at your heart. You began to hate the life you were leading?”

“Yes.”

“And this will be the end of it—now.” Sylvaine is speaking with a firm conviction. She is rigid under his gaze as he goes on. “The thief in you is only a vile spirit holding you prisoner. It can't hold you against your will. It has no real power—only the power you concede to it in your weakness, in your thoughtlessness. Sometimes another can send it away. (LEAH looks at him.) If I might be the one—if I might be—please God I may—I'd lead you out by the hands, out of your prison house, the thief would be left behind, and here would be the girl again—the girl that was afraid.”

Sylvaine “has been exquisitely tender and passionate in all he has said.” Now, as he finishes, Leah continues gazing at him. Suddenly her eyelids flutter and a sob breaks from her lips. Sylvaine lets her cry. For a time she sobs convulsively. Gradually she recovers and slowly, with his help, gets to her feet. For a moment they stand looking at each other. “Now you are free to go,” he says.

From down the street comes the sound of singing. It is gay singing, as from a crowd of roisterers on the way home. It grows louder and louder and then, under Sylvaine's window, it stops. Now there is a confusion of voices and laughter. One voice finally rises above the rest. “Paul Sylvaine! Are you there, Paul?” it calls. After a minute the voice adds: “I'm going up to see. Eh, Louis, give me a leg up.”

Leah has started at the sound of the voice, which she recognizes as that of Raoul Berton. She looks anxiously at Paul. He quickly hurries her toward the door of his room. She mustn't be found there.

Berton's head appears inside the window just as Leah disappears. A moment later he stands inside the room leering at Sylvaine. “Well, if it wasn't you—good, old, steady-driving you—I'd say I saw something damned like a woman go through that door,” chortles Raoul.

He is back at the window now calling to his friends to go on. He will meet them later at the Cabaret des Poissons. “I'm going to stay here awhile in the odor of sanctity,” he laughs, zigzagging

his way back into the room. Raoul would have a drink, if Paul would get it, but, told there is nothing this side of the dining room, Berton produces a flask and helps himself. He would have Paul drink with him. "How the devil are you going to love your fellow-men if you don't drink?" Berton wants to know.

"Might I ask you why you thought it necessary to climb in at my window at three in the morning?" demands Sylvaine.

"If I hadn't you might have had a less desirable visitor," answers Raoul. "You're tempting all the cut-throats in France. The *sergent-de-ville* met me out in the road there and said he'd just driven off a pair of prowlers. You have a head for politics, Paul, but you're not practical. Look at you off here like a stranded hermit. (*Rises.*) Come out and be tempted, Saint Anthony. Come out where the women are; there's more than one for every man— (*He pauses, and stooping down picks a handkerchief from the floor.*) Hello, what's this? (*He spreads it out and then sniffs it.*) In your rooms at three in the morning. Oh, oh! Now, that's something new. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Berton's laughter is loud and coarse. Now he demands that he be permitted to see Sylvaine's fair visitor. When Sylvaine would send him home Berton grows ugly. Finally, with a lurching rush, he bursts into Paul's room. There is a roar of rage and astonishment a moment later. Berton reappears dragging Leah after him. "What in hell does this mean?" he shouts. "Oh—you're a poacher! Aren't ye? That's Paul Sylvaine's game, is it? Mealy-mouthed saint that gets on a pedestal and lectures the rest of us—he's a poacher!"

Sylvaine stands regarding Berton contemptuously. Leah, astonished by Sylvaine's restraint, would protest, but is quickly quieted. "Yes—hush—you," echoes Berton. "We don't want to hear from you." He turns savagely and faces Sylvaine—

"There's just one thing, Paul Sylvaine. If she was worth the trouble I'd have satisfaction of you—I'd drive a sword through you for a hypocrite; but not for that sort. What I *will* do—I'll placard you—I'll placard you through Paris. I'll hang you up before 'em all as the man Raoul Berton wouldn't let his sister marry. For you won't marry her—never in your life."

SYLVAINE—Stop! You don't understand, and I don't propose to explain to you now.

RAOUL—Oh—you don't, eh?

LEAH (*breaking in suddenly*)—Raoul Berton, do you want to know the truth?

RAOUL—The truth from you—a—

LEAH (*interrupting*)—Oh, I'm worse than that. But I can give you truth now that'll dazzle you.

SYLVAINE—Please don't.

LEAH—Oh, yes, I will. I've been waiting for the chance ever since I met him. (*She faces BERTON.*) You remember our first meeting, don't you, in the railway carriage coming back from Chantilly. My father'd taken me to Chantilly to look at a house—a house he'd planned to rob.

RAOUL (*with a chart*)—Eh?

LEAH—Now, don't get nervous. We'd have robbed that house at Chantilly if we hadn't met you. You turned us on to a better job.

RAOUL—What do you mean?

LEAH—I'm telling you what I mean. You liked the looks of the girl that got into the railway carriage that afternoon. You looked her all over with your mean eyes and said to yourself you wanted to know her. You began by asking Dad for a light for your cigar. Well, before we reached Paris you asked Dad if you might call. And you've been calling ever since. Well, you're a talker, a boaster, everything you shouldn't be. My father's a listener. Through your talking and his listening he got the material he's always looking for.

RAOUL—A burglar!

LEAH—One of the best. Kleschna of Vienna.

RAOUL—Kleschna?

LEAH—And now you understand? Kleschna's daughter came through that window a while ago after those things. (*Pointing to the jewel-case.*) It was burglary combined with a fine scheme of blackmail. It had worked beautifully on a former occasion, but on the former occasion I did not meet a Monsieur Sylvaïne. He found me here, and he beat my game to a standstill. And that's all I have to say. Here we are—three of us—a gentleman—a thief—and a blackguard. I'm the thief.

RAOUL (*to SYLVAINE*)—Is this true?

SYLVAINE—You heard. She need not have made her statement.

LEAH—Oh, yes. It's made him keep quiet. It's put him right; it's put *you* right— Now, what are you going to do about me, monsieur?

SYLVAINE—Why, I've told you. You're free to go.

RAOUL—What's that? You're not going to let her—

SYLVAINE—Yes, I am.

LEAH—You'll let me go free? (*SYLVAINE smiles, recognizing her answer in her eye. In this look she reveals her resolve to steal no more.*) Good night, monsieur. (*She starts up to the window.*)

SYLVAINE—Wait. Not that way? I don't like that way.

LEAH (*inquiringly*)—Not this way?

SYLVAINE—If you'll permit me, I'll take you to the door.

RAOUL—Well, Paul, you're a—

SYLVAINE (*turning*)—I know I am, and I'm willing to be.

RAOUL (*as they disappear*)—Well, I'm damned!

For a minute Raoul stands muttering to himself. "A burglar! What do I care, I want her love and I'll have it!" Suddenly his eyes pick out the jewel-case and an idea seizes him. Making sure there is no one in the hall he stuffs the jewels in his pocket, just as the outer door is heard to slam and Sylvaine is heard coming down the hall.

Raoul, sitting before the fire smoking a cigarette when Sylvaine returns, is ready with an apology—an apology with which Sylvaine is willing to dispense. Still, Raoul insists, the mistake was natural. Leah had belonged to him; he found her there; he lost his temper. Now he's sorry—and grateful. Paul has got him out of the clutches of a bad woman. Now he'll be going.

It is some moments after Berton has gone through the window that Sylvaine starts to put the jewel-case back into the safe. When he finds it empty he is startled—and angry. "His face is set and its shadows deepen. Then as the truth dawns on him his lip curls cynically and he gives a bitter laugh as he sinks into a chair. After a moment he speaks."

"Well, I expect a sentimentalist is always a fool. She got them after all—after all."

From below the window come the voices of Raoul and his companions. They have found each other and are again on their way, singing. Sylvaine's expression gradually changes. His face expresses great mental shock and suffering. "I wonder! I wonder!" he mutters in a hushed voice. The curtain falls.

ACT III

The following morning the sun is streaming through the window in Paul Sylvaine's study. The door of the safe is closed and the jewel-case has disappeared from the table. At the moment, Baptiste, Sylvaine's *valet de chambre*, is ushering in General and Madame Berton and Claire, their daughter. Madame Berton is "a sweet-looking lady of middle years who walks very slowly, with the air of a confirmed invalid." Claire is "a pretty example of the quiet, unawakened, carefully-reared type of French girl."

The Bertons, having heard their son's version of the happenings

of the night before, are free to discuss the matter before Paul arrives.

General Berton is not surprised that Paul should have let the girl go, considering his theories, but whoever would have thought that he would ever have a chance to exercise such theories. Claire, in a small, gentle voice, would like to know whether or not the girl that Monsieur Sylvaine set free was a pretty girl. Claire does not like to appear forward, but it has occurred to her that a gentleman might be more reluctant to punish a pretty girl than he would one who was plain.

The General is quite startled by such a philosophy in one so young, but Madame Berton thinks she understands. "Paul is a sentimentalist, no doubt, but not that kind," ventures Madame.

When Paul appears the greetings are gracefully disposed of and the matter of the Sylvaine adventure quickly brought to discussion. Paul regrets that Raoul has already told them the story, but it may be he was right in doing so. Certainly he (Paul) had no intention of covering it up. "And what did he tell you?" he asks.

"Well, he said he came in on you after it was all over," recites the General, a statement Paul finds a bit surprising. "You had just let the girl go. Paul, by what theory can you bring yourself to believe that a criminal who breaks into your house to steal from you, and perhaps kill you, should be sent out into the community again to repeat the crime against another?"

"I am positive she won't," says Paul, smiling slightly.

"Paul, you don't want your admirers to join your enemies in believing you are developing into a dangerous extremist. You're not an anarchist, you're not a fanatical dreamer. You're a man of hard business sense."

Madame Berton would interrupt to suggest that Paul be given a chance to explain how he feels, which Paul tries to do. He had found the girl to be refined and good-looking. Again the quiet Claire picks up her ears. His only feeling is one of inexpressible sadness. They know his theories about these unfortunate people. He only insists upon his right to help them if he can.

"If I could find any means to rescue a criminal without sending him to prison I should feel justified in adopting that means." Paul is firm in this conviction.

"But you can't find any other means. None that we know is so safe," insists the General.

"None that we know is so ineffectual," calmly replies Paul. "However, we're discussing my special action with this girl. Let me say at once that she personally interested me."

Again Claire is stirred with a personal interest that brings her

forward on her chair and attracts the curious glances of her surprised parents.

SYLVAINÉ—My first glance at her showed me she was a fine, brave young creature. General, I can't associate courageous youth with crime. When they get mixed up together someone has been careless. It was out of the question, my springing upon that stupid child like an avenging fury and roaring out for the cords to bind her with. So I *talked* with my burglar.

GENERAL (*exasperated*)—Talked with her, Paul; *talked* with her!

SYLVAINÉ—You would be surprised to know how tractable I found the girl. The spiritual good in her was only slightly submerged.

GENERAL (*his irritation increasing*)—Spiritual good, Paul!

SYLVAINÉ—To be sure! There's spiritual good in a burglar, General, just as there is in you, only it's deeper down.

GENERAL (*with a despairing gesture*)—O Lord!

SYLVAINÉ—But let us keep to our girl. I'm sure from one cause to another the suggestion to stop stealing had been persisting in her for some time past. It only required just one more suggestion. Fortunately I was able to make it.

CLAIRE (*breathlessly*)—How?

SYLVAINÉ (*smiling*)—As I said, I talked with her.

GENERAL (*struggling helplessly with his temper*)—Paul, have you not positively transgressed in taking a course which is opposed to the public safety? Do you not understand that it was your duty—

SYLVAINÉ (*interrupting—firmly*)—Please, General, please. Don't bring in that word duty.

GENERAL—And why? Is there any word more solemn?

SYLVAINÉ—No. And because of its solemnity let us leave it unspoken. It may be wrong, all wrong at the end; I don't know; but I would no more put that poor, misguided girl in prison than I would put there an erring child of my own. (*Passionately.*) Bring it home. Suppose the law could seize one of your own in such a state? This girl is none of mine, but we are of one species.

GENERAL—But—

SYLVAINÉ—I do not understand the origin of her sin, and as I don't understand, I will not assist in her condemnation.

Madame Berton thinks she understands a little better. Claire has another thought. Did the girl succeed in taking any of the jewels? With a cynical smile Paul admits that all the jewels have disappeared. This is indeed a shock to Claire. "Oh, they were to be mine," she cried, tearfully. "Oh, Mamma!"

The General, too, is shocked. Raoul had told them the jewels were safe. That they are gone is a new and astonishing phase of the matter. "It appears that while you were indulging your extraordinary magnanimity towards this creature she was cleverly secreting the jewels about her person, and after the sympathetic conference was over she quietly walked away with them. Is that it?"

"I think not. I'm loath to believe I'm so dull as that even at three in the morning. When I let her out of the house I'm quite sure the jewels were here. When I returned they had disappeared."

"Ah! She had accomplices that you didn't see," suggests Madame Berton.

"Something like that, I suspect."

Now the General is set for action. Certainly Paul must intend to turn the case over to the police immediately. No, Paul doesn't want to be rushed. Is there any good reason why he should keep his reasons for delay from the General and his family? There may be, admits Paul. All he asks is a little time to work out the problem. He has sent for the girl— The Bertons are appalled. Especially Claire.

"This is amazing, Paul," sputters the General. "You took the address of your thief in case you should need her again. If I were in any mood for laughter I should roar at you. And you imagine she'll return?"

"I think she'll come."

"Good Gad, Paul, I believe you're mad!"

At which moment Baptiste enters with the information that a young girl named Leah is asking to see Monsieur Sylvaine.

The Bertons are again disturbed. Paul asks the General please to stay and meet Leah with him. If Madame Berton and Claire will kindly step into the other room their wait will not be long. Claire would like to stay and see the girl, but her mother is firm.

A moment later Baptiste has shown Leah in. "She is dressed with great care and looks very pretty. There is a hovering expression of joy in her expectant face as she looks at Sylvaine. That he dominates her is clear in the way she keeps her eager eyes fixed on him."

Sylvaine introduces Leah to the General, who has polished his glasses that he may have a clearer view of the young woman. "General Berton knows from his son that you entered my house last night to steal," explains Paul. "He knows that I let you go free after discovering you here, and he disapproves."

"I've come to learn what you want me to do, monsieur," answers Leah, simply, her gaze still fixed on Sylvaine.

"Yes. What I want you to do is to strengthen the resolution

under which I was proceeding. They tell me that the just course was to put you in prison, but I believe it's the *light* you want to lead you upwards, and not the darkness, and I want you to help me believe it."

"Yes, monsieur."

"I think this is all unnecessary, Paul," interrupts the General.

"No. It's not unnecessary to be deliberate where a human soul is at stake. (LEAH *lowers her eyes and then raises them again to SYLVAINÉ. SYLVAINÉ turns again to LEAH.*) It seemed to me when you left here last night that it was not a thief I let out of the door. Tell me, was it?"

"No, monsieur. Not last night."

"Is that a lie?" Sylvainé is all but shouting his words. "The jewels are gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes. After letting you out of the house I returned here and found they had disappeared."

Leah has drawn herself up and an acute look flashes into her eyes. In a sharp, ringing voice she starts to speak—"Then it was—"

"Stop!" shouts Sylvainé before she can continue. "I want no accusations. Answer for yourself!"

Leah shrinks back before them. She draws her hand weakly across her eyes, as though she were faint. She is again the hunted criminal. "Just a moment, please. I need a moment—and then I'll answer you, monsieur." She glances from one to the other. "It's true—isn't it—that I came here last night to rob you—and if the jewels have gone—then who could have taken them—but me? (*With a fluttering smile.*) Why—the case is as strong as iron against me."

"Ah! At last!" sighs the General.

A look of suffering sweeps across Leah's face. She turns piteously to Sylvainé. "Do you believe it, monsieur? Do you believe I took them?"

Sylvainé does not answer. After a time he resumes his questioning. Where had she gone when she left the house? She had waited for the morning train and gone back to Paris. She had walked the streets until morning. Then she went to the apartment of a friend who had brought her a dress from the Kleschnas'. She had not seen her father. She had come there because he (Sylvainé) had asked her to.

Sylvainé is convinced, but the General is not. If Paul is weak enough to believe all this play-acting the General feels it is his duty to call the police. "What this woman's hold is on you is a mystery," says the General. "But whatever your motive is in protect-

ing her, my course is plain. I don't expect you to send for an officer, and, of course, I know that with your help this girl could escape from the house."

"She'll not attempt to escape. She'll see the game through."

General Berton storms out of the room. Sylvaine is at the table, leaning his head in his hands. Leah is troubled. She knows she must help Sylvaine. But how? Does he still believe in her? When he assures her that he does her joy is great. But he must know who did take the jewels. Paul knows. But that name must not be mentioned. Raoul's mother and sister must not know. Above all else, that is his wish.

Solemnly Leah repeats his words: "Above all, that is your wish—"

"Mind you, his taking the jewels doesn't affect your case at all. If you charge him with it, it won't save you." Leah shrinks from him. "But we must make a fight for it," he adds, "and I want you to know what our weapons are and how we can use them." He glances at the window. "You know that way."

"Why, you just told him I'd see the game through," she answers in hurt surprise.

"And will you?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But if I can't save you?"

"Then I'll still see the game through, and you'll not be ashamed."

Sylvaine has taken her hands fervently. "No! Whatever your fate is, I shall not be ashamed. Whatever good has come to you from this, just so great a good has come to me. Henceforth I shall wear my faith like an armor."

General Berton has returned. With him is a *sergent-de-ville*. He had hoped to find Paul ready to acknowledge his mistake and give the girl up. Paul is more determined than ever to do all he can to protect Leah. He is willing to give the General his word that she did not take the jewels. She is no longer a thief. "God has set her free and you are waging war against His mercy," shouts Paul.

That, insists the General, is rank blasphemy. Let the officer do his duty. Again Sylvaine protests. If the General insists he may send Leah to prison—but not for last night's work. When Leah left the room the jewels were safe. Nor did her accomplices return and get them, as the General suggests. Again the General would summon the officer—

"Stop!" cries Paul. "Now I've got to tell you the truth! Raoul told you he came in here last night after it was all over. He didn't! He was here when the girl left. He knows the whole miserable story from beginning to end; but as Raoul appeared in the first

chapter, so Raoul appears in the last chapter. If you *must* have a prisoner, take—”

“Monsieur!” cries Leah, in a ringing voice.

Sylvaine turns. As he does so he sees that Claire Berton has stepped into the room and has been listening back of a screen. Now she is gazing fixedly at Leah. General Berton, sensing the accusation that Paul was about to make, stands staring at Sylvaine—

Leah walks calmly to the center of the room, assuming an air of semi-bravado. “Oh, well—what’s the use?” she says. “There was a professional thief here last night, and there’s no doubt who it was. There isn’t a jury in France that would let me off. I’ll have to go along with you.” (*To the officer.*)

SYLVAINE (*going quickly to her*)—No!

LEAH (*turning sharply to the sergent-de-ville*)—Come on, come on, come on!

SYLVAINE (*in a loud voice*)—No! I’ll not have this sacrifice. General Berton—

RAOUL (*singing in the hall as he approaches*)—

Viens poupoule, viens poupoule, viens!
Quand j’entends des chansons!
Ça m’rend tout polisson. Ah!!!

(*He stops singing as he enters and sees the people. A sudden craven fear comes into his face when he discovers LEAH. He looks from her to the sergent-de-ville.*) Hello! What’s up?

SYLVAINE (*to GENERAL BERTON*)—Now! This is the end! A human soul is at stake! Is prison the only means?

GENERAL (*overwhelmed, enlightened at last*)—Paul!

SYLVAINE (*after a pause*)—Officer, there’s been a misunderstanding. You’ll not be needed.

The *sergent* stares blankly at General Berton and leaves the room. Claire is still gazing at Leah. Raoul’s eyes are shifting restlessly about. The curtain falls.

ACT IV

It is the night following the robbery. Kleschna’s lodgings are in darkness, save for the glow from the city lights twinkling beyond the window. Presently the door opens and Kleschna comes stealthily into the room, followed by Schram. “Leah! Leah, are you here?” Kleschna calls in a hoarse whisper, starting through the

rooms. He is back now and there is a solemn thrill in his voice. "They've taken her, Schram. As sure as you're alive, they've taken her!"

Schram is bitter. Hadn't he warned Kleschna? Hadn't he pleaded with him to leave the work to the man-thief?

Kleschna has sunk into a chair. His face is distorted with fear now, and he runs his hands nervously through his hair. They've got her. The police have got his girl, he keeps repeating. They've got her in Saint Lazare, down in the dark with a lot of stinking thieves! Why did Schram let him do it? Why didn't Schram stop him? Why didn't Schram choke some sense into him, as he had choked sense into Schram many a time?

"If you'd tried you could have stopped me," cries the grieving Kleschna. "You oughter killed me first—beat me blind with the first thing that come to your hand. But you didn't. And now she's got ten years of it before her. (*He flings his arm across his eyes and sinks into a chair.*) My God, Schram, we've lost her! We've got to live alone!"

Schram won't give up. There must be some way they can save Leah. Couldn't he go to the police and tell them he did it? Kleschna will have none of that. The sensible thing for Schram to do is to get away; let him save his skin.

The suggestion infuriates Schram. With a bound he is at Kleschna, facing him furiously. "I'll kill you for one more word like that," Schram shouts . . . "You never saw the day you loved Leah like I do, and you can't stand there and—"

"Quiet down, quiet down. Stay here if you like, only— Why, you ain't crying, are you?"

Schram dabs guiltily at his eyes and moves away. A moment later he has followed instructions to get the bags ready. They'll be wanting to get out quick when Leah comes. But Schram knows. Whether Leah comes or not, she is lost to Kleschna. She'll never do another job. There's something strange going on. To Schram's notion Leah hasn't been captured at all.

"If she found herself in trouble last night, why didn't she fire the shot to tell us so—the way she agreed?" demands Schram. "The drunken crowd of singers that climbed into the garden—they came directly out again. They saw nothing—it's plain they saw nothing. Leah was all right up to then."

Suppose Leah had met Sylvaine face to face. Would he grapple with her like he'd grapple with a man? Or would he talk to her? "If she'd been dreaming of him for a year past—would she listen—when he spoke to her?"

Now Kleschna sees the situation Schram's way. "Schram—you've got it right. He talked to her—and she listened." He has reached over and caught eagerly at Schram's sleeve. "What do you make of it?"

"I make a lot of it. The police haven't got her."

There's reason in that—whatever happened, admits Kleschna. Still, the thing for them to do is to throw their things together and be ready to leave. Let Schram get Leah's trunk—

Schram has raised the window and is looking out. A person moving in the shadows has caught his eye. It might be Leah. It looks a little like Leah. Now Kleschna has joined him. Yes, that would be Leah's walk. They are both excited and eager now, and exultant when Leah turns in at the door. "Be careful, Kleschna. Be careful what you say to her," warns Schram.

Leah is pale, haggard and weary when she comes into the room. She drops her hat and sinks into a chair at the table. For a moment Kleschna and Schram watch her closely. Then Kleschna would question her. Where has she been so long? She has been walking by the river. What about the jewels? What happened? Why hasn't she been back before? Because she didn't want to come back. Again, did she get the jewels? No. Kleschna has grabbed the table and is leaning forward with angry eyes—

"Well, will you wake up?" he shouts. "Will you come out of the trance you're in? Give an account of yourself—d'ye hear? Give us the story—and be quick about it."

"Don't roar at me, Dad—don't roar at me. That doesn't interest me at all."

"Why, you—" Kleschna has sprung toward Leah in a rage, but Schram darts between them, pushing him back. In a second Kleschna has conquered his anger. "Well, what's it to be?" he continues, in a quieter tone. "Do we get any story from you?"

Leah makes an effort to collect her wits and then she tells them what happened. Sylvaine had come in and found her. What made them think they could beat a man like that? She tries to tell them more, but the memory of the scene is too much for her. She will not go over all that again. It makes her sick! If they knew—if the two of them knew that Sylvaine was the man when they sent her into that house—her curse upon them.

"So—you've been walking the streets all day," Kleschna is saying.

LEAH (*dully*)—No; I went back to Saint Cloud.

KLESCHNA (*aggressively*)—Today? Do you mean to tell me

you've seen that man today?

LEAH—He sent for me here—and I went to him.

KLESCHNA (*amazed*)—Sent for you here? You *haven't been* here.

LEAH—I came to see Sophie. I sent her up to tell you—to tell you I wasn't coming back again. She didn't find you—but she brought me his letter and the things I needed.

KLESCHNA—His letter. Ha! He wrote to you. By God, things are traveling fast with you, eh? Now I think I see why you turned sneak—why you didn't play the game out.

LEAH (*blazing up*)—I— (*She stops herself.*) Oh, I don't care what you think—and I don't care what you say. I've finished with it, and—(*with a pitiful, despairing gesture*)—it's finished me.

KLESCHNA—Look here! What's all this? You know who *you* are, don't you? Are there any crazy notions creeping over you that perhaps you're someone else? You're Kleschna's daughter, eh? Kleschna's daughter. The child of a thief—a thief yourself! Now will you dare lift your eyes to a man that—

LEAH (*with a sharp cry*)—Father!

KLESCHNA (*pointing at her*)—Ah, I've got you! That's why last night's job failed. You found yourself robbing a man you love. (*With a smothered cry LEAH rises—makes a dash toward KLESCHNA as if to strike him. Then she catches herself up short, covering her face, gasping hysterically, and suffering horribly from rage and shame.*)

SCHRAM (*hoarsely*)—Kleschna, this ain't right—by the Lord, it ain't right.

KLESCHNA (*bending above LEAH*)—I raised up a fool for a daughter, have I? Well, *that* can't be helped. But I won't stand the cheek of you when you refuse to give a decent account of yourself. There was a fortune in your hands and you let it go. (*He reaches roughly and pulls her hands down from her face.*) Uncover your face and tell me why.

LEAH (*tearing her hands away*)—Don't touch me—I—

KLESCHNA (*relentlessly*)—Tell me why you've come slinking back here without the jewels. Why?

LEAH (*defiantly*)—Because I'm not a thief any more.

KLESCHNA—Oh, you're not. Well, *I* am. Remember that; I am.

LEAH—So you are, Dad. You're a thief that prowls in the night, and you creep near the walls with your shoulders down—and you daren't raise your eyes from the ground for fear God will strike you blind.

KLESCHNA (*fiercely*)—I'm afraid of nothing.

LEAH (*in a great voice*)—Then I *am!* I'm afraid of the judgment that's on us all.

Again Schram draws Kleschna away, as he towers angrily over Leah. Let them be getting their things together, insists Schram. Kleschna agrees stubbornly, but one thing he knows. He's been sold out. While he was grieving for her Leah was selling him out. And he'll be even one day. Now let her go and pack her things. They're going away.

They are, agrees Leah—but not together. She is going alone. She is going home—to her mother's home. She's going to leave Kleschna for good. And she's going tonight.

The implacable resolution in Leah's eyes startles Kleschna. Nervously he runs his fingers through his hair and his expression is one of a man conquered. "His ferocity has evaporated before a craven fear with which the realization that Leah is leaving has filled him." His voice grows gentle and quiet. There is a pleading tone in what he is saying—

"We've got to pull ourselves together a bit now. We've been talking—kind of wild— . . . It's one thing to quarrel—it's another to talk of separation. You wouldn't go right away from me and never come back."

"Yes, that's what I am going to do." Leah's voice is firm and determined.

"Why, I'm getting to be an old man, Leah," says Kleschna, affecting a pathetic air. "You're all I've got in the world, and I thought I was all you'd got. A girl don't go off and leave her father like that. You'll think this over for a day or two—eh—and let me take you away now."

LEAH (*wearily*)—I've been thinking it over. Up till a few moments ago I thought there was only one way out of it. But I couldn't do it. I couldn't go into that black river.

SCHRAM (*under his breath*)—God! No!

LEAH—That's a miserable mean end for a girl, and she mustn't—she mustn't. But what's left for me to do? I've searched and searched and got no answer; but something seems to tell me to go home—to my mother's home—among the simple people. (*Turning and looking at KLESCHNA.*) My mother was simple and good—wasn't she?

KLESCHNA—Yes.

LEAH—Why didn't you let me be like her, Dad? Why?

KLESCHNA—A peasant girl working in the fields!

LEAH (*in a ringing voice*)—A peasant girl working in the fields!

Why didn't you let me be that? Then I could breathe. What am I now? Something the peasant in the field would spit on.

KLESCHNA—Leah—

LEAH—Don't you know there's no chance for me now? All those years can't be wiped out. Why did you lead me into it, Dad? Why?

SCHRAM—Your father's been all right to you, Leah; he's been all right.

KLESCHNA—Hush, Schram!

LEAH—Schram's right. I've been putting it wrong. You couldn't have led me into it. It must have been that I was vicious myself. I must have been blind, anyway, and dull— Perhaps some of us are born blind like that, while those others see clear without trying. (*With a little hopeless movement.*) Oh, I don't know. I only know they'll never forgive you when you're like me! It's the law of the good people. They never forgive. You're lost forever, and to begin all over again you have to die.

KLESCHNA (*rising and crossing to LEAH*)—Well, I'll say this to you, Leah. Whatever you are, it's good to have the courage of it. The thing the good people and the bad people won't forgive is the sniveler. If you're an outcast, shut your teeth together and go through. The rest is weakness, and the God you've been quoting to me probably tolerates that less than anything else. Go through, I tell you, and don't whimper.

LEAH (*holding her head high and looking at her father*)—I intend to go through, but not by the road you've set me.

KLESCHNA (*doggedly*)—But the point is—you won't go away from me. Look here, Leah, we'll talk it all out when we're safe away from this. And I'll say now, I'll never ask you to do anything again that goes against you. There! You can live as decent as you like.

LEAH—And how will *you* live, Dad?

KLESCHNA—Well, what does it matter about me? Just look on me as your father, who wants to keep a good home about you. There's scarcely a girl in the world who knows any more about her father than that.

LEAH (*sadly*)—Oh, you don't understand. I tell you I'm going a new road, Dad, and I've got to take it alone. Why, you couldn't follow it if you tried your best. How I'd take you if I could!

KLESCHNA—It leads back to the fields.

LEAH—Back to the silent fields.

KLESCHNA—Among the peasants that labor with their faces to the ground.

LEAH—Even on their knees with their faces to the ground.

KLESCHNA (*in fierce desperation*)—By God, you shan't do it. You'd go mad out there, and I'd go mad thinking of you. I'd rather see you in the river.

LEAH—I've chosen a harder way—and I'm Kleschna's daughter—I shall go through without sniveling. (*Extending her hands.*) Good-by, Dad!

KLESCHNA (*with a poignant cry*)—Leah! Leah!

There is a sharp ring of the doorbell. Schram goes into the hall. The sound of angry voices follows. Schram is trying to keep Raoul Berton from pushing his way into the room. Wildly Berton is pleading for help. What he has done he did for Leah.

"Take him in and give him shelter. He's a better workman than I am," advises Leah. Schram's excitement is shared by Kleschna now. Does Raoul mean that he is being followed? There was a man following him, Berton admits, but he has shaken him off.

Kleschna's attitude changes when the pleading Berton reminds him of the jewels. They're worth a million francs if they're worth a sou. Kleschna can have the lion's share if he will take Raoul in. Excitedly Schram warns Kleschna not to do it. But—a million francs! And Berton sure he shook off his pursuer!

While they are bargaining Leah would sneak past them and out the door. Schram is too quick for her. A moment later Kleschna has locked the door and taken the key. Nor will he listen to Leah's pleas.

"Now we have finished with all that, and make up your mind to it," says Kleschna. "I've decided to stand in with this deal. It's a fortune if it's handled right, and we're going to do our duty—every one of us. (*To LEAH.*) You didn't do yours last night; you'll do it now."

Kleschna has huddled them around the table. Both Schram and Leah again plead with him to have nothing to do with Raoul. "If you don't put him out you'll be taken yourself," warns Leah. She knows something they don't know. She knows that the man who was following Berton was Felix Huguenin. It was Huguenin who had taken Toni Hecht in Buenos Aires months after everyone had forgotten him. "I'd rather have the Devil at my heels than Felix Huguenin." That's what Kleschna had said at the time. How does Leah know it is Huguenin who is on their trail—

"Ask him if he didn't try to pawn a brooch today at Salomon's in Rue Pigalle?" suggests Leah.

Yes, he did, admits Raoul. He needed money. And who did he meet when he was leaving Salomon's? He met the girl who lives

on the floor below. That would be Leah's friend, Sophie Chaponniere.

And do they know the rest of the story? Salomon and Sophie are old friends. Sophie was talking with Salomon after Raoul's visit. Salomon admitted he didn't know Raoul, but he did know he was a thief. Salomon knew the jeweler who had made the brooch and had it registered in his books.

Sophie told Valentin and Valentin, hating Raoul, had gone to his friend, Detective Huguenin. Huguenin has been on the case for hours, knows all about the robbery from Monsieur Sylvaine's servants. If Raoul expects to get away from Huguenin he'll have to be a better man than Toni Hecht. Now will Kleschna put him out?

"It isn't true—it isn't Huguenin following me," screams Raoul. But suppose it is? Isn't the game worth the risk all the same? Look at the chances you took last night. Now you get the jewels as a gift—with nothing to do. We can all go away from here together; we can go to London or Brussels—somewhere where they can't find us." He is standing close to Kleschna now, his hands on Kleschna's shoulders. "Where's the danger? They can't take Kleschna—they're not smart enough to take Kleschna."

Again, over the protests of Schram and Leah, Kleschna is inclined to go through with the deal. Where are the jewels now? They're in a little hotel near the Gare de Lyon. Good! "The game's worth it and we'll take it on," says Kleschna. Let them get ready to move.

Leah isn't going. Not even as far as the door. Without Leah, shrills Raoul, the deal's off. Leah's going, says Kleschna, if he has to carry her out bound hand and foot. Will she come or won't she? He is turning up his wristbands and approaching Leah menacingly—

"Go on and kill me if you like," calmly says Leah. "I've looked into the face of death once today—and I'm not afraid."

"Kleschna! She'll win!" warns Schram.

"Kill me! It's the one thing left you to do. I've turned traitor. I'll never steal for you again. I'll never blackmail for you again. And if he offers you ten times that million, you can't make me live one day under the roof with that man there. You've got me a prisoner here, but I'm free of you, body and soul—forever."

"I'm your father."

"No! God help you, Dad; you're not even any longer my father. Till today there was some bond that made you so, but now the very bone and fiber of you has gone out of me—and you're not my father any more."

He has made a dash for her now, but Leah has beaten him to

the table and the revolver in the drawer. With the pistol she stands defiantly facing him. No, she'll not draw on him. It's for her. He has made her ashamed to live. Slowly, as they stand staring at her, Leah raises the pistol to her head.

At that moment Sophie's voice is heard from below. She is calling eagerly for Leah. She wants her to come down and meet Monsieur Huguenin. Huguenin wants Leah to tell him all about that man Berton.

"Bring Monsieur Huguenin up here," Leah calls back.

Raoul is whining miserably that they're trapped. Kleschna has never taken his eyes off his daughter.

"Unlock the door!" demands Leah. Kleschna doesn't move.

"Kleschna! Can't you see what she means?" shouts Schram, excitedly. "She won't let him in. She's giving you another chance. Now then, will you do the right thing for once in your rotten life? She'll save you from Huguenin, if you'll open that door."

There is a ring at the outside door. Then another, followed by Sophie's voice, calling Leah.

"Kleschna! D'ye hear? Kleschna! It's give and take between ye! What d'ye give to *her*?"

Kleschna and Leah are still staring at each other. Slowly Kleschna takes the key from his pocket and hands it to Schram. Quickly, and with great eagerness, Schram unlocks the door into the private hall. Raoul is huddled shivering in a chair. For a moment Leah continues looking fixedly at her father—

"Poor old Dad," she says, in a low, wonderful voice. "You never saw the true light, did you? Will it ever shine out to you? If it does, believe in it, follow it; it's your only hope of peace in this world."

She is still looking at Kleschna as she walks slowly through the door. Schram, quick to close the door after her, falls weakly against it. Kleschna is staring at the door. The curtain falls.

ACT V

Three years later, on a bright June day, we stand before an expanse of vegetable gardens that stretch away to the horizon. "The sun illuminates the tiny lettuces like electric bulbs." The garden is near Neustadt, in Austria. There are two groups of peasants in the picture. One group has stopped work and, sitting by a felled tree at the side of the road, is enjoying its afternoon repast of bread and cheese and wine. The other, and the smaller group, is still at work in the fields. Leah is in the field, in peasant dress. Working near her is a good-looking youth, Anton Pfaff.

The group in the foreground is discussing the delay of the workers in coming for their bread and cheese. It is the opinion of Charlotte, an old woman, that Leah is the attraction holding Anton in the field. Let her come in and he will follow. She's a mysterious one, that Leah. There must have been a man back there in Paris . . .

Now Leah and Anton have joined Charlotte and the others. There is much chafing of Anton who swears that if Leah will not marry him he'll leave the neighborhood. There's no fun staying around a girl you want who doesn't want you. Leah isn't interested. She had rather Anton would make up to Frieda, who would make him a much better wife.

Presently two are seen approaching from the distance. One is Reichmann, the owner of the garden. The other is a stranger. With the boss in sight the workers decide to go back to the fields. They are there when Reichmann and his guest come into view. The guest is Paul Sylvaïne. He is looking for the girl, Leah Kleschna.

Now Reichmann has found Leah. She is shading her face with her hat and bending low over her work. Reichmann touches her shoulder. Leah rises and comes slowly forward to face Sylvaïne.

"How-do-you-do, Leah?"

For a moment she stands looking at him. Presently she speaks. "Why have you come?"

"To see you. It's three years since we met. You look well."

"I am well. How did you know where to find me?"

"I've always known. I made a point of knowing. Do you mind?"

"Mind? I'm only surprised." There is a slight catch in Leah's breath. "And Madame Sylvaïne? I hope she is well."

"There is no Madame Sylvaïne."

Then he tells her the story. He had not seen the girl he was expected to marry since the day that Leah had tried to keep the truth from her. Now he has come to suggest to Leah that she leave Austria and start a new life elsewhere. It is his advice that she should accept a home with a member of his family. "You will find companionship, affection and no less of peace than you are finding here in this lonely corner of Austria."

Leah is visibly affected. She is, she admits, afraid of the world out there. "My impulse is to remain here," she says. "Here I have found the faith and hope that can carry me to the end."

SYLVAÏNE—Why, wherever you go it will be the same. You'll have faith and hope, for they're both part of *you*, now.

LEAH (*greatly perplexed*)—And this other home; is it in Paris?

SYLVAÏNE—It's in England.

LEAH (*weakly*)—England. But I don't know England. And would you want me to live there always—in England?

SYLVAINÉ—No. I hope that soon I shall bring you to France again.

LEAH (*wonderingly*)—To France?

SYLVAINÉ—To my home. To Saint Cloud. (LEAH *continues looking intently at him, slow to understand the full significance of his words.*) Will you come, Leah?

LEAH (*all her helpless femininity rising uppermost*)—What shall I say?

SYLVAINÉ (*taking her hand*)—Say that you'll walk with me back to the village.

LEAH—But I must work till seven. Reichmann won't let me leave.

SYLVAINÉ—I'll explain to Reichmann.

LEAH (*timidly*)—But what will the people say, seeing me walk—me—with you back to the village?

SYLVAINÉ—And if you walk with me beyond the village—so far that at last they will grow weary of saying? Shall we grow sad here talking of life? Look over the world there! (*Pointing across the fields.*) Was there ever anything so gay as the *world* is? Shake out your plumes, Leah, and laugh. Don't you want to?

LEAH (*caught up by his fine spirit*)—Yes.

SYLVAINÉ—And will you walk with me to the village?

LEAH—Yes.

Leah's fellow workers have stolen in from the fields, alive with curiosity, trying slyly to hear what Leah and Sylvainé are saying. In the distance someone is singing. Slowly Sylvainé and Leah disappear from sight.

"That's the man," says Charlotte, catching Anton's sleeve. "Now you know why, Anton."

Charlotte is putting Anton's arm around Frieda as

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE SQUAW MAN
A Drama in Four Acts

BY EDWIN MILTON ROYLE

THE SQUAW MAN (222 perf.)—Comedy-drama in four acts by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced by Liebler and Company at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 23, 1905. Cast:

Henry Wynnegate.....	Herbert Sleath
Bates.....	C. A. Carlton
Sir John Applegate.....	Cecil Ward
Shorty.....	Emmett Shackelford
Andy.....	Bertram A. Marburgh
Taby-wana.....	Theodore Roberts
Cash Hawkins.....	William S. Hart
Nick.....	Frederick Watson
Pete.....	W. H. Sadler
Bud Hardy.....	William Frederick
Diana.....	Selene Johnson
Malcolm Petrie.....	Hugo Toland
Big Bill.....	George Fawcett
Grouchy.....	Mitchell Lewis
Baco White.....	Baco White
Nat-u-ritch.....	Mabel Morrison
Little Hal.....	Evelyn Wright
McSorley.....	Mortimer Martini
Parson.....	Chester White
Punk.....	Joseph Judge
Lady Elizabeth Wynnegate.....	Selina Fetter Royle
Lady Mabel Wynnegate.....	Katherine Fisher
Rev. Belachazar Chiswick.....	Frederick Forrest
The Rt. Rev., The Bishop of Exeter..	William Eville
Sir Charles Majoribanks.....	Brigham Royce
Mrs. Chichester-Chichester-Jones.....	Ella Duncan
Parker.....	Wells Edward Knibloe
Mrs. Hiram Doolittle.....	Lillian Wright
Mr. Hiram Doolittle.....	Boyd Southey
Capt. James Wynnegate, after- wards "Jim Carston".....	William Faversham

Staged by Edwin Milton Royle and William Faversham.

This play reopened at the New York Theatre, New York, on March 25, 1907, for a week's engagement. It played the Academy of Music, New York, for 32 performances beginning March 16, 1908.

For revival see "The Best Plays of 1921-22," page 484.

In the autobiography on which he was working at the time of his death Edwin Milton Royle recalls that the first thought of "The Squaw Man" came to him one night when he and Mrs. (Selena Fetter) Royle were playing in vaudeville in Chicago. It kept him awake all night, but when he talked it over with Mrs. Royle in the morning she frankly advised him to forget it. "Why do you think of these *sad* plays?" she demanded. "Your forte is comedy." Edwin Milton thought perhaps she was right.

Some months later, when the Royles were playing a new farce comedy, "My Wife's Husbands," Nat C. Goodwin, a popular comedian of that day, offered to buy the play but wanted Royle to write a serious one-act piece to go with it. And that is when the one-act version of "The Squaw Man" was written. Goodwin didn't care for it. A year after that the Lambs' Club was doing a club house gambol and needed a serious sketch. Out came "The Squaw Man" again and proved the success of the evening. It was later repeated at a public gambol. Frank Worthing played the lead, "Capt. James Wynnegate, afterward Jim Carston." W. S. Hart was the bad man, "Cash" Hawkins, and Edward Abeles had the role of Nat-u-ritch, the squaw. That was in April, 1904.

"During the summer following these two performances father retired to a little cottage in Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey, and expanded the one-act version into a four-act play," writes Josephine Royle. "In the fall it was submitted to Thomas W. Riley, who liked it but felt that he must have Worthing for 'Jim.' George Tyler liked the play, he and father talked terms, and on finding that William Faversham was leaving the Frohman management, engaged him for the leading role."

"The Squaw Man" was produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in October, 1905 and ran for many months. In 1908 it was produced in London as "A White Man" and was later played around the world under one title or the other.

"The Squaw Man" was a typical success of the day when romantic melodramas were popular. David Belasco had produced "The Girl of the Golden West" for Blanche Bates. Edmund Breese and Grace Elliston ran the season through with Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse." James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering were popular in Alfred Sutro's "The Walls of Jericho." There was great excitement over the writing and playing of Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman," and Amelia Bingham was playing Nancy Sykes to J. E. Dodson's Fagan in "Oliver Twist" at Proctor's 5th Avenue Stock.

It was a play called "Friends" that had made Mr. Royle a popular playwright. That was produced in 1892 and played for several seasons with Mr. and Mrs. Royle as its stars. His second play was



Josephine Royle Collection.

“THE SQUAW MAN”

Jim—Big White Father send for Little Hal. Say make him Big Chief. Tequin cross wide waters, fire-wagon, fire-boat. Hal sees the rising sun. Pretty soon, maybe so, Hal have heap cattle, heap ponies; pretty soon, maybe so, *Heap Big Chief!*

one called "Captain Impudence," in which the same family sequence was featured. "My Wife's Husbands," was, as noted, the third, being played first at the Madison Square Theatre and being rewritten afterward as "Marrying Mary," a musical comedy in which Marie Cahill was starred.

After "The Squaw Man" there were twelve or fifteen other Royle plays, but none ever topped this, his greatest success. During his later years he wrote a poetic tragedy, "Launcelot and Elaine," for his two daughters, Selena and Josephine, and, though it achieved no more than a *succès d'estime*, it was, to the author's mind, his best play.

The season of 1905-06 was distinguished by a number of other outstanding theatrical events. It was the season that Arnold Daly, having made a name for himself by popularizing George Bernard Shaw as a dramatist, took a good deep breath and produced "Mrs. Warren's Profession." It was barred by the police in New Haven, and when the company moved on to New York and the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Daly and Mary Shaw, his leading woman, were arrested. The trial judge, however, promptly released them.

Newspaper columns fairly bristled those days with condemnations of Shaw. Two pages of the *Theatre Magazine* for December, 1905, were devoted to a defense of the theatre and its morals, and the right of playgoers to be protected from the curse of this Irish liberalist. Now in his 87th year Shaw has recently been generally eulogized in the reviews of Hasketh Pearson's "G. B. S. A Full-length Portrait," as "the man who made the English theatre," and "one of the best men who ever lived."

Time has changed many perspectives in the theatre, but none so drastically as those in which the theatre's leaders of forty years ago figured. "There is no worthy motive in any of his plays," thundered the *Theatre Magazine* critic, in his arraignment of Mr. Shaw. "Most of his characters are vile, with detestable views of life." "Anarchy is as intolerable in the drama as on the stump." "It is impossible to see one of his plays and feel the better for it." Yet the one play of the hundred produced or revived the season of 1941-42 that received the general approval of New York's play reviewers and playgoing public was Shaw's "Candida" in the Katharine Cornell-Raymond Massey-Burgess Meredith revival.

It is no more than fair to state, however, that this same issue of *Theatre Magazine* contained an interview with Shaw in which he is given a chance to protest vigorously against the assumptions of his critics. "My plays advocate moral reform," he wrote. "I don't care what is said about me. I do not complain when my books are withdrawn from the public libraries in the United States, or when

my plays are prohibited by the police. I simply tell the American people that they are making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world." And again: "What I fight against is the immorality of the old morality, and I look upon as immoral what 'good people' think right."

It was the theatre season of 1905-06 that brought James M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" to America. With this fantasy Maude Adams scored one of her greatest triumphs. It was the season of Robert Loraine's success with Shaw's "Man and Superman," which also figured in the critical barrages that were fired at its author. John Barrymore was playing one of his first small parts in support of his sister Ethel in Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." A good many reviewers thought Charles Frohman had done this young star more harm than good in giving her this role of a middle-aged woman, a part Barrie had written for Ellen Terry. But Ethel put on a choker of pearls to add to her age and turned in the expected season's profit. Bruce McRae was her leading man.

Otis Skinner played "His Grace de Grammont" that year. Fritz Scheff enjoyed one of her early successes with "Mlle. Modiste," and Harry Woodruff was playing a trivial but popular comedy called "Brown of Harvard," with Laura Hope Crews as his leading woman.

But, to return to "The Squaw Man": When Mr. Royle went back a few years to pick up the lives of the characters in his one-act play while they were building a foundation for the things that were later to happen in Western America, he set his first scene at the ancestral estate of the Earl of Kerhill at Maudsley Towers.

In the play the court at the Towers looks out upon a series of terraces that melt into a thickly timbered English park. As we look toward the park we see the entrance archway to a typical seventeenth century house at one side of the stage, and at the other side a portion of the ruins of an abbey of a much earlier date.

"The scene represents the English landscape at its beautiful best," writes the author. "On this particular moonlight night in summer the officers of the Sixteenth Lancers are being entertained at the home of their Colonel, Henry, the Earl of Kerhill."

From Lady Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Kerhill, the Earl's mother, and Lady Mabel Wynnegate, his sister, we learn that the day following is to be a great one in the history of the Wynnegate family. Henry is to turn over to the orphanage of his regiment the twenty thousand pounds that he has collected for that charity.

Lady Elizabeth is rightfully proud of her eldest son's achievement. Also she is just a little fearful that it may be sinful to feel as she does about her family. But the good Dean of Trentham, who has come from the dinner table to join the ladies, assures her

that she is quite wrong—

“Sinful!” echoes he. “Oh, Lady Kerhill, the noblest deeds of history have sprung from pride of birth, pride of name, the pride of family, pride of race!”

The Dean also feels privileged to let the ladies in on a small secret. There is to be a charming little ceremony there at the Towers this evening just before the officers return to their barracks.

“The officers of the regiment are so grateful to your son for his efforts to help their orphanage,” the Dean reveals to Lady Elizabeth, “that they have purchased a loving cup which I have been delegated to present to him this evening.”

Lady Elizabeth is thrilled. Lady Mabel, too, is pleased, but she can't help thinking that Jim (Capt. James Wynnegate) has also worked very hard for the fund. It seems a little unfair that he, too, should not receive some of the thanks—

“That is Jim's destiny, I think, to serve without reward,” ventures Diana, the handsome Countess of Kerhill, who has come from the house with Sir John Applegate and three young officers of the Lancers just in time to overhear Lady Mabel. “Amiability is a tragic weakness, isn't it?”

“My wife is one of my cousin's greatest admirers,” explains the Earl, joining the group. There is a frown overspreading Henry's features and his voice is a bit rasping as he speaks.

“Jim's a thundering good sort. Jim's a white man,” puts in Sir John Applegate. And Lady Mabel adds her “Bravo!” to Sir John's estimate. “Jim's the most popular officer we have,” adds one of the officers.

Mr. Chiswick, the Earl's private secretary, has come to suggest to the Earl that he (Chiswick) should help Capt. Wynnegate prepare a statement of the Fund, but Henry proposes to take care of that job himself. He is expecting a report from his solicitor, Mr. Petrie, at any moment.

Inside the house Capt. Jim has just started to sing “Mandalay,” and that, Lady Mabel insists, is a treat no one should miss. The next moment she has organized the officers, the Dean and Sir John into a company and marched them gaily back into the house.

With the crowd gone Henry finds a chance to talk to his wife. He is hoping that she has saved him a few dances. She has—but not the first waltz. That is already promised: As Jim Wynnegate appears in the doorway, silhouetted against the light, Henry thinks he knows to whom it has been promised. It is not easy for him to suppress his bitterness. Jim, on the other hand, being told that Henry had set his heart on dancing the first waltz with his wife, is

quick to suggest that where waltzing is concerned "a lady is always entitled to reverse."

A moment later a group of officers has eased the situation by bursting from the house in search of their favorite singer. Lady Mabel has sent them to fetch Jim. They do. Nor are they in their playful way any too gentle about it.

"What a good fellow he is," sighs Diana, as the group disappears.

"Yes, isn't he?" agrees Henry. Turning to his mother he adds: "He deserves his luck, Mater, doesn't he?"

"His luck?" Diana is interested.

"Yes; the mater has asked Mrs. Chichester-Chichester-Jones to visit us."

"Oh, that awful woman!" Diana is plainly distressed.

"She has three millions, Diana—" says Lady Elizabeth, quietly.

"Oh, I beg her pardon!"

"She took a great fancy to Jim at West Dene—and he owes it to the family to make a wealthy marriage. I do wish you would help us by judiciously praising her; he thinks so much of what you say."

"What do you want me to praise—her American accent—or her American money? I don't think Jim wants to marry."

"Oh, did he tell you so?"

"Yes, he told me the other day he should never marry."

"That's always a man's pose when the *one* woman is beyond his reach."

Diana is still puzzled. Henry has changed the subject. Now he wants Diana to promise that he can choose the flowers she is to wear that night. "My wife will be the most beautiful woman in the room," Henry insists, over Diana's modest protest. Of course he can choose the flowers, agrees Diana, as she goes to dress.

"Henry, my boy, what is troubling you?" Lady Elizabeth has gone to her son as soon as they are alone. "Won't you trust your mother?"

"Mother, I love *Diana*. I have my faults, but that is the best in me. I love her desperately. Does she love me? No, I can't deceive myself. She was deviled into marrying me—or rather the cursed title. The best that I can ever hope for is that she shouldn't hate me—and I want her love— My God, how I want it! Everything that *Jim* does pleases her—she admires him immensely— That admiration belongs to *me*. You have spoiled me, Mother— whatever I've wanted I've had and now I'm a victim of it. I'm the selfish monster who *takes* everything and *gets* everything while *Saint James* stands modestly in the background with a halo that is nailed on. Oh, can't you see—you've made *him* her hero, not me!"

Lady Elizabeth is plainly hurt, but is quickly mollified as she

thinks that everything will be all right when Jim marries the rich American. With this thought Henry agrees. He only wishes Jim were already married. He might be of help now—

“Henry, you’re not worried about money?” Lady Elizabeth has laid her hand appealingly on her son’s arm.

“Well, you know what the demands on me are, Mother?” Henry bursts out. “I couldn’t disgrace the family by—well—by going into bankruptcy—and I had to have money somehow, so I—well I—borrowed—*borrowed*, mind you—from the Fund!”

“The Fund?—The Fund!”

“There, there, Mother, it’s all right, don’t look so alarmed. Women don’t understand these things; it’s a stock transaction. Fletcher of Sampson and Fletcher gave me the tip—absolutely inside information; it’s bound to be right—my solicitor Petrie is looking after the thing for me. The deal closes today and I’m expecting him here any moment. It’s only the formal presentation of the Fund—it’s tomorrow that bothers me, but when Petrie turns up, why—why—you’ll find I’ve made a handsome profit.”

“Of course, dear, Diana knows nothing of this?”

“No—no—God forbid! There, there, Mother, it’s all right. Diana will be waiting for me. I had better go to the conservatory and get her flowers.”

Capt. Jim has joined his aunt. Diana had told him he had been summoned. Lady Elizabeth is pleased to tell Jim that she has invited the Mrs. Chichester-Chichester-Jones with whom he had got on as famously at West Dene to visit them. This Mrs. C. C. Jones is very good-looking, thinks Lady Elizabeth, and the type men admire.

“Oh, my dear Aunt,” protests Jim, laughingly; “that’s the most unkind thing that one woman can say of another, isn’t it?”

“Not at all—the *practical* view of things never did appeal to you, so I have hesitated to tell you that she’s *exceedingly rich*.” . . . “Such a marriage would put you in a position to be of great service to Henry and the family,” Lady Elizabeth is saying a moment later.

“You dear old Aunt,” answers Jim, affectionately and without bitterness. “Henry and the family are among my earliest recollections. I was taught ‘Henry and the Family’ before my letters. Why, if I found a stray dog or made a toy, I had to hand them over to Henry. I gave up a brilliant offer to go into commercial life because it wouldn’t lend dignity to ‘Henry and the Family.’ Oh, no, Aunt dear, I think the woman I marry will have a right to expect more from me than a profound respect for her money and a laudable desire to promote the interests of ‘Henry and the Family.’”

"One must pay something for the honor and glory of belonging to a great family," insists Lady Elizabeth. Nor will she admit that it is possible for one to pay too great a price. She, at least, has never shirked the sacrifice.

Jim admits everything Lady Elizabeth says, though he does think the sacrifices have been pretty hard on Lady Mabel. For himself he also is willing to make sacrifices, but he still doesn't think the American lady should be sacrificed on the altar of their obligations. Which, as her Ladyship intimates, may be the strain of stubbornness that runs in the family. . . .

Jim and Diana are alone, waiting for the others to dress for dinner. Diana would chide Jim playfully about his brilliant prospects, but would insist that he hold himself at a good round figure. Now that their class has taken to selling its men as well as its women, Diana suggests, let her be the auctioneer and she will guarantee to get a good price for him.

Diana has mounted the bench that surrounds a big tree, and Jim is standing before her, greatly amused. "Step up, ladies! Step up, ladies!" she calls in the manner of an auctioneer. "Please examine this first-class specimen of the British aristocracy. He's kind, gentle, sound in wind and limb—will travel well in double harness. Has blue ribbons, medals and a pedigree longer than your purses. He's for sale. How much am I bid?"

"Stop!" calls Jim protestingly. "One moment before you knock me down. Have you considered the existence of the 'American Peril'? These Yankees are driving the English girls right out of their own home market. I believe in protection for the home product by an ad valorem tax on the raw material and—and exclusion for the finished article in the shape of widows. I'm a patriot. God bless our English commerce, homes, I mean."

"Hear! Hear!" Diana is laughing as Jim helps her down. They are walking arm in arm across the court. "Jim, Jim, you're a boy—and you'll never grow up," Diana is saying, tenderly. "This Robert Chichester-Chichester-Jones woman is the chance of a lifetime and you'll miss it."

JIM—How do you know I will?

DIANA (*seriously*)—Oh, I know you.

JIM—Do you, though? Well, you couldn't do me a greater service than by making me know myself. Go on, fire away. Remember you brought it on yourself.

DIANA—Well, to begin with—you'll never succeed in life, Jim—

JIM—Dear me, I meant surgery not butchery.

DIANA—You are not spiritual enough to create your own world

and you are too idealistic to be happy in this frankly material world. You've temperament and sentiment. They are fatal in a practical age. Your breast is covered with medals for personal courage but you could never be a great general. You could never sink your point of view to the demands of necessary horrors. Confronted with the alternative of suffering or causing suffering you would suffer. You are marked for the sacrifice.

JIM—What a rosy alluring picture. A failure at everything I touch, eh? (*Sits beside her.*) Have I one redeeming trait, Diana?

DIANA (*looks at him and smiles*)—You have one triumphant gift, Jim.

JIM—Oh, come, that's something.

DIANA—Whether it will add to your suffering or compensate for all the rest—who knows? (*HENRY, coming from the house carrying the flowers he has cut for his wife, starts, flushes angrily, stands and listens.*) Yes, you have one inevitable success. You will always have the love of women, Jim.

HENRY (*furiously, but controlling himself*)—That is a dangerous gift, Jim. Professional heartbreakers shouldn't be allowed loose on other people's preserves. (*Throws flowers on table.*)

JIM (*rising*)—My dear Henry, what on earth—

HENRY—I'm afraid I interrupted your eloquence, Diana.

DIANA—I was only teasing Jim about the American widow.

JIM—Teasing? A ruthless grilling. I've been vivisected, Henry, and it wasn't a pleasing experience.

HENRY—You stopped at an interesting—perhaps a critical moment, Diana. Where lovers are concerned, husbands become an intrusion, almost an impertinence, eh?

DIANA—You're making a grave mistake, Henry, and one you will regret as long as you live.

Diana has gone quickly into the house. Henry starts after her and then turns to face Jim. He would have an explanation. Jim would not insult Diana by giving one. "You'll not play that game with me now—you owe everything to me," shouts Henry. "You've taken my bounty—you've lived in my house—and now—damn you, you've taken my—"

"Don't say it!" warns Jim, with quiet intensity. "Don't say it!"

The two men are facing each other. Henry drops his eyes, muttering: "How do I know? How do I know?"

"You do know, Henry," answers Jim, his face lined with pity. "Go to her, man, go to her before it's too late."

"Oh, don't preach at me. I love my wife, I tell you—there isn't a turn of her head, a movement of her hand I don't know by heart.

I've seen her eyes grow bright, her lips smile when she looks at *you*, and I'd give my soul to bring that look to her face, but I can't. *Damn you*, I can't."

"The greater shame to you to say it," says Jim, sternly. "A man doesn't *whine* for a woman's love, he *wins* it."

"Yes! You practice what you preach."

Jim turns savagely on Henry. For an instant he seems about to strike him. "Good God, man, if *I* were what you think me, are you so blind to the true nature of your own wife? Heavens, man, have you no shame in you?"

Henry has weakened. He's afraid his misery is driving him mad. He and Diana are man and wife, yet less than nothing to each other. Everything he does seems to make things worse.

Jim is truly sorry, but unable to offer better advice than that Henry should make it up with Diana now, before it is too late.

Jim has gone when Mr. Petrie, the solicitor, arrives. He has come with bad news for his lordship. The man they had depended on is a fugitive from justice—the whole thing was a gigantic swindle.

Henry is beside himself with fear. He must have money. He has grabbed Petrie's arm convulsively to emphasize his distress when Lady Elizabeth, followed by Sir John and the Dean, come excitedly from the house. Lady Mabel and the officers appear on the porch. The time has come for the Dean to make his speech of congratulation.

"My dear Lord Kerhill," the Dean begins, as the others gather around, "Many pleasant tasks have fallen to my lot, but none more gratifying than that which brings us together on this er—er—"

With some little prompting from Sir John, which he obviously resents, the Dean manages to remind Henry that he has done a noble and greatly appreciated work for the orphans of his regiment. He gets as far as "In accepting this very beautiful loving cup, you will—" when Henry collapses into a chair, muttering to his mother that he wants to be alone.

Still wondering, the guests depart. Henry and his mother are alone. Quickly she would know what the trouble is. Henry tells her the worst. The speculation on which he had counted is gone. This means exposure, disgrace and ruin.

Lady Elizabeth realizes that Henry had no intention of doing wrong, but the thought of his disgrace is more than she can bear. To have people say that he had robbed the orphan— There must be a way to avoid that. Suddenly she remembers that no one has had anything to do with the Fund except Henry, his secretary, Chiswick, and Jim— There may be a way through Jim—

Lady Elizabeth sends Henry into the house as she sees Jim coming

across the court. Jim is eager to know if there is any trouble—and what it is. Hesitatingly Lady Elizabeth tells him—Henry has been speculating and has lost, heavily. He has borrowed from the Fund!

At first Jim can't understand. No one could touch the Fund without his knowing it, or Chiswick. Unless they were to commit forgery—

"Jim—you're the only one we can look to—isn't there a way?" Lady Elizabeth pleads. "Can't you think of some way to save us all from this terrible disgrace—it isn't only on Henry it will fall, there's the name too—it's always been so honored—and now—"

"Aunt, there comes a time in the life of every man when he must answer for the consequences of his own acts; and that time has come for Henry and he must face it."

"But the shame—the disgrace—the shame is always heaviest on the innocent. It isn't the men that suffer most."

"Diana!" Jim has muttered the name in a half whisper.

"What will her life be now? Her father is in failing health, their pride is as great as our own— This blow will kill him. Oh, Jim, if I were a man and it were in my power, I would never let any woman suffer as Diana will suffer all her life from the memory of this day."

For a moment Jim stands dead still, gazing before him. Then, as Lady Elizabeth starts for the house he turns and calls to her to send Henry to him. His head is bowed in his hands. "You'll never succeed in life, Jim," he mutters to himself. "She's right. If there's a way to lose I couldn't miss it." And then, with a shrug: "What does it matter?"

Henry has come from the house. Now he stands in front of the muttering Jim, waiting. Finally he blurts out: "Well, can't you speak? You know I'm suffering and you're gloating over it— I insulted you and now you're taking your revenge. Well, the game's up— I won't live to be an object of contempt. You love her— well, she'll soon be yours."

Jim has risen slowly to his feet. "Yes, I love her—I've always loved her, before even you did, but not quite in the way you think," he says. "And she's never known that I love her. I'm nothing to her. You love her, too, I know that. But there are ways of loving. I wonder if you'd enter into a honest conspiracy with me to keep her in happy ignorance to the end."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Listen to me. I am the secretary to this fund and co-trustee with you. If I disappear tonight, it will seem a confession of my guilt to all the world."

"Jim!" Henry's face lightens with hope, but is quickly controlled. "I can't let you do it."

"You've no choice. (*Bursts out.*) Man, it's her happiness we both are fighting for— I can't give her that but at least I can spare her the shame. (*Pause.*) Henry, be worthy of her in the future— she must never know the truth. She must be made to believe that I am the culprit, that will be your punishment—her faith in you. You shall have this chance, but, by God, if you don't take it, if you don't make her happy, then I shall return and you shall answer to me. (*Pause.*) Now, you must go to your guests, and I— Good-by, Henry, and remember—"

"Jim, I've never behaved too well to you—but if ever I can repay you—"

"Make her happy."

Jim is still standing there, looking after Henry, when he hears Diana's voice calling to him from the porch. She comes nervously down to him. There is something she must ask of him that she knows he will not refuse, yet she cannot explain. Things have happened this day that have made her see everything in a different light. "Jim," Diana says, her voice low and trembling, "I want you to go away—to leave here—for my sake."

He has moved quickly toward her but she steps away from him. "No, Jim, please don't say anything—I want to be alone—I want to be alone, now."

For a moment Jim hesitates. Then, with a muttered "It's better so," he goes into the house.

Diana is sitting on the tree seat and is screened from the court. Sir John and Chiswick have come down from the terrace. Considering Lord Kerhill's collapse, Sir John thinks it would be well if Chiswick were to take over the straightening up of the Fund's account.

Mr. Chiswick is willing, but admits that he doesn't know anything about the account. Lady Elizabeth has come from the house in time to hear this. She makes an excuse for Sir John to leave them. To Chiswick she suggests that he would do well not to discuss the affairs of the Fund with anyone. "Quite inadvertently you might blunder into some statement which might prove embarrassing," she says. "An investigation will eventually put matters right and in the meantime—"

"Investigation, your Ladyship?" Mr. Chiswick is greatly puzzled.

LADY ELIZABETH—Lord Kerhill does not wish to jump to conclusions—nor to judge between you and Jim—Captain Wynnegate—

CHISWICK—Your Ladyship has gone so far that I think I must insist on your being more explicit.

LADY ELIZABETH—It will soon be brought to your attention, so perhaps—the fact is, Lord Kerhill has just become aware of some irregularity in the Fund—

CHISWICK—The Fund? You amaze me. (*DIANA rises, horror in her face.*)

LADY ELIZABETH—In fact there is a shortage, a very considerable shortage—

LADY MABEL (*from the porch*)—Mamma, the carriages are ready and everyone waiting.

LADY ELIZABETH—Then we must go. (*To CHISWICK.*) Perhaps, Mr. Chiswick—I am anticipating difficulties which do not exist.

CHISWICK—I needn't assure your Ladyship that I shall not forget what you have said. (*JIM, dressed for travel, comes from the house, overcoat on, cap in hand. Turns to look at house, sighs heavily, makes a gesture of hopeless regret.*)

DIANA (*breathless*)—Jim!

JIM—Diana!

DIANA—Just now I asked you to go; you must forget all that has been said—you must stay.

JIM—Diana, it is better that I should go.

DIANA—You don't understand—something has happened—the Fund— There's something wrong with it. If you go now, suspicion would fall on you—you mustn't think of what I said just now—for your own sake, you must stay.

JIM (*huskily*)—Diana, I must go.

DIANA (*desperately*)—Oh, you think you are doing this for me, but can't you see what I should feel if you go now? That because of my foolish words you ruined yourself? Jim, for my sake, I ask you now to stay. You know, you must know what your going would mean.

JIM—Diana, I am going because—because I must.

DIANA—Jim, I can never believe that you—no, it isn't *you*, Jim, it isn't *you*. You couldn't be a— Oh, no, you couldn't! You are going, but you are innocent. Tell me that you are. It's all I ask. (*Pause.*) You don't speak. You are silent. Jim, if you are an honest man, if your conscience is clear—you may kiss me good-by.

JIM—Diana—

He takes her hands and for a moment looks longingly into her eyes. Then he turns quickly away and starts off through the park. The curtain falls.

ACT II

Two years have passed. We are in the Long Horn saloon at Maverick, a cow town on the Union Pacific Railroad. Through double doors at the back of the saloon the rear end of a train that has just been backed into the siding can be seen, the platform and one window of the observation car in view.

In the saloon are several gaming tables. The bar stretches along one side of the room. Across from it is the faro layout. There is a poker table below the bar, and another above the faro table. The walls are generously covered with *Police Gazette* cut-outs. A group of lookers-on surrounds the faro table. At the poker table below the bar local characters known as Pete and Parson are engaged in dealing each other cold hands. Punk, a Chinaman, is ready to serve the customers.

Nick, the bartender, is serving Parker, the Pullman conductor, and McSorley, the engineer of the train. The trainmen are explaining that a flood down the line has forced the Overland Limited to lay over temporarily in Maverick. They are expecting orders to move any minute. Their parlor car is carrying a party of English people—Lord Kerhill and friends. They've been out to the Yellowstone.

Pete and Parson are not greatly concerned with the advent of the train, but they are a little worried over the local situation. Cash Hawkins is in town, has his gang with him, and is spoiling for trouble. Cash and his gang, Pete allows, are bad medicine. But Parson is not worried. "If they provoke unto wrath Brother Jim Carston's outfit, my Christian friend, there will be some useful citizens removed from our midst," promises the Parson.

"Who the devil's Jim Carston?" Nick would know.

"Jim Carston?" echoes Pete. "Never see Jim? The English cowboy? Bought Bull Cowan's herd. Bull stuck him, too; stuck him good."

"Sure! That's why Englishmen wuz invented. More power to 'em."

"Amen!" The Parson approves the sentiment. "The prosperity of our beloved country would go plumb to Gehenna if an all wise Providence did not enable us to sell an Englishman a mine or a ranch now and then."

A moment later three of Jim Carston's outfit have drifted in. They are Andy, Grouchy and Shorty, and they are thirsty. They find a table and are shortly joined by Big Bill. Bill comes with a message from "the Boss," asking that his boys try to avoid Cash

Hawkins and his gang and try to get out of town without a collision.

The boys listen respectfully, but they have their own ideas of what will happen if the Hawkins crowd gets rough. Besides rustlin' cattle, of which Cash Hawkins is popularly suspected, is a business that can't be taken care of without a lot of shootin'. If they don't protect their own they might as well leave the country. "It's this delicate consideration for the finer feelin's of bad men which encourages 'em," allows Shorty, with emphasis.

"Well, you know Jim," advises Bill. "It ain't likely he'd ask you to show the white feather nor stand no nonsense. Only don't drink more'n you can help and avoid trouble if possible. Now, them's the boss's orders."

Tourists from the train are beginning to drift in. Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Doolittle, she "a prim, mild-mannered little woman with a saintly smile"; and he evidently of the "prosperous New England farmer class," are greatly interested in the gaming paraphernalia as well as the bar. They've never been in a "gambling hell" before. Mrs. Doolittle is thrilled, but Mr. Doolittle is scared. Mrs. Doolittle would like to play a little "rouletty," but Hiram would discourage her.

"That ain't rouletty, lady," Pete comes over to explain. "That's faro."

"So called after Pharaoh's daughter," explains the Parson.

"Who found a little prophet in the rushes on the bank," adds Shorty. The cowboys have great fun with the Doolittles, until Hiram drags the missus back to their coach.

Now Cash Hawkins comes swaggering into the bar. He is tall and rangy and plenty tough. He carries a lariat, which he tosses over the bar. "Nick, keep my necktie," he calls. "Got a bottle of ink handy?"

"Ink? Ink is a powerful depressin' drink, Cash."

"Drink? You see here, Nick, don't you joke with me." Cash is evidently in an ugly mood. "People has got to know me intimate to joke with me. You get a pen and bottle of ink P.D.Q. I'm buying some cattle of Taby-wana, the Chief of the Utes, and he's got to put his mark on the contract, savvy?"

Bill has an idea what that means, and whispers his idea to the Carston boys. "The skunk's got Taby-wana drunk in order to swindle him out of his cattle."

Neither Shorty nor Grouchy is greatly impressed. It doesn't matter much what happens to Injuns. The Gov'ment supports 'em anyway.

Nick has found the ink. It is pretty dusty, seein' he hasn't used

it since his gal throw'd him. Cash has the ink, has taken a stiff drink and is turning away from the bar when he sees the Carston crowd at the table. With a truculent stagger he turns back to Nick. "Ha!" he snorts. "Now there's just one thing I can't stand for, and that's an Englishman!" There is a stir at the Carston table, but the boys stiffen and listen expectantly as Cash goes on. "He's a blot on any landscape, and wherever I see him I shall wipe him off the map. He is distinctly no good. Why, we licked 'em once, and we kin do it agin. They ain't never whipped nothin' but beggars and savages. The Englishman is a coward and any American who works for him is a cur."

Big Bill is on his feet as the other three make a move to draw their guns. He motions them back into their chairs. "Leave him to me!" commands Bill. Cash is still talking—

"They is a certain outfit has been a-circulatin' reports derogatory to my standin' in this here kummunity and before the day is over, I shall round up said outfit and put my brand on 'em."

"Same as you have been a-puttin' it on their cattle," says Bill, quietly, and the others laugh heartily.

"A ree-mark I overlooks for the time bein' as I ain't a-goin' to take advantage of the absence of the furrin' gent that owns you." Cash has turned back to the bar and takes another drink. At that moment Taby-wana comes a little uncertainly through the door.

Taby-wana is a Ute Chief, drunk but dignified. Cash takes him by the arm with a friendly "Hello, Chief. Say, come look here and we'll settle our trade in a jiffy."

Cash has produced his contract. "There's the big treaty. Now all you got to do is to make your mark to that paper. Touge Wayno narawaup—heap *good* trade."

Taby-wana answers in the Ute tongue that at the moment he would be much pleased not to do business. He is more interested in getting much good firewater. He appeals to Nick who, taking a sign from Cash, refuses the Chief a drink.

"What's matter you?" demands Taby-wana, talking Injun English. "No give 'em? Me heap like 'em. Big medicine—sick! Me. All time. Heap sick." He has put his hand to his head; slowly he draws it down one arm, and then the other, then sweeps both hands in a gesture covering all his body. "Wayno med'cine. Pretty soon more firewater catch 'em. Pretty soon maybe so no sick."

Nick has poured a generous drink and holds it toward the Chief, but when Taby-wana reaches for it Nick pulls it back and drinks it himself. "Chingaro la poucha!" swears the Chief.

Cash has sidled over to Taby-wana. "Say, it's agin the law to give you whiskey, Chief. 'Tain't everyone's got the nerve to treat

you like a white man."

At the Carston table Shorty has slapped his cards down noisily, which Cash takes as a slap also at him. With a defiant glance at the Carston boys he goes on—"But I reckon there ain't no one hereabouts goin' to question any trade I make. Every man has an inalienable right—"

Back of Cash and Taby-wana an Indian girl has appeared in the doorway. She is small, pretty, and a picturesque figure. Her name is Nat-u-ritch. She is Taby-wana's daughter. "Self-effacement is to her second nature; simplicity is the keynote to her elemental character." Nat-u-ritch stands for a moment, her eyes focused on the two men. No one has paid any attention to her.

"Say, inalienable's great, Chief," Cash is saying, quite pleased with himself; "that's good medicine. Inalienable right to git drunk if he wants to. And I'm going to protect you in your rights. Nick, give me that bottle. Now just you put that mark to your paper and you get this bottle full, and the time of your life."

Cash has picked up the pen and offered it to Taby-wana, whose glistening eyes are fixed on the bottle. "Wayno medicine, wayno!" He has put his hand out toward the bottle with which Cash is luring him to the table and the contract. Nat-u-ritch has stepped quietly close to them. She is between the men when Cash holds out the bottle. As Taby-wana reaches for it Nat-u-ritch smashes the bottle out of his hand.

Taby-wana draws back to strike her but she darts under his arm. The force of the Chief's swing sends him reeling into a chair at the table below the bar, into which he sinks, falling across the table in a helpless stupor. Nat-u-ritch darts out to stand protectingly before him. With her arms folded she turns defiantly to face Cash Hawkins.

"Well—what d'ye think of that?" Cash has gone back to leaning against the bar. "Say, for downright grit, dam'f I ever see her equal." His tone changes as he turns toward Nat-u-ritch. "Well—she kin have me—kin Taby-wana's squaw."

"That ain't Taby-wana's squaw; that's his gal, his daughter," Nick is quick to explain. Bill, Grouchy and Andy have settled back at their table. The row's over. Injuns do not concern them.

CASH—Daughter or squaw, don't make no difference to me. (*Slouches up to NAT-U-RITCH and looks her over insolently.*) She's purty, she is. And I'll include her in the deal. (*A step to her.*) Say, sis, I like your looks, you please me a whole lot, and I'll buy you along with your father's cattle, savvy? (*NAT-U-RITCH pays no attention to him, but stands guard over the helpless figure of her*

father.) What's her name, Nick?

NICK—Nat-u-ritch—that's Injun for purty little girl.

CASH—Well, she lives up to the name all right. (*Turns to NICK.*) Ain't she hell? Say, Nat-u-ritch, you're taking chances when you interfere with me that-a-way, like you did jest now.

Jim Carston has come through the doors. He, too, is tall and rangy, a bronzed, unmistakably British type with a definite overlay of Western America. He walks over casually to where his boys are sitting. Bill calls his attention to what is going on between Cash and Nat-u-ritch. He is listening as Cash, edging closer to the stolid girl, finishes what he was saying—

"You spoiled a very purty trade, and I ain't complaisant—a whole lot with people as do that, but I'm goin' to pass that up, 'cause I like your looks— I'm goin' to annex you. You're coming to my wickiup, savvy? And to seal the bargain, and to show you that I ain't proud like the ordinary white man, I'm going to give you a kiss."

JIM (*stepping between them*)—Drop that, Hawkins.

CASH (*falling back*)—What's that? (JIM'S boys rise. CASH utters an exclamation of rage and starts to pull his gun.) Say, look here, son, ain't you kind of courtin' disaster, interferin' in my private business?

JIM—Do you call it "business," robbing Indians when they're drunk and insulting women?

CASH—Don't you accuse me of insultin' women. She ain't a woman—she's a squaw.

JIM—Bill, you and Grouchy put Taby-wana on his pony, Nat-u-ritch "pike away"—take your father with you.

ALL—Aw, get him out—go on— (BILL and GROUCHY get TABY-WANA up and out of the door. NAT-U-RITCH picks up the Chief's blanket and follows.)

CASH (*taking another drink at bar*)—So, you've spoiled my trade, eh?

JIM—The bar's closed to Indians in Maverick.

CASH—By whose orders?

JIM—Uncle Sam's orders, and they're backed up by the Big C brand.

CASH—Ha! (*To all.*) Gents, the Young Men's Christian Association is in the saddle. Oh, it's goin' to be perfectly sweet in Maverick. (*Laughs, turns to NICK.*) Say, Nick, I'll be back for a glass of lemonade. (*Laughs to JIM.*) And say, angel face, when I come back, you better be prepared to lead in prayer.

SHORTY (*as CASH disappears*)—He'll be back.

JIM—Why, of course.

ANDY—And say, and with his gang.

SHORTY—So much the better, eh? We can clean 'em all up together. Say, Boss, what did you let him make a matter of Injuns for? You got the sentiment of the whole kummunity agin you, right from the jump. Looks like fightin' for trifles.

ANDY—Yes, it's some dignified to fight over cattle, but Injuns—pshaw!

JIM—Well, boys, I don't want to drag you into my quarrel, if you feel that way—

SHORTY—Pull up, Boss. 'Tain't fair to make us look as if we wuz trying to sneak out of the scrap. You ain't got a quitter in the gang and you know it.

JIM—I know that, Shorty—I didn't intend to discredit your courage, but—

SHORTY—Well, don't say anything more, will you? Let—

JIM—Let it go at that.

SHORTY—All right.

JIM—Boys, you understand. You're to leave Cash to me unless more get in on the game.

There is a stir of excitement from the outside. Among the new visitors is Bud Hardy, the county sheriff. On the side, Bill would warn Jim that the sheriff was standing behind him when he was jawing with Cash Hawkins. Because Hardy is pretty thick with Cash, Bill thinks he will have to be reckoned with later.

A small crowd of tourists has moved down alongside the train from the coaches. Sir John Applegate and the Earl of Kerhill meet Diana at the steps of her car and assist her down.

Meantime Jim has collected his boys and taken them up to the bar for a drink. They have surrounded him and serve as a shield from the view of the tourists and the Earl's party.

Now the Earl has seen the faro table, and though Diana reminds him that he had given up gambling he feels that he is entitled to a little sport to kill the monotony of the wait. He turns Diana over to Sir John while he goes to try his luck.

Diana is curious about the Long Horn saloon, and not at all apprehensive. In fact she finds it pretty dull, and would like to see a little excitement. Sir John, however, is not one for adventure. He has heard about these Western desperadoes. A crowd of them is likely to come in any moment and demand that they dance. If they don't dance, they suffer the indignity, not to say pain, of having their toes shot off. That is supposed to be American humor. Then

the invaders are likely to shoot out all the lights and demand that everyone present have a drink. If you don't drink they kill you, by Jove.

Diana and Sir John have walked over toward the faro table when Jim comes from the bar. He sees Diana and steps quickly back into the crowd. He would get out of the place but Bill stops him. Bill knows that Cash Hawkins is coming back. If Jim isn't there he'll be losin' his standin' among the people he lives with. "You ain't agoin' to do that, ole man, are you?" Bill demands, anxiously.

For the moment Jim had forgotten Cash. He was thinking of something else. He calls the boys now. "If Cash brings his friends, each of you pick your man. Leave Cash to me."

A moment later Cash has barged through the door, gun in hand, and has sent one shot crashing through the ceiling. "Nick, everyone in the Long Horn drinks with me!" he shouts.

There is a general movement of frightened tourists toward the bar. Jim, speaking from the crowd that partly hides him, suggests that the strangers present should not be mixed up in the festivities.

"Quite so! Quite so!" agrees Sir John, nervously adjusting his eyeglass. "We've had a delightful time, don't you know." He turns to Cash. "Hope to meet you again. Awfully jolly of you to invite us, but circumstances over which we have no control, don't you know—"

"That's right, Pain in the Face," sneers Cash. "'Circumstances over which you have no control.' You describe the situation accurately. I'm a running this here garden party, and there ain't nobody going to miss the fun, savvy?"

Jim has walked out from behind Bill. "But the lady?" he says. "Surely you won't detain the lady against her will?"

Henry and Diana have recognized Jim at the same instant. Sir John stands startled before him.

"I'm goin' to give the lady the chance to see how an Englishman looks when he's got to take his med'cine. She's sure a thoroughbred. She ain't batted an eye nor turned a hair. I'll bet a hundred to one she stays to see the fun." Diana is still staring at Jim. She makes no move to go. "She stays!" shouts Cash. "Good, gents, this is to be a nice, quiet, sociable affair. Ladies is present, and any attempt to create trouble will be nipped in the bud. Gents, to the bar."

An excited Henry would have Diana leave the place. Sir John is protesting that for them to drink with such a confounded bounder would be absurd. But, a moment later, at Cash's suggestion that perhaps Sir John had rather dance a Highland Fling, both he and Henry accept their glasses of whiskey.

"Gents, to the success of the Boers!" Cash is facing them with his gun in his right hand and his drink in his left.

"No! I'll be damned!" shouts Sir John, tossing the contents of his glass to the floor. On the instant Cash wheels to cover Sir John with his gun. This diversion is the chance Jim has been looking for. He whips out his gun and presses it against Hawkins' abdomen. Grouchy, Bill, Andy and Shorty are quick to cover Cash's friends.

"Put up your hands, quick!" Jim advises Cash. "Tell your men to hand their guns to Nick. They can get them when we leave the town."

"Well, boys, he's got the drop on us," mutters Cash. "I reckon that goes for the time being."

Now, on Jim's orders, the crowd has been lined up with their hands on the bar. Sir John has had the pleasure of relieving Cash of his gun. Facing the crowd Jim calls: "I'll ask you to drink with me—to the President of the United States and to her Gracious Majesty, the Queen."

They have all raised their glasses except Sir John. Cash gleefully calls Jim's attention to the action of his glass-eyed friend. "Ain't nobody excused on a formal showdown like this," advises Bill.

For a second Sir John hesitates, then he speaks quite calmly. "My deah fellow, I'm an officer in Her Majesty's service, and by Jove, I won't drink with a man who fled from England after robbing the orphans of the Queen's soldiers. And you can do what you jolly well like about it."

Jim's face has gone white, as all eyes have been turned toward him. Now he faces Sir John. "If I were the man you think me, you would never have finished that sentence. You evidently mistake me for somebody else. My name's Jim Carston, and I never took a penny that didn't belong to me."

"Why, confound your impudence. There stands your cousin, Lord Kerhill."

Henry moves slowly to a position in front of Jim. "Yes, yes," he drawls, as though debating with himself, "this gentleman does bear a certain bald resemblance to the man you speak of, but it is evidently a case of mistaken identity."

Jim puts his gun back in its holster. A moment later, at Henry's suggestion, they are all drinking a health to her most Gracious Majesty, the Queen, and his Royal Highness, the President.

Jim turns anxiously as he notices that Diana seems likely to faint. They find a chair for the lady and as much of a lady's drink as Nick has back of the bar, the same being a dusty bottle of Rhine

wine. With the wine and her recovered poise Diana proposes a toast—

“To the Queen’s champion—Mr.—er—Mr. Jim Carston!” Bill sees to it that “every son of a gun in that hole” drinks to that toast.

Now Parker, the train conductor, has stuck his head in the door to call “All aboard!” The Overland Limited passengers rush for the train. Diana has stopped at the step of her car.

“Jim!” she calls back. Jim steps up to grasp her outstretched hand. “I shall always thank God for today, Jim,” she says. “I could not believe you were a—but now I know. Now I know the sacrifice you made for me. Now I know I have the right to ask God to keep you and make you happy.”

“And you, Diana—tell me that you are happy.”

“I am happy now, because I know. I don’t mind the future now because there’s someone I can respect.”

The train has begun to move. “Good-by, Jim! God bless you!” Diana waves her hand. Jim goes slowly back to the table. The Maverick natives are shouting pleasantries after the departing train.

Jim has fallen into a chair and buried his head in his arms on the table. As the noise of the train lessens Nat-u-ritch comes quietly in at a side door. She is standing gazing pathetically at Jim. Suddenly her ear catches the jingle of spurs. She scents danger and backs quickly through the door again.

Now Cash Hawkins is standing in the door. A quick glance assures him that he and Jim are alone. With an evil smile he advances back of Jim, a gun in either hand.

“Now, damn you! I’ve got you!” Cash shouts. At that instant there is the flash of a gun through the side door. Cash throws up his arms convulsively and pitches forward on his face.

Jim, at the report, rises and draws his gun involuntarily. He is still dazed. There is a rising murmur of voices outside. Jim sees Cash Hawkins’ body and is bending over it as the crowd of gamblers and cattlemen rush back into the saloon. Bud Hardy, the sheriff, is with them. Big Bill, Grouchy and Andy go at once to Jim. Shorty turns Cash’s body over. Some in the crowd start to edge toward the door.

“Hold on there!” shouts the sheriff. “Nobody leaves this room without my permission.”

“He’s cashed in, Sheriff. Plumb through the heart. Don’t think I ever see neater work!”

“Jim Carston, hand over your gun. . . . Come on, you’re my prisoner,” commands Hardy.

“Wait a minute, Bud,” Big Bill protests. “Wait a minute. Don’t

be in such a ferocious hurry. Where are you goin' to take him to?"

"County jail, of course—at Jensen."

"How do we know the friends of the deceased don't take him away from you and hang him to the nearest telegraph pole?"

"Are you all goin' to interfere with me in the discharge of my duty?"

"Not a bit, Bud, not a bit. But we're goin' to see that you do it. We ain't afraid of a trial and a jury. There ain't a jury in the State that wouldn't present the prisoner with a vote of thanks and a silver service for killin' Cash Hawkins. Who's goin' to help you take him seventy-five miles to jail? Will you swear us in, Bud?"

"You can't intimidate me, Bill."

"Well, as defunct's got a gun in each hand, it's a plain case of self-defense anyway."

"I won't stand for this. Clear the room. This prisoner goes with me."

Now Jim has stepped forward. He would have the Sheriff examine his gun. Let him smell it. It has not been fired, and he hasn't had time to clean it.

Well, who did do it then? The Sheriff is exasperated. He turns to Bill and the others. "Will you all oblige me by giving me a sniff of your guns?"

The Carston boys are pushing their guns a little unceremoniously under the sheriff's nose. He has to fight his way free of them. If they have been a-stringin' him while the guilty man is escaping, he'll git him yet. He has bolted through the door with the others following. Only Big Bill stays behind.

"You just escaped a lynchin', Jim," says Bill.

"Yes, I'm almost sorry," sighs Jim.

Bill has followed the crowd. Jim, walking toward the table, sees a glove on the floor. He picks it up, kisses it and puts it in his shirt. He stops before the body of the dead man. "Who did kill Cash Hawkins?" he mutters.

Nat-u-ritch has come through the door. Quietly she walks over to Jim, kneels at his side and touches his hand timidly. As she crouches by his side he looks down, seeing her for the first time.

"Me killum!" she says in an intense whisper. The curtain falls.

ACT III

The dooryard of Jim Carston's ranch on Green River, Utah, is flanked on one side by an adobe stable with a loft for the storage

of hay. In front of the stable, and standing some feet back of it is the Carston ranch house, a story and a half of which is adobe and the other half a one story log cabin. Beyond the house the river can be seen and beyond the river the Uintah range of mountains.

The Carston ranch is in a state of partial delapidation. The skeleton of a covered wagon stands at the opposite side of the court, and there are a few battered and badly used farm implements about. It is the afternoon of a crisp fall day, seven years after the killing of Cash Hawkins in the Long Horn saloon.

Sitting on a split log bench Big Bill is braiding strands of buckskin into a quirt, the end of which is held by a small boy. It is going to be the best doggoned quirt any old cowboy around those parts can make, and it's to be a present for Little Hal Carston.

One by one the other cowboys drift in, usually carrying their Mexican saddles. They are all worried. The next day is pay-day—and will they get their money? Bill allows that he thinks they will. Anyway they're startin' their worrying much too soon. They should wait until the day after pay-day to get nervous.

"Boys, it's seven years since the Boss bought this ranch," Bill reminds them. "He has had an uphill fight. Everybody's done him. He bought when cattle was higher'n they've been since, and you know what last winter did to us. But he ain't never hollered, and the top wages he paid you at the start, he's been payin' you ever since."

The boys are interested, but not sympathetic. The money is owed to them and they want it.

A moment later the Boss himself is with them. Jim Carston knows what is on their minds. His affairs have been in a bad way, but he doesn't expect them to share his bad luck. He has brought a few useless trinkets which people in town are likely to value. If the boys will take these and sell them there should be enough to pay them, with something left over for their long service and good will. It is with considerable difficulty that he prevails upon Shorty to undertake this job.

When the boys have gone, Jim tries with even less success to say good-by to Big Bill. It will be tough to give up his old and his best friend. There is nothing for Jim to do but to sell out and move on to a fresh start. "I won't offer to pay you, Bill," Jim finally concludes. "You better not," says Bill.

Bud Hardy, the sheriff, arrives with several deputies. They are put up for the night in the men's quarters.

Baco White, the Indian interpreter, closely followed by Tabywana, his Chief, appears next. Tabywana is worried and has come

with a message. "The peace chief never comes except to do us a favor," says Jim. "Baco, ask him what we can do for him."

Taby-wana would sit down and smoke a pipe with his friend. Soon the four of them—Bill, Jim, Taby-wana and Baco—are squatted on the ground, passing the peace pipe back and forth and listening to Taby-wana's message.

It appears that there has been a strange white man making inquiry in the neighborhood as to where he can find Jim. From the way the stranger jumps up and down in his saddle, from the Chief's description, Jim decides he must be English. What he may want the Chief does not know, but he would put Jim on his guard.

There is something else on Taby-wana's mind. Bud Hardy has been doing a lot of drinking and talking lately. A lot of his talk has been about the Cash Hawkins killing and who did it. Perhaps pretty soon Bud will be making an arrest.

Jim isn't worried about that. Let Baco tell the Chief that it's the sheriff's firewater talking. He (Jim) didn't kill Hawkins and he isn't afraid of being arrested. The Chief isn't satisfied—

"He says Bud Hardy thinks maybe so Nat-u-ritch killed Cash Hawkins," reports Baco.

"He—he thinks so, eh?" Jim's reply is slow but positive. "Why, there isn't a scrap of evidence pointing toward Nat-u-ritch. Ask him what makes Bud Hardy think so."

The Chief doesn't know that, but he does know that Hardy is bad medicine. Hearing that Hardy and his men are staying the night with Jim, Taby-wana is much worried. He would have Jim drive the Sheriff on to the next camp. Jim, however, is a stickler for the sacred rights of hospitality. Besides he's not worried.

"Tell him that no harm shall come to Nat-u-ritch while I live, and say that he is our good friend and I thank him for coming."

Shorty has brought in the stranger who is looking for Jim. He turns out to be Malcolm Petrie from London. His firm has long represented the Earl of Kerhill's family and he has come to America to find the new holder of the title. Jim, startled at the announcement, speeds his Indian friends on their way and is ready to hear Mr. Petrie. He refuses, however, to be addressed as "Your Lordship." He will continue as plain Mr. Carston.

Henry, Jim's cousin, is dead, Petrie reports. He died a very unhappy man, but he had made Jim some slight reparation at the end by signing a complete confession regarding the robbery of the orphans' fund. In view of the circumstances it is the expressed wish of Diana, Lady Kerhill, that Jim shall return at once to England and resume his proper place at the head of the house.

Jim is greatly moved by the knowledge that Diana's faith in him

has not faltered, especially since their chance meeting at Maverick. It was for her, and not for Henry, that Jim had done what he did. It is good to know that she knows this at last.

The thought of going home is also tremendously stirring to Jim. Home—after all these years in this God-forsaken place. His eyes are ablaze with the thought as he turns to Mr. Petrie, a sweeping gesture covering the scene.

“It isn’t much like Maudsley Towers, with its parks and turrets and oaks that go back to William the Conqueror, is it?” he thrills. “Home, eh? I love old England, as only an exile can. I love the English way of doing things, even when it’s wrong; the little ceremonies, the respectful servants, the hundred little customs that pad your comfort and nurse your self-respect. Home, eh? And I love London. Yes, I think I’m even prepared to like the fogs. Do you know what I’ll do when I get back? I’ll ride a week at a time on top of buses, up and down the Strand, Piccadilly Circus, Oxford Street, Regent Street! And the crowds! How I love the crowds! The endless crowds! And, Petrie, my boy, I’ll go every night to the Music Halls, and what’s left of the night to the Clubs, and by Jove! I’ll come into my own at last!”

“The King is dead! Long live the King!”

“Into my own at last! And I am still young enough to enjoy life. *Life! Life!*”

Jim is standing with his arms outstretched to the past. From the cowboy quarters come the strains of Indian music plucked out of a guitar. The next minute the glad shout of little Hal is heard. “Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!”

The next moment Hal has run out of the barn and grasped his father about the knees. “The ecstasy fades from Jim’s eyes as they come back to earth and slowly sink with infinite tenderness upon the head of the child. Nat-u-ritch appears in the doorway of the stable, where she has been milking. As he raises his eyes from the boy, Jim sees her. The silence is profound. All unconscious that she is the central figure in a tragic moment, the Indian woman moves slowly before the gaze of the two men. Jim’s riveted glance follows her painfully, until she disappears into the cabin opposite.” Jim’s gaze returns to his son. A sigh breaks from him as he turns again to Petrie—

“Petrie, man, you’ve come too late,” Jim says. “That’s what might have happened but can never happen now. This is my son Mr. Petrie. . . . You see, Petrie, we have today and perhaps tomorrow—but never yesterday. . . . That was Hal’s mother.”

Petrie is plainly disturbed, but quickly recovers his poise. There is always a way in which such matters can be arranged. “You will

be in a position to allow her an income which will make her comfortable for life," Petrie suggests. "Some good man will eventually marry her, and—"

"Wait—you don't understand," Jim interrupts. "I first saw Nat-u-ritch at a Bear Dance at the Agency. The Indians reverse our custom. The women ask the men to dance. Nat-u-ritch chose me for her partner. We met again at Maverick, where she killed a desperado—to save my life. The next time I saw her I was lying in her wickiup. I had been at death's door fighting a fever. Searching after strayed cattle I had tumbled into Johnson's hole and was given up for dead. Nat-u-ritch went in alone, on snowshoes, and dragged me to her village! It was a deed no man, red or white, would have attempted. When I was well enough, she brought me back to my own ranch, where I had a relapse. Again she nursed me back to life. When I was stronger I did my best to induce her to go, but she wouldn't leave me—she loved me with a devotion not to be reasoned with. Well, I was a man—a lonely man—and she loved me. The inevitable happened. You see I can't go back home."

PETRIE—Mr. Carston. Don't you think you take rather too serious a view of the case? You will explain the situation to her—she will be open to reason and—

JIM—Petrie, man, I wouldn't desert a dog that had been faithful to me. That wouldn't be English, would it?

PETRIE—Believe me. I would advise nothing unbecoming a gentleman—but aren't you idealizing Nat-u-ritch a little?

JIM—On the contrary. I don't think we ever do these primitive races justice.

PETRIE—Oh!

JIM—Oh, I know the grief of the ordinary woman—it doesn't prevent her from looking into the mirror to see if her hat is on straight. But Nat-u-ritch would throw herself into the river out there—and I should be a murderer as much as if I'd pushed her in.

PETRIE—Why not take her with you to England?

JIM—Impossible! Why, even here I am a "Squaw Man"—that is, socially ostracized. You see we have our social distinctions, even out here.

PETRIE—How absurd!

JIM—Yes—social distinctions usually are.

For a moment Mr. Petrie struggles with an impulse. He is violating a confidence, but he feels he is justified. Lady Diana and her cousin, Sir John Applegate, have come to America with him.

They are waiting now at Fort Duchenne, expecting him to bring Jim to them for an agreeable surprise. Lady Diana will be deeply disappointed. She is still a young and beautiful woman. It is natural that she should marry again. Does Jim still feel—

"I cannot go! My decision is made and nothing on earth can change it," says Jim.

"The sentimental man occasions more misery in this world than your downright brutally selfish one," declares Mr. Petrie. "Mr. Carston, you are condemning yourself to a living death."

"Oh, no! I have my boy, thank God, I have my boy."

"The future Earl of Kerhill."

"My boy is *my boy*."

Now the Petrie argument takes another turn. Let Jim think of Hal, and of his future. Hal is entitled to the education of a gentleman, to surroundings of culture and refinement. "You are responsible for that boy's future," Mr. Petrie is saying. "You don't want him to grow up to blame *you*—to look back upon his youth and his father with bitterness—perhaps hate?"

Jim is sure that Hal would never think badly of his father, and Hal throws his arms about his Daddy's neck as proof of how he feels about it. But Mr. Petrie is not to be stopped. If Jim is not to deny his son his manifest destiny he must send Hal home—now. "I am thinking of his future as the friend and adviser of your family," Mr. Petrie continues. "I am thinking coldly, perhaps, but—believe me, Mr. Carston, kindly."

Jim has put Hal down before him. "You don't know what a lonely life I led till Hal was born, and how lonely I'll be when he is gone—gone! Oh, my God!"

"Mr. Carston, you know the trite old saying, 'England expects that every man this day will do his duty.'"

"Duty? Yes, that's a whip we keep for others— You talk to me of duty— Do you know my life, my sufferings, my horrors? (*Derisively.*) Duty! (*Laughs.*) Duty! I—I— (*PETRIE turns away.*) Oh, forgive me!—you see I've been thinking this all out myself—only I wouldn't admit it— Yes, yes, you're right, of course, you're right. Well, Hal, old man? It's a tough proposition they've put up to your Daddy, son. But what must be, must be! You'll be braver than I am, I hope. (*Hugs child. Pause.*) Petrie, man, you've nailed me to the cross. He goes back with you."

"You will never regret it!"

A moment later Jim has adjusted his emotions to the thought of sacrifice, but how can he tell Nat-u-ritch? It will seem a needless cruelty to her. Yet, it has to be done. Jim calls Nat-u-ritch from

the cabin. Hal runs to his mother as she appears in the door.

"Nat-u-ritch, this is my teguin, my friend," Jim begins. "Teguín, big Chief from way off yonder, over wide water—" The words choke in his throat. For a moment he cannot go on. "Big Chief come for Little Hal."

Nat-u-ritch gasps and holds Hal close to her. She is staring at Petrie as Jim goes on—

"Say, make him Big Chief! Touge wayno teguin. *Good* friend! Take Hal long way off. Long trail, heap long trail—over mountains—heap big mountains. Washington—" He turns to Petrie to explain that Washington means a lot to an Indian. He turns back to Nat-u-ritch—

"Big White Father send for Little Hal, say make him Big Chief. Teguin cross wide waters, fire-wagon, fire-boat. Hal sees the rising sun. Pretty soon maybe so. Hal have heap cattle, heap cattle, heap ponies, pretty soon maybe so, *heap Big Chief.*"

"Katch pah-si-du-way."

"She says she doesn't understand. She can't—she can't. This is going to be a hard business, Mr. Petrie." Jim would avert his face as Nat-u-ritch clutches wildly at his arm. She thinks I'm going too. (*To her.*) No, no, Nat-u-ritch, Jim stay here, with you—always with you. Always! Only—only Little Hal!"

"No!" Nat-u-ritch's cry rings out shrilly, "the cry of universal motherhood." She kneels excitedly and throws her arms about her son and holds him close. Again the echo of the Indian music is heard from the cowboys' quarters. For a moment Jim stands looking at Nat-u-ritch in anguish. When he speaks it is with complete recovery of his emotions. "Nat-u-ritch, I have taken counsel. My heart is good! My word is wise! I have spoken! Go!"

Gently he disengages Hal from her grasp. For a second she gazes pleadingly into his eyes. Finding him immovable she turns and walks slowly away. She will be going to the hills to fight out her misery alone.

Now it is Hal who must be made to understand. That will be hard, too. "He's a shy little prairie bird, and he's been a great pet," Jim explains, as he lifts Hal to the bench. It would be easier if Mr. Petrie could stay a week or two at the ranch, until Hal gets used to him. Unfortunately that will be impossible. Mr. Petrie has used so much time finding Jim that he must hurry away. If Hal is to go with him he must go now.

Again Jim must conquer his feelings and carry on. "Hal, my boy, my darling, I must tell you something. You know you wanted to be a soldier like the ones we saw at Fort Duchene, you remem-

ber? With all the yellow plumes and tassels and swords and things?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, darling, Mr. Petrie's going to make you one. Only—only you'll wear a fine red coat instead of a blue one, and Mr. Petrie's going to make you a big fine soldier man, and so and so Daddy—Daddy is going to let you go with him. Isn't that fine, eh?"

"And you, too, Daddy?"

"No, darling, I can't go. You see, when you're gone, there'll be nobody but me to look after little *'Momie.'*"

It takes considerable explaining to make Hal understand, but finally he is ready to submit to saying good-night to Mr. Petrie, and to being undressed by his father so that he may say his prayers and be ready for the sandman. His arms are around Jim's neck when there is an interruption.

Big Bill's booming voice can be heard assuring someone that Mr. Carston will be glad to see her. The next minute Bill has shown Diana and Sir John into the yard. Jim is standing holding Hal's hand when Diana comes eagerly toward him. She cannot understand why he is not overjoyed to see her. They could not wait any longer at the Fort. They were too eager to come for him and take him home.

"Home? Home?" mutters Jim, as he looks down upon the head of his small son.

"Oh, what a dear boy!" exclaims Diana, kneeling beside them. "Whose little boy are you, dear?"

"Jim's boy!" proudly announces Hal.

"Jim's boy!" Diana looks wonderingly from Hal to Jim.

"Yes, Diana, my boy—my son!"

Diana's first impulse is to draw away from them, but with a sudden revulsion of feeling she takes Hal to her heart. The curtain falls.

ACT IV

Before daylight the following morning there is considerable stir around the Carston ranch house. Sheriff Bud Hardy is the first to appear, walking stealthily and making sure no one else is about. Crossing to the barn he calls in a half whisper that brings one of his men, Kid Clark, to the front of the hay loft.

Nat-u-ritch has disappeared, according to Clark. Her trail leads off into the mountains. Jim Carston has not been to bed at all. This, Bud figures, leaves the house open. He goes to the porch, listens quietly and lets himself in. At that moment Chief Tabywana appears from the other side of the yard and crouches down

by the side of the wagon. When the Sheriff disappears in the house Taby-wana slips over to the porch, flattening himself against the wall near the door.

A moment later the Sheriff comes from the house. In his hand he carries a small revolver. Taby-wana grabs the hand. Clark advances with a drawn gun across the yard, but runs into Big Bill, also with his gun ready for action. Bill isn't in the habit of allowing gun play on any ranch of which he's the foreman. Also he'd like to know what Bud means by combinin' the trades of burglary and sheriff, sneakin' into the Carston house to steal Nat-u-ritch's gun.

That's all Sheriff Bud wants to know—that it is Nat-u-ritch's gun. People have been guyin' the Sheriff for years about not getting Cash Hawkins' murderer and now he's decided to do something about it. Election's coming, and Hawkins' relatives could do Bud a lot of harm in the election.

The Sheriff demands Nat-u-ritch's gun. It's part of his evidence, being a .32 caliber, the like of which there isn't another in that part of the country. He already has the bullet that killed Hawkins, and he also has a beaded matchesafe that Nick, the barkeep at the Maverick, found outside the side door of the saloon the day Cash was shot. That also belonged to Nat-u-ritch. Bud knows, because he tried to buy it from her. Again he officially demands the gun. Whether he gets it or not is up to Jim Carston, announces Bill, as Jim appears.

Jim listens to Bill's account of Sheriff Hardy's case against Nat-u-ritch and his threat to arrest her. Jim doesn't like it. He thinks perhaps he and the Sheriff should have an understanding about it—

"Nat-u-ritch is as innocent of wrong as the bird that flies," says Jim. "It wouldn't do to confine her in that dirty hole at Jensen, it would be murder."

"Why, you are a law-abidin' citizen, Mr. Carston. You ain't a-goin' to resist the law?"

"There are cases, Sheriff, where justice is superior to the law. And a white man's court is a bad place for justice to the Indian. Fortunately for all of us, Nat-u-ritch has disappeared. You couldn't arrest her, Sheriff—not while I live." Jim is facing the Sheriff with determination. Now he turns back to Bill. "Bill, I'm not in the mood to discuss this with Sheriff Hardy and I don't want to violate the laws of hospitality. One word, Sheriff— (To Bud.) You've eaten my *bread*, slept under my roof—and now you sneak into my house to get evidence against the mother of my boy. Bill, see the Sheriff safely on his way."

Jim has gone into the house. Bill, with a hitch to his trousers

and a tug at his hat, goes over to Sheriff Hardy to carry out orders. There is considerable argument, Bud insisting that nobody need think they can stop him and Bill intimating that if Bud does arrest Nat-u-ritch he won't be holding office long. He may be holding a harp, or a coal shovel, but not an office.

"Now, don't be foolish, Bill," Bud is protesting. "I can make you lots of trouble and I will. I can arrest these *English* people and put 'em under bond to appear as witnesses. They were at Maverick that day and I've my posse here ready *and waitin'* to obey orders."

"Except for the Boss's orders, I'd throw you off the place!" Bill answers. "Get a-goin', Bud, get a-goin' and don't stop to pick flowers."

Bud gives Bill a long look, and then decides to follow some other plan some other place.

Diana has come from the cabin. She, too, would like to talk with Bill. So many things have happened she is quite bewildered. And what do people mean around here when they speak of a "Squaw Man."

"Well, that's a name some people give a white man who marries an Indian Squaw, but I want you to understand that Jim's respected in spite of his being a Squaw Man. He's lived that down."

"Of course, it was a great shock to us all at first."

"Natural, it would be—of course no ordinary white man would a done it, but you mustn't think any the less of Jim for that, Miss."

"Why, I think all the more of him, Bill. It's only another of Jim's *glorious mistakes*—how I would like to see her—what is she like?"

"Just a squaw—she's got two ideas, and only two I guess—Hal and Jim."

"A mother and a wife. That's a good deal, Bill—and *her boy* goes home with us."

It's bound to cause a lot of suffering all around, Bill admits, but if it's for Hal's good they will all have to submit. They might be needing a lawyer—but still Bill doesn't think Bud Hardy would arrest Nat-u-ritch. If she did kill Cash Hawkins, it was to save Jim's life, and Jim isn't one that will let her suffer for it. Still he's glad that Lady Kerhill and Hal are going to get out, because there's certainly goin' to be hell to pay around here.

Jim comes from the house and sends Bill to find Baco, the interpreter. Jim wants to have a talk with Taby-wana. He hopes Diana has rested well, and when she tells him that she has not slept at all, but sat up trying to think everything out he is naturally concerned. Would Nat-u-ritch be quite impossible at Mauds-

ley Towers? Jim thinks she would. Couldn't she be sent to school for a few years—and— No, Jim is sure it is too late for that now. That, to Diana, doesn't seem quite fair to Nat-u-ritch—

"At first I hated everybody in the world," Diana is saying. "Then I pitied you—now I'm thinking of her. Civilization has bred in people like you and me many needs and interests—we have Nature, books, music, art. Life has something left for us. But this helpless child-mother has only her child and you—and we are taking her *child* away. Jim, have you the right to sacrifice her even for the child?"

"I have done the best I know how, Diana. We must leave the rest to God. Will you go in and wake Hal? You ought to be getting away before the heat of the day."

Diana has gone back into the house. Soon Baco and Taby-wana appear. Through the interpreter Jim tells the Chief that Nat-u-ritch has disappeared—gone away to the hills—he doesn't know where. Taby-wana wants to know why. Jim tells him the story of Little Hal's being taken away over the long trail to become, maybe, a Big Chief.

That doesn't excuse Nat-u-ritch, Taby-wana insists. She is a wife and must obey. He, Jim, is her master. If she no obey, her master must beat her. If she still no obey he must kill her. Nat-u-ritch has been spoiled.

Jim prefers to handle this matter in the white man's way, but he wants Taby-wana to strike Nat-u-ritch's trail and, when he finds her, to hide her until he (Jim) sends for her. Bud Hardy has said he would arrest Nat-u-ritch for Cash Hawkins' murder. If that happens, Taby-wana promises there will be war. He would not be able to control his people.

From the door of the cabin Hal rushes out, carrying his coat and his moccasins. He is followed by Diana, who has tried to dress him. His father is the one who can do that. Fumblingly Jim takes on the familiar task for the last time. It isn't easy.

Presently the cowboys begin drifting in, headed by Bill as usual. They have come to say good-by to Hal, and to bring him such gifts as they think he might find useful where he is going. Shorty would contribute his Mexican saddle. Grouchy wants Hal to have the jack-knife he has admired so long. Andy would give the little fellow his gun. And Bill adds his watch, with the horsehair chain.

They have got the horses hitched to the wagon now, and the good-bys are speeded up. Jim has decided not to drive as far as the Fort with them, and Bill thinks he'd better stay behind too. Jim will be needing him more than the others.

From the stable loft Nat-u-ritch cautiously peers out. Jim has

just said he wished she could see Hal before he goes. Bill is of the opinion it would be a lot better if she didn't. "I told Charlie to drive like hell," says Bill. "Quicker they're out of sight the better."

"And now be off, like a brave little man." Jim kneels in the dust to take Hal in his arms for a final hug. "With a smile and a hurrah— When—when you've sons of your own you will know what this means. But there— No Wynnegate ever was a quitter, eh? So we take things as they come." He has lifted Hal to Diana in the wagon. "And now drive on and never look back. Give them a cheer, boys."

The cheer is given and the wagon disappears down the road. "There they go—down into the ravine—out of sight—and out of my life forever." Jim sinks down on the bench, emotionally crushed. The boys have followed the wagon.

From the stable Nat-u-ritch glides quietly in. She stands for a moment looking after the wagon. Now she has moved back of Jim and looks down upon him pityingly. Quickly she goes into the house, but is as quickly out again. She has the small revolver in her hand. She stumbles a little as she sees Hal's forgotten moccasins near her. She picks them up, presses them against her breast and quickly disappears.

Suddenly Shorty and Bill return. They are agitated. Jim is still sitting disconsolately on the bench, his head bowed.

"What they bringing them back for, Bill?" Shorty demands in a hoarse whisper.

"Don't you say a word," cautions Bill. "We got to get him into the house." He comes down and lays a hand kindly on Jim's shoulder. "Jim, old man, you haven't had any sleep. Better go in and rest a while."

JIM—Oh, I'll be all right in a moment, Bill.

BILL—Sure. We all got to get kind o' used to it. Sleep's the thing to put you right, Jim.

JIM (*going into house*)—Yes, Bill, sleep.

BILL—Shorty, you and Grouchy stand outside the door, and don't let him out of there until we get Bud Hardy away from here.

ANDY (*running in, followed by SHERIFF HARDY and the others*)—
Bill—Bud Hardy.

BILL—Bud, Jim ain't in any mood to be trifled with. What in hell you mean by stoppin' these people and comin' back here when I ordered you off the place?

BUD—I told you I'd hold these people as witnesses and now I want Nat-u-ritch.

JIM (*coming from house*)—Where is it—where is it? It's gone.

It's gone. Who took it? Bill, did you put that little gun back in the place where I told you?

BILL—Sure I did, Boss.

JIM (*to HARDY*)—You here? Why, damn you— (*As JIM draws his gun there is a shot*) What was that?

BILL (*stopping him*)—Mr. Carston—Mr. Carston. It's Nat-u-ritch! (*TABY-WANA is carrying NAT-U-RITCH in his arms. She has the moccasins in her right hand. TABY-WANA brings her to JIM. DIANA hides HAL's face.*)

JIM—Poor little mother! Poor little mother!

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE GREAT DIVIDE

A Drama in Three Acts

By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

THE GREAT DIVIDE (238 perf.)—Play in three acts by William Vaughn Moody. Produced by Henry Miller at the Princess Theatre, New York, October 3, 1906. Cast:

Stephen Ghent.....	Henry Miller
Philip Jordan.....	Charles Wyngate
Winthrop Newbury.....	Charles Gotthold
Dr. Newbury.....	William J. Butler
Lon Anderson.....	Robert Cummings
Dutch.....	Arnold Wilbur
Pedro.....	Leon Roberts
Ruth Jordan.....	Margaret Anglin
Burt Williams.....	Henry B. Walthall
A Contractor.....	Frederick Moore
A Boy.....	Nolan Gagne
Mrs. Jordan.....	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Polly Jordan.....	Laura Hope Crews
An Architect.....	Bertram Harrison

Staged by Henry Miller. Settings by Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

On October 15, 1906, Louis Bishop Hall replaced Bertram Harrison.

This played reopened at Daly's Theatre, New York, August 31, 1907, for an additional 103 performances. At this time James Kirkwood, Arthur Garston and Frank Brownlee replaced Robert Cummings, Leon Roberts and Louis Bishop Hall respectively.

On February 17, 1908, the play moved to the Academy of Music, New York, for two weeks.

For revival see "The Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 594.

MARGARET ANGLIN was in Chicago, starring in a drama called "Zira" under the direction of Henry Miller and the Messrs. Shubert. Donald Robertson, who had a hand in establishing a New Theatre enterprise in Chicago, brought to her attention a play written by William Vaughn Moody, at that time associated with the English department of Chicago University. The play was called "A Sabine Woman." The time was April, 1906.

Miss Anglin read the manuscript the first Thursday of a sched-

uled two weeks engagement. Friday she wired Mr. Miller and the Messrs. Shubert for permission to rush through a trial performance, utilizing the members of the "Zira" cast and such makeshift scenery as could be pieced together. Gaining the permission of her managers, she placed "A Sabine Woman" in rehearsal over the week end and announced its first performance for the following Thursday.

Rehearsing the Moody play five or six hours a day, playing "Zira" at night, the Anglin company, which included Charles Dalton, Lucile Watson, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Jack Standing, spent a hectic week. The first performance of "A Sabine Woman," however, was given as scheduled. At the end of the second act, so enthusiastic had been the response of the audience, both Miss Anglin and Mr. Moody were convinced they had a potential hit to reckon with. Miss Anglin was in a high state of nervous excitement and Mr. Moody, this being his first experience with success in the theatre, was completely befuddled. Miss Anglin asked Mr. Moody to sign an agreement giving her the rights to the play. Mr. Moody, having been warned by Mr. Robertson and other theatre friends to guard his sacred author's rights against the sharpers of the profession, hesitated about signing. He would like to have a day to think it over. Miss Anglin became insistent. Either Mr. Moody would sign the papers or she would not go on with the play. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five minutes passed. The audience grew restless. Still Mr. Moody and his friends, several of whom were from the law class of the University, toiled over the wording of a protective contract. At the end of forty-five minutes a formidable legal document had been drawn up. The actress and the author affixed their signatures and the play went on.

It went on very badly, as it happened. The company, as well as its star, had worked itself into a state of nerves and this, coupled with the insufficient rehearsals, resulted in dozens of missed cues and forgotten lines. Next day it was discovered that all Miss Anglin had wanted was a simple promise in writing from Mr. Moody that she should have the first refusal of the right to produce the play in New York.

The manuscript of "A Sabine Woman" was sent on to Henry Miller. During the summer the play was revised, with the unhappy author standing by and agreeing protestingly to most of the suggested changes. The characters were renamed (the heroine, Zona Murchee, becoming Ruth Jordan) and the play retitled "The Great Divide." Mr. Miller, who had for years been devoted to the suave and mannered heroes of the drawing room drama, cast himself as Stephen Ghent, the Arizona toughie. "The Great Divide," after a poor reception in both Pittsburgh and Washington, played success-

fully through a season in New York.

William Vaughn Moody was one of the outstanding hopes of the American drama in the middle nineteenth hundreds. His interest was centered largely in lyric poetry, but the drama also appealed to him strongly. His early life had been devoted to study and to teaching. He had his degree from Harvard in three years, and after having taught in both private and public schools, had returned to Harvard as an instructor after some years spent in traveling and tutoring abroad. He was associated for years with the English Department at the University of Chicago. "A Sabine Woman" was Mr. Moody's first acted play, though he had given a good deal of time and thought to a poetic trilogy written on the theme of "the unity of God and man."

Arthur Hobson Quinn, in his "History of the American Drama," covering the ground from the Civil War to 1936, is inclined to think that the season of which "The Great Divide" was a part produced other plays that are to be reckoned with as "the advance guard of the new drama." He mentions Clyde Fitch's "The Truth," written for Clara Bloodgood; David Belasco's "The Rose of the Rancho," a little number that D. B. ran up for Frances Starr out of a Richard Walton Tully original; "The Man of the Hour," which the professor thinks was George Broadhurst's best play; Langdon Mitchell's "New York Idea," which Mrs. Fiske played, and which also established Mr. Mitchell as another of the theatre's hopes of the future; Percy MacKaye's "Jeanne D'Arc," and Rachel Crothers' "The Three of Us." A fairly weak list when judged as significant drama, even including "The Great Divide," but, as Prof. Quinn says, much the most hopeful list of "permanent additions to our dramatic literature" that we had previously uncovered.

There was also considerable average entertainment in the theatre during the season of 1906-07 that older playgoers will recall as interesting. Rose Stahl was playing James Forbes' "The Chorus Lady." John Drew and Margaret Illington were being very serious in Arthur Wing Pinero's "His House in Order." Grace George was making her first timid bid as a star in Avery Hopwood's and Channing Pollock's "Clothes." Eleanor Robson was playing in Israel Zangwill's "Nurse Marjorie," with H. B. Warner as her handsome leading man, and these two were headed for "Salomy Jane." Montgomery and Stone were rioting through "The Red Mill." The beloved Ellen Terry was in America playing Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and Heijerman's "The Good Hope." Richard Mansfield, taking up the advanced drama, was experimenting with "Peer Gynt" and sitting Emma Dunn down so hard on the roof of a stage dog house that she later protested in court. Arnold

Daly produced "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in New York and got himself and Mary Shaw arrested, and later released with honor, as has been noted. Ethel Barrymore had also turned to the serious drama and was doing Galsworthy's "The Silver Box." It was, in retrospect, a brave and interesting day in the theatre.

Philip Jordan's cabin in southern Arizona, which is the scene of the first act of "The Great Divide," is represented by "a large room, rudely built, adorned with blankets, pottery, weapons and sacred images of the local Indian tribes." The walls are hung with saddles, nose-bags, lariats and other paraphernalia of frontier life. There is a low window at back through which a highly colored desert may be seen. It is a late afternoon in spring.

Jordan is sitting at a rude center table mending a bridle as we enter the scene. He is a man of average height and 34 years old. Polly Jordan, his wife, is kneeling before a trunk which she is packing. She is a pretty, active, kittenish sort of person, probably two years her husband's junior. Helping Polly is Winthrop Newbury, who recently graduated from an Eastern medical college and is getting his first taste of the West. The fourth member of the group, Ruth Jordan, Philip's sister and an attractive, healthy girl of 19, is standing at the window.

The sunset has begun to fade, the room to darken. Ruth fetches a candle for the center table and lights it. The atmosphere is a little heavy. Polly is packing for a night drive with Dr. Newbury and the Jordans over the desert to the nearest railroad station, which they expect to make by daylight. Polly Jordan is on her way to San Francisco, where she will visit in a fine house and try to forget the desert and its loneliness. And she feels pretty sorry for Philip and Ruth, who will insist on staying on in this perfectly dreadful place.

"I should like to know how long this sojourn in the wilderness is going to last, anyhow?" Polly demands, a little petulantly.

"Till cactus fiber makes our eternal fortune," answers Ruth, cheerily. That, she admits, will probably be a matter of eight years. Which doesn't seem hopeless at all to Ruth.

From across the desert the dull beat of horses' hoofs is heard growing gradually closer. A moment later a boy of fifteen, panting from his ride, appears in the open door. He has come for the doctor. Sawyer, the Jordans' foreman, has met with an accident over at Lone Tree. A horse he was riding had shied against an adobe wall and Sawyer's leg was broken.

Winthrop will have to go. He is the only man within reach who knows anything about medicine. Ruth will see that a horse is saddled for him. It will probably take him from one to three hours

to set Sawyer's leg. Then he can catch up with them at Cottonwood Wash by sunrise.

"This will spoil all our fun," pouts Polly Jordan. "Why can't the creature wait till you get back?"

"Did you ever have a broken leg?" Winthrop would know.

No, Polly never had had a broken leg, but she is likely to suffer a broken heart, now that Win cannot go with them. Even that is not important to the doctor. He is threatened with a broken heart, too (*with a glance in RUTH'S direction*), if he were to let himself dwell on his disappointment. . . .

Polly has gone into the inner room for more things when Ruth comes to announce that Win's horse is saddled.

"The boy knows the trails like an Indian," she promises Win. "He will bring you through to Cottonwood by daylight."

"We shall have the ride back together, at any rate," says Winthrop, taking heart at the thought.

"I would go with you and try to do something to make poor Sawyer comfortable," says Ruth, "but we haven't another horse that can do the distance."

Win would have a kiss added to his good-by if Ruth were willing, but she isn't. It were better if things were to stay as they are. "Life is so good just as it is," she says, shaking his hand; "let us not change it." He goes out without looking back.

Polly would know about that parting after Win has galloped away. "Promising young physician, charming girl, lonely ranch, horseback excursions, spring of the year!" Surely something should have happened, reasons Polly. But it hasn't.

"Do you think if I wanted to flirt I would select a youth I've played hooky with, and seen his mother spank?" laughs Ruth, and adds, as she is suddenly sobered: "Poor dear Win! He's so good, so gentle and chivalrous. But—(*with a wide sweep of her arms, as if for air*) "ah, me—he's finished! I want one that isn't finished."

"Are you out of your head, poor thing?" demands Polly.

"You know what I mean well enough. Winthrop is all rounded off, a completed product. But the man I sometimes see in my dreams is—(*Pausing for a simile*)—well, like this country out here, don't you know—?"

"Yes, thank you. I do know! Heaven send you joy of him!"

"Heaven won't, because, alas, he doesn't exist! I am talking of a sublime abstraction—of the glorious unfulfilled—of the West—the Desert."

Philip is back and there is more trouble. Pinto, their last remaining horse, is gone, together with the last of the ranch help.

They've all disappeared without leave asked or notice given, except a note nailed to the factory door. There's a Mexican blow-out over at Lone Tree.

That settles it so far as Ruth is concerned. She is not going. She is going to stay and take care of the ranch. With all of their mother's money invested they cannot take risks. Polly is in tears. Philip is determined that Ruth cannot stay on the ranch over night alone.

"I'm awfully sorry to miss the fun," says Ruth, "but as for danger, the Great American Desert is safer than Beacon Hill. If marauders prowl, I'll just fire the blunderbuss out of the window, and they won't stop running this side of the Great Divide."

Finally Phil gives in. Ruth can stay. Let her be sure to put out the light early. It can be seen from the Goodwater trail and there will be a lot of riff-raff going home from the dance. Ruth would laugh off her brother's fears, and soon the rumble of their wagon has died out in the distance. . . .

Preparing for bed, Ruth has taken down her hair and re-coiled it loosely. For a moment two photographs on the mantel attract her. The first, which is of the departed Winthrop, inspires a smile, amused and mischievous. The second, of her mother, evokes a tender, spoken promise that soon better days are coming and all will be well. Now, singing gaily but softly, she has picked up the candle and gone into the inner room.

A man's face has appeared at the window. As Ruth leaves the room he stealthily disappears, and a moment later is back, shading his eyes with his peaked Mexican hat and turning to signal others to follow. Now he comes softly into the room, looks carefully about and disappears again as Ruth is heard coming back.

She is wearing moccasins and a dark, loose sleeping dress when she reappears. She has put down the candle and is caressing a great bunch of wild flowers on the table. The moonlight streaming in at the window and door attracts her. For a moment she stands in the doorway. "What a scandal the moon is making, out there in that crazy world," she is saying, softly, to herself. "Who but me could think of sleeping on such a night!"

But now she has heard a sound outside and is frightened. Quickly she dashes to the door, closes and bolts it. Then to the lamp and blows it out. The room is in total darkness. Following a muttering of voices on the outside the latch is tried. When it does not yield there is a lunging thud against the door and the lock snaps. A man pushes in but is hurled quickly back by a second and taller fellow. A third makes his way to the table and strikes a match to light the lamp. In the flickering light Ruth is seen with her back

against the wall. She has taken a gun from a rack and levels it at the most threatening of the invaders. She pulls the trigger. There is a click. The next moment the gun is wrenched from her hand.

One of the men tries to seize her. Ruth evades him and manages to get to a part of the wall on which a pistol hangs in a holster. Before she can draw this the second man has grabbed her. Now the lamp has been lighted and the men are revealed. They are all dressed in rough frontier fashion. They have been drinking. Three are American, apparently; one a Mexican half-breed. It is the Mexican, addressed as Shorty, who seizes Ruth and attempts to drag her toward the inner room. She manages to wrench herself away and is standing with her back to the chimney-piece.

The man at the table has not left off staring at her. The others have produced a whisky flask and are drinking to the prospects of a jolly evening. Now they have tossed dice into a vase and are preparing to shake to decide the order of their preference. Suddenly Ruth makes a supplicating gesture to the man at the table.

"Save me! Save me!" she pleads, with a sudden, desperate resolution, as he comes toward her. "Save me, and I will make it up to you!" He is advancing again. "Don't touch me!" she warns. "Listen! Save me from these others, and from yourself, and I will pay you—with my life!"

"With—your life?" he repeats, in dull wonder.

RUTH—With all that I am or can be.

GHEENT—What do you mean?—*(Pause.)* You mean you'll go along with me out of this? Stick to me—on the square?

RUTH *(in a tragic whisper)*—Yes.

GHEENT—On the dead square?

RUTH—Yes.

GHEENT—You won't peach, and spoil it?

RUTH—No.

GHEENT—Give me your hand on it! *(She gives him her hand. The other men at the table have drawn their weapons, and hold them carelessly, but alert to the slightest suspicious movement on the part of GHEENT.)*

DUTCH—Shorty and me's sittin' in this game, and interested, eh, Shorty? *(GHEENT comes slowly to the table, eyeing the two. DUTCH holds out the vase.)* Shake for her!

GHEENT—Shake how?

DUTCH—Any damn way! Sole and exclusive rights. License to love and cherish on the premises!

GHEENT *(takes the vase, shakes the dice meditatively, is about to*

throw, then sets the vase down. He searches through his pockets and produces a few bills and a handful of silver, which he lays on the table)—That's all I've got in my clothes. Take it, and give me a free field, will you?

DUTCH (*in plaintive remonstrance*)—You don't mean me, Steve!

GHEENT (*to SHORTY*)—Well, you, then! (*SHORTY spreads the money carelessly with his left hand, then thrusts it away.*)

DUTCH—Don't blame you, Shorty! A ornery buck of a dirt-eatin' Mojave'd pay more'n that for his squaw. (*RUTH covers her face shudderingly. GHEENT stands pondering, watching the two men under his brows, and slowly gathering up the money. As if on a sudden thought, he opens his shirt and unwinds from his neck a chain of gold nuggets in the rough, strung on a leather thread.*)

GHEENT—Well, it ain't much, that's sure. But there's a string of gold nuggets I guess is worth some money. (*He throws it on the table.*) Take that, and clear out.

DUTCH (*angrily*)—I've give you fair warning!

GHEENT—We'll keep everything friendly between me and you. A square stand-up shoot, and the best man takes her.

DUTCH (*mollified*)—Now you're comin' to!

GHEENT (*to SHORTY*)—Then it's up to you, and you'd better answer quick!

SHORTY (*eyeing GHEENT and RUTH, points to the gun lying on the floor*)—I take him, too.

GHEENT—No, you don't. You leave everything here the way you found it.

SHORTY—Alla right. (*He pockets the chain and starts for the door.*)

GHEENT—Hold on a minute. You've got to promise to tie the man who falls on his horse and take him to Mesa Grande. Bargain? (*SHORTY nods.*) And mouth shut, mind you, or— (*He makes a sign across his throat.*)

SHORTY (*nodding*)—Alla right.

GHEENT—Outside!

DUTCH (*surprised*)—What for?

GHEENT (*sternly*)—Outside! (*They move toward the door. DUTCH stops and waves his hand to RUTH.*)

DUTCH—Don't worry, my girl. Back soon.

GHEENT (*threateningly*)—Cut that out!

DUTCH—What's eatin' you? She ain't yours yet, and I guess she won't be—not till hell freezes over. (*He taps his pistol and goes out. GHEENT picks up the rifle which has previously missed fire. He unloads it, throws it on the window-seat, and follows*)
DUTCH. RUTH stands beside the table, listening. Four shots are

heard. After a short time GHENT appears and watches from the door the vanishing horses. He comes to the table opposite RUTH.)

RUTH (*in a low voice*)—Is he dead?

GHENT—No; but he'll stay in the coop for a while.

Ruth sinks weakly into a chair. Ghent takes a seat across the table from her and draws his whisky flask. As he is about to drink she asks him not to. Dazedly he lets the flask drop to the floor. "Is this on the square?" he demands. She answers quietly: "I gave you my promise."

She has brought him a glass of water at his request, and told him briefly about her brother and the ranch. He bids her write a note to her people. She demands to know what he is going to do with her.

"We can reach San Jacinto before sun-up," he says. "Then we're off for the Cordilleras. I've got a claim tucked away in them hills that'll buy you the city of Frisco some day, if you have a mind to it! (*She shrinks and shudders.*) What are you shivering at?"

As Ruth writes, Ghent laboriously draws a pistol from his holster. He can use only one hand. He lays the gun carelessly on the table and walks away with his back turned. Ruth takes up the gun, but lays it down again. "Read what you've written," calls Ghent without turning around. Ruth has taken the pistol up again. "Why don't you shoot?" he calls. "You promised on the square, but there is nothing square about this deal. You ought to shoot me like a rattlesnake.

"I know that."

"Then why don't you?"

"I don't know," she answers slowly.

"I guess you've got nerve enough, for that or anything— Answer me; why not?"

"I don't know— You laid it there for me.—And—you have no right to die."

"How's that?"

"You must live—to pay for having spoiled your life."

"Do you think it is spoiled?"

"Yes."

"And how about your life?"

"I tried to do it."

"To do what?"

"To take my life. I ought to die. I have a right to die. But I cannot, I cannot! I love my life, I must live. In torment, in darkness—it doesn't matter. I want my life. I will have it! (*She drops the weapon on the table, pushes it toward him, and covers her*

eyes.) Take it away! Don't let me see it. If you want me on these terms, take me, and may God forgive you for it; but if there is a soul in you to be judged, don't let me do myself violence. (*She sinks down by the table, hiding her face in her hands.*) Oh, God, have pity on me!"

Ghent has put the revolver back in his holster. He walks to the door, opens it and stands there for a moment in silence. He turns again to the sobbing Ruth. As he begins to speak her sobs cease and she looks strangely at him.

"I've lived hard and careless," Ghent is saying; "and lately I've been going down hill pretty fast. But I haven't got so low yet but what I can tell one woman from another. If that was all of it, I'd be miles away from here by now, riding like hell for liquor to wash the taste of shame out of my mouth. But that ain't all. I've seen what I've been looking the world over for, and never knew it.—Say your promise holds, and I'll go away now."

"Oh, yes, go, go! You will be merciful. You will not hold me to my cruel oath."

"And when I come back? (*RUTH does not answer. He takes a step nearer.*) And when I come back?"

"You never—could—come back."

"No, I guess I never could."

"You will go?" Her tone is eagerly pleading.

"For good?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, yes," she screams, wildly; "ten thousand times!"

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes." She is watching him with a strained anxiety. "Oh, why did you come here tonight?" she sobs.

"I come because I was blind-drunk and sun-crazy, and looking for damnation the nearest way. That's why I come. But that's not why I'm staying. I'm talking to you in my right mind now. I want you to try and see this thing the way it is."

"Oh, that is what I want you to do! You did yourself and me a hideous wrong by coming here. Don't do us both a more hideous wrong still! I was in panic fear. I snatched at the first thing I could. Think what our life would be, beginning as we have begun! Oh, for God's pity go away now, and never come back! Don't you see there can never be anything between us but hatred and misery and horror?"

His manner has changed. His face has hardened. "We'll see about that," he mutters. "Are you ready to start?" Ruth, conscious for the first time of her undressed condition, shrinks back and pulls

her gown closer about her neck. "Go, and be quick about it!" he shouts. "Where's your saddle?"

Weakly she points to the saddle on the wall and goes on into the inner room. Ghent picks up the note she has written and reads it. For a moment he hesitates. Then he goes for more water, drinks deeply and, rolling down his sleeve reveals an ugly wound in his forearm. He would staunch the blood with a handkerchief if he could, but cannot.

Ruth has returned, her saddle-pack over her shoulder. Her face is white but determined. She catches sight of the blood-soaked handkerchief. In a moment she has thrown off her hooded riding-cloak and is by his side. Soon she has water and bandages and has ordered him about as though he were a patient. No bones have been touched, she decides. The wound will be healed in a few days.

She is binding the arm. "What's your name?" asks Ghent, watching her dreamily.

RUTH—Ruth—Ruth—Jordan. (*Long pause.*) There, gently.—It must be very painful.

GHEENT (*shaking his head slowly; with half-humorous protest*)—It's not fair.

RUTH—What isn't fair?

GHEENT—To treat me like this. It's not in the rules of the game.

RUTH (*as the sense of the situation again sweeps over her*)—Binding your wound? I would do the same service for a dog.

GHEENT—Yes, I dare say. But the point is, I ain't a dog; I'm a human—the worst way! (*She rises and puts away the liniment and bandages. He starts up with an impulsive gesture.*) Make this bad business over into something good for both of us! You'll never regret it! I'm a strong man! (*He holds out his right arm, rigid.*) I used to feel sometimes, before I went to the bad, that I could take the world like that and tilt her over. And I can do it, too, if you say the word! I'll put you where you can look down on the proudest. I'll give you the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of 'em. (*She covers her face with her hands. He comes nearer.*) Give me a chance, and I'll make good. By God, girl, I'll make good!—I'll make a queen of you. I'll put the world under your feet! What makes you put your hands over your ears like that? Don't you like what I'm saying to you?

RUTH (*taking the words with difficulty*)—Do you remember what that man said just now?

GHEENT—What about?

RUTH—About the Indian—and—his squaw.

GHENT—Yes. There was something in it, too. I was a fool to offer him that mean little wad.

RUTH—For—me!

GHENT—Well, yes, for you, if you want to put it that way.

RUTH—But—a chain of nuggets—that comes nearer being a fair price?

GHENT—Oh, to buy off a greaser!

RUTH—But to buy the soul of a woman—one must go higher. A mining-claim! The kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them! (*Breaking down in sudden sobs.*) Oh, be careful how you treat me! Be careful! I say it as much for your sake as mine. Be careful!

GHENT (*turning away from her, his bewilderment and discomfiture translating itself into gruffness*)—Well, I guess we'll blunder through.—Come along! We've no time to lose.—Where are your things? (*At her gesture, he picks up the saddle-pack which she has brought out of the bedroom with her, and starts toward the door.*)

RUTH (*taking a hammer from the window-ledge and handing it to GHENT*)—Fix the bolt. My brother must not know. (*He drives in the staple of the bolt, while she throws the blood-stained water and the handkerchief into the fire. He aids her in replacing the weapons on the walls, then takes the saddle-pack and stands at the door, waiting. She picks up her mother's picture, and thrusts it in her bosom. After standing a moment in hesitation, she takes the picture out, kisses it, lays it on the mantel, face down. She extinguishes the lamp, and goes out hastily. He follows, closing the door.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT II

Stephen Ghent's home in the Cordilleras is an adobe cabin, "mellowed to ivory by sun and dust," that stands at the edge of a deep cañon. It is pretty well covered with vines bearing purple blossoms, and the view from the front door is across the cañon to the farther wall, just now crimsoned by the afternoon light. In the level space in front of the cabin are a stone table and seats made of natural rock, roughly hewn. There is a hand-loom of the Navajo type, a stool and a blanket half woven, and there are evidences of basket-weaving lying about. A path leading into the cañon is opposite the cabin door.

Lon Anderson, a venerable miner, gray of hair and beard, sits smoking before the cabin when Burt Williams, a younger man, comes up the path and joins him. Burt is looking for the Missus of the cabin. He is inquisitive as to her whereabouts and finally

drags the information out of Anderson that she isn't nowheres about.

The whole situation is puzzling to Williams. No reason for the Missus sittin' hours on hours slavin' over the things she makes, like a half-starved Navajo. No sense to it. Also there is gossip that she has been meetin' a sawed-off Mexican hobo for some purpose. It isn't any disrespect that Williams is talking, and he is willing to heed Anderson's warning about keeping his mouth shet. But he is still wondering when Ghent appears at the top of the path.

Ghent has brought two men with him. A dapper young architect from the East, and a rugged old contractor from the neighborhood. Ghent, wearing riding boots and a neat khaki outfit, has all the airs of a prosperous business man "absorbed in the national game of making money."

The architect has brought plans for a new house. It is to be built on the exact site of the old, and nothing else, not even a cactus plant or a vine, is to be touched. It can be done, the contractor agrees, if there are plenty of guards to help. The owner of the Verde mine, he says, has a right to his whims, being able to pay for them.

"I have designed the whole house in Spanish style, very broad and simple," the architect is saying. "This open space where we stand I have treated as a semi-enclosed patio, with arcaded porches."

"Good," approves Ghent, a little dubiously.

"The room fronting the main arcade is the living-room."

"I guess we'll have 'em all living-rooms," says Ghent. "This place is to be lived in, from the word go."

They are pretty elaborate plans, as the architect explains them—with a library and music room—or perhaps a nursery— Ghent is a little frightened, but the nursery idea is at least exciting. The whole thing will cost probably twenty thousand dollars, or twenty-five thousand at the outside, suggests the contractor.

"I'll tell you, gentlemen, I'll have to consult my wife about this before I decide. The fact is, I've been working the thing out on the sly, up to now."

"Expect to build it of an afternoon, while the lady was takin' her see-ester?" smiles the contractor.

"I thought I'd smuggle her off somewhere for a while," explains Stephen, pondering the idea again for a moment. "No! It's her house and she must O.K. the plans before the ground is broke."

He asks them to leave the plans, that he may show them to his wife, directs them down the path, and goes to the back of the house. The architect pauses on the way out to admire the pattern and the work on the Navajo rug, but when he tries to learn something about its origin he gets no more than grunts from the silent Lon Anderson.

Now Ruth has come up the path, a little breathless and somewhat worried. It isn't the Mexican she has been meeting who worries her. He has gone forever, she reports to Lon. But she has a feeling that she has been followed and by someone she saw at the hotel; someone she used to know. . . .

Ghent has come back. Seeing Ruth sitting at the table he approaches her quietly and is standing back of her when she suddenly realizes he is there and jumps up to avoid his embrace. Even after a separation of five days she has no word of welcome for him, nor even a pleasant look, and he is depressed. It is hard for him to remember how things stand between them—

"It's childish," he admits, "but for the life of me I can't help it. After I've been away a few hours this place gets all lit up with bright colors in my mind, like—(*Searching for a simile*)—well, like a Christmas tree! I dare say a Christmas tree don't amount to much in real life, but I saw one once, in a play,—I was a little mining camp roustabout, so high,—and ever since it has sort of stood to me for the gates o' glory."

Ruth has covered her face with her hands at the thought of the picture a Christmas tree builds in her mind. Stephen takes up the plans for the new house, crushes them in his hand and throws them upon the ground. He starts gloomily for the house, but changes his mind, comes back and takes a jewel-case from his pocket.

"There is a little present I brought home for you," he is saying. He reaches in his pocket and tosses several pieces of jewelry on the table. "And here are some more trinkets. I know you don't care much for these things, but I had to buy something, the way I was feeling. And these papers—(*Picks them up and spreads them out on the table*)—these mean that you're not to live much longer in a mud shanty, with pine boxes for furniture. These are the drawings for a new house that I want to talk over with you. (*He points to the map and speaks glibly, trying to master his discomfiture at her lack of interest.*) Spanish style, everything broad and simple! Large living-room opening on inner court. Library and music room, bless your heart. Bedrooms; kitchen and thereunto pertaining. Wing where the proprietor retires to express his inmost feelings. General effect sprawly, but harmonious with the surroundings. Twenty thousand estimated, twenty-five limit. Is she ours?"

RUTH (*in a dead, flat tone*)—How much did you say the house is to cost?

GHEENT—Twenty-five thousand dollars at the outside.

RUTH—And these—trinkets?

GHEENT—Oh, I don't know.—A few hundred.

RUTH (*drawing the plans toward her and pouring the jewels in a heap upon them*)—Twenty-five thousand dollars and the odd hundreds! (*She laughs suddenly and jarringly.*) My price has risen! (*She laughs again.*) Keep those displayed to show to our visitors! My honor is at stake. (*She points down the path.*) There is one coming now!

GHEENT—Visitors? What visitors?

RUTH—Only an old school friend of mine; a Mr. Winthrop Newbury.

GHEENT—What are you talking about? Are you crazy? (*He joins her where she stands.*) This fellow—is he really what you say? (*RUTH nods with unnaturally bright eyes and mocking smile.*) What does this mean?

RUTH—It means that he caught sight of me, an hour ago, in the hotel.

GHEENT—In the hotel? What were you doing there?

RUTH (*with biting calm*)—Nothing wicked—as yet. They don't pay twenty-five thousand dollars over there—at least not yet! (*GHEENT turns sharply as if stung by a physical blow. She raises her hands to him in a swift revulsion of feeling.*) Oh, don't judge me! Don't listen to me! I am not in my right mind.

GHEENT (*sweeping the jewels together and throwing them over the cliff*)—Do you want me to be here while you see him? (*She does not answer.*) Won't you answer me?

RUTH (*again cold*)—Act as you think best.

GHEENT—It's a question of what will be easiest for you.

RUTH—Oh, it's all easy for me! (*GHEENT stands irresolute, then raises his hand in a gesture of perplexity and despair, and goes into the house, closing the door. WINTHROP NEWBURY appears.*)

WINTHROP—Ruth! Is it really you?

RUTH (*starting involuntarily toward him, mastering herself as he advances and speaking in a natural voice with an attempt at gaiety*)—Well, of all things! Winthrop Newbury! How did you find your way to this eagle's nest?

WINTHROP—I—we saw you—we caught a glimpse of you at the hotel, but we weren't sure. We followed you, but lost you in the cañon.

RUTH—We? Who is we?

WINTHROP—Your brother and his wife.

RUTH (*with conventional surprise*)—Philip and Polly here!

WINTHROP—They took the other turn down there where the path forks. We didn't know which way you had gone.

RUTH—But why on earth are they here at all?



Photo Byron Studio; Garrison P. Sherwood Collection, Museum City of New York.

“THE GREAT DIVIDE”

Ghent—You are killing yourself. You mustn't go on this way. Go and rest. We will talk of this tomorrow.

Ruth—Rest! Tomorrow! Oh, how little you have understood of all I have said! I know it is only a symbol—a make believe. I know I am childish to ask it. Still, take it, and tell me I am free.

(Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin)

WINTHROP—They are on their way East. They stopped over to see me.

RUTH—To see you? Are you—living here?

WINTHROP—I have been here only a week. (*He starts impulsively, trying to break through the conventional wall which she has raised between them.*)—Ruth—for God's sake—!

RUTH (*interrupting him*)—But tell me! I am all curiosity. How do you happen to be here—of all places?

WINTHROP—What does it matter? I am here. We have found you after all these miserable months of anxiety and searching. Oh, Ruth—why—

RUTH—I have acted badly, I know. But I wish not to talk of that. Not now. I will explain everything later. Tell me about yourself—about Philip and Polly—and mother. I am thirsty for news. What have you been doing all these months since—our queer parting?

WINTHROP (*solemnly*)—Looking for you. (*Pause.*) Oh, Ruth—how could you do it? How could you do it?

RUTH (*with dumb entreaty; speaking low*)—Winthrop!

WINTHROP (*in answer to her unspoken words*)—As you will.

Winthrop tells her of her mother, who has been ill, but will be quite well again now that they have found the daughter, who should at least have written her. As for himself, he has a position as physician at one of the nearby mines. It is a sort of trial experiment. He doesn't think she is looking too well, but she quickly changes the subject. Isn't their view wonderful? And way down yonder he can see the smoke from the stamp mill of the Rio Verde mine. Yes, **THEY** are the Rio Verde mine. Her husband is the owner. No, she has heard of no dispute as to the ownership.

"We found the record of your marriage at San Jacinto," Winthrop admits. "The name was Ghent—Stephen Ghent."

"Yes. He will be so glad to see some of my people."

His eyes have wandered to the half-woven blanket and the half-finished basket. They represent a new toy with her, she admits, nervously. The Indian women who taught her insist she is quite a wonder of cleverness. Yes, he may have seen some of her work at the hotel. And why should the wife of the owner of the Verde mine be selling her handiwork? To see if it *will* sell, of course.

The others can be heard coming up the path. "For old friendship's sake, won't you give me one human word before they come?" pleads Winthrop. "At least answer me honestly one human question?"

"In the great lottery of a woman's answers there is always one

such prize," she says, keeping up her hard, bright gaiety.

"Did you, that night you bade me good-by, know that—this was going to happen?"

"No. It was half accident, half wild impulse. Phil left me at the ranch alone. My lover came, impatient, importunate, and I—went with him."

"And your—this man—to whom you are married—pardon me, you don't need to answer unless you wish—for how long had you known him?"

"All my life! And for aeons before," she says solemnly. She is looking him straight in the eye.

A moment later Polly and Philip Jordan have joined them. Such embarrassment as the reunion suggests is covered with a lot of semi-hysterical laughter, but now they have settled to some suggestion of calmness—

"To think of our practical Ruth doing the one really theatrical thing known in the annals of Milford Corners, Mass.!" Polly is saying. "And what a setting! My dear, your stage arrangements are perfect."

"In this case Providence deserves the credit," laughs Ruth. "We may have come here to have our pictures taken, but we stayed to make a living."

And now Polly would have a sight of the man! Let Ruth produce him. Seeing that they insist, Ruth will. She goes into the cabin, calling lustily for "Steve!" When she reappears she is followed by a somewhat flustered Ghent—

"Well, Stephen," Ruth is saying, "since they've run us to earth, I suppose we must put a good face on it and acknowledge them."

She introduces Polly, who is cordial, and Philip, who isn't, and Winthrop, who takes Ghent's hand perfunctorily. It is Winthrop who adds the information that Stephen is owner of the Verde mine. He is only a part owner, Ghent explains, but Polly is anxious to have a look at the sweet thing, meaning the mine, anyway. The best view, says Ghent, is from the ledge below. As they all start down Philip stops Ruth and requests a talk with her—

"I got your note with its curt announcement of your resolve," says Philip. "Later, by mere accident, we found the record of your marriage at San Jacinto—if you call it a marriage—made huggemugger at midnight by a tipsy justice of the peace. I don't want to question its validity. I only pray that no one will. But I want to know how it came to be made—in such hurry and secrecy—how it came to be made at all, for that matter. How did you ever come to disgrace yourself and your family by clandestine meetings and a hedge-row marriage with a person of this class? And why, after

the crazy leap was taken, did you see fit to hide yourself away without a word to me or your distracted mother? Though that perhaps is easier to understand!"

RUTH—The manner of your questions absolves me from the obligation to answer them.

PHILIP—I refuse to be put off with any such patent subterfuge.

RUTH—Subterfuge or not, it will have to suffice until you remember that my right to choose my course in life is unimpeachable and that the man whose destiny I elect to share cannot be insulted in my presence.

PHILIP—Very well, I can wait. The truth will come out some day. Meanwhile, you can take comfort from the fact that your desertion at the critical moment of our enterprise has spelled ruin for me.

RUTH (*overwhelmed*)—Philip, you don't mean—

PHILIP—Absolute and irretrievable ruin.

RUTH—Then you are going back East—for good?

PHILIP—Yes.

RUTH—But—mother's money! What will she do? (PHILIP *shrugs his shoulders*.) Is everything gone—everything?

PHILIP—I shall get something from the sale. Perhaps enough to make a fresh start somewhere in some small way.

RUTH (*her arms on his shoulders*)—Phil, I am sorry, sorry! (*She bursts into convulsive weeping and clings to him.*)

PHILIP—Ruth, you are not happy! You have made a hideous mistake. Come home with me. (RUTH *shakes her head*.) At least for a time. You are not well. You look really ill. Come home with us, if only for a month.

RUTH—No, no, dear Phil, dear brother! (*She draws down his face and kisses him.*) There! I have had my cry and feel better. The excitement of seeing you all again is a little too much for me.

PHILIP—If there is anything that you want to tell me about all this, tell me now.

RUTH—Oh, there will be plenty of time for explanations and all that! Let us just be happy now in our reunion.

PHILIP—There will not be plenty of time. We leave tomorrow morning.

RUTH—Then you will take me on trust—like a dear good brother. Perhaps I shall never explain! I like my air of mystery.

PHILIP—Remember that if you ever have anything to complain of—in your life—it is my right to know it. The offender shall answer to me, and dearly, too.

RUTH (*taking his head between her hands*)—Of course he will, you old fire-eater!

Polly and the others have returned from a long-distance view of the mine. Polly is all enthusiasm about everything. She understands now what Ruth meant by "the glorious unfulfilled." "I see now what you meant by wanting one that wasn't finished," confides Polly in lowered tones. "This one certainly isn't finished. But when he is he'll be grand."

Polly also wants to see the inside of the house, but Ruth is against that until she has shown them the plans of the grand new house that the Ghents are to build. There is little time for this, however, so Ruth agrees to show Polly "the simple present in the light of the ornate future."

Taking advantage of the women's absence, and Winthrop's pre-occupation with the cañon view, Philip would politely but firmly demand some sort of explanation from Ghent. Not as to his relations with Ruth, but of Ruth's offering her handiwork for sale in the hotel, despite the fact that she is the wife of a wealthy mine owner.

Ghent is as astonished as Philip. He knew that Ruth had been working too hard over her blankets and baskets, but he had thought it was merely a pastime. Perhaps—

Before further investigations can be made Polly and Ruth are back and the visitors are leaving. With a clatter of conversation they disappear down the trail.

Ghent is grateful, but puzzled. What about this work Ruth has been doing? Why has she persistently refused to take money from him? There has been no need—after the first month or two. To Ruth there has been great need. While they were poor and struggling she thought she might learn to share his income, but after the mine was added to his possessions and he had begun to shower her with gifts and to force easy ways upon her, her soul rebelled.

"Every time you give me anything, or talk about the mine and what it is going to do, there rings in my ears that dreadful sneer: 'A dirt-eating Mojave would pay more than that for his squaw!'" Ruth is speaking slowly, "taking the words with loathing upon her tongue." She has risen and is facing him. "I held myself so dear! And you bought me for a handful of gold, like a woman of the street! You drove me before you like an animal from the market." Slowly from her bosom she has recovered the nugget chain. "I have got back the chain again," she is saying matter-of-factly.

GHENT—Chain? What chain?

RUTH (*in the same tone*)—The one you bought me with.

GHEHT (*dumbfounded*)—Where the devil—? Has that fellow been around here?

RUTH—It would have had no meaning for me except from his hand.

GHEHT—So that's what you've been doing with this rug-weaving and basket-making tomfoolery? (*RUTH does not answer.*) How long has this been going on?

RUTH—How long?—How long can one live without breathing? Two minutes? A few lifetimes? How long!

GHEHT—It was about a month after we came here that you began to putter with this work.

RUTH (*drawing her hand about her neck*)—Since then this has been around my neck, around my limbs, a chain of eating fire. Link by link I have unwound it. You will never know what it has cost me, but I have paid it all. Take it and let me go free. (*She tries to force it upon him.*) Take it, take it, I beseech you!

GHEHT (*holding himself under stern control*)—You are killing yourself. You mustn't go on this way. Go and rest. We will talk of this tomorrow.

RUTH—Rest! Tomorrow! Oh, how little you have understood of all I have said! I know it is only a symbol—a make-believe. I know I am childish to ask it. Still, take it and tell me I am free.

GHEHT (*taking the chain reluctantly*)—As you say, your price has risen. This is not enough. (*He throws the chain about her neck and draws her to him by it.*) You are mine, mine, do you hear? Now and forever! (*He starts toward the house.*)

RUTH (*in a stifled voice*)—Wait! There is—something else. (*He returns to her anxiously and stands waiting.*) It isn't only for my sake I ask you to take this off me, nor only for your sake. There is—another life—to think of.

GHEHT (*leaning to look into her averted face*)—Ruth!—Is it true?—Thank God!

RUTH—Now will you take this off me?

GHEHT (*starts to do so, then draws back*)—No. Now less than ever. For now, more than ever, you are mine.

RUTH—But—*how* yours? Oh, remember, have pity! *How* yours? (*PHILIP appears at the head of the cañon path.*)

GHEHT—No matter how! Bought if you like, but mine! Mine by blind chance and the hell in a man's veins, if you like! Mine by almighty Nature whether you like it or not!

RUTH—Nature! Almighty Nature! (*She takes the chain slowly from her neck.*) Not yours! By everything my people have held sacred! Not yours! Not yours!

PHILIP (*to GHEHT*)—I came back to get my sister for the night.

—I don't know by what ugly spell you have held her, but I know from her own lips that it is broken. (*To RUTH.*) Come! I have horses below.

GHEENT—No!

PHILIP—Yes.

GHEENT—Let her stay!

RUTH (*looks long at GHEENT, then at the house and surroundings*)
—Take me—with you. Take me—home!

Philip is supporting Ruth as he leads her down the cañon path. Ghent stands gazing after them. Now he picks up the chain and walks back to the edge of the cañon as the sunlight fades. The curtain falls.

ACT III

The sitting room of Mrs. Jordan's house at Milford Corners, Mass., is "an old-fashioned New England interior, faded but showing signs of former distinction." The walls are hung with family portraits, some in clerical attire. There is a fireplace flanked with windows with drawn curtains, a reading table, a sewing table with sewing basket and a general atmosphere of hominess and comfort.

The Jordan family is gathered. Winthrop Newbury is there, chatting with Philip Jordan. Polly Jordan is reading a newspaper and Ruth Ghent is sewing before the fire. Presently Mrs. Jordan, a dear old lady in her late sixties, joins the group with Dr. Newbury, Winthrop's father. Their continuing conversation in low tones concerns the Jordan family fortunes. The situation would be sad indeed if Mrs. Jordan's newly discovered brother-in-law in England had not come to their aid in the nick of time. Now the property has been saved, but what is to become of them in the future nobody knows, least of all Mrs. Jordan. They all would have been much happier if Philip and Ruth had only been content to stay where they were born and bred.

Suddenly Polly has discovered a reference in her paper to the "Arizona Cactus Fibre" stock. It is selling at 84. What does that mean?

"Only that the people who bought our plant and patents for a song have made a fortune out of them," answers Philip, gloomily. Winthrop shows the paper to Ruth, but she takes little interest in it.

Dr. Newbury is going. His final instructions to Ruth are that she should stop moping, and that she must get out in the air more. Winthrop also is leaving. Ruth goes to the door with him, which gives Dr. Newbury a chance to warn Mrs. Jordan and Philip that

Ruth is really in a dangerous state. She no doubt is much improved in body, but not in mind. Her attitude toward her child, for instance, is one of complete indifference. She does her routine duty by the infant, but takes little interest in it. In fact her attitude toward the whole family is one of disinterested detachment—

"She goes about her daily business and answers when she is spoken to," says Mrs. Jordan; "but as for her really being here—Doctor, what *shall* we do?"

"She must be roused from this state, but how to do it I don't know," confesses the Doctor.

"Well, I do," says Polly, with nervous emphasis. "What she needs is her husband, and I have sent for him!"

"You—?!" Philip is practically inarticulate with anger.

"Yes, I. He's been here a week. And he's an angel, isn't he, Mother?"

Mrs. Jordan admits the truth. Polly had telegraphed the facts of the situation to Stephen Ghent and he had come immediately. She and Polly had seen him and shown him the baby. That was fun. The reason Philip has not seen Stephen is because the women have kept him hidden. Now they are ready to take him out of hiding. Dr. Newbury is interested, but before he agrees that what has been done is for Ruth's good he would know more of Polly's view of the case.

"Well," begins Polly, pluming herself, "here on the one hand is the primitive, the barbaric woman, falling in love with a romantic stranger, who, like some old Viking on a harry, cuts her with his two-handed sword from the circle of her kinsmen and bears her away on his dragon ship toward the midnight sun. Here on the other hand is the derived, the civilized woman, with a civilized nervous system, observing that the creature eats bacon with his bowie knife, knows not the manicure, has the conversation of a preoccupied walrus, the instincts of a jealous caribou, and the endearments of a dancing crab in the mating season."

MRS. JORDAN—Polly! What ideas! What language!

DR. NEWBURY—Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Jordan. The vocabulary has changed since our day, and—the point of view has shifted a little. (*To POLLY.*) Well?

POLLY—Well, Ruth is one of those people who can't live in a state of divided feeling. She sits staring at this cleavage in her life—like that man in Dante, don't you know, who is pierced by the serpent and who stands there in hell staring at his wound, yawning like a sleepy man.

MRS. JORDAN—Polly, do please try not to get our heads muddled up with literature!

POLLY—All I mean is that when she married her man she married him for keeps. And he did the same by her. (*PHILIP rises with uncontrollable patience and goes back to the mantelpiece, against which he leans, nervously tearing a bit of paper to pieces.*)

DR. NEWBURY—Don't you think that a mere difference of cultivation, polish—or—or something of that sort—is rather small to have led to a rupture, and so painful a one too?

POLLY (*a little nonplused*)—Well, yes, perhaps it does *look* small. But we don't know the particulars; and men *are* such colossal brutes, you know, dear Doctor!

DR. NEWBURY (*judicially*)—Yes, so they are, so they are!

POLLY—And then her pride! You know when it comes to pride Ruth would make Lucifer look like a charity-boy asking for more soup.

DR. NEWBURY—I think perhaps the plan should be tried. (*After a pause.*) Yes, I think so decidedly.

PHILIP—I call this a plot against her dignity and peace of mind!

The men have gone, and Polly, for one, is glad to be rid of them. Furthermore she is also ready to defend both her attitude toward Philip, her husband (which is not altogether complimentary), and her complete belief that Stephen and Ruth are predestined lovers and that their marriage is one of the few that are made in Heaven. This arouses Mrs. Jordan—

“You wretched girl!” she explodes. “Predestined lovers and marriage made in Heaven after all you've just been saying about how impossible he is.”

“He is quite impossible, but he's the kind we can't resist, any of us. He'd only have to crook his little finger at me.”

“What are you young women coming to?” Mrs. Jordan has raised her hands in despair. “He seems to me a good man.”

“Oh, he's *good!*” Polly is delighted. “So is a volcano between eruptions. And commonplace, too, until you happen to get a glimpse down one of the old volcanic rifts in his surface and see—far below—underneath the cold lava beds—fire, fire, the molten heart of a continent!”

“I only hope you have some vague general notion of what you are talking about.”

“Amen.”

Now the question is, how are Ruth and Stephen to be brought together? Mrs. Jordan thinks it must be some place outside the house, on Philip's account. Before they can decide there is a ring

at the doorbell and a moment later Ghent stands before them. He wears a black string tie and carries a broad-brimmed hat, but these are the only suggestions of a Western costume remaining.

Ghent has come because he feels he has to see them before he goes back West. There is trouble at the mine and he is leaving to protect his property. He would talk with Mrs. Jordan alone, which sends Polly pouting from the room.

There is nothing for Mrs. Jordan to fear, says Ghent. The Jordan home is not involved. But he doesn't want Ruth to know that he is the one who has saved it, else she would not stay a day under that roof. Neither does he want her to know that anything he may send in the future will come from him.

"You are going away for good?" Mrs. Jordan asks.

"Yes."

MRS. JORDAN—You give her up?

GHENT—A man can't give up what isn't his.

MRS. JORDAN—What isn't his? She is your wife.

GHENT—No. Never has been.

MRS. JORDAN (*terrified*)—Oh, pitiful heavens!

GHENT—I beg your pardon.—I was only trying to say—I used to think that when a couple was married, there they were, man and wife, and that was the end of it. I used to think that when they had a child, well, sure enough it was their child, and all said.—And there's something in that, too. (*He stares before him, smiting the table and speaking with low intensity.*) Damn me if there ain't something eternal in it! (*He sits for a moment more in gloomy thought.*) Do you think she'll make up to the young one after a bit?

MRS. JORDAN—Oh, surely! To think otherwise would be too dreadful!

GHENT—I'd give a good deal to know— It's kind of lonesome for the little rooster, sitting out there all by himself on the world's doorstep!—I must see her for a minute before I go— Do your best for me.

MRS. JORDAN—I will do what I can.

GHENT—You can put it as a matter of business. There is a matter of business I want to talk over with her if I can get up the gumption.

MRS. JORDAN—Hadn't you better tell me what it is?

GHENT—Well, it's about your son Philip. That little scheme he started out in my country—the Cactus Fibre industry.

MRS. JORDAN—Yes?

GHEENT—I believe he thinks his sister's going away when she did queered his game.

MRS. JORDAN—It was a severe blow to him in every way. She was the life and soul of his enterprise.

GHEENT—I want her to give him back the Cactus Fibre outfit, worth something more than when he dropped it.

MRS. JORDAN—Give it back to him? She?

GHEENT (*taking papers from his pocket*)—Yes. I happened to hear it was knocking around for nothing in the market, and I bought it—for the house, really. Hated to see that go to the dogs. Then I looked over the plant and got a hustler to boom it. I thought as a matter of transfer to cancel her debt, or what she thinks her debt— (*Pause.*)

MRS. JORDAN (*fingering the paper with hesitation*)—Mr. Ghent, we really can't accept such a thing. Your offer is quixotic.

GHEENT—Quix—what?

MRS. JORDAN—Quixotic; it really is.

GHEENT (*doubtfully*)—I guess you're right. It depends on the way you look at it. One way it looks like a pure business proposition—so much lost, so much made good. The other way it looks, as you say, quix—um— Anyway, there are the papers! Do what you think best with them.

Mrs. Jordan has sent Ghent to wait in the parlor until she calls Ruth. He is barely through the door, his hand still on the door-knob, when Ruth comes in at the other side of the room and goes to her sewing. As tactfully as she can Mrs. Jordan tells Ruth that her husband is there, and adds that she thinks she should see him, and part with him in a Christian spirit, for the family's sake if not for her own.

Under Ruth's insistent questioning the story of what Stephen has been doing for the family is exposed. From his place in the doorway Ghent is forced to listen, both to Mrs. Jordan's revelations and to Ruth's ejaculations of horror that, try as she will to be rid of this man, he follows her only to renew his claims—

"I must go away from this house," Ruth concludes.

"You don't understand," persists Mrs. Jordan. "He claims nothing. He is going away himself immediately. Whatever this dreadful trouble is between you, you are his wife, and he has a right to help you and yours."

RUTH—I am not his wife.

MRS. JORDAN—Ruth, don't frighten me. He said those same words—

RUTH—He said—what?

MRS. JORDAN—That you were not his wife.

RUTH—He said—that?

MRS. JORDAN—Yes, but afterward he explained—

RUTH (*flaming into white wrath*)—Explained! Did he explain that when I was left alone that night at the ranch he came—with two others—and when gun and knife had failed me, and nothing stood between me and their drunken fury, I sold myself to the strongest of them, hiding my head behind the name of marriage? Did he explain that between him and the others money clinked— (*She raps on the table*)—my price in hard money on the table? And now that I have run away to the only refuge I have on earth, he comes to buy the very house where I have hidden, and every miserable being within it! (*Long pause. She looks about blankly and sinks down by the table.*)

MRS. JORDAN (*cold and rigid*)—And you—married him—after that? (*She turns away in horror-stricken judgment.*) You ought to have—died—first! (*PHILIP enters, staring at GHENT with dislike and menace.*) Oh, Philip, she has told me!—You can't imagine what horrors! (*RUTH rises with fright in her face and approaches her brother to restrain him.*)

PHILIP—Horrors? What horrors?

MRS. JORDAN—It was your fault! You ought never to have left her alone in that dreadful place! She—she married him—to save herself—from— Oh, horrible!

PHILIP (*waits an instant, the truth penetrating his mind slowly. Then, with mortal rage in his face, he starts toward GHENT*)—You—dog!

RUTH (*throwing herself in PHILIP'S path*)—No, no, no!

PHILIP—Get out of my way. This is my business now.

RUTH—No, it is mine. I tell you it is mine.

PHILIP—We'll see whose it is. I said that if the truth ever came out this man should answer to me, and now, by God, he shall answer! (*With another access of rage he tries to thrust RUTH from his path. MRS. JORDAN, terrified at the storm she has raised, clings desperately to her son's arm.*)

RUTH—I told him long ago it should be between us. Now it shall be between us.

MRS. JORDAN—Philip! For my sake, for your father's sake! Don't, don't. You will only make it worse. In pity's name, leave them alone—together! (*They force PHILIP back to the door, where he stands glaring at GHENT.*)

PHILIP (*to GHENT*)—My time will come. Meanwhile hide behind the skirts of the woman whose life you have ruined and whose

heart you have broken. Hide behind her. It is the coward's privilege. Take it.

Philip has left the room with his mother. Ruth and Ghent stand facing each other. There is the plea of a contrite heart as Ruth begs to be forgiven for what she has said. Ghent would not blame her. It is his fault. He should not have come. He also understands better than he did. He can see now that he has never understood Ruth because he has never understood her people. It seems to him, too, that she has never understood the truth between them. He has taken the nugget chain from his pocket as he tries to explain.

"I've got here the chain that's come, one way and another, to have a meaning for us. For you it's a bitter meaning, but, all the same, I want you to keep it. Show it some day to the boy and tell him—about me."

When she demands to know what he considers the truth between them he tells her of having drifted into a church, of hearing a young preacher tell of "The Second Birth," and of how that opened his eyes. Now he knows that a new man was born in him the night they were married in San Jacinto. Nor does he think that the failure of their life together has been her fault. There has been no failure. Somehow it has been all right—

"Some of it has been wrong, but as a whole it has been all right," Ghent is saying. "I know that doesn't happen often, but it has happened to us because—(*He stops unable to find words for his idea.*)—because—because the first time our eyes met they burned away all that was bad in our meeting and left only the fact that we *had* met—pure good—pure joy—a fortune of it—for both of us. Yes, for both of us! You'll see it yourself some day."

RUTH—If you had only heard my cry to you to wait, to cleanse yourself and me—by suffering and sacrifice—before we dared begin to live! But you wouldn't see the need!—Oh, if you could have felt for yourself what I felt for you! If you could have said "The wages of sin is death!" and suffered the anguish of death and risen again purified! But instead of that, what you had done fell off from you like any daily trifle.

GHEENT (*stepping impulsively nearer her, sweeping his hand to indicate the portraits on the walls*)—Ruth, it's these fellows are fooling you! It's they who keep your head set on the wages of sin and all that rubbish. What have we got to do with suffering and sacrifice? That may be a law for some, and I've tried hard to see it as our law, and thought I had succeeded. But I haven't! Our law is

joy and selfishness; the curve of your shoulder and the light on your hair as you sit there says that as plain as preaching.—Does it gall you the way we came together? You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whiskey, and sun, and the devil. Well, I tell you now I'm thankful on my knees for all three! Does it rankle in your mind that I took you when I could get you by main strength and fraud? I guess most good women are taken that way if they only knew it. Don't you want to be paid for? I guess every wife is paid for in some good coin or other. And as for you, I've paid for you not only with a trumpery chain, but with the heart in my breast, do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me—the man you've made of me, the life and meaning of life you've showed me the way to! (*RUTH's face is hidden in her hands. He stands over her, flushed and waiting. Gradually the light fades from his face. When he speaks again the ring of exultation which has been in his voice is replaced by a sober intensity.*) If you can't see it my way, give me another chance to live it out in yours. (*He waits, but she does not speak or look up. He takes a package of letters and papers from his pocket.*) During the six months I've been East—

RUTH (*looking up*)—Six months? Mother said a week!

GHEENT—Your sister-in-law's telegram was forwarded to me here. I let her think it brought me, but as a matter of fact I came East on the next train after yours. It was rather a low-lived thing to do, I suppose, hanging about and bribing your servant for news—(*RUTH lets her head sink in her hands.*) I might have known how that would strike you! Well, it would have come out sooner or later.—That's not what I started to talk about.—You asked me to suffer for my wrong. Since you left me I have suffered—God knows! You ask me to make some sacrifice. Well—how would the mine do? Since I've been away they've as good as stolen it from me. I could get it back easy enough by fighting; but supposing I don't fight. Then we'll start all over again, just as we stand in our shoes, and make another fortune—for our boy. (*RUTH utters a faint moan as her head sinks in her arms on the table. With trembling hands GHEENT caresses her hair lightly and speaks between a laugh and a sob.*) Little mother! Little mother! What does the past matter when we've got the future—and him? (*RUTH does not move. He remains bending over her for some moments, then straightens up with a gesture of stoic despair.*) I know what you're saying there to yourself, and I guess you're right. Wrong is wrong, from the moment it happens till the crack of doom, and all the angels in Heaven, working overtime, can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I

guess I've learned it. I've seen it written in mountain letters across the continent of this life— Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heartbeat! You've fought hard for me, God bless you for it— But it's been a losing game with you from the first!— You belong here and I belong out yonder—beyond the Rockies, beyond—the Great Divide! (*He opens the door and is about to pass out.*)

RUTH—Wait! (*He closes the door and stands waiting for her to speak.*) Tell me you know that if I could have followed you and been your wife without struggle and without bitterness I would have done it.

GHEHT (*solemnly*)—I believe you would.

RUTH—Tell me you know that when I tore down with bleeding fingers the life you were trying to build for us I did it only—because—I loved you!

GHEHT (*coming slowly to the table*)—How was that?

RUTH—Oh, I don't wonder you ask! Another woman would have gone straight to her goal. You might have found such a one. But instead you found me, a woman in whose ears rang night and day the cry of an angry Heaven to us both—"Cleanse yourselves!" And I went about doing it in the only way I knew—(*She points to the portraits on the wall.*)—the only way my fathers knew—by wretchedness, by self-torture, by trying blindly to pierce your careless heart with pain. And all the while you— Oh, as I lay there and listened to you I realized it for the first time—you had risen in one hour to a wholly new existence which flooded the present and the future with brightness, yes, and reached back into our past and made of it—made of all of it—something to cherish! (*She takes the chain and comes closer.*) You have taken the good of our life and grown strong. I have taken the evil and grown weak—weak unto death. Teach me to live as you do! (*She puts the chain about her neck.*)

GHEHT (*puzzled*)—Teach you—to live—as I do?

RUTH—And teach—*him!*

GHEHT (*unable to realize his fortune*)—You'll let me help make a kind of a happy life for—the little rooster?

RUTH (*holding out her arms, her face flooded with happiness*)—And for us! For us!

THE WITCHING HOUR

A Drama in Four Acts

BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS

THE WITCHING HOUR (212 perf.)—Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Hackett Theatre, New York, November 18, 1907. Cast:

Jack Brookfield.....	John Mason
Lew Ellinger.....	William Sampson
Tom Denning.....	Freeman Barnes
Harvey, a servant.....	Thomas P. Jackson
Jo, a servant.....	S. E. Hines
Mrs. Alice Campbell.....	Ethel Winthrop
Mrs. Helen Whipple.....	Jennie A. Eustace
Viola Campbell.....	Adelaide Nowak
Clay Whipple.....	Morgan Coman
Frank Hardmuth.....	George Nash
Judge Prentice.....	Russ Whytal
Judge Henderson.....	E. L. Walton
Col. Bayley.....	Harry S. Hadfield
Butler.....	W. E. Butterfield
Mr. Emmett, a reporter.....	Mr. Fawngaines

PLAYWRITING was big business in the early nineteen hundreds. The masters of the craft were not content with one production a season. Frequently they tried three or four. The percentage of hits and failures was, by the record, about the same as it is today, but there were exceptional years when an Augustus Thomas or a Clyde Fitch or a Charles Klein would have two or three successful plays running simultaneously in New York or on tour.

The year 1905, for example, was a busy one for Mr. Thomas. He wrote and saw produced four plays, and each of them a better than fair success. These were "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "De Lancey" and "The Embassy Ball." He rested in 1906, but in 1907 he was back with three others: "The Ranger," "The Member from Ozark" and "The Witching Hour."

The season "The Witching Hour" flourished its competition included the happy combination of John Drew and a flashing young beauty named Billie Burke, playing "My Wife." Maxine Elliott and Charles Cherry were another happy twosome in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

E. H. Sothern was solemnly, but successfully, playing "The Fool Hath Said There Is No God," which was a dramatization of Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." Otis Skinner was bursting forth nightly in "The Honor of the Family." Mrs. Fiske was also having a serious year with Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." The sensation of the opera at the Metropolitan was spelling his name Schialiapine which he afterward cut to Chaliapine.

David Warfield was trying to hold the vast following he had collected with "The Auctioneer" in "A Grand Army Man." Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson were waltzing as no pair had waltzed before them in "The Merry Widow" and a popular young lady named Mabel Taliaferro was playing in "Polly of the Circus" to a good deal of applause.

It was formidable competition, but "The Witching Hour" had no difficulty in meeting it. It proved one of those lucky dramas to which fascinated adherents return again and again. After thirty-four years there are many older playgoers who will remember it vividly. Produced in New York on November 18, 1907, John Mason had the role of the gambler hero. Russ Whytal played the Justice of the Supreme Court on whose belief in the power of telepathy and associated phenomena the plot of the story is swung. Such old-time favorites as Jennie Eustace, Ethel Winthrop, Adelaide Nowak, George Nash, Morgan Coman and William Sampson were in the cast.

It all started, as Mr. Thomas was fond of relating, when he was associated with A. M. Palmer as a "dramatist extraordinary." He had succeeded Dion Boucicault in that job, and it was his duty to supply ideas for plays, dramatizations of plays and even original plays, practically on call, for members of Mr. Palmer's company. An assignment to find a short play for Agnes Booth and J. H. Stoddart started Mr. Thomas on this particular opus.

The one-act play he wrote at the time was called "A Constitutional Point" and revolved about the plea of a mother for a son who had been convicted of a crime under circumstances prejudicial to his rights. To strengthen her plea for a second trial she brought with her a letter written by the Judge to her own mother years before. Because of memories awakened by that letter the Judge was convinced the spirit of an old sweetheart had added her plea to that of her daughter in the boy's favor.

Neither Mr. Palmer nor Mrs. Booth thought the public would understand this play and it was put aside. Eighteen years later it was played at a Lambs' Gambol and made so strong an impression upon the Lambs and their friends that Thomas decided to expand it into a four-act play using the short play for the second

act. In the process of expansion he added, as a correlative theme, the subject of telepathy, or mind reading, as it was called in the discussions of the time, and drew freely upon his experiences as the advance herald of Washington Irving Bishop, a mind reader who was one of the minor entertainment sensations of his day.

When the play was finished, as the playwright relates in his autobiography, "The Print of My Remembrance," Mr. Thomas read it to Charles Frohman. Mr. Frohman was greatly impressed and wanted to start production at once, but he made the mistake of taking the Thomas script to his brother Daniel. Daniel had no use for anything as fantastic as a drama about telepathy, hypnotism, mesmerism and all those crazy things. Mr. Thomas, Daniel suggested, must be a little crazy himself. So Charles Frohman gave up the play.

Mr. Thomas next read "The Witching Hour" to Lee Shubert, after telling him the story of his experiences with the Frohmans. Mr. Lee immediately caught the fire of the Thomas enthusiasm, and also wanted to hire a cast and begin rehearsals at once. The play was shortly produced at the Hackett Theatre in New York, and proved the success of the year. It easily ran out the season in New York, and was played for two or three seasons on tour.

The library and cardroom in Jack Brookfield's Louisville house, which is the opening scene of the play, is spacious and handsomely finished. The walls, above five foot bookcases that extend around the room, are covered with a heavy brocaded Genoese velvet, deep maroon in color and loosely draped. The works of celebrated painters are hung at intervals, the better ones with hooded electric lights above them. One, near the arched doorway at back, is a famous Corot.

Through the doorway the banister of a stairway leading to the street level may be seen. The furnishings are heavy, following Colonial patterns. There is a heavy table in the center of the room, over which hangs a heavy bronze lamp shade. There are several books on the table and a paper cutter of heroic proportions made from an ivory tusk. There is a large sofa in front of a fireplace and numerous chairs, also of a heavy pattern, and a striking lamp stand at the back.

The room is empty and dimly lit as we enter. Through an open door at the left there comes the sound of laughter and such clink of dishes as a dinner party produces. Jo, a Negro servant, comes shortly from below stairs, approaches the dining-room door, hesitates and then calls Mr. Brookfield to warn him that a Mr. Tom Denning is calling. Jack Brookfield is a handsome middle-aged man, his brown hair graying romantically. After a moment's hesitancy he

decides to see Denning but takes the precaution to call Lew Ellinger from the dining-room and acquaint him with the situation.

Denning, says Jack, will be looking for a game. The dinner guests, especially Alice Campbell, Jack's sister; Viola Campbell, her daughter, and Mrs. Helen Whipple, an old friend, object to cards and are not to be told. Jack will take care of Denning, who is already lightly in liquor and inclined to be ugly.

There will be no card playing, Mr. Denning is informed. Mr. Brookfield's dinner guests have been to the opera and have been brought back for a midnight snack of terrapin. Mr. Denning may toy with what is left of that, if he likes.

The ladies come from the dining-room and are introduced. Jack hopes the coffee, which he has ordered served in the library, will help his headache. If it doesn't he may let his niece try her mesmeric powers on him. Viola, it appears, is quite famous for healing headaches, even as her uncle was when he was young. Helen remembers Jack's mesmeric powers very well. He was a quite wonderful friend to have when one was ill. But, Alice explains, Jack has given up all that sort of thing since he went into politics—

"In politics, I believe, there is something unpleasant about the word 'heeler,'" explains Alice. "The papers joked about his magnetic touch. The word 'touch' is used offensively also. So Jack dropped the whole business."

"And Viola inherits the ability?"

"Well, if one can inherit ability from an uncle."

"From a family?"

"That's even more generous, but Viola is like Jack in every way in which a girl may resemble a man. Horses and boats and every kind of personal risk—and—"

"I'm *proud* of it," declares Viola, with some spirit.

"And Jack spoils her?" Helen is curious.

"He couldn't love her more if he were her father," insists Alice.

Clay Whipple is pounding on the door and demanding admission. He is an attractive boy of twenty, plainly a Southern type, inclined to be a bit impulsive and evidently highly strung as to nerves. Clay has been looking over the house and is properly impressed, especially with the completeness and elegance of the sleeping rooms, with a private bath for each of them. Helen thinks she, too, would like to see the house and Alice is ready to serve as escort.

Clay is glad to be left with Viola. There is something on his mind that needs clearing. Why has Viola been paying so much attention to Frank Hardmuth through the evening? Listening to him so intently at the theatre, and later talking to him so much at the dinner table? It is Clay's opinion that Hardmuth is a fellow who

will stand watching—

“I mean that he’s a clever lawyer and would succeed in making a girl commit herself in some way to *him* before she knew it,” explains Clay, quite seriously.

“I think that depends more on the way the girl feels,” counters Viola.

CLAY—Well—I don’t want you to listen to Frank Hardmuth under the idea that he’s the only chance in Kentucky.

VIOLA—Why, Clay Whipple—

CLAY—You know very well *I’ve* been courting you myself, Viola, don’t you?

VIOLA—You haven’t. You’ve been coming round like a big boy.

CLAY—Have I gone with any other girl—anywhere?

VIOLA—I don’t know.

CLAY—And I’ve spoken to your Uncle Jack about it.

VIOLA—To Uncle Jack?

CLAY—Yes.

VIOLA—Nobody told you to speak to Uncle Jack.

CLAY—Mother did.

VIOLA—*Your* mother?

CLAY—Yes. Mother’s got regular old-fashioned ideas about boys and young ladies and she said, “If you think Viola *likes* you, the *honorable* thing to do is to speak to her guardian first.”

VIOLA—Oh!—you *thought* that, did you?

CLAY—I certainly did.

VIOLA—I can’t imagine why.

CLAY—I thought that because you’re Jack Brookfield’s niece, and nobody of his blood would play a game that isn’t fair.

VIOLA—I wish you wouldn’t always throw that up to me. ’Tisn’t our fault if Uncle Jack’s a sporting man.

CLAY—Why, Viola, I was praising him. I think your Uncle Jack the gamest man in Kentucky.

VIOLA—Nor that either. I don’t criticize my Uncle Jack, but he’s a lot better man than just a fighter or a card-player. I love him for his big heart.

CLAY—So do I. If I’d thought you cared I’d have said you were too much like him at heart to let a fellow come a-courtin’ if you meant to refuse him—and that was all that was in my mind when I asked about Frank Hardmuth—and I don’t care what Hardmuth said either, if it wasn’t personal that way.

VIOLA—Frank Hardmuth’s nothing to me.

CLAY—And he won’t be? (*Pause.*) Will he—? (*Pause.*) Say that. Because I’m awfully in love with you.

VIOLA—Are you?

CLAY—You bet I am. Just Tom-fool heels over head in love with you.

VIOLA—You never said so.

CLAY—Mother said a boy in an architect's office had better wait till he was a partner—but I can't wait, Viola, if other fellows are pushing me too hard.

VIOLA—Uncle Jack says you *are* a regular architect if there ever was one.

CLAY—It's what *you* think that makes the difference to me.

VIOLA—Well, I think—(*pause*)—Uncle Jack certainly *knows*.

CLAY—And an architect's just as good as a lawyer.

VIOLA—Every bit.

CLAY—Viola. (*Takes her in his arms.*)

VIOLA—Now—I don't *mind* telling you—he was speakin' for himself—Frank Hardmuth.

CLAY—By Jove—on this very night.

VIOLA—Yes.

CLAY—Seems like the Hand of Providence that I was here.

Clay is greatly interested in his work, especially that of designing domestic interiors, and a little puzzled in a pleasant way that he always sees Viola in them. Not only that, but of late Clay has also been visualizing with amazing accurateness every job he undertakes. In designing Jack's library, for example, he had seen the Corot hanging exactly where he had placed it, and the Genoese velvet wall coverings. It has made him a little superstitious about things. He wants to feel sure that when he does come to designing a house for himself Viola will be there. He takes her in his arms to press the issue and Viola answers "I will" quite seriously.

Now Helen and Alice are back. They are both pleasantly surprised to hear of Viola and Clay's engagement, and happy about it, but Viola's mother thinks perhaps before she gives her consent she should have a talk with Clay's mother.

"There's only one thing to discuss," Alice begins, when the young people have left them. "I haven't mentioned it because—well, because I've seen so little of you since it began and because the fault is in my own family."

Jack, it appears from Alice's report, has been permitting Clay to play cards with his other clients. When Alice has protested he has passed the matter off with some callousness. Jack had really built the Brookfield house for Alice and Viola—Viola being the very core of his heart—but when Alice realized to what uses the cardrooms had been put, and the danger in which her daughter stood, she and

Viola had left the house and rented a small apartment, where they were now living.

"There isn't a better-hearted man nor an abler one in the State than Jack Brookfield," Alice is saying, "but I had my daughter to consider. There were two nights under our last city government when nothing but the influence of Frank Hardmuth kept the police from coming to this house and arresting everybody—think of it."

"Dreadful—"

"Now, that's something, Helen, that I wouldn't tell a soul but you. *Viola* doesn't know it—but Jack's card-playing came between you and him years ago and you—*may* know it. You may even have some influence with Jack."

"I—ah, no."

"Yes—this supper tonight was Jack's idea for you. The box at the opera for you."

"Why, Jack didn't even sit with us."

"Also—for you—Jack Brookfield is a more notable character in Louisville today than he was twenty-two years ago. His company would have made you the subject of unpleasant comment. That's why he left us alone in the box."

Frank Hardmuth, an "aggressive prosecutor" type, leads the men in from the dining-room in search of the ladies. Their after-dinner conversation, he admits, has been largely about *Viola Campbell*. Her Uncle Jack has been praising *Viola* extravagantly, but some of them, notes Hardmuth, did not have to be told.

When the others move on to the billiard room Hardmuth calls Jack back. He has a confession to make.

"I took advantage of your hospitality, old man, tonight," Hardmuth is saying. "I've been talking to your niece."

"Oh!"

"Proposed to her."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

Before Jack can make further reply the Negro, *Jo*, is in to announce a telephone call. A Judge *Brennus*, or some such name, asks if he can call this evening, as he is forced to leave town in the morning. He is very anxious to see a painting that Mr. Brookfield has bought; just wants to look at it.

Hardmuth is convinced that this is a blind and Jack is not sure. But if it is a blind this is a perfect night to welcome it. Let *Jo* tell the gentleman that he may come within the next half hour.

Hardmuth and Jack return to the subject of *Viola*. Try as he will Hardmuth is not able to make Jack say he is pleased or that he will be on his side in any contest with young *Whipple*. After all,

Viola is only 19, and Hardmuth is 35. Besides, Jack is convinced that Viola likes Clay Whipple, and if she does he certainly will not try to influence her to change her mind.

"She is about the closest thing to me there is—that niece of mine," says Jack. "I'd protect her happiness to the limit of my ability."

"If she likes me—or should come to like me—enough—her—happiness would be with *me*, wouldn't it?"

"She might think so."

"Well?"

"But she'd be mistaken. It would be a mistake, old chap."

Hardmuth is far from satisfied. He knows half a dozen men who have married women younger than themselves and been happy. And what is there against the Hardmuths? He is the assistant district attorney. Next trip he will become *the* district attorney. Is there anything wrong with his reputation?

Jack is free to admit that everything Hardmuth has said is true, but there is still the matter of character to be considered, and the matter of a man's moral fiber—

"I mean—as long as you have called attention to the 'richness' of Jack Brookfield talking to you on the subject—that Jack Brookfield is a professional gambler—people get from Jack Brookfield just what he promises—a square game. Do you admit that?"

"I admit that. Go on."

JACK—You're the assistant prosecuting attorney for the city of Louisville; the people *don't* get from you just what *you* promised—not—by a jugful—

HARDMUTH—I'm the *assistant* prosecuting attorney, remember—I promised to assist in prosecution, not to institute it.

JACK—I expect technical defense, old man, but this was to be a show-down.

HARDMUTH—Let's have it—I ask for particulars.

JACK—Here's one. You *play* here in my house and you know it's against the law that you've sworn to support.

HARDMUTH—I'll support the law whenever it's invoked. Indict me and I'll plead guilty.

JACK—This evasion is what I mean by lack of moral fiber.

HARDMUTH—Perhaps we're a little shy somewhere on mental fiber.

JACK—You make me say it, do you, Frank? Your duty, at least, is to keep secret the information of your office; contrary to that duty you've betrayed the secrets of your office to warn me and other men of this city when their game was in danger from the police.

HARDMUTH—You *throw* that up to me?

JACK—Throw nothing—you asked for it.

HARDMUTH—I stand by my friends.

JACK—Exactly—and you've taken an oath to stand by the people.

HARDMUTH—Do you know any sure politician that doesn't stand by his friends?

JACK—Not one.

HARDMUTH—Well, there!

JACK—But, I don't know any sure politician that I'd tell my niece to marry.

HARDMUTH—That's a little too fine-haired for me!

JACK—I think it is.

HARDMUTH—I'll bet you a thousand dollars I'm the next Prosecuting Attorney of this city.

JACK—I'll take half of that if you can place it. I'll bet even money you're anything in politics that you go after for the next ten years.

HARDMUTH—Then I don't understand your kick.

JACK—But I'll give odds that the time'll come when you're way up there—full of honor and reputation and pride—that somebody'll drop to you, Frank, and floss! *You* for the down and outs.

HARDMUTH—Rot!

JACK—It's the same in every game in the world—the crook either gets too gay or gets too slow, or both, and the “come on” sees him make the pass. I've been pallbearer for three of the slickest men that ever shuffled a deck in Kentucky—just a little *too* slick, that's all—and they've always got it when it was hardest for the family.

HARDMUTH—So that'll be my finish, will it?

JACK—Sure.

It is Hardmuth's opinion that when it comes to character young Whipple is as weak as dishwater and easy to beat at any game, even that of the girl. And as for Jack's influence, Hardmuth isn't worried about that, either. Hardmuth and Jack have come face to face when the latter says, quite seriously: “Frank, some day the truth'll come out as to who murdered the governor-elect of this state.”

“The man who fired that shot's in jail,” answers Hardmuth, defiantly.

“I don't want my niece mixed up in it,” continues Jack, calmly.

“What do you mean by that?”

The return of Helen Whipple from the billiard room interrupts the scene. Hardmuth suddenly decides to join the young people, leaving Helen and Jack together. Helen is anxious about her son. There is a man named Denning in the billiard room who seems to

take delight in annoying Clay. Jack knows that side of Denning and calls Lew Ellinger from the dining-room, suggesting that he "ride herd" on Denning the rest of the evening.

Helen is still anxious. She cannot understand how Jack could let her son come to that house to gamble. Jack has his reasons. He never lets Clay win; has never let him get up from the table a dollar ahead. It's winning that stimulates the gambling instinct. Consistent losing is the only cure.

"He'll play somewhere till he gets sick of it—or marries," says Jack.

"Will marriage cure it?"

"It would have cured me—but you didn't see it that way."

"You made your choice."

"I asked you to trust me—you wanted some ironclad pledge—well, my dear Helen—that wasn't the best way to handle a fellow of spirit."

"So *you* chose the better way?"

"No choice—I stood pat—that's all."

"And wasted your life."

"That depends on how you look at it. You married a doctor who wore himself out in the Philadelphia hospitals. I've had three meals a day—and this place—and—a pretty fat farm and a stable with some good blood in it—and—

"And every one of them, Jack, is a monument to the worst side of you."

"Prejudice, my dear Helen. You might say that if I'd earned these things in some respectable business combination that starved out all its little competitors—but I've simply furnished a fairly expensive entertainment—to eminent citizens—looking for rest.

Helen knows all the arguments, but she still insists that anything the majority of people condemn is wrong. Still, Jack is persistent. He has picked up the heavy ivory paper knife and is gesticulating with it a little wildly as he presses his argument—

"Wouldn't it be a pretty finish if you took my hand and I could walk right up to the camera and say, 'I told you so'—? You know I always felt that you were coming back," says Jack.

"Oh, did you?"

JACK (*playfully*)—Had a candle burning in the window every night.

HELEN—You're sure it wasn't a red light?

JACK (*remonstrating*)—Dear Helen! have some poetry in your composition. Literally "red light" of course—but the real flame was here—(*hand on breast*)—a flickering hope that somewhere—

somehow—somewhen I should be at rest—with the proud Helen that loved and—rode away.

HELEN (*almost accusingly*)—I—believe—you.

JACK—Of course you believe me.

HELEN—You had a way, Jack—when you were a boy at college of making me write to you.

JACK—Had I?

HELEN—You know you had; at nights—about this hour—I'd find it impossible to sleep until I'd got up and written to you—and two days later I'd get from you a letter that had crossed mine on the road. I don't believe the word "telepathy" had been coined then—but I guessed something of the force—and all these years, I've felt it—nagging! Nagging!

JACK—Nagging?

HELEN—Yes—I could keep you out of my waking hours—out of my thought—but when I surrendered myself to sleep the *call* would come—and I think it was rather cowardly of you, really.

JACK—I plead guilty to having thought of you, Helen—lots—and it was generally when I was alone—late—my—clients gone. This room—

"Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead
And all but he departed."

HELEN—And as you say—here we are.

JACK—Well, what of my offer? Shall we say to the world—"We told you so?" What of my picturesque finish?

HELEN—You know my ideas—you've known them twenty-two years.

JACK—No modification?

HELEN—None!

JACK—I'll be willing to sell the tables. (*Points above to second floor.*) And—well—I don't think I could get interested in this bridge game that the real good people play—would you object to a gentleman's game of "draw" now and then?

HELEN—You called it a gentleman's game in those days.

JACK—No leeway at all?

HELEN—No compromise, Jack—no—

JACK—M— (*Pause.*) I trust you won't consider my seeming hesitation uncomplimentary?

HELEN—Not unprecedented, at least.

JACK—You see it opens up a new line of thought—and—

Jo has come to announce that the gentleman who wants to see the picture has arrived. A moment later Helen has left and Justice

Prentice is admitted. The Justice is apologetic. He had long been an admirer of a certain Corot that he understands Jack had bought from Knowdler. Jack had been pointed out to him at the opera and he had been bold enough to seek this late visit.

Jack is quite happy that he should have come and promptly turns on the light above the Corot that the Justice may satisfy his interest. "I thought at one time that I would buy this picture," admits the Judge, gazing attentively at the painting. "Are you particularly attached to it, Mr. Brookfield?"

"I think not irrevocably," answers Jack, picking up a pad and doing a bit of figuring mechanically.

"Oh." The Justice has paused and is again studying the picture thoughtfully. "Do I understand that that is what you paid for it, or what you intend to ask me for it?"

"What?" Jack is plainly startled.

"Sixty-five hundred."

"I didn't speak the price, did I?"

"Didn't you—oh. (*Pause.*) I couldn't pay that amount."

"That's its price—however."

The subject is changed to other pictures that hang on Jack's walls. The Justice is looking at one of them intently when suddenly he half mutters the word "Washington," and goes on.

"What?" inquires the still startled Jack.

"My home is Washington—I thought you asked me?"

"No, I didn't."

"I beg your pardon—"

Again the talk veers to other subjects and a moment later Justice Prentice is getting ready to leave. He has a last look at the Corot, as though reluctant to part with the idea of owning it. Before the Justice leaves Jack would like to satisfy his curiosity regarding the unasked questions that were so promptly answered. The Judge can only explain by saying that he fully believes that one person very frequently reads another's thought—

"But we speak the answers only as we get older and less attentive and mistake a person's thought for his spoken word," explains the Judge.

"Do you mean you know what I think?"

"I hadn't meant to claim any monopoly of that power. It's my opinion that everyone reads the thoughts of others—that is, some of the thoughts."

JACK—Everyone?

PRENTICE—Oh, yes.

JACK—That I do?

PRENTICE (*regarding him*)—I should say *you* more generally than the majority of men.

JACK—There was a woman said something like that to me not ten minutes ago.

PRENTICE—A woman would be apt to be conscious of it.

JACK—You really believe that—that stuff?

PRENTICE—Oh, yes—and I'm not a pioneer in the belief. The men who declare the stuff most stoutly are scientists who have given it most attention.

JACK—How do they prove it?

PRENTICE—They *don't* prove it—that is, not universally. Each man must do that for himself, Mr. Brookfield.

JACK—How—

PRENTICE (*smiling*)—Well, I'll tell you all I know of it. (*Becoming serious.*) Every thought is active—that is, born of a desire—and travels from us—or it is born of the desire of someone else and comes to us. We send them out—or we take them in—that is all.

JACK—How do we know which we are doing?

PRENTICE—If we are idle and empty-headed our brains are the playrooms for the thought of others—frequently rather bad. If we are active, whether benevolently or malevolently, our brains are workshops—*power-houses*. I was passively regarding the pictures; your active idea of the price—registered, that's all—so did your wish to know where I was from.

JACK—You say "*our brains*"—do you still include mine?

PRENTICE—Yes.

JACK—You said mine more than the majority of men's.

PRENTICE—I think so.

JACK—Why hasn't this whatever it is—effect—happened to me, then?

PRENTICE—It has.

JACK (*pause*)—Why didn't I know it?

PRENTICE—Vanity? Perhaps.

JACK—Vanity?

PRENTICE—Yes—often some friend—has broached some independent subject and you have said, "I was just about to speak of that myself."

JACK—Very often, but—

PRENTICE—Believing the idea was your own—your vanity shut out the probably proper solution—that it was his.

JACK—Well, how, then, does a man tell which of his thoughts are his own?

PRENTICE—It's difficult. Most of his idle ones are not. When

we drift we are with the current. To go against it or to make even an eddy of our own we must swim— Most everything less than that is hopeless.

It is also Judge Prentice's idea that anyone as strongly psychic as Jack is also possessed of a strong hypnotic ability. Jack could, the Judge is convinced, easily hypnotize many persons, but he would be very foolish to do so. That particular power carries a great responsibility. If Jack is interested he (the Judge) will be glad to send him a book about it—a book of instructions—and cautions.

"If you tire of your Corot, I'd be glad to hear from you," the Judge is saying, as he reaches the door.

"Why couldn't I save the postage by just *thinking* another price," laughingly asks Jack.

"The laws on contracts haven't yet recognized that form of tender," answers the Judge as they pass into the hall.

As they are going through the door an excited Tom Denning, followed closely by Lew Ellinger, comes barging in. Denning is a little drunk. He has been having a lot of fun with Clay Whipple in the billiard room. Been pursuing Whipple with a cat's-eye stickpin. Clay doesn't like cat's-eyes.

"He pushed me away from him and I said 'What's matter?' He said, 'I don't like your scarf pin!'—ha-ha—I said 'I don't like your face.'" Denning's laughing loudly.

"Very impolite, with the ladies there," says Ellinger.

"Why should he criticize Tom's scarf pin?" demands Hardmuth.

"'Zactly. I said, 'I can change my scarf pin, but I don't like your face.'"

Clay has come in looking for Jack. Tom is after him immediately, grinning and repeating his taunts. Now he is following the boy around the room, demanding to know what is the matter with the scarf pin, what's the matter with cat's-eyes, anyway? They don't bite.

"Go away, I tell you," screams Clay, averting his face. "Don't! I tell you—don't—"

"'Twill bite him," sneers Tom. "Bow—wow—wow—" He is holding Clay and pushing the pin at him.

"Let them alone," cries Hardmuth, as Lew Ellinger starts to interfere.

"Go away!" Clay is yelling.

"Bow—wow—"

Jack comes through the door. "What's the matter here?" he demands.

Clay is still backing away from Denning, who is trying to force

him to look at the cat's-eye. "Bow—wow—"

In a frenzy Clay has clutched the heavy ivory paper cutter and blindly struck at and hit Tom, who goes down in a heap—

JACK—Clay!

CLAY (*horrified*)—He pushed that horrible cat's-eye right against my face.

JACK—What cat's-eye?

HARDMUTH (*picks up the pin which DENNING has dropped*)—Only playing with him—a scarf pin.

LEW (*kneeling by DENNING*)—He's out, Jack.

CLAY—I didn't mean to hurt him; really I didn't mean that.

HARDMUTH (*taking the paper-knife from CLAY*)—The hell you didn't. You could kill a bull with that ivory tusk.

JACK—Put him on the window seat—give him some air.

ALICE (*entering*)—Jack, we're going now—all of us.

JACK (*turning to ALICE*)—Wait a minute. (*To Jo.*) Help Mr. Ellinger there. (*Jo, LEW, and HARVEY carry off TOM into the dining-room.*)

ALICE—What is it?

JACK—An accident—keep Helen and Viola out of these rooms.

ALICE—Hadn't we better go? Clay is with us.

CLAY—I can't go just now, Mrs. Campbell— (*Looks off.*) I hope it isn't serious— I didn't mean to hurt him, really. (*Exit.*)

ALICE—A quarrel? (*LEW enters and waves hand, meaning "All over."*)

HARDMUTH (*with paper-knife*)—A murder! (*Enter HELEN and VIOLA.*)

VIOLA—What's the matter? (*Enter CLAY.*)

CLAY (*in panic*)—Oh, mother, I've killed him.

HELEN (*taking CLAY in her arms*)—Killed him—whom?

HARDMUTH—Tom Denning.

CLAY—But I never meant it—Jack; I just struck—struck wild.

HARDMUTH—With this.

HELEN—With that! Oh, my boy!

JACK—That will do! Everybody— Lew, telephone Dr. Monroe it's an emergency case and to come in dressing-gown and slippers. Alice, I know you're not afraid of a sick man—or—that sort of thing. Help me and Jo. (*She braces herself.*) Viola, you take Mrs. Whipple upstairs and wait there.

HARDMUTH—I'll notify the police.

Helen—Oh!

JACK (*interposing*)—*Stop!* You'll stay just where you are!

HARDMUTH—You tryin' to hide this thing?

JACK—The doctor'll tell us exactly what this thing is. And then the boy'll have the credit himself of *notifying the police*.
The curtain falls.

ACT II

Some months later, in the library-living room of a house in Washington, D. C., two Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are playing chess. They are Justice Prentice and Justice Henderson and the house is that of the former.

They have each won a game and Justice Prentice would let a rubber decide the issue. Justice Henderson is doubtful. It already is nearing midnight and Mrs. Henderson will be anxious. But he is willing to make a compromise—

"I'll play a rubber with you and its result shall decide your position on the Whipple case," proposes Justice Henderson.

Justice Prentice pretends to be shocked. "Why, Mr. Justice, I'm surprised at you," he says. "A United States Supreme Court decision—shaped by a game of chess! We'll be down to the level of intelligent jurymen soon—flipping pennaies for the verdict."

"And a very good method in just such cases as this. Well, if you won't play—I'll have to go."

Justice Prentice has mixed a good-night toddy for his guest and that reminds him that the whiskey he is serving comes from the same county in Kentucky that was the scene of the Whipple murder. This brings up the Whipple case again and Justice Henderson again suggests that the case should be remanded. "A man's entitled to an open trial," he insists.

"Well, Whipple had it," counters Justice Prentice.

"No, he didn't. They wouldn't admit the public."

"Oh, come now; the court-room was crowded and the Judge refused admission to others—only when there was danger of the floor breaking."

"But, my dear Mr. Justice, that would have been all right to limit the attendance—"

"Well, that's all he did."

"Only he did it by having the sheriff issue tickets of admission. That placed the attendance entirely in the control of the prosecution and the defense is right in asking a rehearing."

"Oh, nonsense! Justice is a little too slow in my old state and I'm impatient with technical delays. It is two years since they openly assassinated the governor-elect and the guilty man is still at large."

"Why should the killing of Scovill bear on this case?"

"It bears on me. I'm concerned for the fair fame of Kentucky."

"Well, if you won't, you won't and there's an end of it."

On his way to the door Justice Henderson notices a book bound in flexible leather. Looks rather like a Bible, but it really is a copy of Bret Harte. Justice Prentice finds reading Harte a pleasant escape for a tired mind. He is particularly fond of one story called "A Newport Romance," which tells of a house haunted by the shade of a young woman who had died there of a broken heart. She comes back now and again and whenever her spirit passes through the room it leaves a scent of mignonette from the last bouquet her lover had given her.

"The delicate odor of mignonette, the ghost of a dead and gone bouquet is all that tells of her story; yet could she think of a sweeter way?" Justice Prentice reads the quoted lines feelingly.

Pretty foolish, all this spiritualism business, to Justice Henderson. But Justice Prentice still finds it fascinating. "I find as I get older, Judge, that the things of memory become more real every day. Why, there are companions of my boyhood that I haven't thought of for years—that seem to come about me—more tangible, or as much so, as they were in life," he says. "My dear Judge, that is the magic in the perspective of Time. My boyhood's horizon is very near to my old eyes now. The dimmer they grow, the nearer it comes, until I think sometimes that when we are through with it all—we go out almost as we entered—little children."

A servant has come to announce the appearance of a visitor. The card reads "Mr. Jack Brookfield." Justice Prentice quickly recalls the owner of the Corot he had seen in Louisville; and had been trying to buy.

"Seems to be in a hurry for the money—coming at midnight," suggests Justice Henderson, putting on his coat.

"I set him the example," Justice Prentice explains. "Besides, midnight is just the shank of the evening for Mr. Brookfield. He's supposed to be a sporting man—ahem."

Jack is quick to explain the reason for his call when Justice Henderson has gone. He (Jack) is in Washington with his niece and—a lady friend of hers. They are very anxious to meet the Justice. They will have no chance to call at the Capitol the next day—they are leaving the city, as Justice Prentice was the night he had called on Jack. Jack has taken the liberty of telling them that, if he is not back in five minutes, they may follow him—and that five minutes he is in hope the Justice will give to him.

First, Jack wants to thank Justice Prentice for the books he had sent him on thought transference, mesmerism and kindred subjects. He has found them fascinating but still a little incredible. To Justice Prentice, however, they are true accounts of what has happened

and of what can happen. He himself has made numerous demonstrations.

Jack admits that he, too, has been uncannily successful in his experiments with the creepy business of casting hypnotic spells. He has put people to sleep. He has made them tell him what was happening to a boy in jail a mile away. He has hypnotized a man with a few passages of the hand. . . .

The ladies are announced. They are Helen Whipple and Jack's niece, Viola Campbell. Jack presents Miss Campbell and is about to present Mrs. Whipple when she stops him. She would prefer to introduce herself, if Jack doesn't mind. She does so by showing Justice Prentice an autograph album she has brought with her. In the album is a letter which the Justice had signed many years ago. She asks that he read it, and he agrees—

"My dear Margaret, the matter passed satisfactorily—A mere scratch. Boland apologized—Jim." The Justice is startled. "What is this?" he demands.

HELEN—A letter from you.

PRENTICE—And my dear Margaret—1860. Why, this letter—was it written to Margaret?

HELEN—To Margaret Price—

PRENTICE—Is it possible—well—well. (*Pause.*) I wonder if what we call coincidences are ever mere coincidences. Margaret Price! Her name was on my lips a moment ago.

JACK—Really, Mr. Justice?

PRENTICE (*to JACK*)—Yes. Did you know Margaret Price?

JACK—Yes. (*Looks at HELEN—PRENTICE'S gaze follows.*)

HELEN—She was my mother—

PRENTICE—Margaret Price was—

HELEN—Was my mother.

PRENTICE—Why, I was just speaking of her to Justice Henderson whom you saw go out. Her picture dropped from the table here. (*Gets it.*) This miniature, Margaret Price gave it to me herself. And you are her daughter?

HELEN—Yes, Justice Prentice.

PRENTICE—Yes, I can see the likeness. At twenty you must have looked very like this miniature. (*Passes miniature to HELEN.*)

HELEN (*as JACK and VIOLA look at miniature*)—I have photographs of myself that are very like this. (*To PRENTICE.*) And you were speaking of her just now.

PRENTICE—Not five minutes ago.—But be seated, please. I'm very delighted to have you call.

HELEN—Even at such an hour?



Photo Hall Studio; Burns Mantle Collection.

“THE WITCHING HOUR”

Hardmuth—You think you’ll send me to the gallows, but, damn you, you’ll go first yourself!

Jack—Stop! (*The big light flashes on above HARDMUTH’S eyes.*) You can’t shoot—that—gun! You can’t pull the trigger! You can’t—even—hold—the—gun! (*The derringer drops from HARDMUTH’S hand.*)

(*William Morris, George Nash*)

PRENTICE—At any hour. Margaret Price was a very dear friend of mine; and to think you're her daughter. And this letter 1860—what's this?

HELEN—Oh, don't touch that. It will break. It's only a dry spray of mignonette, pinned to the note when you sent it.

PRENTICE (*musingly*)—A spray of mignonette.

HELEN—My mother's favorite flower, and perfume.

PRENTICE—I remember. Well, well, this is equally astonishing.

JACK—Do you remember the letter, Mr. Justice?

PRENTICE—Perfectly.

JACK—And the circumstances it alludes to?

PRENTICE—Yes. It was the work of a romantic boy. I—I was very fond of your mother, Mrs.— By the way, you haven't told me your name.

HELEN—Never mind that now. Let me be Margaret Price's daughter for the present.

PRENTICE—Very well. Oh, this was a little scratch of a duel—they've gone out of fashion now, I'm thankful to say.

HELEN—Do you remember the cause of this one?

PRENTICE—Yes; Henry Boland had worried Margaret some way. She was frightened, I think, and fainted.

HELEN—And you struck him?

PRENTICE—Yes, and he challenged me.

HELEN—I've heard mother tell it. Do you remember what frightened her?

PRENTICE—I don't believe I do. Does the letter say?

HELEN—No. Try to think.

PRENTICE—Was it a snake or a toad?

HELEN—No—a jewel.

PRENTICE—A jewel? I remember now—a—a—cat's-eye. A cat's-eye jewel, wasn't it?

HELEN (*with excitement*)—Yes, yes, yes. (*Weeping.*)

PRENTICE—My dear madam, it seems to be a very emotional subject with you.

HELEN—It is. I've hoped so you would remember it. On the cars I was praying all the way you would remember it. And you do—you do.

PRENTICE—I do.

Now the truth has been told. Helen Whipple is the daughter of Margaret Price, the mother of Clay Whipple. She has come to beg the life of her son. Justice Prentice refuses to listen. He is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Any plea to him in Clay Whipple's behalf at this time must be prejudicial to the case.

It would force him to rule against those who present their plea before the court. "My dear madam, for the sake of your boy do not do this," the Justice is saying as he prepares to leave them. "It is unlawful—without dignity or precedent—"

Helen is persistent. It is true she is the mother of the boy accused, but she is also the daughter of the woman the Justice loved. If she agrees not to talk of the matter before the court, won't he listen to her—while she speaks of the letter? Without hope of influencing the court's decision? Hesitantly, reluctantly, the Justice agrees.

Quickly Helen recalls to him the facts he has vaguely remembered. "You know that my mother's aversion to that jewel amounted almost to an insanity?" Helen is saying.

"I remember that," admits Justice Prentice.

"I inherited that aversion. When a child, the sight of one of them would throw me almost into convulsions."

"Is it possible?"

"It is true. The physicians said I would outgrow the susceptibility, and in a measure I did so. But I discovered that Clay had inherited the fatal dislike from me."

"You can understand that, Mr. Justice?" inquires Jack.

"Medical jurisprudence is full of such cases. Why should we deny them? Is nature faithful only in physical matters? You are like this portrait. Your voice *is* that of Margaret Price. Nature's behest should have also embraced some of the less apparent possessions, I think."

"We urged all that at the trial, but they called it invention."

"Nothing seems more probable to me."

"Clay, my boy, had that dreadful and unreasonable fear of the jewel. I protected him as far as possible, but one night over a year ago, some men—companions—finding that the sight of this stone annoyed him, pressed it upon his attention. He did not know, Justice Prentice, he was not responsible. It was insanity, but he struck his tormentor and the blow resulted in the young man's death."

"Terrible—terrible!"

"My poor boy is crushed with the awful deed. He is not a murderer. He was never that, but they have sentenced him, Justice Prentice—he—is to die."

Helen rises impulsively and is pacing the room. It is with some difficulty that she again composes herself. If all this was ably presented to the trial court the Justice is at a loss to understand the verdict. It was due, Jack explains, to local conditions which have changed greatly since the trial was held. He is sure a new trial would result quite differently.

"You—you are not powerless to help me," Helen is protesting emotionally. "What is an official duty to a mother's love? To the life of her boy?"

"My dear, dear madam, that is not necessary—believe me. This letter comes very properly under the head of new evidence. The defendant is entitled to a rehearing on that . . . Of course that isn't before us, but when we remand the case on this constitutional point—"

"Then you will—you will remand it?"

"Justice Henderson had convinced me on the point as you called," says Justice Prentice, prevaricating as though he enjoyed the experience. "So I think there is no doubt of the decision."

"You can never know the light you let into my heart."

They have gone now, leaving with the Justice, at his request, the handkerchief that had belonged to Margaret Price and that still carries the scent of mignonette. A distant bell strikes two.

"Margaret Price," mutters the Justice, picking up the miniature. "People will say that she has been in her grave thirty years, but I'll swear her spirit was in this room tonight and directed a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States." (*Noticing the handkerchief which he holds, he puts it to his lips.*)

"The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?"

The curtain falls.

ACT III

Several weeks later Jack Brookfield is sitting in his library deep in thought. His man servant, Uncle Harvey, is worried about him and about the family. Alice Campbell has come from the trial of Clay Whipple, at which the jury has been considering a verdict for some hours, and there is no news.

Mrs. Campbell is herself worried when she finds Jack home. He should be at the court house, she thinks, doing what he can to comfort Helen Whipple and Viola. Theirs is a terrible vigil, waiting for that verdict.

But Jack has his own ideas of how and where he can do the most good. There is, he feels, at least one man on that jury who is friendly to their side. That one man could stop the other eleven from bringing in an adverse verdict, and it is upon him that Jack has been concentrating. If Justice Prentice could sit in his room

and will a man to go to the telephone and call him up, as he had done, then he, Jack, might be able to have some influence on that single juror's mind. It is an experiment worth trying. To Alice it is nothing more than superstition and rather foolish at that—

"Oh, Jack, the boy's life is in the balance," protests Alice, with a good deal of fervor. "Bitter, vindictive lawyers are prosecuting him, and I don't like my big strong brother who used to meet men and all danger face to face, treating the situation with silly mind-cure methods—hidden alone in his rooms. I don't like it."

"You can't acquit a boy of murder by having a strong brother thrash somebody in the court-room. If there was anything under the sun I could do with my physical strength, I'd do it; but there isn't. Now, why not try this? Why not, if I believe I can influence a juryman by my thought—why not try?"

A moment later an excited Frank Hardmuth has forced his way into the room. He wants to see Jack alone, and he doesn't propose to wait in the anteroom until it is convenient. Frank has met a newspaper man named Fisher who has told him that Jack has insinuated that he (Hardmuth) knew that Governor Scoville was to be shot. That wasn't an insinuation, calmly answers Jack. That was a charge "a specific and categorical charge."

"That I knew Scoville was to be shot?" shouts Hardmuth.

"That you knew it? No. That you planned it and arranged and *procured* his assassination."

"If the newspapers print that, I'll kill you—damn you, I'll kill you."

"I don't doubt your willingness. And they'll print it—if they haven't done so already—and if they don't print it, by God, I'll print it myself and *paste it on the fences*."

For a moment Hardmuth is staggered. Then he weakens noticeably. "What have I ever done to you, Jack Brookfield, except to be your friend?"

"You've been much too friendly. With this murder on your conscience, you propose to take to yourself, as wife, my niece, dear to me as life. As revenge for her refusal and mine, you've persecuted through two trials the boy she loved, and the son of the woman whose thought regulates the pulse of my heart, an innocent, unfortunate boy. In your ambition you've reached out to be the governor of this state, and an honored political party is seriously considering you for that office today."

"That Scoville story's a lie—a political lie. I think you mean to be honest, Jack Brookfield, but somebody's strung you."

"Wait! The man that's now hiding in Indiana—a fugitive from your feeble efforts at extradition—sat upstairs drunk and desperate

—his last dollar on a case card. I pitied him. If a priest had been there he couldn't have purged his soul cleaner than poor Raynor gave it to me. If *he* put me on, am I strung?"

"Yes, you are." Hardmuth is plainly frightened. "I can't tell you why, because this jury is out and may come in any moment and I've got to be there, but I can square it. So help me God, I can square it."

"You'll have to square it."

Alice Campbell brings Justice Prentice to Jack. The Justice has no difficulty recognizing Hardmuth as the Prosecuting Attorney in the Whipple case and no hesitancy in telling him that he considers his court-room manner during his (Prentice's) own examination anything but that of a gentleman, however correct legally it may have been. Hardmuth would excuse himself on the ground that he was trying to break down the influence a witness representing the Supreme Court would naturally have with the jury. He is plainly angry at his curt dismissal.

Justice Prentice is surprised that Hardmuth had not mentioned an article that has just appeared in the paper he carries—an article in which Jack Brookfield deliberately charges the Prosecuting Attorney with having planned the murder of Governor Scoville. Justice Prentice admits that he had advised Jack to tell anything he knew about Hardmuth, but he had not expected a capital charge. Alice, too, is greatly worried about possible consequences.

Jack repeats that it had to be done. If it should happen that the jury brings in a verdict of guilty at Clay's second trial there will be nothing to do but to appeal for clemency to the governor of the state. If that governor should be Frank Hardmuth, as seems possible, what chance would the appeal have? The convention is now in session at Frankfort and Hardmuth is a favored candidate. But—

"I have served that notice on them," says Jack, indicating the newspaper article, "and they won't dare nominate him. That is, I think they won't."

"But to charge him with murder," protests Alice.

"The only thing to consider there is—have you your facts," advises Justice Prentice.

"I have."

"Then it was a duty and you chose the psychological moment for its performance. 'With what measure you mete—it shall be measured to you again.' I have pity for the man whom that paper crushes, but I have greater pity for the boy he is trying to have hanged. You know, Mrs. Campbell, that young Whipple is the grandson of an old friend of mine."

"Yes, Justice Prentice, I know that."

Helen and Viola are back from the trial. The jury has returned and asked for instructions. The Judge was of a mind to order the jurors locked up for another night, but the foreman had pleaded that they were tired and eager to get to their homes. He thought they could agree upon a verdict within an hour.

Justice Prentice is encouraged by the report. Jurymen do not speak of wanting to get back to their homes if they have vengeance or severity in their hearts. They report that they are anxious to get away, or that they would like to finish their work.

It was upon the question of degree that the jury had asked for instructions and the Judge had answered that the verdict must either be for first degree murder or acquittal. One of the jurymen—the one in the fourth chair, first row—had also asked a question. Jack is not surprised.

There is also a note from Clay Whipple's attorney to Jack. Viola had almost forgotten that. But it has nothing to do with the trial. Jack turns on the large droplight over the table. The note simply reads: "Dear Jack—I've seen the paper. Hardmuth will shoot on sight."

Quickly Helen Whipple steps to Jack's side. "Oh, Jack, if anything should happen to you," she is saying.

"Anything" is quite as likely to happen to Mr. Hardmuth," calmly answers Jack, and insists that Helen and Viola shall go to the dining-room for a cup of tea. They will have plenty of time, seeing the court adjournment is for an hour. . . .

Lew Ellinger has dashed in, also brandishing a paper containing the Brookfield charges against Hardmuth. This is an extra giving an account of what happened on the floor of the convention at Frankfort. Fist fights and guns drawn and several statesmen going through windows while others crawled under benches. "Convention takes recess until morning," reads Ellinger. "Local sheriff swearin' in deputies to keep peace in the barrooms.' That's all you've done."

"Good! Well, they can't nominate Mr. Hardmuth now."

"I been hedgin'," Ellinger admits to Alice. "I told the fellows I'd bet Jack hadn't said it."

"Yes—I did say it."

"In just those words? (*Reading.*) 'The poor fellow that crouched back of a window sill and shot Kentucky's governor deserves hanging less than the man whom he is shielding—the man who laid the plot of assassination. The present prosecuting attorney by appointment—Frank Allison Hardmuth.' Did you say that?"

"Lew, that there might be no mistake—I wrote it."

Lew is startled, but pleased. Especially when he thinks of the double-dealing Hardmuth has been giving the reform bodies. But he can't see how Justice Prentice and Jack expect the newspaper stories to reach the jury—not just one man, but the whole jury, Jack insists. But how? If the jury can't see a line of the story—

"How many people in Louisville have already read that charge as you have read it?" Justice Prentice asks Lew.

"Thirty thousand, maybe, but—"

"And five hundred thousand in the little cities and the towns. Do you think, Mr. Ellinger, that all those minds can be at white heat over that knowledge and none of it reach the thought of those twelve men? Ah, no—"

"To half a million good Kentuckians tonight Frank Hardmuth is a repulsive thing—and that jury's faith in him—is dead."

It is Lew's idea that Jack is dippy. Perhaps Justice Prentice is dippy, too. It is the Justice's idea that in every widely-discussed trial the defendant is not only tried by his twelve peers, but by the entire community as well. That is why he had asked Jack to expose Hardmuth.

"Well, the public will think you did it because he closed your game," insists Ellinger.

"Hardmuth didn't close my game."

"Who did?"

"This man," says Jack, pointing to Prentice. "He gave my self-respect a slap on the back and I stood up."

Ellinger doesn't care much for the change in Jack's attitude. He doesn't care much for reforms, however they happen. He is expanding his opinion when there is a commotion down the hall and the next minute Clay Whipple has burst into the room in search of his mother. The verdict was for acquittal.

A moment later Clay is in the arms of his mother, and now he has sunk to his knees with his head in her lap. Presently Alice and Viola have come and Viola is happily in Clay's arms. It's all over, now, and a great victory for Colonel Bayley, who was Clay's attorney and has come home with him.

"If ever a lawyer made a good fight for a man's life, you did," says Jack. "Helen, Viola, you must want to shake this man's hand."

VIOLA—I could have thrown my arms around you when you made that speech.

BAYLEY (*laughing*)—Too many young fellows crowding into the profession as it is.

HELEN (*taking his hand*)—Life must be sweet to a man who can

do so much good as you do.

BAYLEY—I couldn't stand it, you know, if it wasn't that my ability works both ways.

HARVEY (*entering*)—Mars Clay.

CLAY—Harvey! Why, dear old Harvey.

HARVEY—Yes, sah. Could—could you eat anything, Mars Clay?

CLAY—Eat anything! Why, I'm starvin', Harvey.

HARVEY—Ha, ha. Yes, sah.

CLAY—But you with me, mother—and Viola.

HELEN—My boy! Colonel!

JACK (*alone with PRENTICE. Picks up BAYLEY's letter; takes hold of push button over head*)—Mr. Justice—I shall never doubt you again.

PRENTICE—Mr. Brookfield, never doubt yourself.

HARDMUTH (*entering, rushes down toward dining-room and turns back to JACK who is under the lamp with his hand on its button*)—You think you'll send me to the gallows, but damn you, you'll go first yourself. (*Thrusts a derringer against JACK's body.*)

JACK—Stop! (*The big light flashes on above HARDMUTH's eyes. At JACK's "Stop," PRENTICE inclines forward with eyes on HARDMUTH so that there is a double battery of hypnotism on him. A pause.*) You can't shoot—that—gun. You can't pull the trigger. (*Pause.*) You can't—even—hold—the—gun. (*Pause. The derringer drops from HARDMUTH's hand.*) Now, Frank, you can go.

HARDMUTH (*recoiling slowly*)—I'd like to know—how in hell you did that—to me.

The curtain falls.

ACT IV

Clay and Viola have been sitting on the sofa in front of the fireplace for some time. It is night and all the lights are on. It is getting late, and Viola has a feeling, induced from certain dignified hints on her mother's part, that she should be saying good-night and that Clay should be getting some rest. Clay, on the other hand, is convinced they should wait until Mr. Brookfield gets home.

Servant Jo has come to announce a visitor, another reporter. Clay has been seeing them all day, and Viola would have him send this one away. But this one happens to be a boy named Emmett who had not only been kind and considerate in his stories of Clay's trial, but had been a good friend to Clay during the long days in jail. Ministers aren't in it with police reporters when it comes to helping a man pass the time in jail.

Emmett has come on a mission from his editor. First he wants to know if Clay has any further statement to make regarding the

trial. After that he would like to pass on his editor's suggestion that, if the police succeed in finding Hardmuth, and he is put on trial for having planned the Scoville murder, that Clay do the paper a favor by covering that trial. The suggestion is something of a shock to Clay, and more than that to Viola. Emmett's paper had been friendly to Clay and he would naturally like to repay the editor—but he doesn't see how he could do this particular favor. Emmett is quick to understand, and agrees to fix it so that Clay will be spared any further embarrassment.

However, if it were not for the notoriety, Clay admits after Emmett has left, he would enjoy taking this advantage of a chance to be even with Hardmuth. "I'd like to see Hardmuth suffer as he made me suffer," says Clay. "I'd like to see him suffer and write of it."

"That's a bad spirit to face the world with, my boy," quietly objects Jack.

"I hate him."

"Hatred is heavier freight for the shipper than it is for the consignee."

"I can't help it."

"Yes, you can help it. Mr. Hardmuth should be of the utmost indifference to you. To hate him is weak.

"Weak?" Viola doesn't like the word.

"Yes, weak-minded," Brookfield goes on. "Hardmuth was in love with you at one time—he hated Clay. He said Clay was as weak as dishwater—(to CLAY)—and you were at that time. You've had your lesson—profit by it. Its meaning was self-control. Begin now if you're going to be the custodian of this girl's happiness."

"I'm sure he means to, Jack," says Helen.

"You can carry your hatred of Hardmuth and let it embitter your whole life—or you can drop it—so— (*Drops a book on the table.*) The power that any man or anything has to annoy us we give him or it by our interest. Some idiot told your great grandmother that a jewel with different colored strata in it was 'bad luck'—or a 'hoodoo'—she believed it, and she nursed her faith that passed the lunacy on to your grandmother."

HELEN—Jack, don't talk of that, please.

JACK—I'll skip one generation—but I'd like to talk of it.

ALICE—Why talk of it?

JACK—It was only a notion, and an effort of will can banish it.

CLAY—It was more than a notion.

JACK—Tom Denning's scarf pin which he dropped there (*indicates floor*) was an exhibit in your trial—Colonel Bayley returned it

to me today. (*Puts hand in pocket.*)

VIOLA—I wish you wouldn't, Uncle Jack.

JACK (*to CLAY*)—You don't mind, do you?

CLAY—I'd rather not look at it—tonight.

JACK—You needn't look at it. I'll hold it in my hand and you put your hands over mine.

ALICE—I really don't see the use in this experiment, Jack.

JACK (*with CLAY's hand over his*)—That doesn't annoy you, does it?

CLAY—I'm controlling myself, sir—but I feel the influence of the thing all through and through me.

HELEN—Jack!

JACK—Down your back, isn't it, and in the roots of your hair—tingling—

CLAY—Yes.

HELEN—Why torture him?

JACK—Is it torture?

CLAY (*with brave self-control*)—I shall be glad when it's over.

JACK (*severely*)—What rot! That's only my night key—look at it. I haven't the scarf pin about me.

CLAY—Why make me think it was the scarf pin?

JACK—To prove to you that it's only thinking—that's all. Now, be a man—the cat's-eye itself is in that table drawer. Get it and show Viola that you're not a neuropathic idiot. You're a child of *the everlasting God* and nothing on the earth or under it can harm you in the slightest degree. (*CLAY opens drawer and takes pin.*) That's the spirit—look at it— (*Pushes CLAY's hand up to his face.*) I've made many a young horse do that to an umbrella. Now, give it to me. (*To VIOLA.*) You're not afraid of it.

VIOLA—Why, of course I'm not.

JACK (*putting pin on her breast*)—Now, if you want my niece, go up to that hoodoo like a man. (*CLAY embraces VIOLA.*)

HELEN—Oh, Jack, do you think that will last?

JACK—Which—indifference to the hoodoo or partiality to my niece?

CLAY—They'll both last.

JACK—Now, my boy, drop your hatred of Hardmuth as you drop your fear of the scarf pin. Don't look back—your life's ahead of you. Don't mount for the race over-weight.

Lew Ellinger has been shown in by Jo. His nervous excitement is evident. He has, he reports, treed Hardmuth. Knows where he is hiding and wants to keep him there for a couple of days, until the newspapers and the state get to where they are willing to offer

rewards for the fugitive's capture. Then Ellinger would turn Hardmuth in. Thus he would get the reward and be even with Hardmuth at one stroke. Where is Hardmuth? He is in Big George's cabin, Big George being the Negro whose wife was pantry maid for Hardmuth's mother at one time. Big George hates Hardmuth, too.

Hardmuth has two guns, Ellinger reports, and will shoot before he will give up, but he has arranged for George's wife to open the door to a secret knock. Once in the house Ellinger thinks he will be able to con Hardmuth.

Jack has another plan. He will send a note to Hardmuth by Clay and Viola. Hardmuth will follow them back to Brookfield's quietly. Then they will decide what is to be done. The thought of Viola's going on such an errand is disturbing to her mother. Jack puts the question up to them.

"You're both of age. I ask you to do it," Jack says, handing Clay his automobile ulster and goggles. "If you give Hardmuth the goggles nobody'll recognize him and with a lady beside him you'll get him safely here."

"Clay knows nothing of that kind of work—a man with two guns—think of it," protests Helen.

"After he's walked bare-handed up to a couple of guns a few times, he'll quit fearing men that are armed only with a scarf pin."

"It's cruel to keep constantly referring to that—that—mistake of Clay's—I want to forget it."

"The way to forget it, my dear Helen," says Jack, going to her and speaking tenderly, "is not to guard it as a sensitive spot in your memory, but to grasp it as the wise ones grasp a nettle—crush all its power to harm you in one courageous contact. We think things are calamities and trials and sorrows—only names. They are spiritual gymnastics and have an eternal value when once you front them and make them crouch at your feet. Say once for all to your soul and thereby to the world—'Yes, my boy killed a man—because I'd brought him up a half-effeminate, hysterical weakling, but he's been through the fire and I've been through the fire, and we're both the better for it.'"

"I can say that truthfully, but I don't want to make a policeman of him, just the same."

Alice is also of the opinion that Jack's action in sending for Hardmuth is a little too heroic, but Lew Ellinger, though he suspects a pretty hard double cross, is convinced Hardmuth deserves it.

Incidentally, Lew is counting on the rewards to help him pick up an overdue note. He can't get the rewards in time, he admits, but perhaps Jack, knowing that he will get them, will advance him the \$15,000 he needs. Jack is ready to do that and writes Lew a

check. If he never gets the money back it will be all right. "It's only fifteen thousand and you've lost a hundred of them at poker in these rooms," says Jack.

Lew isn't willing to let it go that way. The game was square and he is no bellyacher. He'll take his chances with a square game any time. He'll play Jack for the fifteen thousand right now, if Jack hasn't lost his nerve. Lew feels that luck is running his way.

Taunted into a game Jack bids Lew shuffle the cards, cut and deal them each a hand. This is draw poker, table stakes and the check goes for a thousand. They have just picked up their hands when Jack asks—

"Lew, do you happen to have three queens?"

Lew looks thoughtfully at his cards, and then carefully examines the backs of them. "Well, I can't see it," he mutters, still examining the cards.

"No use looking—they're not marked."

"Well, I shuffled'm all right."

"Yes."

LEW—And cut'm? (JACK *nods*.) Couldn't 'a' been a cold deck?

JACK—No.

LEW—Then, how did you know I had three queens?

JACK—I didn't know it. I just thought you had.

LEW—Can you do it again?

JACK—I don't know. Draw one card.

LEW (*drawing one card from deck*)—All right.

JACK—Is it the ace of hearts?

LEW—It is.

JACK—Mm—turns me into a rotter, doesn't it?

LEW—Can you do that every time?

JACK—I never tried it until tonight—that is, consciously. I've always had luck and I thought it was because I took chances on a game—same as any player—but that don't look like it, does it?

LEW—Beats me.

JACK—And what a monster it makes of me—these years I've been in the business.

LEW—You say you didn't know before?

JACK—I didn't know it—no—but—some things have happened lately that have made me think it might be so; that jury yesterday—some facts I've had from Justice Prentice. Telepathy of a very common kind—and I guess it's used in a good many games, old man, we aren't on to.

LEW—Well—have you told anybody?

JACK—No.

LEW (*excitedly*)—Good! Now, see here, Jack, if you can do that right along I know a game in Cincinnati where it'd be like takin' candy from children.

JACK—Good God! You're not suggesting that I keep it up?

LEW—Don't over-do it—no— (*Pause.*) Or you show me the trick and I'll collect all right.

JACK (*slowly*)—Lew— Some of the fellows I've won from in this house have gone over to the park and blown their heads off.

LEW—Some of the fellows anybody wins from in any house go somewhere and blow their heads off.

JACK—True— (*Pause.*)

LEW—Three queens—before the draw—well—you could 'a' had me all right—and you won't tell me how you do it?

JACK—I don't know how I do it; the thought just comes to my mind stronger than any other thought.

LEW (*reprovingly*)—God A'mighty gives you a mind like that and you won't go with me to Cincinnati.

Viola and Clay are back. Hardmuth is with them. He doesn't quite understand Jack's note. The explanation is simple: Jack is prepared to help Hardmuth get away. At this announcement Ellinger flares up. After all he's got something to say, or thinks he has, until Jack explains that he is not entirely convinced of Hardmuth's guilt.

"I know what a case they'd make against me, but I'm not guilty in any degree," protests Hardmuth.

"I want to do this thing for you, Frank—don't make it too difficult by any lying," advises Jack. "When I said I wasn't fully convinced of your guilt, my reservation was one you wouldn't understand."

Hardmuth is ready. He isn't hungry. He has money. Jack sends him below to be fitted out with a fur coat.

"What does it all mean?" demands Helen, when Hardmuth has left. Jack turns to Lew Ellinger. "Lew, I called that ace of hearts, didn't I?"

"And the three queens."

JACK—Because the three queens and the ace were in your mind.

LEW—I don't see any other explanation.

JACK—Suppose, instead of the cards there'd been in your mind a well-developed plan of assassination—the picture of a murder—

LEW—Did you drop to him that way?

JACK—No. Raynor told me all I know of Hardmuth—but here's the very *hell* of it. Long before Scoville was killed I thought he

deserved killing and I thought it *could* be done just—as—it—was done.

HELEN—Jack!

JACK—I never breathed a word of it to a living soul, but Hardmuth planned it exactly as I dreamed it—and by God, a guilty thought is almost as criminal as a guilty deed. I've always had a considerable influence over that poor devil that's running away to-night, and I'm not sure that before the Judge of both of us the guilt isn't mostly mine.

HELEN—That's morbid, Jack, dear, perfectly morbid.

JACK—I hope it is—we'll none of us ever know—in this life—but we can all of us— (*Pause.*)

LEW—What?

JACK—Live as if it were true. (*Changing manner to brisk command.*) I'm going to help him over the line—the roads are watched, but the police won't suspect me and they won't suspect Lew—and all the less if there's a lady with us— (*To LEW.*) Will you go?

LEW—The limit.

JACK—Get a heavy coat from Jo.

LEW—Yes.

JACK (*alone with HELEN*)—You know you said I used to be able to make you write to me when I was a boy at college?

HELEN—Yes.

JACK—And you were a thousand miles away—while this fellow—Hardmuth—was just at my elbow half the time.

HELEN—It can't help you to brood over it.

JACK—It can help me to know it, and make what amend I can. Will you go with me while I put this poor devil over the line?

HELEN—Yes, I'll go with you.

JACK—Helen, you stood by your boy in a fight for his life.

HELEN—Didn't you?

JACK—Will you stand by *me* while I make my fight?

HELEN (*giving her hand*)—You've made *your* fight, Jack, and you've *won*. (*JACK kisses her hand, which he reverently holds in both of his.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE MAN FROM HOME

A Comedy in Four Acts

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON

THE MAN FROM HOME (496 perf.)—Play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Astor Theatre, New York, August 17, 1908. Cast:

Daniel Voorhees Pike.....	William Hodge
The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch...	Henry Jewett
The Earl of Hawcastle.....	Herbert McKenzie
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn.....	Echlin P. Gayer
Ivanoff.....	Henry Harmon
Horace Granger-Simpson.....	George Le Guere
Ribiere.....	Louis P. Verande
Mariano.....	Anthony Asher
Michele.....	Antonio Salerno
Carabiniere.....	A. Montegriffo
Second Carabiniere.....	Edward Ferraro
Porter.....	Ciro Farsone
Valet-de-Chambre.....	C. L. Felter
Ethel Granger-Simpson.....	Madeline Louis
Countess De Champigny.....	Alice Johnson
Lady Creech.....	Ida Vernon

Staged by Hugh Ford. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

BOOTH TARKINGTON, like many another adventuring playwright, took his first timid steps in the theatre holding tightly to the hand of a collaborator. His first play, a dramatization of his own short story, "Monsieur Beaucaire," was written with Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Years later, when he was asked what his reactions were to Richard Mansfield's production of "Beaucaire," Mr. Tarkington wrote: "I wondered if it were as bad as Mansfield said it was."

His next four or five plays were written in collaboration with Harry Leon Wilson. The most successful of these was "The Man from Home," which was tried first in Louisville, Ky., in 1907 and had a long Chicago run. It was touched up for Broadway for the season of 1908-09. It was intended originally for David Warfield, but before Tarkington and Wilson finished it, Belasco had bought "A Grand Army Man" for Warfield. George Tyler bought "The Man from Home" for William Hodge, just attracting notice as a

character comedian. It ran all season in New York. "What (in addition to Hodge) made 'The Man from Home' popular with American audiences was a queer bit of ironical luck," Tarkington recently admitted. "Wilson and I had collected a special kind of Americana during our years abroad. We loved to listen to very American Americans—mainly lonely husbands with shopping or sightseeing wives—when they expressed themselves upon the subject of Europe. We liked these unhappy men and encouraged them to talk, because what they said incited us to secret and interior laughter. So when we built up the Hoosier in our play we gave him a lot of this kind of jingo patter. We thought our audiences would be amused *with* us and *at* him, and yet like him as we did. Instead, though they did laugh with pleasure, they cheered all his boastings of the land at home. They burst with loud patriotic applause when he said, 'I wouldn't trade our State Insane Asylum for the worst ruined ruin in Europe.'"

"Many of the New York critics thought that we'd calculated upon the patriotic applause, and so, were against us; but Wilson and I hadn't intended things that way at all. The popular success of the play and its American run of five and a half years might be called accidental."

Mr. Tarkington, who had greatly wanted to be an artist, had started his literary career as a novelist and as the author of "The Man from Indiana." He took to playwriting, as noted, largely as an experiment. He continued writing for the theatre through the 1920s and then returned to his novels.

The 1908-09 theatre season was witness to an amusing contest between Harrison Grey Fiske and Henry W. Savage for the American rights to Ferenc Molnar's play, "The Devil." Both claimed prior verbal agreements with Molnar agents, there being no copy-right understanding with Hungary at the time. Being unable to come to an agreement with each other, both produced the play, the Fiske company headed by George Arliss in the name part and the Savage company with Edwin Stevens featured. Neither company was particularly successful, though the engagement advanced the starring career of Mr. Arliss, who had come to America in 1902 with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and who played here for the next twenty-two years before being seen again on the London stage he had left.

The beauteous Lillian Russell, turning to drama, had been playing on the road in a comedy written by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart called "Wildfire." She brought it to Broadway and achieved a satisfying personal success.

This was the season John Drew had engaged a new leading woman

named Mary Boland for Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw." James K. Hackett was playing "The Prisoner of Zenda," Billie Burke was being starred in "Love Watches." Walter Hampden and Charles Rann Kennedy were still inspiring press editorials with Mr. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," and Maude Adams was scoring one of her greatest hits in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows."

It was early in 1908 that Mrs. Fiske became a Salvation Army worker in Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell," and Frances Starr helped Eugene Walter and David Belasco blast the custom of forcing a so-called happy ending on every drama by playing "The Easiest Way" straight.

The four Cohans were waltzing around the popular-priced circuit with "The Yankee Prince." Eleanor Robson was playing "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" and Grace George was beginning a climb to established stardom with Thompson Buchanan's "A Woman's Way."

The Hotel Regina Margherito, which is the scene of the first act of "The Man from Home," stands on the cliff at Sorrento, overlooking the Bay of Naples. Beyond the hotel terrace there is a semi-circular coastline and a gray Vesuvius in the background. A marble balustrade guards the cliff and an ornate modern Italian door lets into the hotel at the side. The hotel, pink and white stucco, is set in a grove. There are wicker tables and chairs, and a couple of covered bath chairs on the terrace.

It is 11 o'clock in the morning of a beautiful summer day. The hotel orchestra of mandolins and guitars has already begun to play in the grove. Mariano, a pleasant-faced, elderly, swarthy maître d'hôtel, is laying a table for a breakfast of eggs, coffee and rolls for two. He is also chattering in French to a trim, business-like young Frenchman, Ribiere, about the imminent arrival of Monsieur Le Blanc, accompanied by a Yankee friend from North America. Mariano is not at all surprised, having found M. Le Blanc "*toujours l'excentrique*" on various occasions.

The breakfast table is being laid for Lord Hawcastle, "a well-preserved man of 56, with a close-clipped gray mustache and turning gray hair, exceedingly well-groomed," and Mme. de Champigny, "a pretty French woman of 32." These two are briefly joined by Ethel Granger-Simpson, "a very pretty American girl of 20," in an attractive riding suit.

Ethel is surprised to find her friends breakfasting so late. She and Lord Hawcastle's son, Almeric, have already been for a long ride and have come back blessing the happy day and what it had led to. Ethel will tell them no more at the moment, but the fact

that she rushes into the hotel, and is shortly playing gaily on her piano, leads them quickly to the conclusion that Ethel and Almeric have become engaged. A fine thing, too, both are agreed, though there is some little apprehension on Mme. de Champigny's part as to what difficulties, if any, Ethel and her family may put in the way of the match.

But why should there be difficulties? "Look what she's getting," demands his Lordship. "She's fairly rolling in dollars, isn't she? And we're what she *wants*, aren't we? It isn't *pretty*; I don't claim it is, but confound it! Let's face it. We're out-at-elbows and we have to sell what we've *got*. (*With pain in his voice.*) I've been sitting on the edge of the most damnable insolvency every minute of the last three months."

"Dear, I will help in all ways," comforts Mme. de Champigny.

They are joined by Almeric, "a fair, fresh-colored Englishman of 25; handsome in a rather vacuous way." Almeric is pleased to confirm their suspicions, but he is not at all exultant. Miss Granger-Simpson is a nice little thing, and he is fond of her, but he really has never thought of himself as a marryin' man. Neither is the idea of selling out to dollars attractive to him. If it had to be done, why couldn't his father have done it? After all, Father is a widower.

"You are not considerate," declares Mme. de Champigny. "I have never asked your father to make that sacrifice of his liberty—even for me!"

Almeric is sorry if he has distressed them, and they are soon cheered by the enthusiasm of Horace Granger-Simpson, Ethel's brother. Horace is "a boyish-looking American of 22, who speaks with a strong English accent, which he sometimes forgets."

"I simply can't deny I hoped for it," admits Horace, reporting that Ethel has told him the good news. "Of course I think my sister's a great girl; I hope you won't think I'm claiming too much when I say I know she'll be quite up to it in every way. She will indeed."

As to where the wedding should be, and when, Horace is agreeable to any plan that would please the Hawcastles. Ethel has always loved Sicily. It might be there. And as for when—well, Horace has always thought long engagements were silly. Then, he remembers a little timidly, there is the matter of the settlement. When should they go into that?

Lord Hawcastle is helpfully reassuring. He and Horace have already been into the matter of the settlement as far as they can go. The rest should be up to the Hawcastle solicitor and to Ethel's

man of business, who, his Lordship understands, is shortly expected in Italy.

Ethel's man of business, Horace would explain, is more a guardian than just a solicitor. His consent will also be legally necessary. But, so far as the Granger-Simpsons have been able to judge, he is a most agreeable person—always anxious to please—

"You see—we've been on this side so many years, and there's been no occasion for the chap to look us up," Horace explains. "When he comes my sister will just tell him what to sign. (*Laughing.*) He's always done whatever she's written him to."

"Then when my solicitor comes, he and your man can have an evening over a lot of musty papers and the rest of us needn't bother our heads about it. Again, my boy—(*rising and taking his hand*)—God bless you!"

Mme. de Champigny thinks Americans are really quite wonderful; so beeg, so generous, so ready to laugh off everything. Horace is quite pleased. He is pleased, too, that Ethel should so gracefully agree to everything. His sister has come now, her arms full of books, and they have their first chance to be alone.

"This is Burke's *Peerage*," Ethel is saying, "and this—is Froissart's *Chronicles*. I've been reading it all over again—Almeric's ancestors at Crecy and Agincourt. I suppose I'm a little fanatic about that, Hoddy. *This* age seems so tawdry to me—just jazz and cheap mediocrity. Nobody has any reverence for anything any more. Well, here's a great name. It's always stood for something—here it is in history, in this old book. It's Almeric's—and it will be mine. It's a name to hold *up!* That's what *I* feel."

HORACE—Oh, it's a name like an old Norman bugle call.

ETHEL (*with sudden anxiety*)—*You're* keen on Almeric, aren't you, Hoddy—you really admire him, don't you?

HORACE—Well, rath-urr! I'm quite romantic about him, in fact. I think he's like the one of his forebears that went to the Crusades.

ETHEL (*very earnest*)—Yes; the Crusader! He *has* that kind of nobility. He can't help having it, because it's come *down* to him. Even if you don't see it, you know it's *got* to be in him. You understand what I mean, don't you, Hoddy?

HORACE (*thoughtfully*)—Certainly. Oh, by the way, about the settlement. It'll take the best part of your share of the estate, Sis; a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. That's seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, you know.

ETHEL (*not too lightly*)—What of that?

HORACE—You're magnificent, Ethel.

ETHEL—Isn't helping to hold up an historical house and name

worth while? *They have* to have it done. *I* think it a privilege to be permitted to *do* it. And, besides, even eugenically it's correct.

HORACE (*puzzled*)—Eugenically?

ETHEL—Yes. You see even the best old Nordic family stocks that have held the world up run out if they're not strengthened by other strains. Don't you know *anything* about that? Why don't you ever read something? Well, Almeric's stock's an old, old one and we're a new one. Of course *our* stock's Nordic, too, but—

HORACE—Our stock! My heavens! Doesn't it seem impossible that we were born in Indiana?

ETHEL—Ah, but we got away young. That saved us. If we hadn't, we prob'ly wouldn't ever have known anything *at all*. Think of what we know *now*, Hoddy!

HORACE—It's pretty glorious! When Hawcastle dies, I'll be saying, quite offhand, you know, "My sister, the Countess of Hawcastle," and so on.

ETHEL (*shaking her head*)—No; it isn't that I care for. I don't think anybody cares much about titles any more; that side of it's—well, a little shoddy, I think. Even this old Mr. Pike prob'ly won't be terribly impressed by the *title* part of it, I imagine. By the way, you don't suppose he'll be—queer—do you? One hundred percent American—or anything horrid like that?

HORACE—Well, the Governor himself was a bit of the raw soil, you know, and you remember he said in his will he considered this Pike his best friend. But he's probably harmless.

ETHEL—I wish I knew. I shouldn't like Almeric and his father to think— You know what horrid types of Americans you *do* see sometimes—I—couldn't bear it, Hoddy.

HORACE—Then keep him out of the way. That's simple enough. None of them, except the solicitor, need see him.

ETHEL—I rather wish he hadn't insisted on coming; he could have just as well forwarded his consent by mail. (*She rises; inspired.*) Hoddy, do you know, I have a feeling that today for the first time I've found out what life really means. I've never had a really great *purpose* before, and now I've got one. Gimme a cigarette.

There is an uproar in the street at the entrance to the hotel. Quite a mob apparently has gathered, and there is much raucous laughter. This is interspersed with frequent references to "Yankee Doodle" and the Yankees in general. Lady Creech, "a haughty, cross-looking woman in her sixties," has come from the hotel and Ethel has joined her at the balustrade. Evidently, from what they

can make out, new Americans have arrived. They are not, of course, the Granger-Simpson type; just some of those queer Americans one often meets in Europe. Almeric, who has investigated, is able to get some of the facts—

"Car breaks down on the way from Messina," reports Almeric. "One of the chaps in it discharges the chauffeur and the other—unmistakably American, I fear—hires two absurd great oxen to pull it. Then he takes a walking stick and proceeds to conduct them himself, waving his stick and addressing the oxen in remarkable language."

Almeric, distressed by the racket, thinks he will go for a walk—and take the English papers with him. Ethel would go, too, if she felt welcome. She doesn't. The excitement outside continues and presently Monsieur Le Blanc appears. "He is a portly man of 45. His reddish brown pompadour is beginning to turn gray. He wears a mustache and full beard." His present concern is that his American friend should be served his national breakfast.

"Yes, Monsieur Le Blanc, he will have the eggs on but one of two sides," promises Mariano.

A moment later Daniel Voorhees Pike himself has appeared. "He is a youthful-looking American of about 28—good-natured, shrewd, humorous and kindly. His voice has the homely quality of the Central States, clear, quiet and strong, with a very slight drawl at times when the situation strikes him as humorous. He does not speak a dialect in the strict sense." Pike is wearing a well-made, good-looking, but not precisely "smart" traveling suit, and a sailor straw hat.

The American is looking for "the Colonel," and is pleased when he spies him. He is also pleased with the ham and eggs, though he doesn't like to have his eggs "petrified in olive oil with garlic in it." Practically all the food he has heard mentioned in Italy has sounded to him like the name of a cigar. Perhaps, he thinks, he should never have left home.

The Colonel's motor? Daniel is sure he can fix that. "I put a Pierce-Arrow together once after it had been run over by four Fords at the State Fair Grounds," says he. Monsieur Le Blanc has never even heard of a "Four Fords!" In fact there are a lot of surprising things he is learning about his new American friend. Why is he addressed as "Colonel," for example. That is because Mr. Pike has to call him something, and finds it a little awkward to use the "Moun-seer."

"I understand this is your first journey to Europe," Le Blanc is saying.

"Yes—and last, if it keeps on the way it's started," declares Pike,

with emphasis. "I can go sit around the American Express Company offices at home just as well as I can over here."

LE BLANC—You were not in France in the war?

PIKE—No; I had my *flu* in training camp. They kept my regiment in Texas on account of the extra room they've got down there for buryin' people. It was a great excursion, Colonel. Anyhow, it was the biggest I've taken since I moved up to our county seat—and began to practice law.

LE BLANC—Your "county-seat"? It is a city?

PIKE—City? (*Pitying him.*) Is it? Is it a city? Listen, Colonel! Over here where if a person just wants a common ordinary drink of water, he has to buy a quart *bottle with it—warm*—I don't expect I'd be rightly understood if I began to talk about what a *real city is*. Colonel, my city pays a seven-eighths percent tax rate for the maintenance of schools alone; we built the first automobile in the Western hemisphere; we are located just eighty-five and a quarter miles from the exact center of population of the whole United States of America. During the last fiscal year we manufactured one million nine hundred and fifty-six thousand four hundred and fifty-eight—

By

LE BLANC—And your architecture; your public buildings—

PIKE—Well, sir, of course I know you've got some mighty fine historical architecture and public buildings over here, but we've got some right down to it, Colonel, I wouldn't trade our new State Insane Asylum for the worst ruined ruin in Europe—not for hygiene and real comfort.

LE BLANC—And your people?

PIKE (*with apologetic humor*)—Well, we kind o' like each other.

LE BLANC—But you have no leisure class.

PIKE—No leisure class? We've got a pretty good-sized colored population.

LE BLANC—I mean no aristocracy.

PIKE—We haven't? You ought to see somebody from Boston traveling out West, if you don't think so! Of course we don't pay taxes to support any kings and earls and first grooms of the bed-chamber and so on. If anybody wants our money for nothing, he has to show energy enough to *steal* it! And, of course, some *do*.

HAWCASTLE (*to HORACE in low voice*)—Your fellow-countryman seems to be rather down on us.

HORACE (*to HAWCASTLE*)—It's pretty mortifying.

LE BLANC—I wonder you make this long journey, my friend, instead of to spend your holiday at home.

PIKE—Holiday! Why, I haven't even gone fishing since Fourth

of July, year before last.

LE BLANC (*to MARIANO*)—Finito! (*Sets napkin on table and lights cigarette.*)

PIKE (*folding his napkin*)—No, sir, you wouldn't catch me putting in any time over here unless I had to.

Lady Creech and Lord Hawcastle at the next table are plainly annoyed at the conversation of their neighbors. Horace Granger-Simpson finds it quite beastly. But neither worries Daniel Pike very much. He continues blandly with his explanation of why he is in Europe. Chiefly he has come to see friends who are stopping in that very hotel and this would be a good time to look them up.

Daniel's first approach is toward Horace. Horace looks like an American. But Horace is so upset that he would deliberately walk away from his interrogator, if he were not held back. "I'm looking for some Americans here and I expect you might know them," explains Dan; "a boy and a girl named Simpson."

"Is there any possibility that you mean Granger-Simpson?"

"No, just plain Simpson. Granger's their middle name. That's for old Jed Granger, grandfather on their mother's side. It's the girl I'm really looking for, though."

"Will you be good enough to state any possible reason why Miss Granger-Simpson should see you?"

"Reason? Why, yes. I'm her guardian."

Ethel and Lady Creech have strolled back in time to hear this announcement and are stopped short. Mme. de Champigny quietly slips away. Lady Creech kisses Ethel consolingly, and, with Lord Hawcastle, walks out. Horace stands dumbfounded as Pike completes his identification: "Daniel Voorhees Pike, Attorney-at-Law, Kokomo, Indiana."

It is a little too much for Horace. Monsieur Le Blanc also would withdraw, hoping as he does so that when his American friend gets through with his business he will not forget the Le Blanc motor. Only Ethel is left, and she speaks up briskly—

"I am Miss Granger-Simpson."

Dan turns and recognizes her, "breathlessly and solemnly." "Yes—I see," he says. "Why, I thought more of your father than I ever thought of anybody else in my life, but—but it's your *mother* I think you *look* like! You don't remember *her* at *all*, I expect."

ETHEL—Do you think we might avoid the *personal* note? I believe it would be pleasanter.

PIKE—I don't see how it's possible to avoid—altogether, that is.

ETHEL—Will you please sit down?

PIKE—All right.

ETHEL—As you know, I—I—oh, are you *really* my guardian?

PIKE (*a little apologetically*)—I've got the papers in my suitcase.

ETHEL—We certainly didn't expect—

PIKE—I know. You thought I'd be considerably older. It may seem queer to you, but your father and I took a liking to each other from the time when I was only a little boy on a farm that he owned. When I began to practice law, he put all his legal business in my hands right away. That was trusting me with a good deal. Well—he kept on trusting me—that's all.

ETHEL—I never understood my father.

PIKE (*gently*)—No. *He* knew that. He was just a plain sort of man—maybe that's why I understood him better than his own children did. *He* knew you didn't want to be at home with him. I liked being with him, myself. (*Chuckles.*) I guess he and I must have played more than a million games of checkers.

ETHEL (*with cold distaste*)—Do you suppose that's why he made you my guardian?

PIKE (*with a plaintive smile*)—Well—might-a been! Of course I did win a few lawsuits for him, too, and—well, I expect you prob'ly don't take the home papers?

ETHEL—No. Why?

PIKE—Well, if you did, you'd— Well—nothing. Anyhow, your father did appoint me, and I've put in a good deal of time looking after your estate. And I've got my practice, besides, you see, and it's pretty good—well, that doesn't matter, except it's why I never came over here to see you. But when I got your letter, seventeen days ago, I had a talk with myself.

ETHEL (*annoyed*)—Oh, did you?

PIKE—Yes; I said to myself: "What are you doing in Kokomo? John Simpson trusted you with more than his property: he trusted you with his daughter. *Now* she's come to a jumping-off place in her life! She's thinking of getting married. Isn't it about time you packed your grip and hiked over there to stand *by* her?"

ETHEL—Oh, dear me! Perhaps I'd better make it clear that I'm no longer *thinking* of marrying—

PIKE (*with quiet, deep relief*)—Is that so? I'm certainly glad to—

ETHEL—I mean it's been decided upon. The wedding will be here at Taormina, and very soon.

PIKE (*swallowing*)—Oh—will it?

ETHEL—There's no reason for delay.

PIKE—Well, I don't know that I could rightly say anything against that. He must be a mighty nice fellow, and you must think a lot of him! That's the way it should be. And you're happy—are you?

ETHEL—Distinctly!

For a moment Daniel is worried. He thinks perhaps the young man he has been talking to is Ethel's fiancé. He is both relieved and startled to learn that Horace is only her brother. He doesn't remember Horace as a child. He remembers Ethel, probably because her father had given him a picture of her he has been carrying ever since. Now he would like to meet her young man.

As to that, Ethel doesn't think such a meeting is at all necessary. In fact she is quite free in suggesting that it probably would have been better for all concerned if Mr. Pike had remained in Kokomo. From the tone of her voice Dan can see that she is afraid he may mortify her. He doesn't mind. And as to his friend, the "Colonel," he isn't a "person"—he's a friend. Daniel had met him on the dock at Palermo—

As to the settlement—Ethel has attended to that, too. Her guardian could as easily have sent his consent by mail. "This isn't a Kokomo wedding, Mr. Pike," Ethel would explain. "It's what is sometimes called an alliance." Daniel is puzzled, but does not stop her. "Of course it's not your fault you're not man of the world enough to understand such things without explanation—I'll try to remember that—but a girl who enters into such an alliance as this is expected to bring her *dot*."

PIKE—Her what?

ETHEL (*weariedly furious*)—A dowry!

PIKE—Money, you mean?

ETHEL—If you choose to put it that way.

PIKE (*puzzled*)—You mean you want to put aside something of your own to buy a house and fix up a place to start—

ETHEL (*interrupting sharply*)—I mean a settlement upon my fiance directly.

PIKE—You mean you want to *give* it to him?

ETHEL—If that's the only way to make you understand, *yes!*

PIKE—How much do you want to give him?

ETHEL—A hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

PIKE—Pounds?

ETHEL—Pounds.

PIKE—Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

ETHEL—Precisely that!

PIKE (*solemnly*)—He must be the Prince of the World! I expect you're right about my not meeting *him*. I prob'ly wouldn't stack up very high alongside of a man that's big enough for you to care *that* much for him. Why, I'd have to squeeze every bit of property your father left you.

ETHEL—Is it your property?

PIKE—I've worked pretty hard to take care of it for you.

ETHEL (*rising and going to him*)—Forgive me for saying that.

PIKE (*meaning he doesn't mind*)—Oh, pshaw!

ETHEL—I *don't* want to be irritated into mere petty exhibitions of temper, at a time like this, just when I've—

PIKE—Just when you've what?

ETHEL—Just when I've taken a great step toward doing a great thing.

PIKE (*mildly inquiring*)—"A great"— Oh, yes. Have you talked with the young man about this present you want to make him?

ETHEL—Not with him.

PIKE—I thought not. You'll see, he wouldn't take it if I'd let you give it to him. He'll want to make his own way, of course. Mighty few men like to have everybody talking about their living on their wife's money.

ETHEL—Oh, I *can't* make you understand! A *settlement* is not a *gift*.

PIKE—How'd you happen to decide that just a hundred and fifty thousand pounds was what you wanted to give him?

ETHEL—It was his *father* who fixed the amount.

PIKE—His *father*? What's he got to do with it?

ETHEL—He is the Earl of Hawcastle, the head of Almeric's *house*.

PIKE—And he asks you for your property—asks you for it in so many words?

ETHEL—As a settlement.

PIKE—And the young man knows it?

ETHEL—I tell you I have not discussed it with him.

PIKE—I thought not! Do you know what's the first thing he'll do when he hears his father's made such a proposition to you? He'll take the old man out in the back yard and tie him down and run their lawnmower over him till there won't be enough left to rake up.

Now there is more excitement in the street. The carabinieri are in pursuit of a bandit they think may have hidden in a grotto under the cliff. Presently Almeric appears with a shotgun. He

also has joined the chase. Ethel would introduce Almeric to her guardian.

"Hello—it's the oxen driver, isn't it?" chuckles Almeric. "Hope you don't mind my having ragged you a bit about that. You'll have to see the Governor and our solicitor about the settlement. I'm rather supposed gracefully to keep out of *that*, aren't I? Don't mind my toddlin'. The carabinieri seem to be running down a bandit or somebody and I want to be in at the death. Yoicks! Tantivy, oh—tantivy!"

"Seven hundred and— Say—how much do they charge over here for a real man?" The curtain falls.

ACT II

That afternoon, in a corner of the entrance garden of the hotel, Daniel Voorhees Pike is tinkering with the motor car of his friend. It is a pretty spot, near a gate in a seven-foot wall that encloses the garden. The wall is covered with vines beginning to show autumn tints. At the back is a white columned pergola with an awning formed by green painted strips intertwined with lemon branches bearing fruit. There are lowered awnings at all the hotel windows. A Venetian well and a marble bench add to the picture.

Daniel is whistling softly as he works. The tune is "June Brought the Roses" whenever he strikes it. He is wearing a workman's long blue blouse and is bending over the engine when Horace Granger-Simpson comes through the gate at the back. Horace is flushed and angry, but is controlling himself with an effort at politeness.

He has come to have a talk with Mr. Pike. He begins by recalling to his sister's guardian that Ethel has most graciously presented him (Pike) to all her fiancé's family—to the Earl of Hawcastle, his father; to Lady Creech, his aunt, and to Almeric, the fiancé himself.

Dan remembers Almeric. A little while back he was helping the Italian Army hunt a bandit. He hopes Almeric can play the saxophone. He certainly ought to be able to do something. Another member of the Earl's party who interests Daniel is Mme. de Champagne. Where does she come in? She is a widow—but is she engaged to be married, or anything, to the Earl? This kind of curiosity simply disgusts Horace—

"The type you belong to is always shouting that '100 percent American' stuff at us, and at Europe," sneers Horace.

"You mean when I was talking to the Colonel this morning?" draws Pike. "Why, I wasn't criticizing Europe; I was only criti-

cizing myself for being here."

"You make Europe laugh at us—you're precisely the type my sister and I are trying to get away from. You don't understand anything that isn't based on dollars!"

"You don't think the people over here care for—any—dollars?"

"Confound it, man, these people are the fine flower of Europe. And you're presuming to interfere between my sister and them."

"Well, I don't know that the folks around Kokomo ever used to speak of your father as a 'fine flower,' but everybody thought a lot of him, and, according to what I've always heard, when he married your mother he was so glad to get her—that—well, I never heard yet that he asked for any settlement."

"You are impossible."

"The fact is, when she took him he was a poor man, but if he'd had seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, I'll bet he'd have given it for her."

"I warn you we shall act without paying the slightest attention to you," warns Horace, triumphantly. "What have you to say to that?"

Dan calmly gives two blasts on the auto horn. "The horn seems to be all right," he says.

Lady Creech and Almeric come through the gate and go into the hotel. Presently Monsieur Le Blanc has appeared. He is impressed by Daniel's industry and skill. "My friend, you are teaching me to respect your country," he says; "not for what you brag, but by what you do. I see how a son of that great democracy can apply himself to a dirty machine while his eyes are full of visions of one of its beautiful daughters."

"Colonel, you've got too much engine for your back axle. Will you please go get some of the help to give you a little clean bunch of rags?"

"What is it you ask me to do?"

"I want some more rags."

"My friend, I obey," says the amused Le Blanc, and is gone.

Mariano has come in some excitement to close the gate. The carabinieri are closing in on the escaped convict and have ordered all gates closed for an hour. Presently blasts from police whistles are heard. At that moment a knife blade is thrust between the two sections of the gate and the cross-bar is lifted. A second later Georgeopolis eases himself through the gate and turns at once to fussing with the flowers, his back to Pike. He is "a thin fragile man of 38, haggard and worn; he has a four-days beard; his trousers and shoes are muddy." Outside the carabinieri can be heard rushing past the gate.

Georgeopolis is pretending to prune the roses. Lady Creech appears in a window above. Presently Daniel notices the newcomer. This must be pruning time in Italy, and Georgeopolis must be the gardener, as, indeed, Georgeopolis insists he is. He thinks, however, that he had better be going now. He starts through the garden, but quickly changes his mind. He would try the hotel, but finds that way also barred. Finally he must throw himself upon the mercy of the American. Dan is interested.

PIKE—Funny! You don't look like any such hi-jackin' wild-cat they'd have to call out two companies o' the National Guard to coax you back to jail.

GEORGEOPOLIS (*with desperate simplicity*)—You help me?

PIKE—I've got trouble enough of my own over here already.

GEORGEOPOLIS (*frankly desperate*)—Listen! American good people.

PIKE—How do *you* know?

GEORGEOPOLIS—When I was sixteen I went to America to work, so I could learn the language. I work two year Urbana.

PIKE (*incredulous, but excited*)—Urbana, *Ohio*? Why, you're almost a Hoosier.

GEORGEOPOLIS—I am old courier, educated man. I am foreigner here, same as you. In Sicily, no justice. After eight year I get away. I won't go back.

PIKE—Where do you want to go?

GEORGEOPOLIS—America!

PIKE—You can't. We hardly got jail-room enough for ourselves lately. Had to shut the doors.

GEORGEOPOLIS—South America I go to. Else you see me kill myself. If they touch me I do that. (*Indicates he will cut his throat.*)

PIKE—Seems to me I heard some talk of a bandit.

GEORGEOPOLIS (*hurried, desperate, plaintive, hushed*)—I am old courier, I tell you! I knew Americans once would give a man one chance. Twenty minute? It's all. They don't know me except from photograph. Photograph in prison clothes. Don't look like me. Twenty minute?

PIKE (*slowly taking off his working blouse*)—I don't believe I ought to. I don't believe I can do anything for you. (*Tosses blouse on car. There are knocks on the gate.*)

GEORGEOPOLIS—I only ask you not to do anything at all. (*Bells are rung in the hotel.*)

PIKE (*with a glance at the blouse*)—Well, maybe I could go that

far. I don't know. (*Examining the blouse.*) I certainly did get this old jumper mighty dirty. Look here! Do you know anything about an automobile?

GEORGEOPOLIS—Nothing!

PIKE—Then you're a chauffeur, all right. (*GEORGEOPOLIS seizes the blouse and puts it on.*)

Mariano has come running in to open the gate and carry on an excited conversation with the carabinieri, who are holding back a crowd of citizens. The soldiers would also question Daniel, but he can't understand them. "Tell 'em to go on up Main Street with their Knights o' Pythias parade. I don't speak it."

"It is the bandit of Palermo," Mariano explains. "They think he climb the wall, the assassin. The other carabinieri, they surround wall yonder—these two they search here. They ask you, please, have you seen him climb the wall?"

No, Mr. Pike has not seen anyone climb the wall. Nor anyone cross the garden. The man working on the car? "He's a Swede," says Pike. "Didn't you hear the Colonel say he'd telephoned for a new Swedish chauffeur from Naples?"

Mariano explains to the carabinieri and they withdraw with profuse apologies. A moment later Dan must also explain to Monsieur Le Blanc. That isn't so easy. "My friend, do you realize the penalty for protecting a criminal from arrest?"

"I can't help it now, Colonel; I'm committed to it. He used to live in Urbana."

Now the carabinieri are back. They have found no one. Yet a man must have come in that garden. What about the chauffeur? How long has Monsieur known the chauffeur? "Did you tell me you'd had him for a chauffeur three years ago all summer?" Dan inquires. "I can't be mistaken about your having said that, can I, Colonel?"

"You have heard my friend say it," says Monsieur Le Blanc.

"Monseigneur graciously consents that I reveal his incognito to the carabinieri?" inquires Mariano.

"Is it necessary?"

"Otherwise I fear they will not withdraw."

"Very well, tell them, but I rely on them to—"

"Monseigneur, they will be discreet."

After Mariano has whispered to them, the carabinieri withdraw. Georgeopolis would thank his deliverers gracefully and make a run for it, but Monsieur Le Blanc must first know something of his story. "My American friend has too impulsively placed himself—"

in danger of the penal code of Italy," says Monsieur. "Perhaps you will be so good as to let us know for what he has incriminated himself."

GEORGEOPOLIS—You are Italian gentleman—an officer?

LE BLANC—I am waiting.

GEORGEOPOLIS—I am a Greek. My name is Georgeopolis.

PIKE (*not meaning to be funny*)—George who?

GEORGEOPOLIS—Georgeopolis. It is one name; Georgeopolis. I was courier, a professor of the languages and archaeology. I conduct parties to Timgad; to Girgenti, Rome, Cairo—anywhere you wish to go. Courier! Yes, sir! Brigand, *no!*

PIKE—How'd you get in trouble?

GEORGEOPOLIS—A very old, old way. I had a pretty wife!

LE BLANC—Ah!

GEORGEOPOLIS (*bitterly*)—I was courier for a man—very kind to me. Spend money like water. In Athens come to live at my 'ouse. I am *flatter!* He like to joke with my pretty young wife—*he*, the *great* man! He send me to Cairo to buy him some scarab. When I come back—

PIKE (*impulsively*)—*Gone*—by the light o' the moon! I guessed it.

GEORGEOPOLIS—Gentlemens, I jus' go crazy. I hear they are gone to Sicily and I find them in a villa at Palermo. Gentlemens, I was *very* crazy then! I shot him.

LE BLANC—Finish him?

GEORGEOPOLIS (*emphatically*)—No! He walk the streets again with my wife on his arm w'en I begin my sentence. Twenty-four years in prison—that is my sentence.

LE BLANC (*frowning*)—What? Such a sentence here in Sicily for an *injured husband*? I don't credit you, man.

GEORGEOPOLIS (*explaining*)—My wife face me in the court—she swear he had *pay* me—for her—she swear I come ask for *more*, and shoot him because I don' get it. They believe *her*. I got no friend in Sicily. She want to kill me because I hurt that man. Twenty-four year!

LE BLANC—He was still in the hospital when your wife gave evidence against you?

GEORGEOPOLIS (*excited*)—You know my case? You *do* know it.

LE BLANC—I'm afraid the point for my friend here is that by your own confession to us you're an escaped convict.

GEORGEOPOLIS (*with desperation*)—Well—I ask him for twenty minute.—He give it to me. Well—all right—I go now.

PIKE—Where are you going?

GEORGEOPOLIS (*touching his throat*)—I still got a remedy if they get me.

LE BLANC (*coldly*)—I do not think you can get away.

PIKE (*to LE BLANC*)—Why, Colonel, he's *got to now* on your *account!* You've just made yourself one of his confederates!

LE BLANC—Upon my soul, so I have! My friend, from my first sight of you in the hotel at Palermo, I saw that you were a great man.

PIKE—What are you doing? Running for Congress?

LE BLANC—I do not think that the carabinieri went away without suspicion.

GEORGEOPOLIS—They will watch every way out from the hotel. If I could find some hole till after the dark comes—

PIKE—Why, the Colonel here's got the whole lower floor of this wing—you're his chauffeur—

LE BLANC—I was about to suggest it. I have a room that can easily be spared.

GEORGEOPOLIS—You are good friends to me, gentlemens, I never—

PIKE—Don't waste time talking about *that*.

LE BLANC—My valet-de-chambre will attend to this person's needs.

Monsieur Le Blanc, Pike and Georgeopolis have gone into the hotel when Lady Creech comes hurriedly in search of Lord Hawcastle. She finds Horace and Mme. de Champigny, but not her brother, and goes back to continue her search for him.

Horace has been asking Mme. de Champigny's advice about how he and Ethel can convince the Pike person that he should conduct their affairs as they want him to. It is Mme. de Champigny's advice that the dear children should stand up to Mr. Pike as his masters.

Excitement is continuing about the escaped bandit. Lady Creech has reported what she has seen from her window, and Almeric is back from the village with the news that the place is filled with the carabinieri, who insist the bandit is still in the immediate vicinity. Lord Hawcastle would have Almeric seek out his fiancée and ask her if she will be good enough to come into the garden.

Now Dan Pike has reappeared and the others quickly withdraw. All save Lord Hawcastle. He would, if Mr. Pike is willing, like to talk to Ethel's guardian about Almeric, but Dan isn't interested. "I don't want to talk any more about him with you—I don't want to hurt your feelings," he says.

"I am already accustomed to your delicacy of sentiment, Mr. Pike. But upon the topic of your ward's wishes—"

"I can't talk about it with anybody but her."

When Ethel appears Lord Hawcastle greets her with the hope that she will have another talk with their strangely prejudiced friend about the subject so dear to them all, and then discreetly withdraws.

Ethel's attitude toward her guardian is less than friendly. She is additionally perturbed when Dan tells her that he has had a letter from Jim Cooley, American vice-consul at London, to whom he had written to make certain inquiries about the Hawcastles. To have written of her private affairs to a stranger Ethel considers indelicate, to say the least, but Dan is not worried. He would have wanted to know about Ethel's friends, even were Lord Hawcastle the Governor of Indiana himself.

It isn't Daniel's idea that there is anything in the letter from Cooley that Ethel shouldn't see. He is willing that she should read it first. But he would not be surprised if she learned some things that would not be pleasant. He hands her the letter, which she reads:

ETHEL—"Dear Dan: The Earldom of Hawcastle is one of the oldest in the Kingdom and the holders of title have distinguished themselves in the forefront of English battles, from Agincourt and Crecy to the Armistice. The present incumbent lives somewhere in Italy and has spent so much of his life out of England that I haven't been able to find out much about him. Nothing in his English record is seriously against him, though he is rather shot to pieces financially. His son, the Honorable Almeric, is said to be rather a blasé and world-weary young man, but there's no objection whatever to be alleged against his character. That's all I've been able to learn." (ETHEL rises.) A terrible indictment! So that was what you counted on to convince me of my mistake?

PIKE (*ruefully*)—Yes; it was!

ETHEL—Do you assert there is one word in this seriously discreditable to the reputation of *anybody*?

PIKE—No.

ETHEL—And remember, it's the testimony offered by your own friend—by your own detective!

PIKE—Yes, but he doesn't seem to be much of a detective.

ETHEL—I shall tell Lord Hawcastle that you will be ready to take up the matter of the settlement the moment his solicitor arrives.

PIKE—I wouldn't do that.

ETHEL—After this, have you any further objection to my alliance with—

PIKE (*dryly and sadly*)—It isn't an "alliance" you're after.

ETHEL—Then what *am* I—"after"?

PIKE—You're after something there isn't anything *to*, and if I'd let you buy what you want with your money—and your whole life—you'd find it as empty as the morning after Judgment Day.

ETHEL—Would I?

PIKE—Don't you have any doubt about my understanding what you think of me.

ETHEL—I haven't.

PIKE—You think this—"How could that small-town American lawyer understand *me*?" Yet I've seen a girl go through just the same thing at home.

ETHEL (*scornful*)—What?

PIKE—I used to go to school with her in the country: name was Annie Hoffmeyer and her father was a good carpenter. When they moved up to Kokomo, Annie couldn't get into the Kokomo Ladies' Thackeray Club, so she got her father to give her the money to marry Artie Seymour. Artie was a minister's son—and he *was!* That was two years ago. Annie's working at the station candy-stand now while Artie's busy—busy drinking up what's left of old Hoffmeyer's settlement.

ETHEL—You say you understand. And you couple a tippling yokel with a gentleman of distinction like Almeric.

PIKE—Distinction? I didn't know he was distinguished.

ETHEL—His ancestors have fought with glory on every field of battle from Crecy and Agincourt to the Crimea.

PIKE—I don't think you'd see much of *them*, would you?

ETHEL—He bears their name.

PIKE—Yes, and it's the name you want. And I'd let you buy it if it would make you happy—if you didn't have to take the people with it.

ETHEL—The "people"?

PIKE—Don't you *know* they're *all* counting on what your father left me to turn over to *you*—not to them?

ETHEL (*tensely, almost furiously*)—Do you want me to *hate* you for making me explain it's an exchange? I'm getting the privilege of making a great name mine to hold up. Don't you see any value in that?

PIKE—I don't put a money value on it; no. But I think so much of it that I know John Simpson's daughter doesn't need anybody

else's to help her out. She's fine enough and I think she's sweet enough, and I know from the way she goes for *me* that she's brave enough to stand on her own feet.

The serenaders are passing outside the wall on their way to the Greek theatre. They are singing "Addio Bella Signora." The music makes Dan a little sad and sets him thinking of the simple pleasures of home. Reminds him, too, that coming over on the boat he had thought perhaps he would be hearing Ethel sing some of the old songs one day—"Sweet Genevieve," for instance. Does Ethel know "Sweet Genevieve"? She does, but she thinks it is rather Victorian. She doesn't think she would enjoy singing it.

To get back to the subject of the settlement, Ethel repeats that she has given Almeric her promise; that so far as she is concerned it is forever; that if she cannot marry with her guardian's consent she will marry without it. Furthermore she expects Dan to give his consent, now that he has learned the worst from that terrible letter. As she looks at the letter again, she sees that she has not finished it. There is an "over" at the foot of the page. She turns to this and begins to read: "I'm sorry old man Simpson's daughter got so—" She stops abruptly and drops the letter on the bench beside her. "The rest of this is personal to yourself," she says, with some anger; "please remember I have not read it."

She has started out as Dan picks up the letter and begins to read. Before he has finished Ethel disappears. "I'm sorry old man Simpson's daughter got so Europeanized," Dan reads. "I haven't forgotten how you always kept that picture of her on your desk. The old man thought so much of you I had an idea he hoped she'd come back home some day and marry (*reads on incredulously and with some embarrassment*) marry some unornamented Hoosier or other. (*Shakes his head ruefully.*) I don't wonder you said you hadn't— (*Looks around and discovers she isn't there.*) Oh!"

Horace and Lord Hawcastle have come from the hotel. Ethel has told them the result of her interview. If that is true—and Dan assures them it is—Lord Hawcastle, with some firmness, finds himself compelled to take another course. He has been devoting the afternoon, his Lordship reports, to confirming the penalty prescribed by Italian law "for conniving at the escape or concealment of certain unfortunates—ah—wanted by the police."

"Believe me, I didn't wish to be interested," protests Lord Hawcastle. "In the course of a rather hard-pushed career one does some things one wishes one weren't quite pushed to do, it's true; but

one doesn't become so calloused as to *like* doing them. I'm really not such a hard fellow, Mr. Pike, as perhaps you'll think me."

PIKE—I'll take your word for it.

HAWCASTLE—I'd *much* rather we'd not been so hard-pushed as, frankly, we are, and when Providence simply *hurls* a weapon into the hands of a man as hard-pushed as *I* am—well, one can't blame one's self too much for using it. I'd merely be a fool if I *didn't* use it, Mr. Pike.

PIKE—All right. Use ahead.

HAWCASTLE—Italian jails, I regret to say, are not what they should be, Mr. Pike.

PIKE—Well, being in jail any place isn't much like an Elks' Carnival. (MARIANO *has come from the hotel with torch to light the lamp on wall near the gates.*)

HAWCASTLE—Mariano!

MARIANO—Milor'?

HAWCASTLE—Mariano, do you happen to know what the prison term is, here in Sicily, for helping to evade the police?

MARIANO—Oh, if they catch you—sometime they don't—but if—

HAWCASTLE—I mean when they do catch you.

MARIANO—Oh, Fascisti—Judge give you maybe two year—maybe three year—maybe five year—maybe fifteen year—maybe twenty—

PIKE—Maybe what? Never mind! Don't go on! Some of you people over here never seem to know when to quit talking.

MARIANO (*going into the hotel*)—Yes, sir.

HAWCASTLE (*quietly but significantly*)—There, Mr. Pike. Imagine that some too kind-hearted American and a friend of his had deceived the officers of the law and were now sheltering a fugitive—say in that lower suite yonder—anybody in so dangerous a position certainly wouldn't want to make enemies, would he? Especially not of people whose simple *duty required them* to mention their suspicions, would he? He'd need to keep everybody around him *friendly*, wouldn't he?

PIKE—Talk plain; talk plain!

HAWCASTLE—Well, frankly then, your mere prejudices can't be allowed to stand in our way, my dear chap. Now, remembering how necessary it *may* be for you to have only friends about you, don't you agree it will be better for you to think our whole matter over, Mr. Pike.

PIKE—How long will you give me?

HAWCASTLE—My poor dear man, I'm not—what do you clever people call it—"holding you up!" I'm only suggesting that you think it over—oh, *any* time—any time fairly soon.

PIKE (*a little sharply*)—How soon?

HAWCASTLE—Oh, I'll hope to have a glimpse of you, say this evening after dinner. By that time—

PIKE—By that time I've got to give you my answer?

HAWCASTLE—Perhaps you'd prefer to give it sooner, Mr. Pike? Don't you think you might right now?

PIKE—No. Right *now*, I feel the way the little American animal did.

HAWCASTLE—The what?

PIKE—It's a little one hundred percent American animal we call the polecat. The porcupine had been stinging him and stinging him all day, and the polecat began to feel he just couldn't stand much more of it. Finally the porcupine walked up close to him. "You goin' to do what I tell you to?" he said. "Because if you don't I'm goin' to shoot every last quill I got right into you!" "All right, you go ahead and shoot," the polecat told him. "But I want to say one thing before you begin," he said. "Right *now* you're makin' a horrible mistake standin' this close to me an' talkin' about it."

His tone is vigorous and indignant. Hawcastle, after a brief glance at him, turns rather decisively and goes into the hotel. The curtain falls.

ACT III

That evening Daniel Voorhees Pike is waiting in the handsome private salon assigned to Monsieur Le Blanc. He is sitting before a large fireplace in which a fire is burning, throwing shadows on the walls of the salon, paneled in Louis XV style. Beyond huge double doors at back a brilliantly lighted conservatory can be glimpsed, with one or two small coffee tables among the palms. Somewhere an orchestra is playing "Addio Bella Signora."

Presently Monsieur Le Blanc arrives, flanked by a couple of valets who turn on the lights. Monsieur is surprised and pleased to find his friend Pike waiting, but sorry to hear that he (Pike) has been "sitting on a volcano." The volcano, it appears, is the American's fear that he has got them all into a hole—Monsieur Le Blanc, Georgeopolis and himself.

It appears, reports Dan, that someone was watching from the hotel window when he and Monsieur Le Blanc befriended Georgeopolis. Now that somebody threatens to inform the authorities unless he, Pike, agrees to demands in which Ethel Simpson is involved.

"The young lady's father trusted me to look after her," Pike ex-

plains, "and if I won't agree to let her pay seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for— (*Fumbles in his pocket.*) Wait a minute. He gave me his card this afternoon. (*Producing it with a feeble chuckle.*) For the Honorable Almeric Saint Ullbaines—"

"Ah! You refer to the son of Lord Hawcastle?"

"I expect so. Well, if I don't agree to do that it seems George goes back to jail in Palermo; and you and I go *with* him!"

"He threatens that?"

"He'll *do* that! He isn't going to wait too *long*, either. He won't take the chance of anything slipping. I'm looking for something painful any minute."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I *can't* do what they *want* me to, even to let you and George out. It isn't my money. All I can do is to ask you to forgive me, and warn you to get away before they come down on me. They've got me. You see how it stands: *George* can't get away—"

"No; I think he can't."

"Why, they've got this militia all around the place."

"Yes, I passed through the cordon of carabinieri as I came in."

"But right now *you* can come and go as you like."

"So can you."

"No; I doubt it." Dan is shaking his head dubiously. "Anyhow, I got business here— Oh, you know! But, as for you—"

"As for me—I shall go," admits Monsieur Le Blanc. He crosses the room, rings for a valet, summons Georgeopolis and acquaints him with the situation. As matters stand it will be impossible for either of them to do anything more for the fugitive. It is possible that he (Le Blanc) will be permitted to leave. He is going to make the attempt.

Georgeopolis is sure Monsieur Le Blanc will make it. He is not a Frenchman; he is an Italian, maybe. Le Blanc does not reply directly. He does admit that he has recalled something about Georgeopolis' trial. For one thing he remembers that Mrs. Georgeopolis was not a Greek, but a French woman. Georgeopolis remembers, too. "I am crazy! Marry damn French girl!" he shouts.

"And the man, I think I recall, was a noble?"

"He was in that class—noble, but no title. His name was Stubbins . . . Stubbins! Stubbins! Damn, *damn* Stubbins!"

"You can't blame him," suggests Dan. "Stubbins would certainly be a terrible name for anybody to have your wife run away with!"

Stubbins, Monsieur Le Blanc is willing to admit, is most strange. And now he is ready to go. He will leave friend Pike with his

riddle. "But think how much has Europe been told of the resourcefulness of your people," he reminds Dan. "You are always equal to anything, we learn. I hope you will prove it true. But as for me, I am *not* resourceful. You think Naples a safe place for me: I depart. *Au plaisir, mes amis!*"

"Good-by, Colonel, and take care of yourself."

"To our next meeting!"

Le Blanc is no sooner out of the room than Georgeopolis excitedly repeats his conviction that Monsieur is an Italian. Probably an Italian officer. How otherwise would he remember those things about the trial? It is plain to Georgeopolis that his doom is set. It was an evil day when he came into that room.

Dan is less discouraged. They may both lose, but they are not going to lie down like a couple of doormats and let their enemies step on them. "We're going to raise till they call us!" announces Dan. "That's all you can do when you haven't got anything in your hand."

There is a knock on the door. Dan quickly sends Georgeopolis back into the other room. A moment later Mariano appears to announce Lady Creech, who can be seen standing with Lord Hawcastle when the doors are opened. Her ladyship came through no choice of her own; it is her brother-in-law who has insisted that she shall see Mr. Pike and put Miss Granger-Simpson's case to him quite frankly. As for herself, Lady Creech would not raise a finger to save Mr. Pike from any penalty he might incur at the hands of the authorities. She would, however, shield Ethel from any unpleasantness that might be threatening—

"I say, this young lady, who seems to be technically your ward but who is considered by all of us who understand her infinitely more, *my* ward—"

"Go on, ma'am."

"She came to me something more than a year ago."

"Did *she* come to *you*? Are you sure about that?"

"I suppose it is your intention to be offensive."

"No, ma'am; I didn't mean to be at all. But, you see, I've handled all her accounts, and her payments to you—"

"We are convinced," Lady Creech is quick to add, "that you have a preposterous sentimental interest yourself in Miss Granger-Simpson."

Dan is amused. That he might aspire to such romantic heights is reasonable, but certainly her Ladyship must realize that he could have no hope. Lady Creech is not so sure. Americans are strange creatures. Frequently they achieve the oddest ambitions. But if

Mr. Pike should stand in the way of Ethel's lifting herself higher, he will be taking the responsibility for her health. Disappointment does sometimes kill, he is warned.

Dan is fully convinced that he understands all the Hawcastles have to offer Miss Simpson—an alliance with a name that for seven hundred years has been handed down from Crecy and Agincourt—the Saint Ullbaines family, no less. He also is sure he knows why Lady Creech has been sent to him by Lord Hawcastle. His Lordship wants an answer, and wants it pretty soon.

But there is another point that has occurred to Dan. What is Ethel going to think of the Hawcastles if they do what they say they'll do to him, if he refuses to do what they demand? Doesn't she suppose Ethel will notice that? Lady Creech is of the opinion that Ethel will consider it a painful duty that the Hawcastles had to go through with.

That's all Dan wants to know. Let Lady Creech return to her brother-in-law. "Tell him I've thought it over and I'll be ready to talk to him at any time after the next half hour. I'll talk to him in the presence of the young lady and her brother."

"Her brother—certainly! As for Miss Granger-Simpson—no!"

"No?"

"I shall not permit her to come near here. As her chaperone I refuse. I shall tell Lord Hawcastle."

"Any time after half an hour, and in this room."

"But Miss Granger-Simpson under no condition whatever!"

"Thank you."

Pike has closed the doors after Lady Creech, dashed across the room to the desk and hurriedly written a note. Calling Mariano, he dispatches the note to Miss Granger-Simpson, who, Mariano reports as walking on the terrace by herself. Then he calls Georgeopolis—

"I wanted to tell you I believe I've held them off for about a half hour, but I think then it will happen," he tells the Greek. "I didn't dare try for more time than that because I don't think they'll take many chances of your not being here when they say the word. Do you see any way of not being here?"

"No, I told you I am gone. It must be I offend some god of my Olympus."

Georgeopolis has his own version of what has happened. The Mafia had told him his wife was in Taormina. He had come. The gods let him get that close and then sent the carabinieri after him. There they are, by the gates. But! Who is that with the carabinieri? It is Monsieur Le Blanc! But the carabinieri speak

respectfully to Monsieur Le Blanc. Then it is true. Georgeopolis has been betrayed.

Dan refuses to believe this. He is more inclined to think that the police have arrested the poor old Colonel. Still, the fight is not over. It is his fight now. Let Georgeopolis go back into the room and be particularly careful not to try anything crazy.

A knock on the door announces the arrival of Ethel. She has come in answer to Pike's note, which seemed urgent. Dan would explain that he couldn't very well leave the room and that there are certain people coming there to see him that he wants Ethel to meet. These people would have kept her away if they could have done so. In fact, probably the whole fine flower of Europe would disapprove of her coming.

In that case Ethel doesn't think she should stay— But Dan is firm. She can stay, and, what's more, she's got to stay—

"I'm your guardian, and you'll obey me this once if you never do again," snaps Dan. "You'll stay here while I talk to these people, and you'll stay in spite of anything they say or do to make you go. I hate to speak roughly to you; I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but it's come to where I've got to use the authority I have over you."

ETHEL (*turning*)—Authority? Do you think—

PIKE—You'll stay here if I have to make Crecy and Agincourt look like a peace conference. You and your brother have soaked up a society column notion of life over here; you're like old Peter Delaney of Terre Haute. Poor old Pete got so he'd even drink tea out of a bottle if there was a whiskey label on it. They've muddled you with *labels*; and it's my business to have you know the kind of people you're dealing with.

ETHEL—You're bullying me. You're talking brutally to me.

PIKE—Do you think I'd do it for anything but you?

ETHEL—You are odious.

PIKE—Don't you suppose I know how you despise me?

ETHEL (*defiantly*)—I don't despise you.

PIKE (*indignantly*)—What? Why, every word you've said to me—

ETHEL (*interrupting*)—I don't care! I don't! I don't despise you. I think if I'd never left home I—

PIKE (*coldly*)—Well?

ETHEL—If I'd stayed home and grown up there, I'd probably have been a provincial flapper of the kind you prob'ly like—I'd prob'ly have been playing "Sweet Genevieve" for you tonight. But my life hasn't been *that*, thank Heaven! And you've humiliated

me from the moment of your coming here. You've made me ashamed both of you and of myself.

Pike is of the opinion that Ethel might also feel a little ashamed of people who would give up a poor, hunted jailbird to the law—the law, that had believed the wife who had lied about him, after running away with another man. These friends had seen Pike and his friend, the Colonel, give this hunted man a chance by hiding him in these rooms, and now they were ready to tell the authorities unless he (Pike) turns over to them both Ethel and most of the money her father had made for her. That will mean that both the jailbird and he will go to jail.

"You expect me to believe they'd do such a—" Ethel's voice rises angrily.

"You don't?"

"Oh, I knew you'd have some awful idea that would make everybody ashamed for me—to think you're in charge of me. Haven't you got any sense? Don't you know these are gentlefolk?"

There is a knock at the door. "I think the gentlefolk are here," says Dan. "Come in, gentlefolk."

Lady Creech, Lord Hawcastle and Almeric come into the room, Lady Creech going quickly and protectingly to Ethel. The others gather around, demanding that Ethel come away with them at once. Dan is still firm. Ethel will stay where she is for the present.

Now Mme. de Champigny has joined them. Their demands that Ethel leave the conference are increased and met defiantly by Dan. Let them tell her, if they will, why they mind her being there. He has already told her, but she doesn't believe it. Ethel repeats that she still refuses to believe that an English gentleman would stoop—

"Stoop?" In his excitement Dan is shouting. "Mr. Saint Ullbaines wouldn't stoop that far? Then, if he wouldn't, Mr. Saint Ullbaines doesn't *know* I've got anybody in that room there at all, or if he does know it, he doesn't intend to do anything about it even if I don't consent to what you all want. But if I *have* got the man in there and if I *don't* consent and Mr. Saint Ullbaines *does* send the Knights of Pythias in on us, then would you think he stooped? Because he certainly knows now that out of the choice he gave me, I'm still Hoosier enough to take jail."

HAWCASTLE (*irritated*)—Do you realize you've just admitted shielding a convict here? Is it "stooping" if we decline to violate the law of the country we're in? After what you've admitted,

if we shield you, we're all subject to the same penalty that *you* are. Do you expect me to let these ladies be arrested, too?

PIKE (*in desperate triumph to* ETHEL)—Do you believe me *now*? And that's what you're here to do, isn't it, Mr. Saint Ullbaines—to see that nobody's arrested except my jailbird and me? That's what you're going to do just about right now, isn't it?

HAWCASTLE—What else *can* we do since you've confessed, yourself—

PIKE—"Confessed!" You're not keeping your eye on the ball, Mr. Saint Ullbaines. I'm *proving* this to her! I'm claiming I've got him in there, Mr. Saint Ullbaines!

LADY CREECH (*breaking out fiercely*)—Stulbins, man. Stulbins! Stulbins!

PIKE—It isn't Saint Ull—

LADY CREECH—Stulbins! Stulbins!

PIKE—Is your grand old name Stubbins? Is it pronounced Stubbins? My soul! God does move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

LADY CREECH—Blasphemy now, is it?

HAWCASTLE—Haven't you finished this nonsense?

PIKE—Just about. (*To* ETHEL.) I told you of a man who stole a poor devil's wife and let her swear her husband into prison. Could you believe that of this man here? (*Indicating* HAWCASTLE.)

HAWCASTLE—What?

ETHEL (*angrily*)—Believe it of *him*?

PIKE—Yes, and that now he's going to send that *same* poor devil *back* to jail and me along with him for trying to help him. *Could* you believe it?

HAWCASTLE (*fiercely*)—Have you absolutely lost your senses?

PIKE—Either I have or I've got something for you. (*He goes to the door.*) George! There's somebody here says his name is Stubbins!

HAWCASTLE (*as* GEORGEOPOLIS *enters*)—Who's this? What? (*His voice is horror-stricken.*)

MME. DE CHAMPIGNY (*calling wildly to* HAWCASTLE)—My dearest! (*Then as* GEORGEOPOLIS *reaches her*) Oh, Mother of God! Don't kill me—don't kill me!

HORACE (*starting toward her*)—Madame de Champigny!

PIKE—You keep back. She's—his wife.

HAWCASTLE (*huskily*)—Almeric, call the carabinieri.

PIKE—Call them in. We're ready.

ALMERIC (*at door*)—Tell that officer to bring his men in here.

PIKE (*to* ETHEL)—But I want you always to remember, I consider it cheap at the price.

Monsieur Le Blanc has walked into the room, followed by Ribiere. "There will be no arrests tonight, my friends," he says calmly. As Hawcastle repeats his order that the police be called, Le Blanc continues: "The officers are not there. The carabinieri have been withdrawn." He turns to Pike. "For your sake I have relinquished my incognito. The man Georgeopolis is in my custody."

"By whose authority?" demands an excited Hawcastle. "Do you know that you are speaking to the Earl of Hawcastle?"

Ribiere moves over to face Hawcastle. "Gently, sir," he advises. "You are addressing His Highness, the Duke of Piedmont, Prince of Savoy, Count of Basilicata, Lieutenant General of Italian Cavalry, Governor of Romagna and cousin to the Royal House of Italy."

"Oh! And *think* of what *I've* been calling him!" Dan Pike is completely abashed.

"My friend, my study of you has been refreshing, simply refreshing," says His Highness, as he turns and leaves the room.

Ribiere touches Georgeopolis on the shoulder and indicates the door through which His Highness has disappeared. On his way out Georgeopolis passes Mme. de Champigny. "I won't touch you, even to strangle you!" he mutters. "You"—he has turned to face Hawcastle—"you—it's different. I'm going to pay you."

Mme. de Champigny has sunk into a chair. Almeric, at a sign from his father, goes to Ethel. "Nothing has changed between us, Almeric," she answers him. Then she turns, almost tearfully, to Pike. "*He* hasn't done anything wrong and he has my promise. Am I less bound to him because you've shown me the name I wanted to lift up is a disgrace?"

"What?"

"You want me to be honorable, don't you?"

"I guess you take after a great uncle of yours your father never told you about," says Dan, a plaintive, despairing note in his voice. "Old Linseed Simpson, that got hanged. When they asked him if he had anything to say, just before it—happened—he said, 'Yes. This may convince a whole lot of other people, but for my own part,' he said, 'I consider it practically no argument at all.'"

She is staring at him, open-mouthed and wondering. The curtain falls.

ACT IV

The next morning, on the terrace of the Hotel Regina Margherita, Lord Hawcastle is preparing to leave. A porter is strapping his bags. Mme. de Champigny, it appears, has already departed for Naples, taking his Lordship's heavier baggage with her. Hawcastle doesn't feel exactly comfortable, he tells Almeric, for all the Duke of Piedmont has taken over the responsibility of watching Georgeopolis. The Duke has a reputation for being quixotic.

Lord Hawcastle's fears are confirmed a moment later when Lady Creech appears to announce that Ethel has just told her that His Highness has already arranged a pardon for Georgeopolis by telegraph. More than that, Ethel has been acting very peculiarly this morning. She not only has been doing a lot of crying over Georgeopolis' story, but she even has sent the beggar money.

That news is good news to Almeric. To him, coming on top of her declaration that she intends going through with the marriage, it indicates that Ethel is planning to hush Georgeopolis up.

That, decides Lord Hawcastle, is exactly what has happened. For once Almeric has the right idea. But it could happen that Ethel would not be successful in buying Georgeopolis off. His Lordship will hurry on to Naples to be on the safe side.

Dan Pike gets in just in time to see Lord Hawcastle disappearing. His father has always been a great one to worry, Almeric explains. But as for himself, Almeric is not worried a bit. Feeling particularly chipper in fact. Hasn't Miss Granger-Simpson declared her intention of "sticking it"? Hasn't she been trying to "draw off your friend, the bad hat"? Hasn't he (Pike) taken her money to Georgeopolis? And hasn't Georgeopolis promised to keep quiet?

"Oh, that's what she sent the poor cuss the money for, was it?" Dan asks.

"Why, what other reason could there be?"

"You wouldn't gather that maybe it was because she thought he'd been wronged. Maybe?"

"I'm rather experienced, my chap. I don't look for quixotism. I'd say she shows she already identifies herself with *us* and shuts him up."

"Would you mind my being present when she thanks you for it?"

"I'm afraid you'd *never* understand us. We don't love wallowin' about in passionate gratitude, young fellow Pike, my lad."

"Oh, if I could only get you over to Kokomo!" There is a note of real sincerity in Dan's voice.

"Curious!" ponders Almeric. "You'd like to see me among your own wigwams—but I shouldn't be at all keen about treating Piccadilly to a sight of *you*. Daresay, we can muddle along amiably enough with these few differences between us. By-by."

Seeing Ethel approaching, Almeric decides that it would be tactful of him to withdraw. It is quite possible she will be wanting to consult her man of business again on certain matters.

Dan has gone to fetch Georgeopolis, who wants to thank Ethel for her interest in him, when Monsieur Le Blanc and the usual retinue of servants appears. He quickly dismisses the servants as he protests Ethel's deep courtesy. "Not you," he says.

"I have come to make my adieu to your guardian," Le Blanc explains. "Incognito or out of it, he is my very good friend—no matter if he is an egotist."

ETHEL—Egotist! I shouldn't call him exactly an egotist.

LE BLANC—Ah? So? What do you call him?

ETHEL—I—I call him—

LE BLANC—Bravo! I call him an egotist because he will not pretend to be something he is not. I respect your country in him, my dear young lady; he cares nothing whether I am a King or a commoner. He salaams no more to the one than to the other.

ETHEL—But don't you think we should show reverence? *Shouldn't* he salaam?

LE BLANC—Not if he is both brave-minded and humble-minded enough to see that he doesn't know *how*. In the coast towns of Algeria sometimes you see an Arab trying to wear our European clothes. He does not look well. In the desert you meet the barbarian Bedouin who is fiercely himself. He does not know our forms of courtesy but he may show you his own. I like him better.

ETHEL (*gently*)—Thank you. I'll remember you said that. (PIKE and GEORGEOPOLIS *are back*.)

LE BLANC (*to PIKE*)—I have come to bid you good-by, my friend. Life is a series of farewells, they say; but if you come to Rome, when I am there, you will be made welcome. Your Ambassador will tell you where to find me.

PIKE—And if you ever get out as far as Indiana, don't miss Kokomo—the station taxi-driver will tell you where to find me. You'd like it, Colonel. (*He is distressed by the word having slipped out*.)

LE BLANC—I'm sure I should.

PIKE—I don't even know how to call you rightly by name. Don't you ever think I don't understand how many things I don't know.

LE BLANC (*as they shake hands*)—No, my friend, but I have confided to you that you are a great man. But a great man is sure

to be set upon a pedestal by some pretty lady. (ETHEL *turns away*.) It is a great responsibility to occupy a pedestal. On that account—I depart in some anxiety for you.

PIKE—What do you mean?

LE BLANC—Ah, if you do not understand that, my friend—What is it you have taught me to say? Ah, yes! You have too much engine for your rear axle! (LE BLANC *nods gravely to GEORGEOPOLIS, kisses ETHEL's hand gallantly and exits.*)

GEORGEOPOLIS—Kind young lady—oh, kind:—I take what he gives me from you; I *must*—I've got nothing. I have been convict; no one take me as courier again. I go to London; maybe I can teach some languages.

ETHEL—Are you following Lord Hawcastle and your wife?

GEORGEOPOLIS—She is nothing. Exist no longer for me.

ETHEL—But Lord Hawcastle?

GEORGEOPOLIS—Ah, yes! He exist; I don't forget 'im! Where does a man suffer? (*Striking his head.*) I 'ave found out it is 'ere, 'ere! It is in the mind! That man, it is 'ere I can 'it 'im! (*Striking his head again.*) What does he own now that is worth something to 'im? Only 'is name; 'e is Milor'. Well, I am goin' tell everybody in the worl' what 'e has done to me! 'E shall not go in 'is club! That name of 'is, I am going to make it a *shame!* I will! God is goin' to 'elp me do that to 'im!

ETHEL (*with bent head*)—Yes.

GEORGEOPOLIS—I forget myself! I talk so ugly!

ETHEL (*huskily*)—No—you couldn't feel any other way, of course.

GEORGEOPOLIS—Miss, I thank you. (*Kisses her hand humbly.*) Miss, good-by! (*He shakes hands with PIKE, tries to speak, fails, and exits.*)

PIKE (*somewhat affected emotionally*)—I don't want you to think I don't understand there are plenty of fine people over here.

ETHEL (*gently*)—When you're home again, I hope you'll remember them.

PIKE—I will.

ETHEL—And I hope you'll forget everything I've ever said.

PIKE—Somehow it doesn't seem as if I very likely would.

ETHEL (*coming toward him*)—Oh, yes, you will! All those unkind things I've said to you—

PIKE—Oh, I'll forget *those*—easy!

ETHEL—Forget it all. And when you're among the home people again, that you like so well—I think prob'ly there's one of them you'll be gladdest of all to get back to—I can see her so easily

Doesn't she wait for you at her "front gate" in the twilight? Isn't she like that?

PIKE—No. Not like that.

ETHEL—But there *is* someone there? You— (*She pauses.*)

PIKE—Yes—there is "someone there." That is, in a *way*, she's there. Sometimes when I go home in the evening she kind of *seems* to be there. I live in an old house you were born in—as it just happens. It gets kind of lonesome sometimes and then I get to thinking she *is* there, sitting at a tiny old piano that used to be my mother's, and singing—

ETHEL—Singing "Sweet Genevieve"?

PIKE—Yes. *You*—sing—sometimes, don't you?

ETHEL—*Only* when I'm very happy.

PIKE—"Sweet Genevieve" has always been my favorite. I expect it isn't very good music—or anyway not much in fashion. But, after all, nobody does sing it for me—except on the radio—and when I imagine *she* does, I come *to* before long—and there isn't anybody there but me—and the cat. (*His tone is gently serious.*)

ETHEL—But you'll find the singer some day, and—well, I'll think of you listening to her voice in that nice warm American summer twilight you have over there. I *know* it's a sensible, kindly life—pretty different from my *own* destiny.

PIKE—What destiny is that?

ETHEL—Why, it's bound up with poor Almeric's, isn't it? He's got to make the world forget his father and think of *him*. He's got to have a career that will *do* that. He's got to hold up his own *work*—

PIKE (*mildly*)—Work?

ETHEL—You see I haven't absolutely forgotten my father. I'm afraid you've stirred something up in me that I *had* forgotten, though: I mean I—I seem to be—well—

PIKE—You seem to be what?

ETHEL (*in a low voice*)—I seem to be something of an—of an American, after all.

PIKE—Do you? Well, don't be afraid: nobody heard you but me and I won't tell on you.

Ethel doesn't like that. Immediately she is again on the defensive. The better American she is, the more reason for her to behave decently. She has been keeping out of Almeric's way this morning. That was cowardly. She will find him now and do what she can to help him keep his head in spite of what has happened. That is her duty. "I agree," mutters Dan. "It's your duty."

Horace, coming from the garden, is in time to hear his sister and to hear Dan agree that he is willing, as her guardian, to consent to Ethel's marriage. That everything now is in her hands. Settlement and all. Horace doesn't like that. His sister is "talking like a Victorian flapper" now, and he, for one, doesn't intend to permit her to throw herself away. A fine guardian Pike is! Has he gone crazy! Does he know what he's doing?

"Oh, I'm just crossing my Rubicon," says Dan. "If you're going to cross the Rubicon, cross it; don't wade out in the middle and stand there. You only get hell from both banks."

They have all gathered now to congratulate Ethel and speed the concluding arrangements. Lady Creech is willing to overlook all the little bickerings that have passed between her and Ethel. Almeric is happy to think that the Georgeopolis affair can now be lifted from his Governor's mind, since Ethel has fixed matters with the "bad hat." Even Ethel is impressed with Almeric's jauntiness in trouble, but she does think it is time he began to worry a little about something—

ETHEL—Don't you even see you've got to *do* something? That you've got to begin a career; that you've got to *work*?

ALMERIC (*smiling indulgently*)—Dear me! I really don't follow you. In the first place, there's the settlement.

ETHEL—Settlement! You talk of settlement, now.

LADY CREECH—Settlement, certainly there's the settlement.

ETHEL (*turning to* LADY CREECH)—What for?

LADY CREECH—You expect some day to be Countess of Hawcastle, don't you?

ETHEL—Do you think that had great weight with me—ever?

ALMERIC—Why—hasn't he told you—the only obstacle on earth between us was this fellow's consent to the settlement, and he's just given it.

ETHEL—Do you mean to say he's consented to *that*?

ALMERIC—Why, to be sure! He's just consented—with his own lips, didn't you?

PIKE—I did.

LADY CREECH—Don't you see—he's consented? Don't you hear?

ETHEL—I do and I don't believe my own ears. Yesterday when I wanted something I thought was of value, he refused. Today, when I know that what I wanted is worth less than nothing, he tells me to give my fortune for it. What kind of man is this?

LADY CREECH—But since he does tell you—

ETHEL (*fiercely*)—And what are you when, after last night, you

ask me for a settlement?

LADY CREECH—Would you expect to enter this family and *bring* nothing?

ETHEL (*with a half laugh, half sob*)—"Nothing?" That's your word for my offering my *life* to him?

ALMERIC (*hurriedly*)—No, indeed, my dear. But you see that's rather balanced by *my* life. It's like this, my dear. You want what we've got; we deucedly need what you've got. Well, you're upset just now by this mess the Governor got into, and you don't feel so liberal as you did. I'm sure the Governor'd wish me to say we shan't haggle.

ETHEL—You mean you'd be willing to accept a few thousand pounds less?

ALMERIC—I tell you I hate such awful ways of putting it. (*Desperately.*) Yes!

ETHEL (*crying out*)—Oh! That's the end of it for me!

ALMERIC (*sharply*)—Didn't you say you'd stick it?

ETHEL—To stand by you! To help you make yourself into something like a man! Now you ask me to pay for the privilege of making such a sacrifice— I'm released! I'm free! (*Pointing furiously at PIKE.*) I'm not that man's property to give away.

ALMERIC (*deliberately*)—You break your—

ETHEL (*wildly*)—Yes; I break it! Into ten thousand thousand pieces! Go find some other poor little goose. And as for you— (*she turns furiously upon PIKE*)—never presume to speak to me again.

ALMERIC (*to LADY CREECH*)—Most extraordinary creatures, aren't they?

LADY CREECH—Stop mumbling your words!

ETHEL (*to PIKE*)—What have you to say to me?

PIKE—Nothing.

ETHEL—What explanation have you to make?

PIKE—None.

ETHEL—That's because you don't care what I think of you. Oh, you've already shown that when you were willing to give me up to those people, and let me pay them for taking me. You let me romanticize to you about honor and duty—and you knew all the time it was *only* the money they were after. Didn't you understand me enough to see that your leaving me free to give it to them would make me free to deny everything to them if they demanded it? (*He looks at her.*) Oh, you mean you've given me another superior little lesson upon the unreality of my attitude toward these people—and toward life!

PIKE—No, no! I— No!

ETHEL—You'll always say that. It's like you. You let me make a fool of myself and then you show it to me! After that you deny it! You're always showing off your superiority. Would you do that to the girl you told me of, to the girl you fancy singing for you in your empty house at home? I think you'd better go back to her.

PIKE—She won't be there.

ETHEL (*tremulously*)—She might be.

PIKE—No. The house will still be empty.

ETHEL—Are you sure?

PIKE—It will be emptier than ever, now.

ETHEL—You might be wrong—for *once!*

There is a pause. Then the music of "Sweet Genevieve" is heard on a piano. Now Ethel is singing. Dan walks slowly across the terrace, pushes open the hotel door, and stands listening rapturously.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE PLAYS AND THEIR AUTHORS

"Barbara Frietchie," a drama in four acts, by Clyde Fitch. Copyright, 1900, by the author. Copyright and published, 1900, by Life Publishing Co., New York.

"The Climbers," a drama in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Copyright, 1900, by the author. Copyright and published, 1905, by The Macmillan Co., New York.

Clyde Fitch was born in Elmira, N. Y., May 2, 1865, and duly christened William Clyde Fitch. He had dropped the William long before he became known to fame. Much of his youth was spent in Schenectady, N. Y., and his schooling was gained in Hartford, Conn., in New Hampshire, and finally at Amherst College, where he not only was a moving spirit in drama circles, but also designed most of the scenery and costumes, and frequently played female parts in class productions. He was the Class Poet of '86. After graduation he went to New York in search of a job, and did various bits of writing until 1889, when Richard Mansfield engaged him to build a drama around the character of George Brummell. The play, "Beau Brummell," was the result, though how much of it should be credited to Fitch and how much to Mansfield has never been settled. It was a sore subject with both of them. Fitch's progress as a playwright continued through the 1890s, his generous output including "A Modern Match" in 1892, which Mr. and Mrs. Kendall afterward did in London under the title of "Marriage"; "His Grace de Grammont," which started Otis Skinner as an actor-manager in 1894; "Bohemia" in 1896; "Nathan Hale" in 1898; "Barbara Frietchie" in 1899. Through the 1900s he was the most prolific of American dramatists and one of the most successful, as noted earlier in this volume. Arthur Hobson Quinn ("A History of the American Drama") is of the conviction that Fitch reached the crest of his career with "The Truth," which Clara Bloodgood played in 1906. He continued working feverishly, writing "The City" in 1908-09, just before a last European trip. The play was produced posthumously. Fitch died in France, Sept. 4, 1909.

"If I Were King," a drama in four acts by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Copyright and published, 1901, as a novel; revised and copyright, 1922, by the author; copyright and published by Samuel French, New York.

Justin Huntly McCarthy will long be remembered as the author of "If I Were King," and probably only for that play, though his

activities as a writer and in politics were many. Born in Ireland in 1861, he followed in the footsteps of his father, Justin McCarthy, first in journalism, and later by getting himself elected a member of Parliament representing Athlone. He was educated at University College, and always had an itch for literature. In 1892 he quit politics and devoted himself to writing. "The Highwayman," "My Friend the Prince" and "The Wife of Socrates" were among his early plays. In 1894 he created a minor sensation by eloping with Marie Cecilia (Cissie) Loftus, daughter of an English music hall star. They came to America, where Miss Loftus divorced Mr. McCarthy in 1899. "If I Were King" was written in 1901, played by E. H. Sothern, and became a great popular success in both New York and London. Later it was made into the opera, "The Vagabond King," and played and sung to a new popularity by Dennis King. The McCarthy novels included "The Gorgeous Borgia," "The Illustrious O'Hagan" and "A Health Unto His Majesty." He died at his home in London in 1936.

"The Darling of the Gods," a drama in five acts by David Belasco and John Luther Long. Copyright, 1902, by the authors. Copyright, 1915, by David Belasco; copyright and published, 1928, by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

David Belasco was born in San Francisco in July, 1853, and his education began in a monastery in Victoria, whither his father and mother had moved in his early youth. Later he returned to San Francisco and entered grammar school. His father is reputed to have been on the stage in London, playing in pantomimes, and young David grew up devoted to the theatre. He played children's parts as a boy, and was later a sort of all-around stock actor and stage director. His early association with Dion Boucicault and James A. Herne spurred his determination to become a playwright. He made many adaptations of foreign plays for stock company use, scoring his first success as an independent dramatist with Herne in their joint authorship of "Hearts of Oak." He finally grew sufficiently prominent as a Western writer and director to attract attention in the East. He came to New York in 1882, becoming stage director of the Madison Square Theatre under the management of Daniel Frohman. His first play in the East was the popular "May Blossom," produced in 1884, and he was pretty steadily successful thereafter through to the days of his ownership and direction of the Belasco Theatre in New York, a record much too voluminous for this space. (See William Winter's "Life of David Belasco," and

other works devoted to the American theatre record.)

John Luther Long is a Pennsylvanian, born in 1861. He hoped to have a career as a lawyer, but worked too hard and was ordered to take a long rest. During the rest spell he took to writing. One of his first short stories was "Madame Butterfly," which was called to the attention of Belasco. Its dramatization followed, and during rehearsals the collaborators, Long and Belasco, decided to try a full-length Japanese play. "The Darling of the Gods" was the result of this collaboration, proving the success of the 1902-03 season. Following this experience Mr. Long wrote "Adrea," with Mr. Belasco, for Mrs. Leslie Carter; "The Dragon Fly," with E. C. Carpenter; "Dolce," for Mrs. Fiske; "Kassa," again for Mrs. Carter, and several other dramas.

"The County Chairman," a comedy in four acts, by George Ade.
Copyright, 1903, by the author; copyright and published, 1923,
by Samuel French, New York.

George Ade, born in Kentland, Ind., in 1866, was a newspaper columnist and novelist ("Pink Marsh," "Artie," etc.), before he took to playwriting in 1902. His first stage effort was a musical comedy called "The Sultan of Sulu," produced by Col. Henry W. Savage, Boston realtor turned showman. He followed this with a second musical, "Peggy from Paris," and then turned to straight comedy in 1903. "The County Chairman," a story of small town politics in Indiana, was a big success, with Maclyn Arbuckle playing the lead. The outstanding Ade comedy success, "The College Widow," followed in 1904. "Just Out of College," "Father and the Boys" and "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," with May Irwin, were later Ade plays. He retired many years ago, spending his summers on his Indiana farm and his winters in Florida.

"Leah Kleschna," drama by C. M. S. McLellan. Copyright,
1904, by the author. Copyright and published by Samuel
French, New York and London.

C. M. S. McLellan, born in Maine in 1865, devoted himself to literature, first in America, and later in England. Here he became the editor of *Town Topics*, a magazine of concern to society, though not one of social significance. As Hugh Morton he furnished librettos for the sensationally successful "The Belle of New York" (with Edna May, the Salvation lassie star), and of "The Whirl of the Town," "An American Beauty," "The Telephone Girl," and "In

Gay New York." In London he dropped the Hugh Morton as a *nom de theatre*, and under his own name wrote the drama "Leah Kleschna," a digest of which is included in this volume. Other McLellan dramas were "The Jury of Fate" and "The Love Path."

"The Squaw Man," a drama in four acts by Edwin Milton Royle.
Copyright, 1904-05, by the author.

Edwin Milton Royle, born in Lexington, Mo., in 1862, received his generous education at Princeton, at the Edinburgh University in Scotland and at the Columbia Law School. His interest in the theatre developed early and was in evidence through his college years. As a young actor he played for two seasons in Edwin Booth's support. His first play to achieve notice was "Friends," which, starting in 1892, was played for several seasons by Mr. Royle and his wife, Selena Fetter Royle. Five years later he had two new plays to his credit, "Captain Impudence" and " $1 \times 1 = 3$." "My Wife's Husbands" followed in 1903 and "The Squaw Man" in 1905. The Royle output after that was reasonably steady, including "Marrying Mary," a musical comedy made from "My Wife's Husbands" for Marie Cahill; "The Struggle Everlasting," a modern morality; "These Are My People," "The Unwritten Law" and several others. In 1921 he wrote a poetic drama, "Launcelot and Elaine," for his daughters, Selena and Josephine Royle. It was not popularly successful, but Mr. Royle always insisted that it was his best play. His novels included "Peace and Quiet" and "The Silent Call." He died in February, 1942.

"The Great Divide," a drama in three acts by William Vaughn Moody. Copyright, 1906, by the author; copyright renewed, 1934, by Charlotte E. Moody, Henrietta Moody Fawcett and Julia Moody Schmalz; copyright and published, by Samuel French, New York.

William Vaughn Moody's career as a dramatist was pathetically short and exceptionally brilliant, both in achievement and promise. Born in Spencer, Ind., in 1869, he was a teacher before he went to Harvard in 1889. He completed the academic course in three years and spent the next few years teaching and traveling in Europe as a tutor. Two years as a graduate student at Harvard followed, after which he joined the faculty of the University of Chicago. He left the English Department of that university to devote himself to poetry and the drama and wrote a "History of English Literature,"

and two dramas, "The Masque of Judgment," and "The Fire Bringer," both in verse. His first prose drama was "A Sabine Woman," which Margaret Anglin gave a trial performance in Chicago in April, 1906. During the summer the play was revised by Mr. Moody, following suggestions made by Henry Miller, the actor, and produced in October of that year as "The Great Divide," with Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin playing Stephen Ghent and Ruth Jordan. The play's success was immediate and it continued in popular favor for the next two seasons. Mr. Moody's next play was "The Faith Healer," produced in St. Louis in the spring of 1909 and in New York the following January. Considered by many as the dramatist's best work, the play failed of popular success. Mr. Moody's death in 1910 was widely lamented.

"The Witching Hour," a drama in four acts by Augustus Thomas.
Copyright, 1910, by the author; copyright and published by Samuel French, New York.

Augustus Thomas, born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1857, was the outstanding American dramatist of the double decade stretching from 1890 to 1910. It was a period of sentimental domestic dramas and rugged, exciting melodramas. Thomas was completely and forcefully representative of the whole American scene. Starting as a page boy, first in the Missouri legislature, and later in the House of Representatives in Washington, his first love was politics. When he turned to journalism and the theatre he still continued to be a good deal of a politician. His formal school education was limited, but the knowledge he acquired through travel and personal contacts was expansive and extensive. He had much to do with amateur theatricals in St. Louis, while he was studying law with an eye to a possible political career. As a semi-professional actor he acquired a repertory of standard roles which he played in support of various traveling stars. His first play was a one-act dramatization of a Frances Hodgson Burnett short story called "Editha's Burglar." Some years later this sketch was expanded into a three-act play, "The Burglar," and was played for several seasons by Maurice Barrymore. In 1888 Thomas served as Julia Marlowe's manager. In 1890 he succeeded Dion Boucicault as a play adapter for A. M. Palmer. His first success under this arrangement was the popular "Alabama," which established him as a dramatist and led to his writing from one to three popular dramas a year for the next twenty years, including such famous stage works as "In Mizzoura," "Arizona," "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "The Earl of Pawtucket"

and dozens more. An experience as advance agent for the mind reader, Washington Irving Bishop, gave him the idea for "The Witching Hour," which in 1907 proved one of his greatest popular successes. "The Harvest Moon," "The Copperhead," and other plays followed through the 1920s. Mr. Thomas died in August, 1934.

"The Man from Home," comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Copyright, 1934, by the authors; copyright, 1907, by Liebler & Co.; copyright, 1908, Harper & Brothers; copyright and published, Samuel French, New York.

Both Newton Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson were novelists under the skin, as it were. But as collaborators they enjoyed their greatest success as playwrights. Mr. Tarkington, out of college, wrote "The Gentleman from Indiana" in 1899 and "Monsieur Beaucaire" a year later. When he decided to make a play of "Beaucaire" he worked with Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland as a collaborator. Richard Mansfield made the production in 1901. It was followed by a dramatization of "The Gentleman from Indiana," which was a Tarkington solo job. In 1906-1907 the Tarkington-Wilson writing partnership was formed and produced not only the highly successful "The Man from Home," but also "Cameo Kirby," "Foreign Exchange," "If I Had Money" (afterward "Getting a Polish" and "Mrs. Jim"), "Springtime," "Your Humble Servant," "Up from Nowhere," "Tweedles," "The Gibson Upright," and "Hoo-siers Abroad." In the middle 1900s Mr. Tarkington wrote "Mister Antonio" for Otis Skinner, collaborated with Julian Street on "The Country Cousin," wrote "Clarence," which started Alfred Lunt on his way, had a hand in the creation of "Penrod" and "Seventeen," in which Ruth Gordon and Gregory Kelly scored individual successes. Mr. Tarkington was born in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1869, and for many years has spent his summers in Kennebunkport, Me.

Harry Leon Wilson, born in Oregon, Ill., in 1867, was for many years editor of the humorous weekly, *Puck*. He was the author of "Merton of the Movies," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Bunker Bean," "The Spenders," "The Boss of Little Arcady" and many other popular works of fiction. He died in Monterey, Cal., in 1939.

PLAYS PRODUCED IN NEW YORK

JULY 12, 1899—JUNE 14, 1909

SEASON OF 1899-1900

The Rounders (97 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts, adapted from the French by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Engländer. Produced at the Casino Theatre, New York, July 12, 1899. Cast:

Dan Daly, Harry Davenport, Joseph Cawthorne, Frederick Urban, Max Freeman, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Mabel Gilman, Marie George, Carrie Perkins, Crissie Carlisle, Irene Bentley, Susie Drake, Margaret Warren, Eva Kelly, Nella Webb, Avis Folger, Mabel Russell, Cora Leslie, Pauline Chase, Grace Spencer, Ida Rock, Seline Say, Harry Clifford, Zella Frank, Sol Solomon, Arthur Etherington, Joseph Kane, Tom Collins, Horace Hayne, Gustave Key, Henri Chaille and Phyllis Rankin. Staged by Max Freeman.

This play returned to the Casino Theatre, New York, June 25, 1900, for 35 additional performances. At this time the principals were: Joseph Herbert, Madge Lessing, Irene Bentley, Susie Drake, Trixie Friganza, Sarah McVicker, Zella Frank, Dave Lewis and Harry Stuart.

A Little Ray of Sunshine (22 perf.)—Farical comedy in three acts by Mark Ambient and Wilton Heriot. Produced by Smyth and Rice at Wallack's Theatre, New York, August 28, 1899. Cast:

William Elton, Wallace Erskine, Charles Cherry, Herbert Sparling, Master Robert Bottomley, George Sumner, George Riddell, Cecil Edgar, Philip Doody, Adeline Stuart, Janet Alexander, Grace Dudley, Lorna Lawrence and Lucy Evelyn. Settings by Banks, of London.

This was the American debut of Charles Cherry.

The Girl from Maxim's (54 perf.)—Farce in three acts from the French of Georges Feydeau. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, August 29, 1899. Cast:

W. J. Ferguson, Eugene Jepson, George Woodward, Alfred Klein, Lewis Baker, J. M. Francour, Robert Hickman, Ralph Yoerg, Royal Thayer, Carl Eckstrom, George Forbes, William Lamp, Paul McAllister, Charles Watson, Wales Winter, William G. Anderson, Josephine Hall, Gertrude Whitty, Mayme Kealty, Rose Flynn, Blanche Serf, Marie Derickson, Florence Gerald, Harriet Shaw, Margaret Kenmore, Caroline Starbuck, Florence Lloyd and Grace H. Hanson.

The Last of the Rohans (55 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Ramsay Morris. Produced by Andrew Mack at the Academy of Music, New York, August 31, 1899. Cast:

Andrew Mack, B. T. Ringgold, Edwin Brandt, George W. Deyo, Ernest E. Warde, E. H. Aiken, James Vincent, W. J. Mason, Thomas E. Jackson, John Vance, Harry

Sutter, Josephine Lovett, Mrs. Samuel Charles, Georgia Olp and Jennie Satterlee.
Settings by Joseph Physioc.

A Young Wife (54 perf.)—Melodrama in four acts by J. K. Tillotson. Produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, August 31, 1899. Cast:

J. H. Gilmour, Malcolm Williams, John L. Wooderson, P. Aug. Anderson, Frank Losee, Claude Gillingwater, Frank Sheridan, John Bannister, Richard Quilter, James J. De Barre, R. Marsch, Charles Evans, Selma Herman, Charlotte Crane, Sydney Cowell, Margaret Dale Owen and Alma Earle.

This play was done at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York, March 4, 1889, under the title of "Dens and Palaces, or Two Lives."

Mr. Smooth (25 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Willie Collier. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 2, 1899. Cast:

Willie Collier, George W. Parsons, John F. Ward, John B. Maher, Thomas Evans, Thomas Garrick, M. L. Heckert, Dan Mason, Helena Collier, Helen Reimer, Myrtle May and Louise Allen-Collier.

Why Smith Left Home (70 perf.)—Farce in three acts by George Broadhurst. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, September 2, 1899. Cast:

Maelyn Arbuckle, Fred W. Peters, George Barnum, M. B. Snyder, Hans Robert, Marion Giroux, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Rose Snyder, Gertrude Roosevelt, Dorothy Usner, Blanche Carlyle and Mrs. Annie Yeamans.

This play returned to this theatre April 9, 1900, for 24 additional performances.

In Paradise (54 perf.)—Farce in three acts adapted by Louis Harrison and B. B. Valentine from the French of Maurice Hennequin, Paul Bilhaud and Fabrice Carre. Produced by the Doris Amusement Company at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 4, 1899. Cast:

Richard Golden, Theodore Babcock, Theodore Hamilton, Harry St. Maur, William Bonelli, Minnie Seligman, Hattie Russell, Flora Fairchild, Belle Stokes, Margaret McDonald and Beatrice Morgan.

Miss Hobbs (158 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 7, 1899. Cast:

Wolf Kingsearl.....	Charles Richman	Mrs. Percival.....	Clara Bloodgood
Percival Kingsearl.....	Orrin Johnson	Millicent Farey.....	Mabel Morrison
George Jessop.....	Joseph Wheelock, Jr.	Susan Abbey.....	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
Captain Sands.....	T. C. Valentine	Maid Servant.....	Elizabeth Rathburn
	Henrietta Hobbs.....	Annie Russell	

The Tyranny of Tears (128 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 11, 1899. Cast:

Mr. Parbury.....	John Drew	Evans.....	Frank Lamb
George Gunning.....	Arthur Byron	Hyacinth Woodward.....	Ida Conquest
Colonel Armitage.....	Harry Harwood	Mrs. Parbury.....	Isabel Irving

Becky Sharp (116 perf.)—Play in four acts by Langdon Mitchell founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Produced by Mrs. Fiske at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, September 12, 1899. Cast:

Marquis of Steyne.....	Tyrone Power	Rawdon Crawley.....	Maurice Barrymore
Pitt Crawley.....	Charles Plunkett	George Osborne.....	Stanley Rignold
William Dobbin.....	Wilfred North	Major Loder.....	E. L. Walton
Joseph Sedley.....	William F. Owen	Lord Tarquin.....	Frank Reicher
Lord Bareacres.....	W. L. Branscombe	Duke of Brunswick.....	B. B. Belcher
Lord Southdown.....	Frank McCormack	Tommy Raikes.....	Walter Pleugh
Prince Peterwaradin.....	Paul Weigel	Ranelagh.....	Henry Stokes
General Tufto.....	Neil Grey	Fritz.....	Frank Reicher
Blenkinsop.....	George P. Bonn	Bowles.....	W. L. Branscombe
Max.....	Paul Weigel	Landlord.....	Otto Meyer
Raggles.....	Arthur Maitland	Amelia Sedley.....	Zenaide Williams
Becky Sharp.....	Mrs. Fiske	Lady Bareacres.....	Francesca Lincoln
Miss Crawley.....	Ida Waterman	Briggs.....	Mary Maddern
Lady Thistlewood.....	Olive Hoff	Fifine.....	Ethelwyn Holt
Lady Jane Crawley.....	Leonora Stonehill	Van Cutsum.....	Otto Meyer
Duchess of Buccleugh.....	Agnes Bruce	Marchioness of Steyne.....	Jean Chamblin
Sir Pitt Crawley.....	Robert V. Ferguson	Duchess of Richmond.....	Josephine Roberts

Guests, etc.: Gertrude Norman, Dirce St. Cyr, Mary MacNamara, Gloria Alonzo, Helen Henry, Alma Whitsell, Sidney Mather, Arthur W. Row, William W. Brown, R. B. Keggerais, Frederick Kingstone, H. F. Anderson, Albert Reed, R. F. McCoy and Cortland Hopkins. Staged by Mrs. Fiske and Fred Williams. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange. Costumes by Percy Anderson.

Mrs. Fiske revived "Becky Sharp" at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 14, 1904, for 70 performances. Cast:

Marquis of Steyne.....	George Arliss	Rawdon Crawley.....	John Mason
Pitt Crawley.....	William B. Mack	George Osborne.....	Stanley Rignold
William Dobbin.....	Wilfred North	Major Loder.....	Roydon Erylne
Joseph Sedley.....	Frank J. McIntyre	Lord Tarquin.....	Harry S. Hadfield
Lord Bareacres.....	W. L. Branscombe	Duke of Brunswick.....	Charles Terry
Lord Southdown.....	Robert V. Ferguson	Tommy Raikes.....	Edwin Brewster
Prince Peterwaradin.....	Ludwig Lederer	Ranelagh.....	James Morley
General Tufto.....	Neil Grey	Fritz.....	Ludwig Lederer
Blenkinsop.....	James Edlam	Bowles.....	W. L. Branscombe
Max.....	Monroe Salisbury	Landlord.....	Otto Meyer
Raggles.....	E. Seber	Amelia Sedley.....	Laura McGilvray
Becky Sharp.....	Mrs. Fiske	Lady Bareacres.....	Cecilia Radclyffe
Miss Crawley.....	Kate Fletcher	Briggs.....	Mary Maddern
Lady Thistlewood.....	Emily Stevens	Fifine.....	Frances Welstead
Lady Jane Crawley.....	Lucy Spencer	Van Cutsum.....	Otto Meyer
Duchess of Buccleugh.....	Gertrude Graham	Marchioness of Steyne.....	Anne Gregory
Sir Pitt Crawley.....	Robert V. Ferguson	Duchess of Richmond.....	Mary Page

For other revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 441, and "Best Plays of 1928-1929," page 509.

The Ghetto (43 perf.)—Drama in four acts, adapted from the Dutch of Hermann Heijermans, by Chester Bailey Fernald. Revised for America by Eugene W. Presbrey. Produced by Jacob Litt at the Broadway Theatre, New York, September 15, 1899. Cast:

Joseph Haworth, Sidney Herbert, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Grace Filkins, Emmett Corigan, Bijou Fernandez, Samuel Edwards, R. Paton Gibbs, William H. Pascoe, George Heath, Harry Holliday, Richard Buhler and Henry Burton. Staged by Eugene W. Presbrey. Settings by John H. Young and Theodore Platzer.

The Dairy Farm (82 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Eleanor Merron (Mrs. Archie Cowper). Produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, September 16, 1899. Cast:

Percy Plunkett, Jean Clara Walters, Charles Hallock, Grace Hopkins, Catherine Carlisle, Arthur C. Saunders, J. H. Hollingshead, Seymour Stratton, Helen Bardi, Nelly Russell, Harry Adams, Bertha St. Clair, M. M. Murray, Frank Richter, Richard Hinchcliff, Alfred Johnson, William Jameson, Daniel Webster, Paul Taylor, Newton Chisnell and Eleanor Merron.

The Only Way (74 perf.)—Romantic play in prologue and four acts adapted by Freeman Wills from "The Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, September 16, 1899. Cast:

Prologue	
Jean Defarge.....Edward J. Morgan	Dr. Manette.....Daniel H. Harkins
Marquis de St. Evremonde	Vicomte de St. Evremonde
Byron Douglas	George Irving
A Peasant.....George S. Christie	
Play	
Sydney Carton.....Henry Miller	Mr. Stryver.....Joseph Brennan
Mr. Lorry.....J. H. Stoddard	Charles Darnay.....Byron Douglas
Dr. Manette.....Daniel H. Harkins	M. de Maury.....Rienzi de Cordova
President.....Harrison Armstrong	Gabelle.....Joseph Delman
Public Prosecutor.....H. A. Weaver, Jr.	Barsad.....Harry Spear
Comte de Fauchet.....Earle Brown	Juryman.....Anson Rood
First Citizen.....G. Bernage	Gaoler.....Westward Saunders
Second Citizen.....Douglas Lloyd	The Vengeance.....Clara Wisdom
Lucie Manette.....Margaret Dale	Mimi.....Margaret Anglin
A Citizeness.....Mary Boylan	Marquis de Boulainvilliers
Ernest Defarge.....Edward J. Morgan	George S. Christie

Staged by William Seymour.

Moved to the Garden Theatre, October 16, 1899.

This play was revived by Klaw and Erlanger for 14 performances at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, beginning October 20, 1902. Cast:

Martin Harvey (Sydney Carton), Miss N. De Silva (Mimi), Percy Anstey, A. B. Imeson, Fred Wright, Sr., William Haviland, H. Blackmore, Pat Alexander, Fuller Mellish, Frederick Powell, Michael Sherbrooke, E. P. Lewer, George Cooke, Mr. Henson, A. Lingley, F. Langton, John Alexander, Paul Barry, Hubert Rees, Amy Cole-ridge, Mrs. Frederick Powell and Bessie Eider.

Miss N. De Silva was Mrs. Martin Harvey.

Cyrano de Bergerac (28 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts founded on Edmond Rostand's play of the same name. Book by Stuart Reed. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 18, 1899. Cast:

Francis Wilson, Charles H. Bowers, Peter Lang, John E. Brand, Robert Broderick, A. M. Holbrook, Joseph M. Ratliff, Lulu Glaser, Josephine Knapp, Josephine Intropidi, Bessie Howard, F. S. Heck, William Laverty, Charles F. Dodge, Frank Scott, Stella Koetter, Martha Stein, Karl Stall, Thomas de Vassey, H. L. Owen, Clara Hollywood, Lotta Watson and Laura Wise. Staged by A. M. Holbrook.

The Gadfly (14 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edward E. Rose from his novel of the same name. Produced by Daniel V. Arthur at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 18, 1899. Cast:

Stuart Robson, Ernest Hastings, Homer Granville, Walter Hodges, Clifford Leigh, Frank E. Moore, E. O. Hallam, Walton Townsend, Joseph Redman, Aubrey Beattie, Hudson Liston, Fred Cooke, Joseph Winter, W. B. Downing, Charles W. Lane, F. H. Angus, R. Ellis, Albert Andrews, Sumner Gard, Samuel James, John Harris, T. E. O'Rourke, Frank Ellis, C. E. Heath, Mrs. Sol Aiken, S. Savoy, James Armstrong,

Walter Hughes, F. E. Bany, John White, Florence Hanson, Hubert Aukstronge, Gertrude Perry, Edna Hickey and Marie Burroughs. Staged by Edward E. Rose. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street (108 perf.)—A vaudeville farce in two acts by John J. McNally. Produced at the Victoria Theatre, New York, September 18, 1899. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, Louise Gunning, Maude Raymond, Ada Lewis, Lee Harrison, Georgia Caine, John G. Sparks and Ross Snow.

Whirl-i-gig (264 perf.)—Burlesque in two acts by Edgar Smith. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by John Stromberg. Produced by Weber and Fields at Weber and Fields' Music Hall, New York, September 21, 1899. Cast:

Joseph M. Weber, Lew Fields, Peter F. Daily, David Warfield, Charles J. Ross, John T. Kelly, George Ali, Lillian Russell, Irene Perry, Pearl Andrews, Ilma Pratt, Frankie Bailey, Mabel and Lulu Nichols and Bonnie Maginn.

During the run of this play "The Girl from Maxim's," "Sapho" and "The Only Way" were burlesqued under the titles of "The Girl from Martin's," "Sapolio" and "The Other Way."

A Stranger in a Strange Land (57 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Sidney Wilner and Walter Vincent. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 25, 1899. Cast:

Cyril Scott, M. A. Kennedy, Walter Hale, George Osbourne, Walter Clifford, James T. Galloway, Charles W. Swain, Frank Burke, Maud White, Kate Lester, Angela McCaull, Katherine Mulkins and Jane Corcoran. Staged by Joseph R. Grismer.

My Innocent Boy (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George R. Sims. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 2, 1899. Cast:

Otis Harlan, Joseph Allen, Frank Doane, Harry Lillford, Thomas Quinn, James F. Lee, Bert Young, Florence Robinson, Florence Lillian Wickes, Ada Deaves, Helen Tuessart, Mamie Forbes, Nettie Neville, Frances Tyson, Agnes Vars, Helen Walton, Adell Hamilton and Veva DeFord. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

Otis Harlan's debut as a star.

Peter Stuyvesant (28 perf.)—Comedy in four cast by Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard. Produced by Joseph Brooks at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 2, 1899. Cast:

William H. Crane, George Fawcett, Carl Herbert, Daniel Fingleton, George L. Stevens, William Courtleigh, William Ingersoll, William Sampson, Frederick Truesdell, George F. Devere, Harvey Banks, Henry Griesman, Thad Shine, Ferris Mason, Will Dupont, Frank Molborn, Percy Haswell, Selene Johnson, Sandol Milliken and Leila Bronson. Settings by Homer Emens and Richard Marston.

The James-Kidder-Hanford Company, under the management of Wagenhals and Kemper played a week of repertory at the Grand Opera House, New York, beginning October 9, 1899. The plays produced were: "The Winter's Tale" by William Shakespeare (3 perf.), "Macbeth" by William Shakespeare (2 perf.), "The School for Scandal" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (2 perf.) and

"The Rivals" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1 perf.). The company included:

Louis James, Kathryn Kidder, Charles B. Hanford, Norman Hackett, Elizabeth Bariscale, Thomas Coffin Cooke, Harry Langdon, George McCulla, Bessie McCulla, James Du Sang, J. L. McVicker, Robert Jameson, Harvey Cassidy, W. W. McRae, Helen Singer, Affie James, Gertrude Bannister, Emily Grey Bethel, W. A. Lincoln, Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff, Barry Johnstone, John A. Ellsler, Collin Kemper and Henry Wright.

The first New York performance of "The Winter's Tale" was at the John Street Theatre, June 1, 1795, under the title of "Florizel and Perdita."

The first recorded New York performance of "Macbeth" was at the John Street Theatre, May 3, 1768.

It is assumed that the first New York performance of "The School for Scandal" was by a group of military actors on April 15, 1782. The first New York professional performance was at the John Street Theatre, December 12, 1785.

The first New York performance of "The Rivals" was at the John Street Theatre, April 21, 1778.

Children of the Ghetto (49 perf.)—Play in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, October 16, 1899. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye, Frank Worthing, William Norris, Adolphe Lestina, Gus Frankel, Emil Hoch, Frank Cornell, Fred Lotto, Charles Stanley, Richard Carle, Phineas Leach, E. J. Raymond, A. Ghaistly, John D. Garrick, O'Frederick Hoffmann, Gus V. Devere, William Singerman, Master Buckley, Frank Bailey, H. F. Dolan, C. E. Odlin, L. Greenberg, S. Swartz, N. Trucks, Mathilde Cottrelly, Ada Curry, Louise Muldener, Ada Dwyer, Laura Almosnino, Rosabel Morrison, Sadie Stringham, Mabel Taliaferro, Isabel Preston, Jennie Buckley, Zella Davenport, Mary Stoner and Blanche Bates. Staged by James A. Herne. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Girl in the Barracks (31 perf.)—Comedy in three acts adapted from the German of Curt Kraatz and Heinrich Stobitzer. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 16 1899. Cast:

Joseph Coyne, Beatrice Bonner, Louis Mann, Helen Harrington, Thornton Cole, Clara Lipman, George W. Barnum, Vivian Edsall, Leighton Leigh, Bert Flansburgh, Benjamin T. Dillon, Mary E. Post, Amy Lesser, Mabel Freneyar and Claude Yerkes.

Moved to the Madison Square Theatre, November 6, 1899.

Lord and Lady Algy (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by R. C. Carton. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, October 16, 1899. Cast:

William Faversham, W. H. Crompton, Guy Standing, J. H. Benrimo, George W. Howard, E. Y. Backus, George C. Pearce, George Osborne, Jr., Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Jessie Millward, Lillian Thurgate, Louise Maltman, May Robson, Blanche Burton, John R. Sumner, W. H. Workman, John Armstrong, Frank Brownlee and Marian Gardiner.

This was the original company that appeared in the first production of the play given at the Empire Theatre, February 14, 1899, for 111 performances.

The play was revived again by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 14, 1903, for 16 performances at which time the company included:

William Favershaw, Percy Lyndall, Charles Harbury, Stanley Jessup, Charles Bertram, E. Y. Backus, Louis Labey, Albert Cowels, Edwin Hale, John Armstrong, H. Carlton Redding, Ira Hards, John C. Tremayne, Hilda Spong, Madeline Rives, Marian Childers, Rose Le Moine, Maud Hosford and Mabel Roebuck.

For later revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 617.

A Rich Man's Son (36 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Michael Morton founded on the German play "Das Grobe Hemd" by H. Karlweiss. Produced by William H. Crane at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 21, 1899. Cast:

William H. Crane, William Courtleigh, Percy Haswell, Evelyn Carter, Charles Jackson, William Ingersol, Selene Johnson, William Sampson, George F. Devere, Sandol Milliken and Will Dupont.

Barbara Frietchie, Oct. 23, 1899. See page 1.

More Than Queen (35 perf.)—Drama in prologue and five acts adapted from the French of Emile Bergerat by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger and Charles Henry Meltzer. Produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 24, 1899. Cast:

Julia Arthur, William Humphreys, R. A. Roberts, William Harris, Frederick Hartley, Albert Brown, Ernest Howard, L. J. Fuller, Walter J. Seymour, George E. Periolat, George J. Sheldon, Florence Niles, William Herbert, John Melden, L. J. Hall, Albert Melrose, George H. Wiseman, Andrew Bode, George Howland, David Davenport, Frank Forrest, Bessie Humphrey, Louise Orendorf, Alice Niles, Leslie Bingham, May Helmuth, Marie Bingham, Helen Weathersby, Rose Tiffany and Florence Conron. Settings by Homer Emens.

See page 375 for revival.

The Singing Girl (80 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts by Stanislaus Stange. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced at the Casino Theatre, New York, October 23, 1899. Cast:

Eugene Cowles, Richie Ling, Joseph W. Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, John C. Slavin, Edward F. Metcalfe, Louis Kelso, Albert McGuckin, George Tennery, H. W. Humphreys, Frank Edwards, William Rechtel, R. Wallace, J. A. Wallerstedt, M. H. Lorenz, Lucille Saunders, Jennie Hawley, Ursulla Gurnett, Clara Isham, Eunice Drake, Louise Hilliard, Lillian Samuels, Nellie Marsh, May Boley, Winnifred Williams, Louise Lawton, Lillie Devere, May Devere, Ruby Capen and Alice Nielsen. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

The Song of the Sword (40 perf.)—Romantic play in four acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, October 24, 1899. Cast:

E. H. Sothern, Norman Conniers, Rowland Buckstone, Daniel Jarrett, Thomas Doyle, George E. Bryant, Frank Andrews, Norman Parr, Charles Martin, John J. Collins, Richard Pitman, Frank Beamish, Morten Selten, Ernest Tarleton, C. E. Henry, Charles W. Giblyn, Frank Greppo, H. S. Wood, Edward Lester, H. S. Northrup, Arthur R. Lawrence, R. R. Neill, H. E. Chase, Roydon Erynnne, Edward Fowler, Owen Fawcett, C. P. Flockton, Virginia Harned, Adele Block, Edna Phillips, Bertha Livingston, Genevieve Dolaro and the Messrs. McCue, Potter, Redman, Brown, Buckley, Elliott, Bennett, Reilly, Wilson, Hayden, Johnson, Hines, Dorland, Wood, Quinn, Hamilton, Kelly, Hanson, Berg, Seymonds, Lambert, Seymour, Shanley, Harkins,

Haynes, Smith, Matthews, Lamar, Healey, Bolan, Dutcher, Mason, McCormack, Berris, Miles, Dorsey, Martin, Joseph, Russell, Tilich, Jacobs, West, Williams, Phinney, Reeves, Lloyd, Enright and Toley. Staged by Edward E. Rose.

Sister Mary (120 perf.)—Farce-comedy in three acts by Glen MacDonough. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 27, 1899. Cast:

May Irwin, Herbert Gresham, Louise Rial, Roland Carter, Joseph M. Sparks, Ola Humphrey, Charles Prince, Amy Muller, Theodore Brown, Melville Ellis, George A. Beane, Madelon Temple, Charles Church, Aileen May, Gussie Jones, Dorothy Livingston, Lillie Lawton, Marie Millward, Madeleine Anderton and Queenie Vassar.

The Henry Irving–Ellen Terry Company played three weeks of repertory at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, beginning October 30, 1899. The plays produced were: "Robespierre" by Victorien Sardou, English version by Laurence Irving (13 perf.), "The Amber Heart" by Alfred C. Calmour, "Nance Oldfield" by Charles Reade, "The Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare, "The Bells" adapted by Leopold Lewis from "The Polish Jew" by Erchmann Chatrian and "Waterloo" by Arthur Conan Doyle. The company included:

Henry Irving (Shylock), Ellen Terry (Portia), Harry B. Stanford, F. D. Davis, W. Lugg, James S. Hearn, Leonard Calvert, Charles Locke, H. Tamworth, Clifford Brown, J. Archer, F. Hayes, C. F. Kenney, W. Graham, Charles Garry, J. Hatch, W. Sharpe, G. Barton, W. Charles, H. Gurney, H. Garstin, Laurence Irving (Antonio), Charles Dodsworth, F. Ferguson, A. Moring, Arthur Royston (Bassanio), Junius Booth, Gilbert Yorke, R. P. Tabb, T. James, J. Swain, T. Reynolds, D. Young, A. Jennings, G. Ellis, Charles Vane, J. Wilson, T. McKay, Alec Weatherly, M. Rose, S. Parsons, F. Tyars, Lionel Belmore, Mr. Firth, M. Marion, W. L. Ablitt, H. R. Cook, A. Fisher, May Holland, Lilli Kling-Lloyd, Alice Goodwin, Celia Howson, Mary Foster, Doris Digby, Beatrice Irwin, Cecil Cromwell (Jessica), Brenda Gibson, Grace Hampton, Maud Milton (Nerissa), and the Misses E. F. Davis, E. Davies, L. Tarvin, A. Byron, L. Marion, L. Hale, E. Carder and Crosse.

This was the first New York production of "Robespierre," "The Amber Heart" and "Waterloo."

The first New York production of "Nance Oldfield" was at the Grand Opera House, October 29, 1886. Genevieve Ward as Nance.

The first New York production of "The Merchant of Venice" was at the John Street Theatre, January 28, 1768. Lewis Hallam played Shylock and Miss Cheer played Portia.

The first New York production of "The Bells" was at Booth's Theatre, August 19, 1872. James W. Wallack, Jr., played Mathias.

Mr. Irving, Miss Terry and their company returned to this theatre, March 12, 1900, for two weeks playing the same repertory.

They again presented repertory at this theatre for two weeks beginning October 21, 1901. The plays presented were: "Charles I" by W. G. Wills; "The Merchant of Venice"; "Louis XI" by H. R. Maxwell, adapted and arranged by Dion Boucicault; "Nance Oldfield"; "The Bells"; "Waterloo"; "Madame Sans-Gené" by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau, adapted by J. Comyns Carr and

"The Lyons Mail" by Charles Reade from the French of MM. Moreau, Giraudin and Delacour. The company included:

Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Arthur Royston, Maud Milton, H. R. Cook, Frank Tyars, J. H. Barnes, W. Lugg, Mark Paton, R. P. Tabb, May Holland, Violet Belmore, Queenie Tarvin, James S. Hearn, Lionel Belmore, W. E. Ashcroft, Charles Dods-worth, Tom Reynolds, W. Graham, W. Marion, W. L. Ablitt, Mabel Hackney, Grace Hampton, F. Hayes, Mary Foster, Clifford Brown and Laurence Irving.

The first New York production of "Charles I" was at the Star Theatre, October 30, 1883.

The first New York production of "Louis XI" was at Laura Keene's Theatre, September 7, 1858. C. W. Couldock was Louis XI.

The first New York production of "Madame Sans-Gené" was at the Broadway Theatre, January 14, 1895.

The first New York production of "The Lyons Mail" was at Laura Keene's Theatre, February 6, 1858, under the title of "The Courier of Lyons."

In Gay Paree (48 perf.)—Musical comedy with book by Edgar Smith. Music by Ludwig Engländer. Revived at the New York Theatre, New York, November 6, 1899. Cast:

Ferris Hartmann, Joseph Ott, Herbert Cawthorne, Gilbert Gregory, William Cameron, Christie MacDonald, Kitty Loftus, Susie Forest, William Gould, Mary Young, Nick Burnham, F. Bernard, W. Arling, Nick Long, Idalene Cotton and Fougere.

This play had been seen at the Casino Theatre, New York, March 20, 1899, for 40 perf. at which time the cast was headed by Harry Davenport, Mabelle Gilman, Marie George, Robert F. Cotton, Edward D. Tyler, George Beane, Charles Dickson, Samuel Edwards and Perkins Fisher.

Sherlock Holmes (256 perf.)—Melodrama in four acts by William Gillette and Arthur Conan Doyle. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 6, 1899. Cast:

Sherlock Holmes.....	William Gillette	Dr. Watson.....	Bruce McRae
John Forman.....	Reuben Fax	James Larrabee.....	Ralph Delmore
Sir Edward Leighton.....	Harold Heaton	Sidney Prince.....	George Honey
Count von Stahlburg.....	Alfred S. Howard	Alfred Bassick.....	Henry Herrman
Professor Moriarty.....	George Wessells	Jim Cragin.....	Thomas McGrath
"Lightfoot" McTague.....	Julius Weyms	Thomas Leary.....	Elwyn Eaton
Alice Faulkner.....	Katherine Florence	John.....	Henry S. Chandler
Mrs. Faulkner.....	Jane Thomas	Parsons.....	Soldene Powell
Madge Larrabee.....	Judith Berolde	Billy.....	Henry McArdle
Mrs. Smeedley.....	Kate Ten Eyck	Therese.....	Hilda Englund
Settings by Ernest Gros.			

This play was revived by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, for 28 performances beginning November 3, 1902. Cast:

William Gillette (Sherlock Holmes), Herbert Percy (Dr. Watson), Mabel Howard (Alice Faulkner), Alida Cortyou (Madge Larrabee), Edgar Selwyn, Frank Andrews, Frank Wilson, Griffith Evans, Ralph Delmore, Quinton McPherson, Ben Graham, Thomas McGrath, Sidney Walters, Charles Gibson, Harry J. Kooper, Harry McArdle, Henry J. Hadfield, Maude Giroux, Ethel Lorrimore and Margaret Gordon.

Mr. Frohman revived the play again for 56 performances at the Empire Theatre, New York, beginning March 6, 1905. Cast:

William Gillette (Sherlock Holmes), William Courtleigh (Dr. Watson), Jane Laurel (Alice Faulkner), Hilda Spong (Madge Larrabee), Frank Andrews, Albert S. Howard, Ralph Delmore, George Sumner, Harold Heaton, Henry S. Chandler, Maude Giroux, Sidney Herbert, George W. Wessells, Quinton McPherson, W. R. Walters, Julius Weyms, Soldene Powell, Harry McArdle, Jane Thomas and Sybil Campbell.

For other revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 432 and 562; "Best Plays of 1927-1928," page 513, and "Best Plays of 1929-1930," page 446.

Papa's Wife (147 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts adapted from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Paul Bilhaud by Harry B. Smith. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, November 13, 1899. Cast:

Anna Held, Henry Bergman, George Marion, Henry Woodruff, Eva Davenport, Dan Collyer, Agnes Findlay, Olive Wallace, Sallie Randall, Vivian Blackburn, Emma Levy, Frances Wilson, May Levigne, Ann Archer, Marie Allen, Caecilia Rhode, Jessie Thompson, Anita Austin, Gladys Claire, Valerie Douglas, Adelaide Orton, Charles Sinclair, Charles Sturgess, Isabel Evesson, Beulah Coolidge and Charles A. Bigelow.

Make Way for the Ladies (32 perf.)—Farce in four acts adapted from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Albin Valla-breque. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, November 13, 1899. Cast:

Esther Tittell, May Lambert, May Robson, Nellie Butler, Louise Douglas, May Galyer, Anita Rothe, Mamie Forbes, Mildred Bowdrow, Marie Harris, Etta Morris, E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, Eric Hope, Jay Wilson, Sam Reed, Frederick Hayes, Tony Eddinger and Theodore Earl.

El Gran Galeoto (2 perf.)—Play in three acts by Jose Eche-garay. Produced at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, November 15, 1899. Cast:

Arthur Forrest, P. Augustus Anderson, Florence Kahn, Ina Hammer, John Blair, J. Brandon Tynan, W. G. Bennett and Henry Stokes. Staged by Robert O. Jenkins.

Richard Mansfield Repertory. Richard Mansfield appeared in a series of revivals at the Garden Theatre, New York, beginning November 20, 1899, continuing through January 13, 1900. The plays presented were: "Beau Brummell" by Clyde Fitch; "Cyrano de Bergerac" adapted by Howard Thayer Kinsbury from Rostand's play; "The Devil's Disciple" by G. B. Shaw; "Prince Karl" by A. C. Gunter; "A Parisian Romance" by Octave Feuillet, adapted by A. R. Cazauran; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" by T. R. Sullivan, founded on the book by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The First Violin" by Meridan Phelps (a pen-name of Richard Mansfield's) based on Jessie Fothergill's novel of the same name and "Arms and the Man" by G. B. Shaw. The company included:

Richard Mansfield, Arthur Forrest, F. A. Thomson, William Courtenay, Joseph A. Weaver, Francis Kingdon, A. G. Andrews, Frederick Backus, Damon Lyons, Edward Belden, Clement Toole, William H. Griffith, Douglas Stanfield, Gage Bennett, Woodward Barrett, Douglas Jeffreys Wood, Charles Quinn, Dwight Smith, Cecil Butler,

Edgar J. Hart, Augustin McHugh, A. Striker, Harry Lewis, William Sorelle, W. H. Griffith, E. Ordway, Robert Schable, Maxwell Blake, Mr. Nevil, Mr. Claggett, Robert Milton, J. F. Hussey, R. de Cordova, Joseph Maylon, J. Westly, Mr. Butler, C. Short, Ellen Cummins, Helen Glidden, Bertha Blanchard, Miss Van Arold, Blanche Weaver, Helen Ford, Mary Emerson, Mabel Howard, Claire Kulp, Miss Hollingsworth, Alice Chandler, Nora Dunblane, Angela McCaull, Mazie Blythe, Clara Emory, Fernada Eliscu and Grace Heyer.

This was the last time that Mr. Mansfield appeared in "Prince Karl."

It was also his last appearance in "Arms and the Man" and Beatrice Cameron returned to the stage for the occasion, acting Raina.

The first New York production of "Beau Brummell" was at the Madison Square Theatre, May 17, 1890. Mr. Mansfield played the title role. For revival and note see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 573.

The first New York production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in English was at the Garden Theatre, October 3, 1898, with Mr. Mansfield as Cyrano. Another version of the play was produced in Philadelphia, the same night, by Augustin Daly with Ada Rehan and Charles Richman.

The first New York production of "The Devil's Disciple" was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, October 4, 1897, with Mr. Mansfield.

The first New York production of "Prince Karl" was at the Madison Square Theatre, May 3, 1896, with Mr. Mansfield.

The first New York production of "A Parisian Romance" was at the Union Square Theatre, January 11, 1883, with Mr. Mansfield.

The first New York production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was at the Madison Square Theatre, September 12, 1897, with Mr. Mansfield.

The first New York production of "The First Violin" was at the Garden Theatre, April 25, 1898, with Mr. Mansfield.

The first New York production of "Arms and the Man" was at the Herald Square Theatre, September 17, 1894, with Mr. Mansfield. This was the first Shaw play produced in America.

The Elder Miss Blossom (39 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, November 20, 1899. Cast:

W. H. Kendal, Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Athol Forde, Frank Fenton, Rudge Harding, Rodney Edgecumbe, P. F. Ames, C. P. Polson, Nellie Campbell, Mary Kilpack and Mrs. A. B. Tapping.

The Manoeuvres of Jane (84 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 27, 1899. Cast:

Mary Manning, Charles Walcot, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Charles Harbury, William F. Courtenay, George C. Boniface, John Findlay, William Eville, H. S. Taber, John

L. Weber, Elizabeth Tyree, Mrs. Charles Walcot, Jessie Busley, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Ethel Hornick, Ethel Sanborn, Beatrice Morgan, Gertrude Lewis, Mrs. Hart Jackson, Alison Skipworth and Julia Devereux. Staged by Fred Williams. Settings by E. G. Unitt.

A Greek Slave (29 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Owen Hall. Lyrics by Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross. Music by Sidney Jones and Lionel Monckton. Produced by Fred C. Whitney at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, November 28, 1899. Cast:

Richard Carle, Kate Michelena, Marion Singer, Ethel Brougham, Inez Rae, Adine Bouvier, Miltie Atherton, Minnie Halsey, Hugh Chilvers, Albert A. Parr, W. H. Thompson, William Maitland, Ole Norman, Arthur Stanford, Herbert Sparling, Dorothy Morton and Minnie Ashley.

Ben Hur (194 perf.)—Melodrama in prologue and six acts by William Young dramatized from the novel by General Lew Wallace. Vocal and instrumental music composed by Edgar Stillman Kelley. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 29, 1899. Cast:

Balthasar.....	Frank Mordaunt	Drusus.....	Paul Gerson
Gaspar.....	F. S. Thorpe	Cecilius.....	Henry Devere
Melchior.....	Charles J. Wilson	Sanballat.....	Robert Mansfield
Ben Hur.....	Edward Morgan	Khaled.....	Charles Craig
Messala.....	William S. Hart	Centurion.....	Henry Montrose
Simonides.....	Henry Lee	Galley Officer.....	William Ford
Arrius.....	Edmund Collier	Esther.....	Gretchen Lyons
Ilderim.....	Emmett Corrigan	Iras.....	Corona Riccardo
Malluch.....	Frederick Truesdell	Mother of Hur.....	Mabel Bert
Hortator.....	Charles J. Wilson	Tirzah.....	Adeline Adler
Metellus.....	William Frederic	Amrah.....	Mary Shaw
Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Richard Anderson.		Albert and Ernest Gros. Costumes by F.	

During the run Edward Morgan was replaced by Emmett Corrigan, Edmund Collier by Fred Perry who in turn was replaced by Herbert Carr.

The theatre closed for the season on May 10, 1900, and reopened with "Ben-Hur" September 3, 1900, for 40 additional performances. Cast changes were:

Drusus.....	W. J. Kelly	Esther.....	Nellie Thorne
Ben Hur.....	William Farnum	Balthasar.....	Francis Kingdon
Simonides.....	Emmett Corrigan	Arrius.....	Robert Elliott
Ilderim.....	Harry Weaver, Jr.	Metellus.....	Franclyn Roberts
Iras.....		Adele Block	

Klaw and Erlanger revived the play at the New York Theatre, New York, September 21, 1903, for 96 performances. Cast:

Henry Woodruff (Ben Hur), Charles Mackay (Messala), Ellen Mortimer (Esther), Stella Boniface Weaver (Amrah), Charles J. Wilson, T. Jones, Thomas Walker, J. E. Dodson, Harry Weaver, James J. Ryan, F. Walker, Thomas F. Tracey, James Murphy, B. S. Mears, George Seybolt, William Dixon, M. Cody, Annie Irish, Mabel Bert and Charlotte Leslay.

The play was again revived by Klaw and Erlanger at the Academy of Music, New York, February 25, 1907, for 64 performances. Cast:

A. H. Van Buren (Ben Hur), John E. Ince, Jr. (Messala), Mabel Brownell (Esther), Stella Boniface Weaver (Amrah), Charles Riegel, Charles J. O'Brien, Charles Law-

rence, Robert McWade, Jr., Henry Weaver, Charles Canfield, Daniel E. Hanlon, Dudley Oatman, Ralph Ince, Dwight Dana, Frederick Scates, George Wilkes, Walter Markham, Margaret Dills, Helen Singer and Blanche Kendall. Staged by Joseph Brooks.

For other revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 461 and 586.

The Ameer (51 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts by Fred M. Ranken and Kirke La Shelle. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, December 4, 1899. Cast:

Frank Daniels, W. F. Rochester, William Corliss, Will Danforth, George Devoll, J. J. Martin, Frank Rainger, Sadie Emmons, Harry L. Arthur, Robert Delius, Howard Lawrence, Helen Redmond, Norma Kopp, Kate Uart, Mae Emmons, Jane Mandeville, Virginia Karroll and Tennie Leslie.

Wheels Within Wheels (66 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by R. C. Carton. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, December 11, 1899. Cast:

John B. Mason, Grant Stewart, Philip Cunningham, Edward Lester, Charles Giblyn, C. W. Butler, Hilda Spong, Eva Vincent, Grace Elliston and Robert Hilliard.

Moved to Daly's Theatre, April 16, 1900, for 5 additional performances.

The Cowboy and the Lady (44 perf.)—Melodrama in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 25, 1899. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, Charles Scott, Jameson Lee Finney, Thomas Oberle, Burr McIntosh, Neil O'Brien, S. M. Hall, Frank Mayne, Clarence Handyside, John Flood, William R. Holmes, E. Lewis, Minnie Dupree, Gertrude Gheen, Estelle Mortimer, Katheryn Morse and Lillian Adams.

My Lady's Lord (25 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, December 25, 1899. Cast:

J. H. Benrimo, Guy Standing, Sidney Herbert, W. H. Crompton, George W. Howard, E. Y. Backus, George Osbourne, Jr., John F. Cook, William Faversham, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Jessie Millward, Blanche Burton, Sara Perry and Lillian Thurgate. Settings by E. G. Unitt.

Three Little Lambs (49 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by R. A. Barnet. Music by E. W. Corliss. Produced by Edwin Knowles at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, December 25, 1899. Cast:

Raymond Hitchcock, William E. Philp, Edmund Lawrence, Harold Vizard, Tom Hadaway, William T. Carleton, Thomas Whiffen, Richard Ridgely, John Taylor, James Castle, Thomas E. Whitbread, Percy Smith, George Williams, Lawrence Flynn, Robert Warring, Randolph Jones, Frank Wise, Lionel Varnum, H. G. Hoffman, Adele Ritchie, Nellie Braggins, Marie Cahill, Clara Palmer, Ida Hawley, Beatrice Clements, Gerry Ames, Suzanne Santje, Marion Carlton, Gertrude Townsend, Laura Loesch, Lita Castello, Blanche Ward, Louise Lloyd, Violet Goodall, Francesca Gordon, Berta Hobson, Florence Raymond, Marion Longfellow, Nellie Plummer, Louise Averill and Lillian Collins. Settings by Henry E. Hoyt and Ernest Gros.

Chris and the Wonderful Lamp (58 perf.)—Extravaganza in three acts by Glen MacDonough. Music by John Philip Sousa.

Produced at the Victoria Theatre, New York, January 1, 1900.

Cast:

Edna Wallace Hopper, Ethel Irene Stewart, Jerome Sykes, Johnny Page, Randolph Curry, Hubert Carter, Charles H. Drew, Frank Todd, Emilie Beaupre, Mabella Baker, Nellie Lynch, Edna Hunter, Edith Barr, Violet Jewell, Adele Nott, Stella Madison and May Norton.

Naughty Anthony (90 perf.)—Farce in three acts by David Belasco. Produced by David Belasco at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, January 8, 1900. Cast:

Blanche Bates, Frank Worthing, William J. Le Moynes, William Elton, Charles Wyn-gate, Claude Gillingwater, E. P. Wilkes, Fanny Young, Albert Bruning, Samuel Ed-wards, Brandon Tynan, Maud Harrison, Mary Barker, Olive Redpath, Frances Jolliffe, Ethel Norman, Katherine Black and Janet Hudson.

Beginning March 5, 1900, Mr. Belasco added his one act dramatiza-tion of John Luther Long's story "Madame Butterfly" (24 perf.).
Cast:

Cho-Cho-San.....	Blanche Bates	Lieut. Pinkerton.....	Frank Worthing
Yamadori.....	Albert Bruning	Mr. Sharpless.....	Claude Gillingwater
Nakado.....	E. P. Wilkes	Suzuki.....	Mary Barker
Kate.....	Katherine Black	"Trouble".....	Little Kittie
Attendant.....	William Lamp	2nd Attendant.....	Westropp Saunders

Little Red Riding Hood (24 perf.)—Extravaganza in two acts. Lyrics by Harrison Ward. Music by E. E. Rice, F. J. Eustis and Charles Dennee. Produced by Edward E. Rose at the Casino Theatre, New York, January 8, 1900. Cast:

Ethel Jackson, Madge Lessing, Belle Thorne, Gerty Carlisle, Clara Havel, Lila Bow, Amorita, Mayme Gehrue, Hallen Mostyn, Sager Midgley, Thomas O'Brien, Snitz Edwards, William Burruss, Kitty Mitchell, Blanche Sherwood, Joseph Reynolds and Dave Abrahams.

The Degenerates (36 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Sydney Grundy. Produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, January 15, 1900. Cast:

Lillie Langtry, Ethel Henry, Ida Goldsmith, Adelaide Astor, Frederick Kerr, Leslie Kenyon, Harcourt Beatty, George Osbourne, George Grossmith, Jr., Julian Royce, Lawrence Grossmith, Lucie Milner, Charles H. Biggs, Arthur Seymour and Harold Price. Settings by W. T. Helmsley.

Brother Officers (88 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Leo Tre-vor. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, January 16, 1900. Cast:

Lt. John Hinds, V.C.	William Faversham	Mess Waiter.....	George C. Pearce
Col. Stapylton.....	E. Y. Backus	The Dean of Orchester.....	W. H. Crompton
Capt. Hutchinson.....	George W. Howard	Jarvis.....	Frank Brownlee
Lt. Launcelot Pleydell.....	Guy Standing	Robert Hutton.....	Edwin Stevens
Lt. Earl of Hunstanton	Joseph Wheelock, Jr.	Baroness Roydon.....	Margaret Anglin
	George Sylvester	Lady Margaret Pleydell	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Lt. Calverley.....	George Osbourne, Jr.	Mrs. Hammond.....	Lillian Thurgate
Foxhall.....		Kate Johnson.....	Blanche Burton

This play was revived for 16 additional performances beginning August 27, 1900, at the Empire Theatre. At this time Charles Estie and Margaret Dale replaced George C. Pearce and Blanche Burton.

On April 8, 1901, it was again revived for one week at the Empire Theatre. At this time W. B. Barnes, Wallace Worsley, Frank Brownlee, Gardiner Jenkins and Ethel Hornick replaced George W. Howard, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Charles Estie, Frank Brownlee and Lillian Thurgate respectively.

The Master Builder (1 perf.)—Drama in three acts by Henrik Ibsen, adapted by Charles Henry Meltzer. Produced at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, January 17, 1900. Cast:

Halvard Solness.....	William H. Pascoe	Mrs. Solness.....	Josephine Wyndham
Doctor Herdal.....	John Stepling	Knut Brovik.....	Ralph Yoerg
Ragnar Brovik.....	Frederick G. Lewis	Kaia Fosli.....	Grace Fisher
	Hilda Wangel.....		Florence Kahn

This was the first production of this play in America.

On May 12, 1905, a special matinee of this play was given for the benefit of Mrs. Gilbert's Memorial Window. The translation was by Edmond Gosse and William Archer. Cast:

Halvard Solness.....	William Hazeltine	Mrs. Solness....	Ida Jeffreys Goodfriend
Doctor Herdal.....	David Elmer	Knut Brovik.....	Fred Thompson
Ragnar Brovik.....	Douglas J. Wood	Kaia Fosli.....	Lottie Alter
	Hilda Wangel.....		Amy Ricard

Staged by Charles J. Bell. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

Henry Miller revived the play for 65 performances at the Bijou Theatre, New York, beginning September 23, 1907. Cast:

Halvard Solness.....	Walter Hampden	Mrs. Solness.....	Gertrude Berkeley
Doctor Herdal.....	H. Reeves-Smith	Knut Brovik.....	Cyril Young
Ragnar Brovik.....	Warner Oland	Kaia Fosli.....	Rosalind Ivan
	Hilda Wangel.....		Alla Nazimova

Settings by Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

Mme. Nazimova had appeared in Russian in her own translation of this play with Paul Orenoff at his Lyceum Theatre, New York, in 1905. Paul Orenoff played Solness.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 490; "Best Plays of 1926-1927," page 418, and "Best Plays of 1929-1930," pages 393 and 403.

Broadway to Tokio (88 perf.)—Spectacular fantasy in three acts by Louis Harrison and George V. Hobart. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane and Reginald De Koven. Produced at the New York Theatre, New York, January 23, 1900. Cast:

Otis Harlan, Ignacio Martinetti, Joseph Ott, Joseph Sparks, Bert C. Thayer, Egar Halstead, William Gould, Gilbert Gregory, Nick Long, Charles Kirke, James F. Lee, Frank White, Lew Simmons, George W. Ryan, Lew Foley, James Horan, E. B. Knight, Joseph Smith, Alice Judson, Anna Barclay, Josie Sadler, Christine Blessing, Lillie Brink, Buella Montrose, Julian Myers, The Mahr Sisters, Maude Frederick, Idalene Cotton, Maude Francis, Rose Frife, Dottie Goodyear, Lillie Collins, Catherine Jefferson, Alice Ackman, Helen Rutledge, Nancy Sadler, Mayme Kelso, Mildred Stoller, Gertrude Mavo, Maud Calvert and Fay Templeton. Staged by Max Freeman. Ballets arranged by Carl Marwig. Settings by Ernest Albert, D. Frank Dodge and Henry E. Hoyt.

The Surprises of Love (41 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Paul Bilhaud and Michel Carre. Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 22, 1900. Cast:

H. Reeves Smith, Wallace Erskine, Clayton White, Eric Hope, Frank Lea Short, Charles Bowser, David McCartney, Elsie De Wolfe, Olive May, Margaret Robinson, Helen Keating and Ellen Gail. Settings by E. G. Unitt.

The Ambassador (51 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, February 5, 1900. Cast:

John Mason, Edward Morgan, William F. Courtenay, Charles Walcott, H. S. Taber, Charles Giblyn, J. L. Weber, A. S. Howson, Hilda Spong, Mary Mannering, Grace Elliston, Elizabeth Tyree, Rhoda Cameron, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Ethel Hornick, Alison Skipworth, Eugenie White, Minnie Bowen, Mrs. Hart Jackson, Beatrice Morgan, Blanche Kelleher, Gertrude Lewis, Mrs. Eva Vincent, Julia Devereux, William Eville and J. Lester. Staged by Fred Williams. Settings by E. G. Unitt.

Coralie and Company, Dressmakers (57 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Albin Vallabreque and Maurice Hennequin. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, February 5, 1900. Cast:

Fritz Williams, Esther Tittell, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Sam Reed, Nellie Butler, E. M. Holland, Marie Derickson, May Galyer, Brandon Hurst, George W. Howard, Jay Wilson, James Kearney, George Forbes, James Weed, Tony Eddinger, Charles Gibson, May Lambert, Anita Rothe, Etta Morris, Louise Douglas and Margaret Bowdrow.

Sapho (29 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch founded on the novel by Alphonse Daudet and the play by Mme. Daudet and A. Belot. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, February 5, 1900. Cast:

Jean Gaussin.....	Hamilton Revelle	Dechelette.....	Myron Calice
Uncle Cesaire.....	Fred. Thorne	Flamant.....	John Glendinning
Hettema.....	Franklin Hurleigh	De Potter.....	Taylor Holmes
Caoudal.....	Leonard Outram	Joseph.....	Gertrude Robinson
M. Anvers.....	Charles Wellesley	Concierge.....	W. Gordon
Mephistopheles.....	Frank Farrington	Porter.....	Richard Warring
Servant.....	W. S. Mills	Alice Dore.....	Clara Emory
Madame Hettema.....	Alexes Leighton	Divonne.....	Mrs. John Glendinning
Irene.....	Nellie Thorne	Toto.....	Anna Whitford
Tina de Monte.....	Maude Clayton	Margot.....	Carolyn Heustis Graves
Rosa.....	Adelaide Cummings	Danseuses.....	The Sisters Striker
Francine.....	Mattie Howes	Fannie Legrand.....	Olga Nethersole

Dances arranged by Carl Marwig. Settings by Ernest Albert.

"Sapho" was condemned as an immoral play and the theatre was closed March 5, 1900, by order of the police. Miss Nethersole revived Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" for two weeks beginning March 6th and on March 17th presented Pinero's four act play "The Profligate." Cast:

Olga Nethersole, Hamilton Revelle, Fred Thorne, Leonard Outram, John Glendinning, Charles Wellesley, Franklin Hurleigh, W. S. Mills, Mrs. John Glendinning, Louise McIntosh, Nellie Thorne and Adelaide Cummings.

"The Profligate" was repeated on March 19, 20 and 21. The theatre closed on March 22 due to Miss Nethersole's illness.

The "Sapho" trial began April 3, 1900, and ended with Miss

Nethersole's acquittal. "Sapho" reopened April 7, 1900, for 55 additional performances with the same cast except that William C. Cowper replaced Myron Calice.

"Sapho" was revived at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 12, 1900, for 28 performances. Cast:

Olga Nethersole (Fannie Legrand), G. Harrison Hunter (Jean Gaussin), George Wharlock, Rogdon Eryllynne, Edward Collins, Frank Farrington, F. Howard Lang, Lores Grimm, A. Richards, William Parker, George Leslie, Serano Moore, Anna Stanton, Eleanor Carey, Helen Harcourt, Violet Goodall, Ethel Harrison, Edythe Terry, Helen Remsen, Adelaide Cummings, Marie Striker, Marguerite Striker, and Mattie Howes. Dances by Carl Marwig. Settings by Ernest Albert.

When We Were Twenty-one (41 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henry V. Esmond. Produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, February 5, 1900. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, Neil O'Brien, Frank Gillmore, Clarence Handyside, Henry Woodruff, James Lee Finney, Thomas Oberle, S. M. Hall, Charles Thorp, Herbert Ayling, W. J. Thorold, Frank Mayne, L. E. Woodthorpe, Rapley Holmes, Ysobel Haskins, Gertrude Gheen, Florence Robinson, Kathryn Morse, Nina Gregory, Gertrude Tidball, Florence Wickliffe, Florence Hayes, Agnes Marks, Florence Haverleigh, Helen Barney and Estelle Mortimer.

This play was revived at the Knickerbocker Theatre, January 21, 1901, for 42 performances. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, Neil O'Brien, J. R. Crauford, George E. Bellamy, Henry Woodruff, Frank Mayne, Arthur Garrels, William Simpson, Charles Thorpe, S. M. Hall, Harry P. Stone, Frank Drew, L. E. Woodthorpe, F. J. Byrd, Ethel Brandon, Gertrude Gheen, Kathryn Morse, Kate Chase, Gertrude Tidball, Olive Grandison, Virginia Flood, Florence Haverleigh, Jennie Carey, Joan Osborne and Mrs. J. R. Crauford.

The Countess Chiffon (8 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Harry St. Maur adapted from the French. Produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, February 6, 1900. Cast:

William Harcourt, Grace George, Henrietta Osborne, Biju Fernandez, John Blair, Ella Salisbury, J. G. Saville, Walter Clifford, Frank Hatch, Edgar Walton, A. L. Traherne, Vivia Ogden, Ruth Copley, Affie Warner and Bertha Tueman.

The Princess Chic (22 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Book by Kirke La Shelle. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced at the Casino Theatre, New York, February 12, 1900. Cast:

Winfield Blake, Melville Collins, Edgar Temple, Richard Golden, J. C. Miron, Walter A. Lawrence, Harry Brown, E. S. Beverley, F. S. Dearduff, Lawrence Frye, F. Hammond, Harold Lynn, James Daly, Flora Enright, Emilie Knapp, Mathilde Preville, Louise Willis Hepner and Christie MacDonald. Staged by Julian Mitchell.

Hearts Are Trumps (93 perf.)—Melodrama in four acts and fourteen scenes by Cecil Raleigh. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, February 21, 1900. Cast:

Amelia Bingham, May Buckley, Florence Robinson, Sara Perry, Marian Gardiner, Eleanor Moretti, Jessie Busley, Grace Van Bentheysen, Edwin Arden, Philip Cuningham S. Miller Kent, E. M. Holland, Sidney Herbert, William Cullington, Cecil B. de Mille, Grant Stewart, Nora Dunblane, Kate Robinson, Claire McDowell, Ruby Hayes, Meta Rogers, Wano Lamonthé, Helen Rogers, Christie Neville, Etta Morris, Pauline Von Arold, Wales Winter, N. L. Jelenko, Carl St. Aubyn, Henry Davis, Carl Eckstrom, Joseph A. Weber, Harry Lewis and Florence Howard. Moving pictures in

Act III, Scene 4, made by William Paley and reproduced by the famous Kalatechnoscope.

This was Cecil B. de Mille's debut as an actor.

Aunt Hannah (21 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts. Book by Matthew J. Royal. Lyrics by Clay M. Greene. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, February 22, 1900. Cast:

Agnes Findlay, Frederick Hallen, Bobby Gaylor, Charles W. Butler, Bud Ross, Bella Bucklin, Louise Lehman, Louise Hilton, Molly Fuller, John H. Bunny, Caro Gordon Leigh, Harriet Kendall, Maud Morrison, Catherine Robinson, Lethe Collins, Anna Williamson, Catherine Douglas, Nellie Burbank and M. Zabelle.

Mam'selle 'Awkins (35 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Richard Carle. Music by Herman Perlet and Alfred E. Aarons. Produced by Alfred E. Aarons at the Victoria Theatre, New York, February 26, 1900. Cast:

Will Armstrong, Etienne Girardot, George C. Boniface, Jr., Charles Danby, Richard Carle, Snitz Edwards, Marguerite Sylva, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Maude Creighton, Mamie Gilroy, Rose Beaumont, Nellie Beaumont, Elsie Fay, Laurence Wheat, Hattie Delaro, Georgia Carhart, Marjorie Relyea, Madge Dean, Elaine Selover, Jean Caskie, Ethel Moore, Lucille Verna, Rose Clark and Josephine Hall.

Helena Modjeska Repertory. Madame Modjeska began a three week engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, February 26, 1900. The plays presented were: "Mary Stuart" by Frederick Schiller, "Marie Antoinette" by Clinton Stuart, "The Ladies' Battle" translated from the French of Scribe and Legouve by George B. Coale and Shakespeare's "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado About Nothing." The company included:

Madame Helena Modjeska (Lady Macbeth), Cissie Loftus (Viola), John E. Kellard (Macbeth), John T. Malone (Macduff), Wadsworth Harris, Richard Milloy, Leota Buskirk, Lynn Pratt, Mark Fenton, George S. Spencer, George Curtis, Cassius Quinby, Irving Brooks, Guelma L. Baker, Mary Hall, Kate Dalglish, Hannah E. Sargent and Hattie Buskirk.

My Daughter-in-law (72 perf.)—Comedy in three acts adapted from the French of Fabrice Carre and Paul Bilhaud. Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, February 26, 1900. Cast:

Herbert Standing, Seymour Hicks, Henry Kemble, J. L. Mackaye, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Joseph Maylon, Fannie Brough, Margaret Robinson, Josephine Gautier and Ellaline Terriss.

The Storm (1 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alexander Ostrovsky. Produced at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, March 2, 1900. Cast:

Samuel Claggett, Frederick Lewis, Kate Hassett, William G. Romaine, Florence Kahn, Ethel Chase Sprague, Gage Bennett, Stanley Jessup, Jeannette Connor and Josephine Wyndham.

The Carpetbagger (14 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Opie Read and Frank S. Pixley. Produced by Tim Murphy at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, March 5, 1900. Cast:

Tim Murphy, J. J. Shaw, J. R. Armstrong, James Manley, Olney J. Griffin, Joe Fitzpatrick, Robert Gage, John Henton, Edward Kingsley, Henry Wolf, E. J. Stanley, Robert Dudley, Eugene Thomas, Aubrey Powell, Nellie Yale Nelson, Matilde Weffing and Dorothy Sherrord.

This play opened at the Bijou Theatre, April 9, 1900, for 20 additional performances.

The Pride of Jennico (111 perf.)—Play in four acts by Abby Sage Richardson and Grace L. Furniss founded on the chief incident in Agnes and Egerton Castle's novel of the same name. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, March 6, 1900. Cast:

Basil Jennico.....	James K. Hackett	Van Rothenburg.....	Brigham Royce
Von Krappitz.....	Thomas A. Hall	Sir John Beddoes.....	Arthur Hoops
Janos.....	Carl Ahrendt	Markham.....	Longley Taylor
Fabula.....	Stephen Wright	Timar.....	Mace Greenleaf
Anton.....	Edward Donnelly	Landlord.....	James Otley
Karl.....	George Alison	Gottlieb.....	Frank Anderson
Hildebrand.....	George Trimble	Ismail.....	Sidney Price
Michel.....	Grace Reals	Rosel.....	Miss Head
Lisbeth.....	Virginia Buchanan	Bertha.....	Amy Ricard
Marie Ottilie.....	Bertha Galland	Marie Pahlen.....	Gertrude Rivers

Staged by Edward E. Rose. Settings by E. G. Unitt. Costumes by Herrmann.

Reopened at this theatre September 3, 1900, for an additional 32 performances at which time George W. Barbier, Theodore Hamilton, Maude Right, Carol Arden, Helen Ivars and Elizabeth Holloway replaced Brigham Royce, Carl Ahrendt, Grace Reals, Miss Head, Virginia Buchanan and Amy Ricard, respectively.

This was George W. Barbier's New York debut.

The Casino Girl (91 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander, Will Marion Cook, Harry T. MacConnell and Arthur Nevin. Produced by George Lederer at the Casino Theatre, New York, March 19, 1900. Cast:

Virginia Earle, Sam Bernard, Albert Hart, Louis Wesley, J. A. Furey, George A. Schiller, James McQuaid, Mabelle Gilman, Carrie E. Perkins, Ella Snyder, Irene Bentley, Mayme Gehrue, Susie Drake, Geraldine Fair, Elizabeth Ryker, Louise Lloyd, Jessie Wood, Clara Selton, Emma Lennox, Eleanor Burns, Goldie Mohr, Katherine Bartlett, Lotta Faust, Jessie Jordan, Adelaide Phillips, Blanche Cramer, Vina Snyder, Sam Collins, Clement Herschell, Agnes Pave, Ruby Reid, Belle Armstrong, Helene Gerard, Lillian Smiles, Martha Marlowe, Annie Wynn, Paula Allen and Minnie Cline. Settings by D. Frank Dodge and Ernest Albert.

Beginning April 2, 1900, "The Casino Girl" was played in two acts instead of three. A new version by Robert Smith reopened at the Casino Theatre, New York, August 6, 1900, for 40 additional performances.

The play was revived for 32 performances at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, April 8, 1901. Cast:

James E. Sullivan, Albert Hart, Sam Collins, Harry Fairleigh, Charles Cox, Joseph Sullivan, Horace Hain, "Rastus," Katie Seymour, Ella Snyder, Emily Herve, Grace Milburn, Claudine Sharp, Carrie E. Perkins, Rose Krohe, Louise Lloyd, Ruby Reid, Vina Snyder, Mare Twohey, Maud Thomas, Mona Sydney, Irene L. Cameron, Ocia

Thompson, Kathleen Franklin, Minnie Cline, Ella Doyle, Marie Tyler, Minerva Courteney, Katherine Bartlett, Margo Hobart, Ivy Jay, Edna Lawrence and Josie Lawrence.

Oliver Goldsmith (33 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, March 19, 1900. Cast:

Stuart Robson (Oliver Goldsmith), Beaumont Smith (Boswell), Henry E. Dixey (David Garrick), H. A. Weaver (Dr. Johnson), Edward Dodge, Walter Clews, Ellen Mortimer, Jeffreys Lewis, Florence Rockwell, Walter Hale, Clifford Leigh, Ogden Stevens, Charles Lemmert, F. C. Gordon, Martin Sounds, Joseph A. Winter, O. E. Hallam, Bert Washburn, Ricca Scott, Bessie Scott, Monica Harris, James Grant and Charles E. Long.

The Interrupted Honeymoon (23 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by F. Kinsey Peile. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, March 20, 1900. Cast:

John Mason, Edward J. Morgan, Grant Stewart, William F. Courtenay, John Findlay, Edward Lester, Mary Mannering, Hilda Spong, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Ethel Hornick, Alison Skipworth and Mrs. Eva Vincent.

Little Nell and the Marchioness (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Harry P. Mawson. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, March 26, 1900. Cast:

Mary Saunders, Max Figman, John Jack, Harold Hartsell, William Seymour, P. Augustus Anderson, Herbert Sparling, Aubrey Beattie, H. J. Holliday, L. D. Blondell, Stephen Sherlock, Anne Caverly, Mary Mackenzie, Lillie Eldridge and Mollie Revel. Staged by William Seymour.

The Sunken Bell (40 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Gerhart Hauptmann translated into English by Charles Henry Meltzer. Produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, March 26, 1900. Cast:

E. H. Sothern, Rebecca Warren, Clara Cubitt, Edith Taliaferro, Arthur R. Lawrence, Roydon Erlynne, Owen Fawcett, C. P. Flockton, Virginia Harned, Rowland Buckstone, Norman Parr, Edna Phillips, Edna Crawford, Gerry Ames, May Johnson and Adele Block.

Twelve Months Later (8 perf.)—Comedy in three acts from the German of Blumenthal and Kadelburg. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, March 26, 1900. Cast:

Charles H. Bradshaw, Richard Bennett, Adelaide Keim, Fred Summerfield, Frederic Bond, Anne Sutherland, Leo Ditrichstein, Elizabeth Tyree, Mrs. Hart Jackson, Douglas J. Wood, Estabrook Galloway, F. M. Norcross, David Elmer, Robert Smiley and Alma Ayers.

A Man and His Wife (24 perf.)—Play by George Fleming (Constance Fletcher). Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, April 2, 1900. Cast:

William Faversham, Jessie Millward, Guy Standing, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., E. Y. Backus, George Osbourne, Jr., Frank Brownlee, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Margaret Gordon, Lillian Thurgate and Kate Hassett.

Preceded by:

The Bugle Call (24 perf.)—Play in one act by Louis N. Parker and Addison Bright. Cast:

Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Edwin Stevens, John R. Sumner, Rose Eytinge, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Margaret Anglin.

"A Man and His Wife" had been given for one performance the matinee of March 6, 1897, at this same theatre. William Faversham and Mrs. Whiffen of the above company were in the cast.

Quo Vadis (96 perf.)—Play in six acts, dramatized by Stanislaus Stange from the novel by Henry Sienkiewicz. Produced by F. C. Whitney at the New York Theatre, New York, April 9, 1900. Cast:

Petronius.....	Arthur Forrest	Vincius.....	Joseph Haworth
Nero.....	Edmund D. Lyons	Tigellinus.....	William Clifton
Chilo.....	Horace Lewis	Lucan.....	Leonard Walker
Ursus.....	Elmer Grandin	Father Linus.....	W. C. Stone
Vitellius.....	W. T. Melville	Plautius.....	Richard Buehler
Glaucus.....	Edwin Varrey	Hasta.....	Marcus Ford
Little Aulus.....	Master Teddy	Lygia.....	Roselle Knott
Poppaea.....	Alice Fisher	Eunice.....	Maude Fealy
Pomponia.....	Margaret Fealy	Regulus.....	Harry Nowell
Acte.....	Carolyn Kenyon	Afer.....	F. Boyle
Terpnos.....	F. Arundel	Diodorus.....	W. Marriott
Tiresias.....	Robert Delmar	Meltos.....	William Sylvester
Nazarius.....	Richard Sterling	Fabian.....	James Crown
Crispinilla.....	Vasti Hollis	Rubra.....	Louise Collins
Daphne.....	Jennie Barry	Paulina.....	Lucia Moore
Junia.....	Lottie Dale	Servilla.....	Susie Rocamora

Staged by Max Freeman. Incidental music by Julian Edwards.

Quo Vadis (32 perf.)—Play in five acts, dramatized by Jeanette L. Gilder from the novel by Henry Sienkiewicz. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, April 9, 1900. Cast:

Petronius.....	E. J. Morgan	Vincius.....	John Blair
Nero.....	Robert Fischer	Tigellinus.....	T. B. Bridgeland
Chilo.....	Frank J. Currier	Lucan.....	William Herbert
Ursus.....	Harrison Armstrong	Father Linus.....	Myron Calice
Croton.....	Howard Truesdale	Hasta.....	Robert L. Gemp
Vitellius.....	W. V. Ranous	Vestinius.....	F. Husted
Glaucus.....	Willard Simpson	Gulo.....	Joseph Damery
Little Aulus.....	Little Arthur	Lygia.....	Bijou Fernandez
Poppaea.....	Hattie Russell	Eunice.....	Grayce Scott
Pomponia.....	Minnie Monk	Miriam.....	Anna Barkley
Acte.....	Engel Sumner	Nigidia.....	Jane Marbury
Calvia.....	Gertrude McGill	A Slave.....	Dollie Thornton

These two productions of "Quo Vadis" opened the same night. The Gilder version was not favorably received.

Quo Vadis (32 perf.)—Revived at the Academy of Music, New York, December 31, 1900. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye (Petronius), Elita Proctor Otis (Poppaea), Samuel Edwards (Nero), Aubrey Boucicault (Vincius), Bijou Fernandez, Frank Mordaunt, Charles Riegel, Richard G. Williams, Adeline Dunlap, Willard Newell, E. L. Walton, J. B. Booth, Sarah Kaplan, Georgia Florence Olp and Carlotta Neilson.

Woman and Wine (69 perf.)—Melodrama in four acts by Arthur Shirley and Benjamin Landeck. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, April 11, 1900. Cast:

George Osbourne, Howard Kyle, Julien Barton, David Torrence, M. A. Kennedy, Daniel Halifax, Roland G. Edwards, Franklyn Roberts, Frank Hatch, George Courtney, A. L. Traherne, Alexis Gisiko, J. G. Brammall, William Selwyn, George Mur-

ray, Elita Proctor Otis, Mabel Eaton, Minnie Dupree, Millie James, Grace Howard, Lottie Mortimer, Nellie Simmons, Marion Winchester, Lulu Porter, Alice Kingdon, Eleanor Allen, Lucille Monroe, Rose Garland, Virginia Marshall, Adele De Sai, Jean James, Florence Hayes, Irene Vera, Ethel Rellew, Francesca Di Maria, Marshall Farnum and Bernard Thornton. Settings by John H. Young, D. Frank Dodge and Frank Platzer.

Moved to the Academy of Music, May 14, 1900.

The Weather Hen (1 matinee)—Comedy in a prologue, two acts and an epilogue by Berte Thomas and Granville Barker. Produced by William A. Brady at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, April 13, 1900. Cast:

John H. Bunny, George S. Probert, Felix Haney, Harold Hartsell, Will T. Ellwanger, George Backus, Frank Bell, J. H. Davies, M. Converse, Sylvia Lyndon, Mabel Strickland and Ella Hugh Wood.

The Heather Field (1 perf.)—Play in three acts by Edward Martyn. Produced at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, April 19, 1900. Cast:

John E. Kellard, William Humphrey, Charles J. Bell, Jobyna Howland, Caroline Keeler, William J. McCahill, J. Brandon Tynan, Joseph B. Wilkes and J. H. Howland.

Followed by:

A Troubadour—A new translation of Coppee's "Le Passant" by M. L. Churchill. Cast:

Martia Leonard and Antoinette Ashton.

Borderside (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Eva Foster Riggs and Virginia Calhoun. Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, April 30, 1900. Cast:

Virginia Calhoun, Robert T. Haines, Lawrence Eddinger, Burt G. Clark, Edward See, Thomas Whiffen, Lynn Pratt, Miriam Nesbitt, Lorle Eddinger, Leslie Bingham, Julia Hanchett, Ada Gilman and Vivian Bernard.

The Bostonians—Beginning April 30, 1900, The Bostonians presented a repertory at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, for three weeks. The light operas presented were: "The Viceroy," book by Harry B. Smith, music by Victor Herbert; "Robin Hood," book by Harry B. Smith, music by Reginald De Koven; and "The Serenade," book by Harry B. Smith, music by Victor Herbert. The company included:

Henry Clay Barnabee, William H. MacDonald, George B. Frothingham, W. H. Fitzgerald, Frank Rushworth, John Dunsmore, Helen Bertram, Marcia Van Dresser, Grace Cameron, Joseph Bartlett, Harry Dale, Adam Warmuth, David White, James E. Miller, Edith Hendee, Arthur T. Earnest and Henry Miller.

SEASON OF 1900-1901

The Knickerbocker Girl (14 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by George Totten Smith. Music by Alfred E. Aarons. Pro-

duced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, June 15, 1900.

Cast:

Josephine Hall, Sydney Deane, Will H. Sloan, Harry Kelly, George Honey, Alice Clifford, Edgar Halstead, Charles Judels, Gwendoline Coate, Grace Belmont, Nellie Beaumont, Aida Hemmi, Ada Bernard, Nina Randall, Helen Irwin, Catherine Locke, Edythe Moyer, Maude Le Roy, Ollie Woolford, Beatrice Flint, Clara MacCord, Florence Campbell, Minnie Johnston, Georgia Campbell, Edna Kerr, Effie Elsie, Louie Sprague, Ione Kerr and Sadie Long.

The Cadet Girl (48 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts from the French. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, July 25, 1900. Cast:

Dan Daly, Adele Ritchie, William Cameron, William Probert Carleton, Charles H. Bowers, George A. Schiller, Charles Danby, Charles Dox, Adele Farrington, Toby Claude, Catherine Lewis, Hattie Moore, Nella Webb, Bessie Wynn, Tessie Mooney, Lulu Mooney, Pauline Chase, Florence Carlisle, Dolly Anderson, Fred Urban, James Kane, Laura Witt, Christie MacDonald, Ollie Wallace, Grace Spencer, Mildred Meade, Erminie Earl and Kathryn Pearl.

The Rebel (73 perf.)—Play by James B. Fagan. Produced at the Academy of Music, New York, August 20, 1900. Cast:

Andrew Mack, George W. Deyo, John C. Ince, Jr., Edwin Brandt, John C. Fenton, Henry Sutor, Edwin Aiken, Thomas Jackson, William J. Morgan, George Pullman, Giles Shine, Ben T. Ringgold, Daniel O'Connell, Charles MacDonald, W. Ward, Charles Walton, John Sylvester, John Frees, John Frees, Jr., Josephine Lovett and Jennie Satterlee.

The Parish Priest (37 perf.)—Play by Daniel Hart. Produced at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, August 30, 1900. Cast:

Daniel Sully, Harry Gwynette, Theodore Babcock, Joseph L. Tracey, Gerald Griffin, Walter Horton, Agnes Rose Lane, Flora Fairchild and Mildred Lawrence.

All on Account of Eliza (32 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Rich and Harris at the Garrick Theatre, New York, September 3, 1900. Cast:

Louis Mann, Clara Lipman, Edwin Nicander, William F. Carroll, Charles E. Sturges, Edward Sec, Oscar Dane, Master Walter McArdle, James P. Doyle, Rose Beaudet, Christine Blessing, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Emma Janvier, Birdie Bertrand, Little Irma Bertrand, Susie Wilkison, Angie Ward, Susie Knight, Mollie Hamlin, Daisy Clayton and Beatrice Litchfield.

Beginning February 25, 1901, this play gave 24 additional performances at Wallack's Theatre, New York. At that time Claude Yerkes and Gus Fleming (playing two new roles) were added to the cast, and Aileen Bertelle replaced Birdie Bertrand.

Prince Otto (40 perf.)—Play in five acts by Otis Skinner founded upon two episodes in the novel of the same name by Robert Louis Stevenson. Produced by Otis Skinner at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 3, 1900. Cast:

Otis Skinner, Percy Haswell, Grace Filkins, Maud Durbin, George Nash, Frank Sylvester, Alfred Edwards, Frank Wallace, Edward Dillon, Frederick Van Rensselaer, H. Rees Davies, Louis Webster, Charles Adams, E. A. Eberle, William Andrews, Elizabeth Lea, Jane Peyton, Eugenia Flagg, Misses McIntosh, Kingston, Myller, Lowe, Gloy, Chambers, Ralston, Lewis and Butterfield, Messrs. Riggsby, Lumsden and Vanderpool. Settings by Walter Burrigidge, Henry Martin, Henry Buhler and Frederick Gibson. Costumes by E. Craig and Fritz Schoultz.

A Royal Family (175 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Captain Robert Marshall. Incidental music by William Furst. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 5, 1900. Cast:

Annie Russell, Lawrence D'Orsay, Master Donald Gallaher, Charles Richman, Orrin Johnson, George Irving, Charles W. Butler, Harry Rose, W. H. Thompson, Richard Bennett, Robert Hickman, Allen Murname, George Forbes, Harris Weed, James Kean, Lloyd Carleton, John G. Edwards, Randolph Mordecai, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Ellie Wilton and Mabel Morrison. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

The Rose of Persia (25 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Captain Basil Hood. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, September 6, 1900. Cast:

John Le Hay, Sidney Bracey, Herbert Clayton, Stuart Hyatt, Charles Angelo, John Doran, Arthur Barry, Ruth Vincent, Hettice Lund, Isabel Dillon, Hilda Stephens, Amy Martin, Mary Cunningham, Doris Latour, Hetty Hertzfeld, Margerite Trew and Nell Meissener.

Fiddle-dee-dee (262 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Edgar Smith. Music by John Stromberg. Produced by Weber and Fields at the Weber and Fields Music Hall, New York, September 6, 1900. Cast:

Joseph M. Weber, Lew M. Fields, De Wolf Hopper, David Warfield, John T. Kelly, Charles Fostelle, George Ali, Ben Haggood, Harold T. Morey, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Josephine Allen, Irene Vera, Bonnie Maginn, Belle Robinson, Margaret Sayre, Goldie Mohr, May Sherwood, Leona Hilbon, Jessie Richmond, Vernie Wadsworth, Genevieve Dolara, May McKenzie, Myra Smith, Violet Jewell, Inez Ray, Ilma Pratt, Grace Pierrepont, Georgia Stewart, Florence Bell, Phyllis La Fond, Mazie Follette, Eva Allen, Florence Deshone, Clara Selden, Marie Worthington, Nata Stromberg, Florence Dressler, Carrie Willis, Virginia Foltz, Lillian Heckler, Dappy Grey, Charles J. Ross and Bessie Clayton. Staged by Julian Mitchell.

During the run burlesques of popular plays were introduced from time to time.

The Husbands of Leontine (29 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Alfred Capus. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, September 8, 1900. Cast:

E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, Eugene Jepson, Percy Lyndal, James Kearney, Jay Wilson, William Eddinger, Isabel Irving, Ida Vernon, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Marie Derickson, May Lambert, Nellie Butler, May Galyer and Anita Rothe. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Preceded by:

Ib and Little Christina—"A Picture in Three Panels" by Basil Hood, suggested by a tale of Hans Andersen. Cast:

Master Lores Grimm, Percy Lyndal, James Kearney, Jennie Eustace, Holbrook Blinn, Jay Wilson, May Lambert and Violet Holliday.

Arizona (140 perf.)—Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Kirk La Shelle and Fred R. Hamlin at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, September 10, 1900. Cast:

Henry Canby.....	Theodore Roberts	Miss McCullagh.....	Louise Closser
Col. Bonham.....	Edwin Holt	Dr. Fenlon.....	George O'Donnell
Sam Wong.....	Stephen B. French	Capt. Hodgman.....	Walter Hale
Mrs. Canby.....	Mattie Earle	Tony Mostano.....	Edgar Selwyn
Estrella Bonham.....	Jane Kennark	Lieut. Hallack.....	Malcolm Gunn
Lena Kellar.....	Adora Andrews	Sergt. Kellar.....	Thos. Oberle
Lieut. Denton.....	Vincent Serrano	Lieut. Young.....	Sidney Ainsworth
Bonita Canby.....	Eleanor Robson	Major Cochran.....	Geo. Morehead
Settings by Walter Burridge and Charles H. Ritter.			

On September 17, 1900, Carolyn Kenyon assumed the role of Lena Kellar, and William Haworth assumed the role of Sergt. Kellar on November 16, 1900.

For revival, see page 500 of "Best Plays of 1909-1919."

Cupid Outwits Adam (8 perf.)—Farce comedy in three acts by Frederick Stanford. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 10, 1900. Cast:

George S. Probert, Charles H. Bradshaw, Frank Farrington, Horace Lewis, William Herbert, Jacques Martin, James Manley, John E. Finn, Julia Hanchett, Stella Kenny, Ida Darling, Frances Arthur and Helene Craven.

Richard Carvel (128 perf.)—Dramatization in four acts by Edward E. Rose of Winston Churchill's novel of the same name. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 11, 1900. Cast:

John Drew, Herbert Carr, Arthur Byron, Frank Losee, Harry Harwood, Lewis Baker, Morgan Coman, Paul McAllister, Dodson Mitchell, Francis Powers, Brandon Tynan, George Le Soir, William Downing, George Forbes, Frank Lamb, Robert Schable, John Williams, George R. Harcourt, Robert Hazelton, Fred Morris, J. L. Norton, Joseph Maylon, Charles Gibson, James Weed, Ida Conquest, Olive May, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Marian Childers, Georgie Mendum and Charlotte Townshend. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

The Monks of Malabar (39 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Book by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by Nixon and Zimmerman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 14, 1900. Cast:

Francis Wilson, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Hallen Mostyn, H. Arling, Sidney Jarvis, J. Ratliff, Madge Lessing, Maud Hollins, Edith Bradford, Clara Palmer, Louise Lawton and Edith Hutchins. Staged by A. M. Holbrook. Settings by Henry E. Hoyt.

Caleb West (32 perf.)—Dramatization in four acts by Michael Morton of F. Hopkinson Smith's novel. Produced by Jacob Litt at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 17, 1900. Cast:

Edwin Arden, George Fawcett, Frank Lander, Malcolm Williams, Elmer Grandin, J. W. Cope, Robert Lowe, Louis Hendricks, Harry Holliday, Henry James, May Buckley, Ysobel Haskins, Kate Denin Wilson, Ada Gilman, Emily Wakeman, Helen King Russell and Alice Hunt. Staged by Eugene W. Presbrey and the author.

Hamlet (16 perf.)—Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Revived by Daniel Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 17, 1900. Cast:

E. H. Sothorn (Hamlet), Virginia Harned (Ophelia), Arthur R. Lawrence (Claudius), Charlotte Deane (Gertrude), Vincent Sternroyd (Laertes), Edwin Varrey (Polonius), Rowland Buckstone, Henry Carvill, Richard Lambert, Taylor Holmes, E. F. Bostwick, C. P. Flockton, George E. Bryant, H. S. Northrup, Daniel Jarrett, John J. Collins,

Leonard Outram, Edmund Lawrence, William Harris and Adelaide Keim. Staged by Fred Williams. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

This was Mr. Sothern's first appearance as Hamlet in New York.

Revived for 32 performances by Daniel Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, December 30, 1902. Cast:

E. H. Sothern (Hamlet), Cecilia Loftus (Ophelia), Stephen Wright (Claudius), Jennie Eustace (Gertrude), Sydney Mather (Laertes), Edwin Varrey (Polonius), Henry Carvill, Cecil B. de Mille, Richard Pitman, William Harris, Gordon Johnstone, John Finlay, Charles Van, Percival T. Moore, Stewart Cameron, Pedro de Cordoba, Malcolm Bradley, Rowland Buckstone, Frederick Kaufman and Chrystal Herne. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

Mr. Sothern and his company returned to this theatre for the week of March 23, 1903.

Revived for two matinees at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 28 and May 1, 1903. Cast:

Edmund Russell (Hamlet), Jane Schenck (Ophelia), William Hazeltine (Claudius), Louise Morewin (Gertrude), Guy Bates Post (Laertes), Edwin Varrey (Polonius), Edward Brigham, Frank McEntee, Oswald Darrach, Henry Morton, John M. Byrnes, William J. Harley, Clark Baldwin, George Burrows, Henry Dickeson, Lemuel Josephs, Edgar Maxwell, Robert Edwards, William Brown, John Lorimer and Doris Mitchell.

Revived for 28 performances by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, March 8, 1904. Cast:

Johnston Forbes-Robertson (Hamlet), Gertrude Elliott (Ophelia), Ian Robertson (Claudius), Jennie Eustace (Gertrude), Leon Quartermaine (Laertes), Guy Lane (Polonius), Arthur Harrold, C. Aubrey Smith, Ernest Cosham, Auril Lee, N. Howard, F. Bickley, H. Beaumont, J. R. Ryan, Leonard Howe, C. Kinnaird, S. Macdonald, West Drayton, S. T. Pearce, S. Thompson and Morton Bennett. Staged by Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

This was Johnston Forbes-Robertson's first appearance as Hamlet in New York.

Revived for one matinee at the New York Theatre, New York, February 14, 1905. Cast:

Aldora Shem (Hamlet), Helen Hawthorne (Ophelia), John Malone (Claudius), Constance Hamblin (Gertrude), Harry Leightor (Laertes), Samuel K. Chester (Polonius), Barton Hill, John Leslie Jossin, Edwin Brewster, Charles James, L. J. Slevin, Stanley G. Wood, Alfred Johnson, Walfred Wilson, A. W. Purcell, T. Erickson, J. Marcelle, Robert Rice and Rochelle Renard.

Revived for 7 performances at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, March 13, 1905. Cast:

Johnston Forbes-Robertson (Hamlet), Kate Rorke (Ophelia), Ian Robertson (Claudius), Madge McIntosh (Gertrude), Frank Gillmore (Laertes), Giles Shine (Polonius), Harry M. Blake, Leon Quartermaine, Ernest Cosham, H. Beaumont, Frank Bickley, Eric Maturin, Dalziel Heron, Warburton Gamble, N. Howard, S. Thompson, George Flood, Ernest Barton, Dora Harker, Sam T. Pearce and Morton Bennett.

The Rogers Brothers in Central Park (72 perf.)—Vaudeville farce in three acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music composed and arranged by Maurice Levi. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at Hammerstein's Victoria, New York, September 17, 1900. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, Eugene O'Rourke, William West, Lee Harrison, John Page, Carl King, Joseph Merrick, George H. Nagel, Willie Torpey, Della Fox, Grace Freeman, Marion Langdon, Jeanette Bageard, Edith St. Clair, Emma Francis, Leonie Dueth, Gertrude Saye, Dollie Wiggins, Hattie Waters, Madge Pierce, May Taylor, James Cherry, Margaret Stewart, Elsie Davis, Ruth Renard and Mildred Claire. Staged by Ben Teal.

The Belle of Bohemia (55 perf.)—Musical farce in two acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander and Harry T. MacConnell. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Casino Theatre, New York, September 24, 1900. Cast:

Sam Bernard, Dick Bernard, D. L. Don, Paul F. Nicholson, Jr., Frederick Solomon, John Hyams, James A. Furey, Marie Dainton, Irene Bentley, Anna Laughlin, Zella Frank, Trixie Friganza, Marguerite Clark, Virginia Earle, Sol Solomon, Fred Titus, Tom Collins, John Taylor, Otto Heilig, Thomas F. Hayden, Benjamin Small, Percy Hart, William Murray, Gilbert Schramm, Leota Kelly, Matha Doyle, Ruby Reid, Jessie Banks, Lotta Faust, Katherine Gordon, Joy Jay, Eleanor Burns, Lillian G. Lewis, Geraldine Fair, Minnie Edwards, Lou Middleton, Lillian Madison and Marie Dean Tyler. Staged by George Lederer. Settings by D. Frank Dodge, Ernest Albert and Joseph Physioc. Costumes by Mme. Caroline Siedle. Ballets arranged by Sig. Aurelia Coccia.

A Million Dollars (28 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Louis Harrison and George V. Hobart. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced at the New York Theatre, New York, September 27, 1900. Cast:

Joe Ott, Ignacio Martinetti, Joseph Sparks, Nat M. Wills, Grafton Baker, Gilbert Clayton, Charles H. Prince, John Mayon, Pat Rooney, Jr., Lew Simmons, Archie Gillies, Louis Foley, Harry Fitch, Cora Tanner, Josie Sadler, Ida Hawley, Blanche Sherwood, Ethel Everton, Maude Francis, Virginia Barnes, Georgie Kelly, Ethel Kelly, Ernestine Kingston, Maud Rose, Ethel Goodyear, Lottie Medley, Zaza Belasco, Fanny Dudley, Rita Dean, Anna Snyder, Lillie Leslie, Jane Morrison, Maude Harlow, Corneil Williams, Lillie Brink, Aggie Vars, Mlle. Editha and the Misses Courtney, Kessner, La Chere, Hazlewood, Murray, Palmer, J. Hoopce, L. Hoopce, Nelson, Belmont, Carter, G. Florence, L. Florence, M. Florence, Menzies, Diamond, Travers, Harcourt, Garrett, B. Lovelace, N. Lovelace, Robinson, Young, Payne, Townsend, Gordon, C. Ruiz, L. Ruiz, Horton, Fennell, Collins, Troy, De Ford, Chapin, Wile, Marcelle, Leslie, Armstrong, Bonner, Parker, Reid, Stern, Sawyer, West, Maitland, Harvey and Earle. Staged by Frank Smithson. Dances arranged by Carl Marwig.

Sag Harbor (76 perf.)—Play in four acts by James A. Herne. Produced at the Republic Theatre, New York, September 27, 1900. Cast:

James A. Herne, Frank Monroe, Forrest Robinson, Lionel Barrymore, William T. Hodge, C. Dibdin Pitt, John D. Garrick, T. H. Burke, Robert Gillig, Mrs. Sol Smith, Marion Abbott, Julia A. Herne, Chrystal Herne, Mollie Revel, Harriet McDonald and Margaret Dibden Pitt. Settings by Frank E. Gates, E. A. Morange and Ernest Albert.

This play was the opening attraction at the Republic Theatre.

David Harum (148 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by R. and M. W. Hitchcock from the novel of the same name by Edward Noyes Westcott. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 1, 1900. Cast:

David Harum.....	William H. Crane	Amos Elright.....	Will Dean
Widow Cullum.....	Lois Frances Clark	'Zeke Swinney.....	Sheridan Tupper
John Lenox.....	George S. Probert	General Wolsey.....	Frank Burbeck
Mary Blake.....	Katherine Florence	Peleg Hopkins.....	Charles Avery
Chet Timson.....	Charles Jackson	Bill Montaign.....	William Dupont
Dug Robinson.....	George F. Devere	Aunt Polly Bixbee.....	Kate Meek
Dick Larrabee.....	William Sampson	Deacon Perkins.....	Homer Granville
Staged by Edward E. Rose. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.			

At the Criterion Theatre, New York, September 8, 1902, Charles Frohman revived the play for 16 performances. At this time Earle Ryder, Percy Brooke, Guy Nichols, Joseph Rawley and Perdita

Hudspeth replaced George S. Probert, William Sampson, Homer Granville, Will Dean and Katherine Florence respectively.

At the Academy of Music, New York, beginning April 4, 1904, 32 performances were given. At this time George S. Spencer, John Saville and Samuel Reed replaced Earle Ryder, Frank Burbeck and Joseph Rawley respectively.

San Toy (65 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Edward Morton. Lyrics by Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross. Music by Sidney Jones. Produced by Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, October 1, 1900. Cast:

James T. Powers, Melville Stewart, Wilfred Clarke, J. L. Weber, Henry Girard, Joseph Goodrowe, Joseph Cauto, Robert M. O'Neil, W. W. Scott, George A. Roarke, Sarony Lambert, George K. Fortesque, Jean Newcombe, Isobel Hall, Carolyn Gordon, Frances Gordon, Elgie Bowen, Marie Welch, Nora Lambert, Jeannette Palmer, Mary Kier, Elsie Thorne, Virginia Randolph, Stella Krum, Minnie Ashley, Flora Zabelle and Marie Celeste.

Reopened at Daly's Theatre, New York, March 4, 1901, for 103 additional performances.

Revived by Mr. Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, for 32 performances beginning April 7, 1902. Cast:

Sam Collins, Melville Stewart, Harold Vizzard, Damon Lyon, R. S. Pigott, Joseph Cauto, William Wallace, Robert M. O'Neil, Archie Gilles, George A. Roarke, Sarony Lambert, George K. Fortesque, Annie Cameron, Isobel Hall, Nora Lambert, Elgie Bowen, Marie Welch, Helen Maynard, Jeannette Palmer, Mary Kier, Dorothy Maynard, Margaret Yorke, Ella Rock, Minnie Ashley, Julia Millard and Marie Celeste.

Revived by John C. Fisher at Daly's Theatre, New York, for 24 performances beginning April 17, 1905. Cast:

James T. Powers, Frank Greene, Harold Vizzard, Fred W. Huntley, H. H. May, Sydney Harris, A. A. McDonald, W. C. Justice, W. L. Romaine, George K. Fortesque, Dorothy Marlowe, Bebe Stanley, Dorothy Bertrand, Bessie Graham, Myrtle Cosgrove, Margaret McKinney, Julia Millard, Madlyn Summers and Nella Webb.

Zaza (42 perf.)—Drama in five acts adapted by David Belasco from Pierre Berton and Charles Simon's play of the same name. Revived by David Belasco at the Criterion Theatre, New York, October 1, 1900. Cast:

Bernard Dufrene.....	Chas. A. Stevenson	Rosa Bonne.....	Marie Bates
Duc de Brissac.....	Albert Bruning	Mme. Dufrene.....	Nina Lynn
Cascart.....	Mark Smith	Divonne.....	Corah Adams
Jacques Rigault.....	Hugo Toland	Lisette.....	Eleanor Stuart
Chamblay, Jr.....	Gilmore Scott	Toto.....	Theresa Berta
Hector.....	Paul Redmond	Florianne.....	Helen Robertson
Blac.....	Harold Howard	Alice Morel.....	Maude Winter
Brigard.....	W. B. Murray	Lolotte.....	Marjorie Bond
Mounet-Pombla.....	Downing Clarke	Juliette.....	Ann Arden
Joly.....	Herbert Millward	Nimiche.....	Isabel Losurie
Carvallo Brothers.....	Leon and	Leonie.....	Marie Duclos
	Master Bimbi	Clairette.....	Kate Bronson
Jabowski.....	Walter Stuart	Adele.....	Ruth Dennis
Adolphe.....	Lawrence Reeves	Flower girl.....	Louisa Burnham
Cochman.....	James McKean	Nathalie.....	Maria Davis
Criquet.....	Edgar Hart	Zaza.....	Leslie Carter

The first New York production of "Zaza" was at the Garrick Theatre, January 9, 1899, at which time Lester Gruner, Gerard

Anderson, Alfred Hollingsworth, Mabel Howard, Lizzie Du Roy, Emma Chase, Helen Thrill, Anne Sutherland, Marie Thrill, Eleanor Stuart, Elizabeth Belknap, Corah Adams, Helma Horneman, Amelia Granville and Helen Tracey appeared in place of Paul Redmond, Downing Clarke, James McKean, Nina Lynn, Corah Adams, Eleanor Stuart, Theresa Berta, Helen Robertson, Marjorie Bond, Ann Arden, Isabel Losurie, Marie Duclos, Kate Bronson, Ruth Dennis and Maria Davis respectively.

Henry V (54 perf.)—Play in five acts by William Shakespeare. Revived by Richard Mansfield at the Garden Theatre, New York, October 3, 1900. Cast:

Richard Mansfield (King Henry), Ida Brassey (Katherine), A. G. Andrews (Fluellen), Florence Kahn (Chorus), Ernest C. Warde, Malcolm Duncan, B. W. Winter, John Malone, Arthur Stanford, C. C. Quimby, E. H. Shields, William Sorelle, G. H. Davis, J. H. Lee, C. H. Geldart, Woodward Barrett, F. C. Butler, John C. Dixon, Salesbury Cash, J. F. Hussey, W. J. Green, M. Hutchinson, William Robbins, W. E. Peters, James L. Carhart, J. Palmer Collins, Charles J. Edmonds, Augustin Duncan, Joseph Whiting, J. A. Wilkes, W. N. Griffith, Wallace Jackson, B. W. Turner, Dorothy Chester, P. J. Rollow, Sheridan Block, A. Berthelet, Mervyn Dallas, Richard Sterling, Clement Toole, Prince Lloyd, P. W. Thompson, E. H. Vincent, W. H. Brown, J. E. Gordon, Bouic Clark, Stanley Jessup, Edwin Brewster, F. Gaillard, Edwin L. Belden, Georgine Brandon, Susanne Santje and Estelle Mortimer.

This was Mr. Mansfield's first appearance in New York as King Henry.

The first New York production of "Henry V" was at the Bedlow Street Theatre, December 17, 1804. Thomas Abthorpe Cooper played the title role.

Lost River (95 perf.)—Play in four acts by Joseph Arthur. Incidental music composed by William Furst. Produced by Liebler and Company at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, October 3, 1900. Cast:

William Courtleigh, John Winthrop, Hans Robert, F. C. Palmer, Eugenie Thais Lawton, P. Aug Anderson, Charles Abbe, H. F. Adams, James Lackaye, Dan Williams, Frank Beal, Mary Sanders, Mrs. Preston, Mabel Taliaferro and Ada Dwyer. The "Lost River" Quartette: George W. Thomas, H. W. Humphreys, M. C. Reynolds and Frank Edwards. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Settings by Homer F. Emens, Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Greatest Thing in the World (41 perf.)—Play in four acts by Harriet Ford and Beatrice de Mille. Produced by Liebler and Company at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 8, 1900. Cast:

Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné, Robert Edson, Walter Thomas, John Glendinning, Wilton Lackaye, Florence Rockwell, Mrs. Glendinning, Charles Stanley, Adelaide Thurston, Edwin James, Alphonz Ethier, Anna O'Malley and Charles Marriott. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Albert.

Beatrice de Mille was the mother of William and Cecil de Mille. Beginning October 23, 1900, the play was followed by the presentation of

The Moment of Death (24 perf.)—Drama in one act by Israel Zangwill. Cast:

Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné, Robert Edeson, John Glendinning, Alphonz Ethier and Charles Stanley. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Albert.

On the afternoon of October 26, 1900, a special performance was given of

The Land of Heart's Desire—Poetic play in one act by W. B. Yeats. Cast:

Charles Stanley, Alphonz Ethier, John Glendinning, Margaret Pitt, Mrs. Glendinning and Adelaide Thurston.

Followed by:

In a Balcony—Play by Robert Browning. Cast:

Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné, Otis Skinner and Eleanor Robson.

This performance was repeated at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on the afternoon of May 6, 1901. See pages 376 and 377.

Self and Lady (14 perf.)—Farce comedy in three acts by Pierre Decourcelle. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, October 8, 1900. Cast:

E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, Tony R. Eddinger, Isabel Irving, Maggie Holloway Fisher, May Robson, Marie Derickson, May Lambert, Nellie Butler, May Galyer, Arnold Daly, James Kearney and Jay Wilson.

Marcelle (24 perf.)—Drama by Eugene W. Presbrey. Produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 8, 1900. Cast:

Blanche Walsh, Joseph Kilgour, Harold Russell, Algernon Tassin, Emma Maddern, Frank Sheridan, Katherine Power, Katherine Clinton, Thomas Lawrence, Emily Baker, Robert Gemp, Frederick Perry, Ellis Ryse, Dustin Farnum, George Foster, Fred Harris, Forbes Curtis, Charles Dade, James Carr and Robert Harold.

On October 30, 1900, Miss Walsh and the above company appeared in a revival of "More Than Queen" for 7 performances. For first production see page 352.

The Military Maid (8 perf.)—Musical farce in two acts translated from the French by George V. Hobart. Music by Alfred E. Aarons. Produced by Alfred E. Aarons at the Savoy Theatre, New York, October 8, 1900. Cast:

Josephine Hall, Henry Bergman, David Torrence, Sidney De Gray, Frank Doane, Charles H. Riegel, Taylor Granville, Bertram Yost, Sallie Berg, Mrs. Matt B. Snyder, Phoebe Coyne, Elaine Selover, Leila Romer, Leonore Harris, Lucille Verna, Gertrude Lewis, Emma Levy, Maude Calvet, Maude Lyle-Courtney, Daisy Deane, Le Clair Bernard, Libbian Diamond and Ethel Moore.

Mistress Nell (104 perf.)—Drama in four acts by George C. Hazelton. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 9, 1900. Cast:

Nell Gwynn.....	Henrietta Crossman	Jack (Charles) Hart....	Hallett Thompson
King Charles II.....	Aubrey Boucicault	Strings.....	William Herbert
James, Duke of York....	James A. Keene	Dick.....	Theodore Thompson
Duke of Buckingham....	Geoffrey Stein	Swallow.....	Edward Fowler
Earl of Rochester....	Herman Herschberg	Buzzard.....	James F. Jennings

Landlord.....T. J. McCarthy Lady Hamilton.....Flora Morgan
 Officer.....Louis F. Mintz Duchess of Portsmouth, Adelaide Fitzallen
 Page.....Clara Lima Moll.....Nellie Hancock
 Staged by Miss Crosman. Settings by L. C. Young.

On October 29, 1900, this play moved to the Savoy Theatre, New York. Robert Edeson replaced Aubrey Boucicault for a short time.

Beginning April 29, 1901, this play gave 40 additional performances at Wallack's Theatre, New York. At that time James was played by Gray B. Towler, Duke of Buckingham by John Glending, Duke of Rochester by J. Hayden Clarendon, Jack Hart by Geoffrey Stein, Page by Lorla Eddinger and Lady Hamilton by Cora F. Merlin. On May 6, 1901, Paul Gilmore assumed the role of the King.

Miss Crosman's first appearance as a star.

Her Majesty, the Girl Queen of Nordenmark (58 perf.)—Play in four acts by J. I. C. Clarke, dramatized from the novel by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. Produced by William A. Brady at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, October 15, 1900. Cast:

Grace George, Frank Worthing, Frazer Coulter, Louis Payne, George Osbourne, Ernest Hastings, Morton Selten, Emil Hoch, Thomas Meighan, Frank Hatch, William Murchison, Isabelle Bowman, Augusta De Forrest, Annie Mifflin, Fernanda Eliscu, Mary Davis, Agnes McCarthy, Lilyon Graut, Nora Dunblane, George Pauncefort, Del De Lewis, George W. Conklin, Berta Hobson, Helen Harrington, Louise Lloyd, Agnes Mark, May Arthur, Marion Walsh, P. James, Samuel Michaelson, Bert W. Parmenter, Alf. Garland and T. Troy. Staged by Frank Hatch. Settings by John H. Young and D. Frank Dodge.

L'Aiglon (73 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Edmond Rostand, adapted into English by Louis N. Parker. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, October 22, 1900. Cast:

Maude Adams (Duke of Reichstadt), J. H. Gilmour (Flambeau), Edwin Arden (Metternich), Ida Waterman (Maria Louisa), R. Peyton Carter (Baron Von Obenaus), Joseph Francoeur (The Emperor), Margaret Gordon (Fanny Elssler), Percy Lyndal (Count Prokesch), Eugene Jepson (Baron Von Gentz), Oswald Yorke (French Attaché), Sarah Converse (Archduchess), William Lewers, Edward Lester, J. H. Benrimo, William Crosby, George Irving, Clayton Legge, Rienzi De Cordova, Edward Jacobs, H. D. James, Herbert Carr, John S. Robertson, Lloyd Carleton, Frederick Spencer, Byron Ongley, B. B. Belcher, Mortimer Weldon, Charles Martin, Henry P. Davis, Charles Henderson, Don C. Merrifield, Henry Clarke, Thomas H. Elwood, George Klein, Frank Goodman, Ralph Yoerg, Walter Butterworth, John Leeman, Elly Collier, Sara Perry, Francis Comstock, Edith Scott and Beatrice Morrison. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by E. G. Unitt and Ernest Gros.

This was the first production of "L'Aiglon" in New York.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1927-1928," page 478, and "Best Plays of 1934-1935," page 401.

Hodge, Podge & Co. (73 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Adapted from the German by George V. Hobart. Lyrics by Walter Ford. Music by John W. Bratton. Interpolated numbers by Gus Edwards, Herman Perlet, Dave Reed, Jr., MacConnell and Smith.

Produced by Frank McKee at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, October 23, 1900. Cast:

Peter F. Dailey, George W. Barnum, Stephen Maley, William Broderick, Edward Garvie, Edward Wonn, Lawrence Sheehan, William Strong, Charles Winters, Christie McDonald, Amy Lesser, Jennie Hawley, Mamie Forbes, Georgie Laurence, Frankie Bailey, Lea Amrose, Mae Edwards, Miss Frances Wilson, May Blanchard, Martha Steyne, Mary E. Post, Winnie Kramer, Helen Cheston, Robert S. Pigott, Marguerite Binford, Bessie Seymour, Fannie Dudley, Gertrude Arden, Muriel Ulmer, Maud Sloane, Marion Harland, Corinne Mayo, Kitty Harvey, Lottie Ettinger, Gussie Bertrand, Alice May, Corluel Williams, Messrs. Bradley, Weaver, Austin and Stevens. Staged by R. A. Roberts. Settings by Arthur Voetglin. Costumes by Will R. Barnes.

Monte Cristo (80 perf.)—Play in five acts, adapted from the story by A. Dumas.

Revived at the Academy of Music, New York, October 23, 1900.

Cast:

Novetier.....	Frederic de Belleville	Governor.....	Edward Thomas
Albert de Morcerf.....	Thurlow Bergen	Commissioner.....	James Hall
Villefort.....	Warren Conlan	1st Gaoler.....	John Green
Fernande.....	Robert Paton Gibbs	2nd Gaoler.....	Ed. Smith
Danglars.....	Edmund Breeze	Sentinel.....	Benjamin Bradbury
Caderousse.....	Augustus Cook	Servant.....	Robert Lauer
Abbe Faria.....	Mark Ellsworth	Fisherman.....	Frank Strong
Old Dantes.....	Claude Gilbert	Carconte.....	Annie Ward Tiffany
1st Police Agent.....	John Parks	Mlle. Danglars.....	Vicencia Martinez
2nd Police Agent.....	Frank Luce	Mlle. de Brienne.....	Edith Miller
Germain.....	Edward Lally	Mercedes.....	Selene Johnson
Brigadier.....	Ed. Short	M. Morel.....	W. J. Dixon
	Penelon.....		Alfred Long
	Edmond Dantes		James O'Neill
	Comte de Monte Cristo		

Settings by Frank E. Gates, E. A. Morange, Homer Emens, Ernest Gros and John H. Young.

Revived at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 7, 1907, for 14 performances. Cast:

Novetier.....	Richard Allen	Brigadier.....	Edward Morris
Albert de Morcerf.....	James O'Neill, Jr.	Germain.....	Jerome Storm
Villefort.....	Chas. D. Herman	Penelon.....	Edw. Carpenter
Danglars.....	Joseph Slaytor	Police Agent.....	Joseph W. Bergin
Fernande.....	Norman Hackett	Governor.....	Charles Willis
Caderousse.....	Bart Wallace	Carconte.....	Kate Fletcher
Mons. Morel.....	Warren Conlan	Mlle. Danglars.....	Lucy Ryan
Abbe Faria.....	Norman Hackett	Mlle. de Brienne.....	Edith Porter
Old Dantes.....	James O'Neill, Jr.	Marie.....	Arline Hines
	Mercedes.....		Edith Fleming
	Edmond Dantes		James O'Neill
	Comte de Monte Cristo		

The first New York production of "Monte Cristo" was at the Broadway Theatre, December 25, 1848. This was a version written by George H. Andrews, and "Edmond Dantes" was played by Mr. J. Lester, which was the stage name of J. Lester Wallack.

The Land of Heart's Desire (1 special matinee)—Play in one act by William Butler Yeats. Produced by Liebler & Co. at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 26, 1900. Cast:

Charles Stanley, Alphonz Ethier, John Glendinning, Mrs. Glendinning, Margaret Pitt and Adelaide Thurston. Staged by Lawrence Marston.

Followed by:

In a Balcony—Dramatic Poem by Robert Browning. Music by Julian Edwards. Cast:

Otis Skinner, Eleanor Robson and Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné. Staged by Lawrence Marston.

"The Land of Heart's Desire" was revived by The Irish Literary Society of New York at the Carnegie Lyceum Theatre, New York, June 3, 1903, for two performances. Cast:

Frank Andrews, Erwin Crane Wilbur, William B. Mack, Mrs. Mary E. Barker, Nora O'Brien and Mabel Taliaferro.

The Irish Literary Society also produced at this time two other plays by William Butler Yeats. These were:

A Pot of Broth. Cast:

Townsend Walsh, Hugh Cameron and Mrs. Mary E. Barker.

Kathleen ni Houlihan. Cast:

Joseph A. Wilkes, Frank McCormack, Townsend Walsh, Mrs. Mary E. Barker, Gertrude Barker and Dorothy Donnelly.

This was the first production in America of "Kathleen ni Houlihan." For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 458 and 494, and "Best Plays of 1934-1935," page 411.

"The Land of Heart's Desire" was again revived by Margaret Wycherly together with "Kathleen ni Houlihan" and Mr. Yeats' "The Hour Glass" at the Hudson Theatre, New York, February 21, 1905, for one performance. The company included:

Margaret Wycherly, Willard McKegney, Caryl Gillin, Caroline Newcombe, P. J. Kelly, Edith Speare, Adelaide Alexander and Arthur Row.

The Belle of Bridgeport (45 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Glen MacDonough. Musical numbers by Will Accoe, Bob Cole, J. W. Johnson, Rosamond Johnson, William Jefferson and Cissie Loftus. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 29, 1900. Cast:

May Irwin, Raymond Hitchcock, George A. Beane, Jane Burby, Mabel Florence, Charles Prince, Roland Carter, Edith Blair, Bert Thayer, Sadie Peters, Charles Church, Frank M. Johnson, Jacques Kruger, Frank H. White, James McDonough, Lillie Collins, Alice Howard, Grace Almy, Ruth Grey, Anne Woodward, Helen Rainsley and Queenie Vassar.

Nell Go In (25 perf.)—Burlesque "Nell Gwynn." Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced at the New York Theatre, New York, October 31, 1900. Cast:

Mabel Fenton, Joseph Ott, Joseph Sparks, Frank Doane, Grafton Baker, John Mayon, W. H. Macart, Joseph Harrington, Pat Rooney, Jr., Lou Foley, Charles Fitz, Amelia Summerville, Venie Henshaw, Attalie Claire and Jeanne Caskie.

Included on the bill were two ballets arranged by Carl Marwig. They were "Le Bal Champere aux Champs Elysees" and "The Forget-Me-Nots."

Foxy Quiller (In Corsica) (50 perf.)—Operetta in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced by The Klaw and Erlanger Opera Company, under the direction of B. D. Stevens, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 5, 1900. Cast:

Jerome Sykes, Julius Steger, W. G. Stewart, Harry MacDonough, Adolph Zink, Louis Cassavant, Arthur T. Earnest, Albert Farrington, Albert S. Sykes, Louis Kelso, Owen J. McCormick, George P. Smith, Edward Everett, Frank Todd, H. C. Nichols, Helen Bertram, Grace Cameron, Georgia Caine, Josie Intropodi, L. C. Fitzroy, Edna Hunter, Clara Bancroft, Almira Forrest, Edith Barr and H. A. Foot. Staged by Ben Teal.

Florodora (505 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Owen Hall. Music by Leslie Stuart. Book revised by Frank Pixley. Produced by Dunne, Ryley and Fisher at the Casino Theatre, New York, November 10, 1900. Cast:

R. E. Graham (Gilfain), Sydney Deane (Abercoed), Fannie Johnston (Dolores), May Edouin (Angela), Edna Wallace Hopper (Lady Holyrood), Willie Edouin (Tweedlepunch), George De Long, Edward Gore, Thomas A. Kiernan, Guelma Baker, Elaine Van Selover, Aline Potter, Cyril Scott (Donegal), Nace Bonville, Lewis Hopper, Joseph Welsh, Joseph Colt, Sadie Lauer, Adelaide Phillips, Mabel Barrison and the girls of the famous sextette: Margaret Walker, Marjorie Relyea, Daisy Greene, Vaughn Texsmith, Marie L. Wilson and Agnes Wayburn. Staged by Lewis Hopper.

Moved to the New York Theatre, October 14, 1901.

The above production closed January 25, 1902. On January 27, 1902, the Winter Garden Company presented "Florodora" at the New York Winter Garden Theatre for 48 performances. The cast was headed by:

Albert Hart (Gilfain), Donald Brian (Donegal), Sydney Barraclough (Abercoed), Dorothy Morton (Dolores), Toby Claude (Angela), Virginia Earle (Lady Holyrood), and Pearl Stilson, Eugenie Bashford, Ethel Perry, Isabel Whitlock and Effie Hamilton in the sextette.

This play was revived for 32 performances by John C. Fisher and Tom W. Ryley at the Broadway Theatre, New York, March 27, 1905. Cast:

Henry V. Donnelly (Gilfain), Cyril Scott (Donegal), Joseph Phillips (Abercoed), Maud Lambert (Dolores), Elsa Ryan (Angela), Adele Ritchie (Lady Holyrood), Philip Ryley (Tweedlepunch), Thomas A. Kiernan, Edward Gore, George P. Smith, D. C. Mott, James Hughes, Ralph Williams, Jack Standing, L. Hazeltine, Jennie Bolger, Maud Crossland and Maggie Taylor. The girls in the sextette were: Gertrude Douglas, Elsa Reinhart, Gladys Lockwood, Almada Porter, Lottie Vernon and Kathleen Dealey. Staged by Cyril Scott.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1919-1920," page 443.

The Gay Lord Quex (67 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, November 12, 1900. Cast:

John Hare, Irene Vanbrugh, Gilbert Hare, Ivo Dawson, Arthur Grenville, Ada Ferrar, Louise Moodie, Mona K. Oram, Mary Mayfren, Florence Jackson, Beatrice Coleman, Dora Rignold, Marjorie Griffiths, Marion Ellis, Emily Johnson, Hubert Evelyn, Mr. Abbott and Lewis Fielder. Settings by W. Harford.

This was the Globe Theatre Co. from London.

Bernhardt-Coquelin—Maurice Grau presented Sarah Bernhardt and Benoit Constant Coquelin in repertory at the Garden Theatre,

New York, for five weeks beginning November 26, 1900. The plays presented were: "L'Aiglon" (16 perf.) drama in six acts by Edmond Rostand; "Hamlet" (8 perf.) by William Shakespeare, French version by Eugene Morand and Marcel Schwob; "Cyrano de Bergerac" (8 perf.) by Edmond Rostand; "La Tosca" (4 perf.) drama in five acts by Victorien Sardou and "La Dame Aux Camelias" (4 perf.) drama in five acts by Alexandre Dumas, fils. The company included:

Sarah Bernhardt (Duke de Reichstadt, Hamlet, Roxane, Tosca, Camille), Benoit Constant Coquelin (Flambeau, First Grave Digger, Cyrano, Scarpia, George Duval), Messrs. Desjardin, Scheller, Rebel, Deschamps, Piron, Denebourg, Krauss, Laurent, Ramy, Guirand, Durce, Mallet, Barry, Dara, Maret, Fusch, Durce, Français, Deneville, Stebler, Conroy, Chabert, Jayer, Julian, Stephano, Riger, Durand, Soleillan and Dupuis, Madames Jane Mea, Marcy, Damiroff, Kervich, Boulanger, Cellarius, Barnley, Patry, Savelli, Tasuy, Simonson, Solters, Chauvet, Heyser, Henry, Piguel, Royer, B. Legereau and N. Legereau.

Beginning April 8, 1901, this company gave eight performances of "L'Aiglon" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

The Man of Forty (29 perf.)—Play in four acts by Walter Frith. Produced by Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 26, 1900. Cast:

John Mason, Edward Morgan, William Courtenay, Jameson Lee Finney, Grant Stewart, Fred Courtaigne, Hilda Spong, Cecilia Loftus, Elizabeth Tyree, Beatrice Morgan, Alison Skipworth and Eva Vincent.

Star and Garter (29 perf.)—Vaudeville farce by John J. McNally. Produced by Frank McKee at the Victoria Theatre, New York, November 26, 1900. Cast:

Mons. Agoust and The Marvelous Agoust Family, Joseph Coyne, William Blaisdell, Thornton Cole, Marie Cahill, Mae Lowery, Margaret Knight, Nellie Lynch, Otis Harlan, John G. Sparks, Lionel Hogarth, Carolina Locke, Florence Norwood, Robert Kelly, C. H. Bates, J. F. Leary, Nellie Murray, Aimee Gerard, Margaret Leon and Babette Robinson.

The Sprightly Romance of Marsac (32 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Molly Elliot Seawell and William Young. Produced at the Republic Theatre, New York, December 3, 1900. Cast:

Maclyn Arbuckle, E. S. Abeles, William J. Ferguson, Horace Lewis, Henry Bergman, Charles Charters, John F. Denton, Claude Brooke, Edward Walker, Margaret Fuller, Sandol Milliken, Ffolliott Paget, Laura Clement, Annabel Whitford, Marie Blanchard, Viola Carlstedt, Sally Berg and Leonie Norbury.

Sweet Anne Page (29 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Book by Louis de Lange and Edgar Smith. Music by W. H. Neidlinger. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, December 3, 1900. Cast:

Lulu Glaser, Arthur Donaldson, Frank Smiley, Randolph Curry, Thomas E. Whitebread, Fred Frear, Daisy King, Marquita Dwight, Grace Blake, May Gooch, Addie Randolph, Gilbert Clayton, W. C. White, Josie Intropidi, Harry Wiegand, Ole Norman, L. D. Schlenk, Osborne Clemson, W. S. Smith, Harold Blake, Greta Risley, Alexander Clark and William Herman West.

Sold and Paid For (1 special matinee)—Play by John C. Dixon. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, December 7, 1900. Cast:

George Andette, John C. Dixon, Lewis Wood, Henri Laurent, Edward Emery, Frank Beal, Mark Harrison, W. Lamb, Etta Butler, Alice Saunders, Isabel Pitt-Lewis, Margaret Dibden Pitt and Edna Josephi.

Janice Meredith (92 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Paul Leicester Ford and Edward E. Rose, based upon Mr. Ford's novel of the same name. Produced by Frank McKee at Wallack's Theatre, New York, December 10, 1900. Cast:

Chas. Fownes.....	Robert Drouet	Lieut. Piel.....	John D. O'Hara
Philemon Hennion.....	Burr McIntosh	Private Buger.....	R. R. Neill
Lord Clowes.....	A. S. Lipman	Roscomb.....	C. W. Haskins
Lieut. Mowbray.....	George Backus	Messenger.....	Sydney Mansfield
Squire Meredith.....	Charles M. Collins	Lieut. Bunthin.....	John W. Mitchell
Squire Hennion.....	Martin J. Cody	Mrs. Meredith.....	Helen Tracy
Col. Rahl.....	Carl Ahrens	Tabitha Drinker.....	Amy Ricard
Joe Bagby.....	Aubrey Beattie	Sukey.....	Vivian Bernard
	Janice Meredith.....	Mary Mannering	

Staged by R. A. Roberts. Settings by Ernest Gros and Arthur Voegtlin.

This was Mary Mannering's debut as a star.

Madge Smith, Attorney (38 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Ramsay Morris. Musical numbers by A. Baldwin Sloane, James O'Dea, Ernest Hogan, Theodore H. Northrup, Dave Reed and Francis Bryant. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, December 10, 1900. Cast:

May Irwin, George A. Beane, Joseph M. Sparks, Ignacio Martinetti, Bert Thayer, Jacques Kruger, Roland Carter, Frank W. Johnson, Charles Church, James M. MacDonough, Edward Bowen, Mabel Florence, Sadie Peters, Anne Woodward, Grace Almy, Alice Sands and Edythe Blair. Staged by Louis Harrison. Settings by Lewis and McCoughtry.

Lady Huntworth's Experiment (86 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by R. C. Carton. Produced by Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, December 21, 1900. Cast:

Hilda Spong, John Mason, Grant Stewart, William Courtenay, Jameson Lee Finney, William F. Owen, Master Reginald, Cecilia Loftus, Mrs. Charles Walcot and May Robson.

The Giddy Throng (164 perf.)—Burlesque revue by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced at the New York Theatre, New York, December 24, 1900. Cast:

May Yohe, Louis Harrison, Mabel Fenton, Frank Doane, Mamie Gilroy, Amelia Summerville, William Gould, Charles H. Prince, Daniel MacAvoy, Vera Morris, Joseph Harrington, Grafton Baker, John Mayon, Pat Rooney, Mayme Gehrue, Attalie Claire, Emma Carus, Marie Baldwin, Muriel Milton, Mattie Chapin, Georgia Kelly, Ethel Goodyear, Ethel York, Leonora Ruiz, Lilly Brink, Inez Marcelle, Pearl Stilson, Beulah Montrose, Louis Foley, Theodore Peters and Charles E. Fitz. Staged by Frank Smithson. Settings by Lewis and McCoughtry.

Lady Francis Hope (May Yohe) introduced two songs written for her by Ivan Caryll.

This was preceded by:

The Devil's Dream—Ballet arranged by Carl Marwig featuring Lilly Collins, Lilly Brink, Laura Lynde and a Corps de Ballet of 200.

Melville and Stetson—The Queens of Comedy.

After Office Hours—Musical sketch. Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Cast:

Dan MacAvoy, Charles H. Prince, William Burrell, Jessie May, Mamie Gilroy and Ixoria Pinaud.

The House That Jack Built (18 perf.)—Play in three acts by George H. Broadhurst. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, December 24, 1900. Cast:

Thomas A. Wise, Charles Cherry, John Findlay, George Henry Trader, Fred W. Peters, Roy Fairchild, Harrison Armstrong, Alexis Law Gisiko, Frank Short, Albert Amberg, Annie Yeamans, Brandon Douglas, Anita Bridger, Grace Dudley and Jennie Yeamans.

A Royal Rogue (30 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Charles Klein. Lyrics by Grant Stewart. Music by William T. Francis. Produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, December 24, 1900. Cast:

Jefferson de Angelis, Josephine Hall, Henry Norman, Charles Dungan, John Dudley, Leonard Savoy, Emily Francis, F. Newton Lindo, Harold Vizard, George Rolland, Frederic K. Logan, J. Canduit, George Schofield, C. J. Clarke, Eva Davenport, Hilda Hollins, Adine Bouvier and Maude Poole.

The Village Postmaster (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alice E. Ives and Jerome H. Eddy. Revived at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, December 24, 1900. Cast:

Archie Boyd, Frank E. Camp, George D. Parker, William S. Gill, Tom Maguire, Richard Nesmith, George Martin, George S. Pelzer, Joseph R. Sprague, William R. Sinclair, Angela Russell, Josephine Stoifer, Jane Marbury, Grace Griswold, Florence De Luce, Louise Skillman, Lee Hobbs Martin, Stella Blair and Helen McDevitt. Staged by Eugene Presbrey.*

This play was first produced in New York at the 14th Street Theatre on April 13, 1896. It was revived on November 14, 1898, and again on December 25, 1898, both times at the 14th Street Theatre.

Miss Printt (28 perf.)—Musical comedy by George V. Hobart. Lyrics and music by John L. Golden. Produced by Joseph Immerman at the Victoria Theatre, New York, December 25, 1900. Cast:

Marie Dressler, Jobyna Howland, Zella Frank, Charlotte Walker, Adele Farrington, Julia McCoy, Lottie Medley, Mabelle Howe, Kitty Nugent, Mayme Harnish, Lona DuBois, June Dechamp, Theodore Babcock, Dave Lewis, Leon Kohlmar, Arthur Stanford, Thomas Evans, Lew Simmons, James F. Grant, John McCauley, Frederick Richter, Lala Hoffman, Eugene Whiston, Clara Wood, Margaret Leon, Maude Lee, Edith Daniels, Maude Francis, Clara Carrigan, Wilma Gilmore, Burleigh Murray, Leslie Mayo, Florence Norwood, Queenie Winslip, Bena Hoffman, Bessie Clayton, Aimee Geraide, Irene Wentworth, Stella Adams and Blanche Alwens.

Cashel Byron (1 special matinee)—Play in four acts by Harrison J. Wolfe adapted from the novel by George Bernard Shaw.

Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, December 27, 1900. Cast:

Harrison J. Wolfe (Cashel Byron), Edward Emery, Brinsley Shaw, Harry St. Maur, Billy Elmer, Norman Cross, Edward Travis, E. Brownell, Howard Messimer, George Staley, Jane Kennark, Marie Barringer, Louise Ripley, Margaret Diddin Pitt, Marguerite Dalton and Grace Griswold.

Another adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's novel was produced by Henry B. Harris at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 8, 1906, for 16 performances. It was in three acts and adapted by Stanislaus Stange. Cast:

James J. Corbett (Cashel Byron), Joseph Kilgour, Herbert McKenzie, Luke Martin, Margaret Wycherly, Lionel Adams, Frank Opperman, Alice Leigh, Kate Lester, Marion Little, John C. Dixon, May Tully, Sydney Blow, Maude Giroux and Charles Sturgis. Staged by Stanislaus Stange. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

The Burgomaster (33 perf.)—Musical comedy in prologue and two acts by Frank Pixley. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, December 31, 1900. Cast:

Ruth White, Henry E. Dixey, Knox Wilson, Raymond Hitchcock, William Riley Hatch, George E. Romaine, E. W. Lewis, Joseph S. Welsh, Beaumont Ralston, James T. Kelly, George Town, Harry Andrews, Harry Murdock, Ada Deaves, Zelma Rawlston, Jeanne Caskie, Sallie Randall and Josephine Newman.

Lillian Coleman was to have appeared in this cast but became ill on the opening day and was replaced by Ruth White.

In the Palace of the King (138 perf.)—Play in six scenes by Lorimer Stoddard, dramatized from F. Marion Crawford's novel. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Republic Theatre, New York, December 31, 1900. Cast:

Viola Allen, Eben Plympton, Robert T. Haines, Edgar L. Davenport, C. Leslie Allen, William Norris, Clarence Handyside, Eugene Sweetland, Frank Gheen, J. A. Gustam, John P. Jordan, Frank Bixby, Harry Ford, Reginald Vivian, Master M'Cabill, Master Martin, Master Dotterwick, Margaret Shafer, Marcia Van Dresser, Susan Van Duzer, Blanche Moulton, Jessie Bradford, Isabelle Parker and Gertrude Norman. Staged by William Seymour.

Mrs. Dane's Defense (107 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, December 31, 1900. Cast:

Sir Daniel Carteret.....	Charles Richman	Adams.....	Frank Brownlee
Lionel Carteret.....	Joseph Wheelock, Jr.	Wilson.....	George Sylvester
Canon Bonsey.....	W. H. Crompton	Lady Eastney.....	Jessie Millward
Bulsom-Porter.....	E. Y. Backus	Mrs. Dane.....	Margaret Anglin
James Risby.....	Guy Standing	Janet.....	Margaret Dale
Mr. Fendick.....	George Osbourne, Jr.	Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.....	Ethel Hornick

For revival see "Best Plays of 1927-1928," page 503.

Sweet Nell of Old Drury (18 perf.)—Play in four acts by Paul Kester. Produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 31, 1900. Cast:

Ada Rehan, White Whittlesey, D. H. Harkins, Wright Kramer, Ethel Powers, Foster Lardner, Charles F. Gotthold, William Elton, Jane Blair, May Odlin, Fulton Russell, William Odlin, Richard Russell, Dorothy Palmer, Louie Blair, C. Howard, Richard Fulton, Le Roy Hanlon, Pauline Harrice, Clare Fremont, Walter Pleugh, Charles Howard, Harry Blair, Blanche Burton, Louise Draper, Alice Neal, Marion Stuart,

Adrienne La Salle and the Messrs. Le Roy, Crawford, Nichols, Miller, Earle, Sweeten, Husband, Wagner, Oldlin, Printie, Wallace, Thompson and Theodore. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros.

E. S. Willard Repertory—Mr. Edward Smith Willard and his company appeared in a repertory of plays at the Garden Theatre, New York, for four weeks beginning December 31, 1900. The plays presented were: "David Garrick" by T. W. Robertson; "The Professor's Love Story" by J. M. Barrie; "Tom Pinch" by J. J. Dilley and L. Clifton, adapted from Charles Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "The Middleman" by Henry Arthur Jones. The company included:

E. S. Willard, Maud Hoffman, J. G. Taylor, Miss C. Cavendish, Ernest Stallard, Frederick Volpe, Laura Linden, Alice Lonnon, Mrs. K. Johnson, A. S. Homewood, H. G. Lonsdale, Marie Linden, H. Barfoot, Ruby Johnson, Harry Cane and J. Logan.

From the time Mr. Robertson's play of "David Garrick" was first played by the elder Sothorn in London, April 30, 1864, it has had many presentations in New York. The first of these occurred at the Theatre Comique, August 16, 1869, with George C. Boniface as David Garrick and Lillie Eldridge as Ada Ingot. This was Mr. Willard's first appearance in New York in the role of Garrick.

The first New York production of "The Professor's Love Story" was at the Star Theatre, December 19, 1892. Mr. Willard was the Professor at that time also.

This was the first New York production of "Tom Pinch."

The first New York production of "The Middleman" was at Palmer's Theatre, November 10, 1890. It was in this cast that Mr. Willard made his American debut.

Mr. Willard appeared in four weeks of repertory at the Garden Theatre, New York, beginning December 2, 1902. The plays presented were: "The Cardinal" by Louis N. Parker; "David Garrick"; "The Professor's Love Story"; "The Middleman"; and "All For Her" by Herman Merivale and Palgrave Simpson. The company included:

E. S. Willard, Rose Beaudet, A. S. Homewood, H. G. Lonsdale, W. Edmunds, Ernest Stallard, W. Fowler, Gwenn Granger, Laura Linden, Joan Blair, George Bond, Mabel Roebuck, Nelly Angell, H. Barfoot, Maud Fealy, Alice Lonnon, J. J. Bartlett, Bassett Roe, J. G. Taylor, Harry Cane and W. Ferguson.

This was the first New York production of "The Cardinal."

The first New York production of "All For Her" was at Wallack's Theatre, January 22, 1877, with Lester Wallack. The above was Mr. Willard's first appearance in the play.

Mr. Willard again appeared in repertory at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, for four weeks beginning January 23, 1905. The plays presented were: "Lucky Durham" by Wilson Barrett; "The Brighter Side" translated by Louis N. Parker from the French of

Alfred Capus; "The Middleman" and "The Professor's Love Story." The company included:

E. S. Willard, H. Cooper Cliffe, Leila Repton, Walter Sauter, John W. Lawrence, J. R. Crauford, Violet Vorley, Walter Edmunds, Mabel Dubois, Alice Belmore, H. Barfoot, Ivan Simpson, Harry Cane, Arthur Curtis, Marie Linden, Gladys Granger, Nelly Angell, Alice Lonnon, Tom Lovell, Ernest Stallard, H. G. Lonsdale, Miss E. Page and Faith Reynolds.

This was the first New York production of "Lucky Durham."

"The Brighter Side" was titled "The Optimist" when tried out in Philadelphia two seasons previous to this New York production.

Mr. Willard and this same company returned to the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, for three weeks beginning December 11, 1905. The plays presented were: "The Fool's Revenge" by Tom Taylor; "The Professor's Love Story"; "The Man Who Was" by Rudyard Kipling; "A Pair of Spectacles" by Sydney Grundy; "Tom Pinch"; "The Middleman" and "David Garrick."

The first New York production of "The Fool's Revenge" was at Niblo's Garden Theatre, March 28, 1864, with Edwin Booth.

This was the first New York production of "The Man Who Was."

The first New York production of "A Pair of Spectacles" was at the Madison Square Theatre, October 30, 1890, with J. H. Stoddart.

Garrett O'Magh (81 perf.)—Play in four acts by Augustus Pitou. Produced at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, January 7, 1901. Cast:

Chauncey Olcott, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Charles Abbott, Edith Barker, Tottie Carr, Daniel Giffether, Louise Marcelli, Richard Malchien, Paul Everton, Katherine Willard, George Brennan, Henry Watson, Luke Martin, Elizabeth Washburne, Etta Barker Martin, Clara Cubitt, Bert Buckley, Greta Carr, Ernest Havens, Mabel Andrews, Edward Smith, Jennie Buckley and Pese Glaser. Staged by Augustus Pitou.

This play returned to the 14th Street Theatre, New York, January 27, 1902, for 24 additional performances.

The Girl from up There (96 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustav Kerker. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, January 7, 1901. Cast:

Edna May, Otis Harlan, Harry Kelly, Harry Davenport, Harry Conor, Charles W. Young, Alf C. Whelan, Farren Soutar, Charles T. Aldrich, David Montgomery, Fred Stone, Lawrence Wheat, Virginia Earle, Grace Belmont, Edna Aug, Nella Webb, Leonore Harris, Jane May, Bobby Burns, Mabel Powers, Louise Monte, Marie Allen, Maude Harlow, Estelle Moyer, Gertrude Moyer, Mabel Powell, Connie Powell, Nellie Paine, Miss T. Roggerio, Miss N. Hoffman, Georgie Irving, Vivian Austin, Leila Romer and Gladys Earlicott. Settings by Ernest Gros and Ernest Albert.

During the run Otis Harlan and Harry Kelly withdrew from the cast at which time their roles were combined and played by Dan Daly.

My Lady Dainty (39 perf.)—Play in four acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, January 8, 1901. Cast:

Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Richard Dillon, Guy Bates Post, William Boag, William A. Evans, Edward Argyle, Willie Fink, William Weston, Ethel Sanborn, Winona Shannon, Louise Bryant, Loretta Healy and Mrs. Isabel Waldron.

When Knighthood Was in Flower (176 perf.)—Play in four acts by Paul Kester, dramatized from Charles Major's novel. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, January 14, 1901. Cast:

Julia Marlowe, Charles Harbury, Wilfred North, Verner Clarges, David Torrence, E. W. Morrison, Bruce McRae, Donald McLaren, Frederic Burt, Frank Reicher, C. F. Gibney, Frederic Leslie, William Charles, J. J. Elwyn, Annie Clark, Norah Lamson, Claire Kulp, Ellen Rowland and Gwendolyn Valentine. Settings by Ernest Albert, Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange. Costumes by Mrs. Charles Hone and Harper Pennington.

Mr. Frohman revived the play for 16 performances at the Empire Theatre, New York, beginning May 2, 1904. Cast:

Julia Marlowe, Fred Tyler, George Flood, Thomas L. Coleman, J. Carrington Yates, E. W. Morrison, Tyrone Power, George S. Christie, Ralph Lewis, Frank Reicher, Charles Townsend, Frank Dodge, Thomas Lindsay, Paul Weigel, Herbert Budd, Frank Egbert, Charles Recrem, Eugenia Woodward, Agnes Palmer, Nella Webb, Adelaide Alexander, Katherine Wilson and Gwendolyn Valentine.

The Climbers, Jan. 21, 1901. See page 30.

The Night of the Fourth (14 perf.)—Musical comedy accredited to George Ade but his name was omitted from the program. He wrote the version which was produced in San Francisco in August, 1900. Produced at the Victoria Theatre, New York, January 21, 1901. Cast:

Harry Bulger, Walter Jones, Joseph Coyne, Tony Hart, Jr., Philip H. Ryley, A. J. Bode, Bessie Tannehill, George Weisman, Dave Andrada, Alexander Thompson, L. J. Hall, Ralph Bicknell, Charles McNevens, Gus Mebus, Bertha Dowling, Maud Courtney, Helen Dunlap, Adlyn Estee, Anne Dale, Daisy Gehrue, Gertrude Hayes, Grace Field, Eva Burnham, Grace Vaughn, Edna Barclay, Reba Bicknell, Agnes Marsh, Amy Forsslund, Florence McNeill, Blanche Alwens, Le Clair Bernard, Florence Borden, Ida Lester, Corneil Williams, Laura Rowl and Blanche Sherwood.

Vienna Life (35 perf.)—Operetta in three acts. Libretto by Victor Leon and Leo Stein. English adaptation and lyrics by Glen MacDonough. Music by Johann Strauss. Produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, January 23, 1901. Cast:

Thomas L. Perse, Charles H. Drew, Raymond Hitchcock, Maude Thomas, William Blaisdell, Amelia Stone, Ethel Jackson, Ovtacie Barbe, Rosemary Glosz, Arlie Arlington, Theresa Renold, Marie Wheeler, Kitty Lynch, Julia Raymond, Ethel Lyman, Daisy Dwyer, Kathleen Franklin, Marie Franklin, Ella Devine, Margaret Trew and E. B. Knight.

Unleavened Bread (12 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Leo Ditrichstein and Robert Grant, dramatized from Mr. Grant's novel of the same name. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, January 26, 1901. Cast:

E. J. Morgan, Morton Selten, George Fawcett, George Woodward, Malcolm Williams, Lawrence Marston, Harry Hanlon, Charles Barkus, Elizabeth Tyree, Eleanor Robson, Alice Fischer, Margaret Fuller, Virginia Buchanan, Florida Pier, Geneva Ingersoll, Vivian Townsend and Alice Rogers. Staged by Leo Ditrichstein. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines (168 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, February 4, 1901. Cast:

Capt. Jinks.....	H. Reeves Smith	Herald Reporter.....	John R. Sumner
Prof. Belliarti.....	Edwin Stevens	Tribune Reporter.....	Charles Marriott
Times Reporter.....	Harry E. Asmus	Policeman.....	M. J. Gallagher
Newsboy (Peter).....	John Hughes	A Sailor.....	Lorenzo Hale
Mrs. Jinks.....	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen	Telegraph Boy.....	Harry Barton
Mrs. Stonington.....	Fanny Addison Pitt	Official Detective.....	Lewis Wood
1st Ballet Lady.....	Lillian Thurgate	Mrs. Greenborough.....	Estelle Mortimer
2nd Ballet Lady.....	Margaret Dunn	Mary.....	Beatrice Agnew
3rd Ballet Lady.....	Evelyn Jepson	Miss Merriam.....	Sidney Cowell
4th Ballet Lady.....	Anita Rothe	Sun Reporter.....	William Barstow Smith
5th Ballet Lady.....	Anna Morrison	Clipper Representative.....	Gardner Jenkins
6th Ballet Lady.....	Kate Ten Eyck	Augustus Van Vorkenburg.....	H. S. Tabor
7th Ballet Lady.....	Alice Bryan	Madame Trentoni (Aurelia Johnson)	Ethel Barrymore
Charles La Martine.....	George Howard		

Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Edward G. Unitt. Costumes by Percy Anderson.

Returned to the Garrick Theatre, New York, September 16, 1901, for 24 additional performances.

Charles Frohman revived "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" at the Empire Theatre, New York, for 33 performances beginning February 18, 1907. Cast:

Capt. Jinks.....	Bruce McRae	Herald Reporter.....	Bernard Mullin
Prof. Belliarti.....	Eugene Jepson	Tribune Reporter.....	Louis Eagan
Times Reporter.....	Albert Meyer	Policeman.....	James Kearney
Newsboy (Peter).....	Thomas Kelly	A Sailor.....	Dan Lyons
Mrs. Jinks.....	Fanny Burt	Telegraph Boy.....	W. Connor
Mrs. Stonington.....	Lucile Watson	Official Detective.....	M. B. Pollock
1st Ballet Lady.....	Mary Nash	Mrs. Greenborough.....	Mattie Ferguson
2nd Ballet Lady.....	Lillian Reed	Mary.....	May Galyer
3rd Ballet Lady.....	Anna Morrison	Miss Merriam.....	Anita Rothe
4th Ballet Lady.....	Anita Rothe	Sun Reporter.....	Howard Hull
5th Ballet Lady.....	Burnette Radcliffe	Clipper Representative.....	Forrest Orr
6th Ballet Lady.....	Frances Comstock	Augustus Van Vorkenburg.....	Echlin Gayer
7th Ballet Lady.....	Alice Bryan	Madame Trentoni (Aurelia Johnson)	Ethel Barrymore
Charles La Martine.....	Charles Bryant		

For musical version see "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 438.

Richard Savage (26 perf.)—Play in five acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, based upon Dr. Johnson's biography of Richard Savage in "Lives of the Poets." Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, February 4, 1901. Cast:

Henry Miller, Arthur Elliott, Owen S. Fawcett, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Charles Cherry, Alec F. Frank, Herbert H. Patee, H. S. Northrup, Burns Gillam, Philip Barnard, Gladstone Wallis, Alfred Mayo, Jennie Eustace, Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault, Florence Rockwell, Margaret Bourne and Deronda Mayo.

Under Two Flags (135 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Paul M. Potter, founded on the novel by Ouida. Produced by Charles Frohman in arrangement with David Belasco at the Garden Theatre, New York, February 5, 1901. Cast:

Blanche Bates, Francis Carlyle, Maclyn Arbuckle, Edward S. Abeles, Rose Snyder, Margaret Robinson, Campbell Gollan, Arthur Bruce, Albert Bruning, Grace Elliston, Frank Browning, Matt Snyder, Madge West, Beresford Webb, Frank Leyden, Tefft Johnson, James Allen, W. J. Welch, George Gaston, William Sissons, W. B. Smith, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Arthur Benson, Malcolm Gunn, Robert Tice, Lem Roberts and Mary Bayly. Staged by David Belasco. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Lovers' Lane (127 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by William A. Brady at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, February 6, 1901. Cast:

Ernest Hastings, Edward J. Ratcliffe, L. R. Stockwell, Frank Hatch, Charles W. Swain, Julian Barton, William Betts, James Coyle, Master Jack Ryan, Master Herbert Halliday, Nanette Comstock, Brandon Douglas, Millie James, Agnes Findlay, Sadie Stringham, Lizzie Conway, Rachel Sterling, Zelda Sears, Emily Wakeman, Annie Miffin, Lillian Lee and Lillian Sinnott. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by D. Frank Dodge and John H. Young.

Moved to the Republic Theatre, April 20, 1901.

My Lady (93 perf.)—Extravaganza by R. A. Barnet. Produced by A. H. Chamberlyn at the Victoria Theatre, New York, February 11, 1901. Cast:

Charles J. Ross, Lillian Green, Clifton Crawford, Gilbert Clayton, Gilbert Gregory, Arthur Nelstone, Lotta Faust, Carle Stowe, Ethel Moore, G. H. Williams, J. H. Boyle, Gilbert De Voy, Merri Osborne, Eva Tanguay, C. Day, Tom Browne, G. H. Stevens, Frances Belmont, Olive Ulrich, Dean Wilkie, Minner Rudolph, A. J. Morris, Violet Holls, Mlle. Proto, Alexia Bassian, Natalie Olcott, Florence Carlisle, Pauline Chase, Tessie Mooney, Isabelle D'Armand, Jessie Jordan, Laura Stone, Leonora Carlisle and Ethel Grey.

On the Quiet (160 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Smyth and Perley at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, February 11, 1901. Cast:

William Collier, John G. Saville, Helena Collier, Brigham Royce, Louise Allen, Katharine Mulkins, Cranley Douglas, Charles B. Poor, George W. Parsons, Thomas Doyle, George H. Robinson, Thomas Garrick, George Grace, Laura Palmer, Sachiro Oida, E. F. Krauser, May Fletcher, Ninette Thullen, J. K. Jones, J. W. Roberts and E. D. Smith. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

This play reopened on February 10, 1902, for 40 performances. Brigham Royce, Katharine Mulkins, Charles B. Poor, Thomas Doyle, George Grace, May Fletcher, Ninette Thullen and J. K. Jones had withdrawn from the company. The new members were: George Wright, Myrtle May, Richard Malchien, Olive Madison, Romaine Whitford, M. L. Heckert, Harry Linton and John J. Nelles.

Charles Frohman revived the play at the Criterion Theatre, New York, for 16 performances beginning December 11, 1905. Cast:

William Collier, Grace Hadsell, Craney Douglas, Willard Curtiss, John Saville, Ida Conquest, Charles B. Poor, Pauline French, John W. Dean, Frisco Matsuo, Wallace McCutcheon, Irene Avon, Eileen Anglin, George Nash, Madeleine Hazlett, Howard Estabrook, Charles Fullhart, Thomas Martin and George Laundry.

The Governor's Son (32 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by L. C. Behman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, February 25, 1901. Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, Josephine Cohan, Ethel Levey, William Keough, Will H. Sloan, James H. Manning, M. J. Sullivan, Hugh Mack, Peter F. Randall, Walter W. Stockwell, Ed B. Platt, Josephine Kirkwood, Helene

Bronner, Alice Kellar, Ruby Raymond, Cecile Early, Hilda Hawthorne, Daisy Thompson, Georgie White, Katherine Gordon, Edythe Tyler, Claire Murray, Sophie Stewart, Amy Williams, Helen Grey, Elfay White, Jeanette King and Minnie Sinn.

This play was revived for 75 performances at the Aerial Gardens, New York, June 4, 1906. Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, Ethel Levey, William Keogh, Julius Tannen, John Conroy, Jack Webster, Frank McNish, Cleveland I. Nicholson, Nat Royster, Rose Green and Truly Shattuck.

The Lash of a Whip (40 perf.)—Play in three acts by Maurice Hennequin and Georges Duval. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, February 25, 1901. Cast:

E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, Roy Atwell, James Kearney, Jay Wilson, Katherine Florence, Marie Derickson, Maggie Holloway Fischer, May Lambert and Nellie Butler. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

Followed by:

The Shades of Night—Fantasy in one act by Captain R. Marshall. Cast:

Elsie de Wolfe, Grace Elliston, E. M. Holland and G. B. Cooper.

At the conclusion of the run of "The Lash of a Whip" Mr. Frohman revived "On and Off" and "The Shades of Night" was continued. See page 391.

To Have and to Hold (40 perf.)—Drama in four acts by E. F. Boddington, founded upon Mary Johnston's novel. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, March 4, 1901. Cast:

Robert Lorraine, Isabel Irving, Sidney Herbert, S. Miller Kent, Wallace Erskine, Dore Davidson, Charles Walcott, N. L. Jelenko, Holbrook Blinn, J. M. Colville, Cecil B. de Mille, Carl St. Aubyn, John Findlay, Harry Lewis, George Forbes, Joseph A. Weber, Robert W. Broderick, Richard Disney, Isabel Garrison, Florence Robinson, Claire McDowell, Etta Morris, Lottie Alter and Maud Hosford. Staged by Edward E. Rose.

This was Robert Lorraine's New York debut.

Uncle Tom's Cabin (88 perf.)—Dramatization of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel. Revived by William A. Brady at the Academy of Music, New York, March 4, 1901. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye (Uncle Tom), Alice Evans (Eva), Maud Raymond (Topsy), Dora Lane (Chloe), Emily Rigl (Cassie), Theodore Roberts (Legree), Mabel Amber (Eliza), L. R. Stockwell (Marks), Mrs. Annie Yeamans (Ophelia), Mortimer Snow (Shelby), William Harcourt (George Harris), Odell Williams (Phineas Fletcher), Earle Brown, William Fredericks, Georgia Florence Olp, Arthur Sprague, W. H. Harvey, Sam Blessing, Joseph Fitzpatrick, J. H. Bramall, Charles Hayne, E. P. Smith, J. F. Lipsey, Dick Marks, Harry Harmon, J. W. Moxley, James Richmond, Master Harry and Maud Durand.

John E. Kellard replaced Mr. Lackaye on March 21, 1901.

Frank Hatch replaced Odell Williams on March 2, 1901.

J. H. J. Ronner revived this play for 24 performances at the Majestic Theatre, New York, beginning May 20, 1907. Cast:

John Southerland (Uncle Tom), Gretchen Hartman (Eva), Viola La Bretta (Topsy), Lucille La Verne (Chloe and Cassie), Herbert Bostwick (Legree), Ethel Hodgson (Eliza), Frank Opperman (Marks), Ricca Allen (Ophelia), Frank E. Jamison

(Shelby), Fred C. Stein, George Clark, Fred Brown, Elwood Bostwick, Edward L. Walton, W. A. Playter, Paul Brown, Charlotte Lambert, Logan Paul, Mary Hampton, Will Simms, Dora Jones, William Hazeltine, Charles Hart, Marguerite Starr, Amy La Bretta, George F. Hall and Stephen Fitzpatrick. Staged by Elwood F. Bostwick.

The first New York production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was at the National Theatre, August 23, 1852. Since that date it has brought more Americans into the theatre than any other dozen plays combined.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1932-1933," page 498.

A Romance of Athlone (16 perf.)—Play by Augustus Pitou. Revived at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, March 18, 1901. Cast:

Chauncey Olcott, Daniel Gilfether, Etta Baker Martin, Tottie Carr, Luke Martin, Paul Everton, Richard Malchian, Mrs. Elizabeth Washburne, Charles R. Gilbert, Argyle Gilbert, Louise Marcelli, Clara Cubitt, Edward Smith, William J. Jones, Walter McCullough, Edith Barker and Catherine Willard.

The first New York production of "A Romance of Athlone" was at the 14th Street Theatre, January 9, 1899. All but the last six of the above cast were in the original.

Manon Lescaut (15 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Theodore Burt Sayre, from the novel by Abbe Prevost. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, March 19, 1901. Cast:

Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Frederick Perry, Gaston Mervale, Guy Bates Post, William Boag, Harrison Armstrong, Joseph Osborne, Richard Dillon, Emil Hoch, Frank Andrews, William Evans, George C. Pearce, Henry Dumont, Hugh Riley, Frank Davis, Charles S. Robinson, Sanford Dwight, Peter Griswold, John Boniface, Fred Kerby, De Gray Harris, Master Fink, May Monte Donico, Isabel Waldron, Winona Shannon, Louise Ayres and Edith Sanborn. Staged by Max Freeman. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

The Price of Peace (60 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Cecil Raleigh. Produced by Jacob Litt at the Broadway Theatre, New York, March 21, 1901. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye, W. T. Carleton, Harrison Hunter, Harry Roberts, Arthur Forrest, Charles Cherry, Fred Thorne, Eric Hope, Henry Bergman, Charles Kent, May Buckley, Minnie Seligman, Anne B. Sutherland, Virginia Vere, Marion Elmore, Mabel Taliaferro, Kate Lester, Louis Morrell, F. Roberts, Carroll Fleming, Harry J. Holliday, Ed Lester, Henry Travers, Pauline Von Arnold, Violet Holliday, Eugenie Dings, Nellie Claire, Ralph Lenox, Grace Dudley, Louise Dings, William T. Blakeley, A. R. Colton, Helen McVeigh, James Hinton and Elizabeth Padgette.

Are You a Mason? (32 perf.)—Farce in three acts adapted from the German of Lauf and Kraatz by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Charles Frohman at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 1, 1901. Cast:

Leo Ditrichstein, John C. Rice, Thomas A. Wise, George Richards, Arnold Daly, Cecil B. de Mille, Charles Greene, May Robson, Esther Tittell, Nellie Butler, Jeanette Northern, Charlotte Lambert, Sally Cohen, Theresa Renold and Amy Muller. Staged by Leo Ditrichstein.

This play was revived at the Garrick Theatre, August 19, 1901, for thirty-two performances, with the Messrs. Ditrichstein, Rice, Wise, Richards and the Misses Tittell, Cohen, Muller and the fol-

lowing new members: Oscar Dane, Charles Halton, James S. Edwards, Gertrude Whitty, Hazel Chappel, Grace Hadsell and Maude Travers.

On September 5, 1904, Rich and Harris revived the play at the Garrick Theatre for 16 perf. with Leo Ditrichstein, Henry Kolker, George Henry Trader, John Emerson, Charles J. Greene, Gertrude Whitty, Adelaide Wise, Edith Barker, Florence Thornton, Jennie Reiffarth, Amy Lesser and Marguerite Sutherland.

On and Off (16 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Alexandre Bisson. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, April 1, 1901. Cast:

E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, James Kearney, Ralph Delmore, Jay Wilson, Roy Atwell, Katherine Florence, Jessie Church, Maggie Holloway Fischer, Marie Derickson, May Lambert, May Galyer and Etta Howard.

This production followed "The Lash of a Whip," see page 389, and "The Shades of Night" was continued with "On and Off."

The first New York production of "On and Off" was at Hoyt's Theatre, October 17, 1898. E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, James Kearney, Maggie Holloway Fischer and May Lambert of the above revival were in the original.

Diplomacy (56 perf.)—Play in four acts by Victorien Sardou. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, April 15, 1901. Cast:

Henry Beauclerc.....	William Favershaw	Antonio.....	Frank H. Brownlee
Capt. Julian Beauclerc..	Charles Richman	Sheppard.....	George Sylvester
Count Orloff.....	Guy Standing	François.....	William Barnes
Algie Fairfax.....	Wallace Worsley	Messenger.....	James Weed
Baron Stein.....	Edwin Stevens	Countess Zicka.....	Jessie Millward
Markham.....	Geo. Osbourne, Jr.	Lady Fairfax.....	Ethel Hornick
Marquise De Rio Zares		Mion.....	Margaret Dale
	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen	Dora.....	Margaret Anglin

The first New York production of "Diplomacy" was at Wallack's Theatre, April 1, 1878.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 424, and "Best Plays of 1927-1928," page 558.

The Prima Donna (36 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Aimee Lachaume. Produced by A. H. Chamberlyn at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, April 17, 1901. Cast:

Lulu Glaser, Toby Claude, Etta Butler, Catherine Lewis, Gilbert Clayton, W. P. Carleton, Herbert Cawthorne, William Cameron, Charles B. Bowers, Eugene Redding, Hattie Moore, Madeline Bouton, Mazie Follette, Mabel Arnold, Mabel Courtney, Blanche West, Dorothy Lester, Minnie Britton, Estelle Franklyn, Mabel Barrison, Miss Bertel, Miss Belmont, Miss Dameling, Miss Tyler, Miss Williams, Claire Lorraine, Miss Rinquest, Loie Stern and Lucile Bowles.

King Washington (1 special matinee)—Drama in five acts by Robert Lewis Weed founded upon the novel of the same name by

Adelaide Skeel and William H. Brearley. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 26, 1901. Cast:

David Murray (George Washington), Maude Granger (Martha Washington), Macey Harlam, Collin Varrey, R. G. Brown, Frank Hill, Don D. Orr, George Wharnock, Frank Blair, James Bacon, Henry Ward, John Elmer, G. A. Dickson, Eleanor Carey, Gertrude Perry, Madge Otis, Emerin Campbell and Louisiana Pugh. Staged by E. L. Duane and Frank Blair. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

The King's Carnival (80 perf.)—Burlesque in two acts. Book and lyrics by Sydney Rosenfeld. Additional lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. The song "My Evaline" written and composed by Mae Anwerda Sloane. Produced by Sydney Rosenfeld at the New York Theatre, New York, May 13, 1901. Cast:

Frank Doane, John Ford, Edgar Halstead, Charles Prince, William Link, Nina Farington, Florence Crosby, Ethel Elberton, Vera Morris, Louis Harrison, Mayme Gehrue, Jessie May, Laura Burt, Harry Bulger, Emma Carus, Daniel McAvoy, Marie Dressler, Amelia Summerville, Tobie Craig, Adele Ritchie, Georgia Kelly, Lilly Brink and Mme. Ronco. Staged by Frank Smithson. Settings by St. John Lewis. Costumes by Mrs. Caroline Seidle.

This play closed for the summer after 40 performances, reopening September 9, 1901, at the same theatre, at which time Marion Winchester, Mr. Junie McCree and Maybelle Gilman replaced Mayme Gehrue, Harry Bulger and Adele Ritchie respectively.

The Brixton Burglary (48 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Frederick W. Sidney. Produced by Sam S. Shubert at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, May 20, 1901. Cast:

Joseph Holland, Sam Edwards, Lionel Barrymore, W. J. Ferguson, Grace Filkins, Elita Proctor Otis, Channez Olney, Jessie Busley, James Kearney and Richard Baker.

The Merchant of Venice (3 perf.)—Play by William Shakespeare. Revived at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, May 24, 1901. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin (Shylock), Maxine Elliott (Portia), Maclyn Arbuckle (Antonio), Aubrey Boucicault (Bassanio), Annie Irish (Nerissa), Effie Ellsler (Jessica), Arthur Garrels (Salarino), Frank Weston (Duke of Venice), William Courtleigh (Prince of Morocco), Frederick Perry (Prince of Aragon), H. P. Stone (Salanio), Vincent Serano (Gratiano), Henry Woodruff (Lorenzo), Neil O'Brien (Tubal), William J. Le Moyne (Gobbo), J. E. Dodson (Launcelot Gobbo), William Sampson (Leonardo), S. M. Hall (Balthazar) and Frank Mayne (Court Clerk). Settings by L. W. Seavey, Walter Hahn and Henry E. Hoyt.

SEASON OF 1901-1902

The Strollers (70 perf.)—Musical comedy in a prologue and two acts. Adapted from the German of L. Kremm and C. Lindau by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, June 24, 1901. Cast:

Francis Wilson, Harry Gilfoil, Edwin Foy, Benjamin Howard, Wilmer Bentley, Harry Stuart, James Darling, Fred Urban, James Furey, Marie George, Irene Bent-

ley, Louise Lawton, Lizzie McCall, Mona Sydney, Maud Thomas, Lou Middleton, Bernice Norcross, Edna Hunter, Maud Furniss, Katie Seymour, Kathryn Pearl and Mazie Follette. Staged by Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman.

The Mormon Wife (32 perf.)—Play by Howard Hall and Madeline Merli. Produced by Charles E. Blaney at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, August 19, 1901. Cast:

William Humphrey, Roselle Knott, Thomas Maclarnie, Laurens Hascall, Horace Lewis, Oscar Figman, Clara Rainford, Gertrude Swiggett, W. R. McKey, S. J. Cairns, George Tyford, Master Walter Robinson, Meta Maynard, Grace Huntington, William Walcott, William H. Turner, Florence Rossland, P. A. Nannary, Harry Gwynnette, Hal Brown, Charles Hayne, J. Scott, P. S. Fletcher and H. B. Hudill. Staged by William Humphrey. Gertrude Haynes and her Choir Celestial and Master James Byrnes sang in the Mormon Tabernacle scene.

A Royal Rival (112 perf.)—Play in four acts adapted by Gerald Du Maurier. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, August 26, 1901. Cast:

William Faversham, Joseph Holland, Edwin Stevens, Snitz Edwards, N. S. Jelenko, Robert P. Harvey, William Danner, Jules Ferrar, A. R. Dalton, James Kearney, Joseph Webber, J. T. Scully, Charles Daniels, Thomas Smithson, Arthur Jarrett, Frank Hinton, Jessie Busley, Maggie H. Fischer and Julie Opp.

William Faversham's debut as a star.

This play was an adaptation of "Don Caesar de Bazan." It is interesting to note that during the week of September 9th there were three versions playing in New York City as James K. Hackett began an engagement in "Don Caesar's Return" on September 3rd, and the Henry V. Donnelly Stock Company produced George Henry Trader's version for one week at the Murray Hill Theatre with William Bramwell as "Don Caesar."

The first production of "Don Caesar de Bazan" in New York City was at the Olympic Theatre December 9, 1844, with Charles Melton Walcot in the title role.

Tom Moore (41 perf.)—Play in four acts by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced by Rich and Harris at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, August 31, 1901. Cast:

Andrew Mack, Myron Calice, George F. Nash, Theodore Babcock, George W. Deyo, Giles Shine, Harry P. Stone, Frank Mayne, Edward J. Heron, Richard J. Dillon, John Napier, Josephine Lovett, Jane Peyton, Susie Wilkerson and Maggie Fielding.

The Rogers Brothers in Washington (49 perf.)—Vaudeville farce in two acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Maurice Levi. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 2, 1901. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, William West, Eugene Jepson, Gus A. Weinburg, Pat Rooney, James Cherry, John B. Hendricks, Willie Torpey, Hattie Williams, Grace Freeman, Emma Francis, Jeannette Bageard, Edith St. Clair, May Taylor, Nora Bayes, Elsie Davis, Gertrude Saye, Jessie Richmond, Nettie Uart, Clara Franton, Stella Maury, Lottie Uart, Lillian Collins, Julia Eastman, Lucille Fallon, Kathleen Murray, May Kimball, Helen Brooks, Leslie Lyle, Lillian Stanford, Lily Hart and Minnie Woodbury. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros.

The Second in Command (128 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Robert Marshall. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 2, 1901. Cast:

Guy Standing, John Drew, Oswald Yorke, Lionel Barrymore, Reginald Carrington, Robert Schable, George Harcourt, Percy Smith, Robert Mackay, Lewis Baker, H. Hassard Short, George Forbes, Ida Conquest, Ida Vernon and Caroline Keeler.

Don Caesar's Return (87 perf.)—Play in four acts by Victor Mapes, "a new treatment of a famous stage character." Produced by James K. Hackett at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 3, 1901. Cast:

James K. Hackett, Wilton Lackaye, Theodore Roberts, Thomas A. Hall, George Le Soir, Fernanda Eliscu, W. J. Le Moyne, Egbert Case, Herbert Carr, Edward Donnelly, Ira A. Hards, Theodore Hamilton, John E. Mackin, Hale Hamilton, Sidney Price, William Lamp, Maude Roosevelt, Virginia Buchanan, Florence Kahn and Charlotte Walker. Staged by the author. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

Hoity Toity (225 perf.)—Burlesque in two acts by Edgar Smith. Music by John Stromberg. Produced by Weber and Fields at Weber and Fields' Music Hall, New York, September 5, 1901. Cast:

Joseph M. Weber, Lew Fields, De Wolf Hopper, Fritz Williams, Sam Bernard, John T. Kelly, Lee Harrison, George Ali, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Bonnie Maginn, Belle Robinson, Goldie Mohr, Lina Hilbon, Estelle Moyer, Gertrude Moyer, Madge Adea, Inez Ray, May Bradley, Dora Senac, Pauline Bradley, Ilma Pratt, Natta Stromberg, L. Diamond, Elna Gilroy, Virginia Foltz, Mae Sherwood, Doris Mitchell, Bessie Clayton, May Whiting, Lillian Whiting, Agnes Salter, Adeline Williams, Viola McGibeny, Cora Lewis, Anna Fuller and Emma Fenz. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young.

Richard Lovelace (40 perf.)—Play in three acts by Laurence Irving. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 9, 1901. Cast:

E. H. Sothorn, Arthur R. Lawrence, Rowland Buckstone, Henry Carvill, Sydney C. Mather, Cecilia Loftus and Charlotte Deane.

The Forest Lovers (47 perf.)—Play in five acts dramatized by A. E. Lancaster from Miss Clo Graves' version of Maurice Hewlett's romance. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 10, 1901. Cast:

Bertha Galland, Harry B. Stanford, George W. Barbier, Stephen Wright, Frank C. Bangs, Mortimer Weldon, James Otley, L. F. Morrison, Rachel Crown, Richard Cochrane, Rhoda Cameron, Margaret Bourne, Blanche Weaver and Carrie Thatcher.

Bertha Galland's debut as a star.

The Ladies Paradise (24 perf.)—Musical comedy by George Dance. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced by Alfred E. Aarons at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, September 16, 1901. Cast:

Queenie Vassar, John Hyams, Alexander Clark, Phoebe Coyne, Templer Saxe, Louis Wesley, Lucille Vera Burnham, Josephine Hall, Ethele Gordon, Lydia West, Richard Carle, Caroline Huestis, Kathryn Pearl and La Torjada. Ballet of 250 directed by M. Albertieri.

First musical comedy ever produced at the Metropolitan Opera House.

- **The Messenger Boy** (128 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by James T. Tanner and Alfred Murray. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Produced by Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman at the Daly Theatre, New York, September 16, 1901. Cast:

James T. Powers, George Honey, Paul Nicholson, John B. Park, Harry Kelly, Tom Hadaway, George De Long, George Heath, Harold C. Crane, John P. Kennedy, Herbert Darley, Armand Cortes, Georgia Caine, May Robson, Jobyna Howland, Flora Zabelle, Hattie Waters, Agnes Wayburn, Helen Chichester, Rachel Booth, Miss Fanchonette, Nelsie Kelly, Eunice Raymond, Emily Thomas, Florence Neilson, Agnes Blake, Caroline Locke, Sally McNeel, Louise Murry, Dene Woodruff, Jeanette Stanhope, Abner Symmons, George Pullman and J. W. Styles. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Settings by Joseph Harker and T. E. Ryan.

Up York State (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by David Higgins and Georgia Waldron. Produced at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, September 16, 1901. Cast:

David Higgins, Georgia Waldron, Walter G. Horton, William T. Hodge, John R. Cumpson, Charles D. Coburn, E. F. Nagle, Harry Daus, Master John Gough, Gabriella McKean, Ada Dwyer, Olive Maud Davis, Eva Westcott, Pauline Duffield, Virginia Tracy and Dorritt Gough.

This play returned to the above theatre on December 16, 1901, for 56 performances. At this time William T. Hodge, Master John Gough, Ada Dwyer, Pauline Duffield, Virginia Tracy and Dorritt Gough were replaced by R. Brandon Mitchell, Little Margery Poole, Leita Hendrie, Annie Brice, Ethel Kent and Marie Straub respectively.

The Red Kloof (41 perf.)—Play in five acts by Paul M. Potter. Produced by Rich and Harris at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 21, 1901. Cast:

Louis Mann, Clara Lipman, Lionel Adams, Daniel Jarrett, Stephen Maley, Edward Sec, William F. Carroll, Charles E. Sturgis, Thomas Mills, Walter D. Greene, Arthur Rutledge, Joseph Gobay, Frank Walsh, George Daniels, Rastus Johnson, James Jones, Gertrude Lennox, Lillie Hall, Amy Lesser, Augusta Bertrand, Elsa Garrett, Grace DeWitte and Grace Fiske.

The Auctioneer (105 perf.)—Play in three acts by David Belasco. Produced by David Belasco at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 23, 1901. Cast:

Simon Levi.....	David Warfield	Mandy.....	Ruth Dennis
Mrs. Eagan.....	Marie Bates	Mrs. Levi.....	Maria Davis
Jacob Sampson.....	Harry Rogers	Callahan.....	Odell Williams
Mo Fininski.....	Eugene Canfield	Richard Eagan.....	Brandon Tynan
Groode.....	William Boag	Minnie.....	Nellie Lynch
Mrs. Sampson.....	Helena Phillips	Dawkins.....	Horace James
Critch.....	H. S. Millward	Helga.....	Maude Winter
Miss Finch.....	Corah Adams	Miss Manning.....	Nina Lyn
Chestnut Vendor.....	Tony Bevan	Policeman.....	Harry L. Rawlins
	Customer.....		Cyril Vezina
	Misses Crompton.....		Elizabeth Berkeley
			and Ruth Dennis

Staged by David Belasco. Settings by John Young.

David Warfield's debut as a star and the beginning of his long association with David Belasco.

On May 4, 1903, this play reopened at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, for 32 performances. At this time the company included:

David Warfield, Maria Davis, Marie Bates, Robert Fischer, Harry Rogers, Stokes Sullivan, Eugene Canfield, Sadie Miner, William Boag, Charles Chappelle, Helena Phillips, Elizabeth Berkeley, Cyril Vezina, Dorothy West Rogers, Noira Dyer, Evelyn Whitney, Lutie Tenley, Rachel McCausland, Edward Racey, Tony Bevan, Herman Lechner, Hearn Collins, Richard Earle, Julia Martin, Bessie Heaton, Cassie Grant, Victor Jachalke, May Grant and Grover Grant.

The Bonnie Brier Bush (56 perf.)—Play in four acts adapted by Mr. MacArthur from Ian MacLaren's novel of the same name. Produced by Kirke La Shelle at the Republic Theatre, New York, September 23, 1901. Cast:

J. H. Stoddart, Charles MacDonald, Charles Hutchinson, Sydney Booth, John Jennings, Irma La Pierre, Augustin Duncan, Bessie Baldwin, Reuben Fax, Charles MacRae, Gertrude Robinson, Edith Taliafero, Marion Abbott, Gertrude Bennett, R. C. Easton, W. H. White, Frank B. Foote and M. D. Stepper. Staged by John Stapleton. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

J. H. Stoddart's debut as a star.

Miranda of the Balcony (62 perf.)—Play in four acts by Anne Crawford Flexner founded on the novel by A. E. W. Mason. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 24, 1901. Cast:

Mrs. Fiske, Robert T. Haines, J. E. Dodson, Etienne Girardot, Max Figman, Edward Lester, Jefferson Winter, Bertram Godfrey, Frank McCormack, Phillips Smalley, Bessie Harris, Frederick C. Bertrand, Charles O. Shaw, Edward Davis, Burton Adams, Kate Pattison Selton, Annie Irish, Emily Stevens, Victoria Addison, Louise Delmar, Dorothy Stanton, Mary Maddern, Ella Miller, Josephine Wyndham, Jessica Penn, Katherine Kaye, Marion Wolsey Cate, James Henderson, Claus Bogel, H. Hartwell Sleight, J. Cleaney Mathews, W. C. Raue, Edward Stockton and Frank Alliston. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske and Max Figman. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Cipher Code (24 perf.)—Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, September 30, 1901. Cast:

John E. Kellard, Charles Walcott, William Harcourt, Harry A. Weaver, George D. Parker, George C. Staley, Harry St. Maur, Cecil Magnus, Richard Webster, Frank Winston, John Ried, William Thomas, Kate Vandenhoff, Maud Hoffman, Estabrook Galloway, Mrs. Russ Whytal and Mabel Aylward.

The Liberty Belles (104 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Harry B. Smith. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, September 30, 1901. Cast:

Etta Butler, Sandol Milliken, Augusta Glose, Edna Hunter, Lotta Faust, Pauline Chase, Margaret Walker, Grace Kimball, Edith Barr, Marie Tuohey, Dorothy Lester, Louise Middleton, Helene Lucas, Marie Murphy, Violet Jewell, Bobby Burns, Laura Stone, Elsie Ferguson, Katharine Roberts, Esther Lyons, Crissie Carlyle, Harry Davenport, John Slavin, Harry Gilfoil, J. C. Marlowe, D. Mack Lumsden, Edward Pooley, Sylvia Lamere, Helen Cheston, Lillian Woodward, Nellie McCoy, Izzie McCoy, L. D. Wharton and Nat K. Cafferty. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Settings by Ernest Albert.

A Message from Mars (184 perf.)—Play in three acts by Richard Ganthony. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 7, 1901. Cast:

Charles Hawtrey, Henry Stephenson, Robert Pateman, E. W. Tarver, Arthur Burne, Edgar Payne, F. Walters, Eric Dudley, Edward Barrow, Wallace Widdecombe, George Pickett, Master Harold De Becker, Neta De Becker, Marie De Becker, H. Colman, R. G. Pegg, Arthur Playfair, B. W. Parmenter, W. Ashton, Master Thomas Kelly, E. Phillips, Bella Pateman, Florence Sinclair, Ethel Hollingshead, Adie Burt, Faith Reynolds, Lydia Rachel, Miss Park, Lillian Morgan, Mr. Richards and W. Hulbert.

First American appearance of Charles Hawtrey and Henry Stephenson.

Mr. Frohman revived the play for 56 performances at the Criterion Theatre, New York, beginning March 30, 1903. Cast:

Charles Hawtrey, Henry Stephenson, Fred Thorne, E. W. Tarver, Wallace Widdecombe, Edgar Payne, F. Walters, Eric Dudley, Emmet Lennon, B. W. Parmenter, George Pickett, Master Harold De Becker, Neta De Becker, Marie De Becker, W. Hulbert, R. G. Pegg, Arthur Playfair, Gilbert Douglas, W. Ashton, Master Thomas Morris, E. Phillips, Hetta Bartlett, Adie Burt, Lillian Morgan, Miss Comstock, Lydia Rachel and Frances Belmont.

Mr. Frohman again revived the play for 32 performances at the Princess Theatre, New York, beginning October 17, 1904. Cast:

Charles Hawtrey, Fred Thorne, Cecil Magnus, Henry Lauront, Cyril Young, F. Walters, Eric Dudley, Arthur Hare, George Pickett, Master Charles Barriscale, W. Hulbert, R. G. Pegg, Faithful Pearce, W. H. Gilmore, W. Ashton, Master Thomas Morris, E. Phillips, Henry J. Hadfield, Hetta Bartlett, Alice Wilson, Margaret V. Dunne, Ethel Hertzlet, Nellie Tyler, June Hazlett, Loraine Frost and Mona Harrison.

The New Yorkers (64 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book by Glen MacDonough. Lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, October 7, 1901. Cast:

Dan Daly, George A. Schiller, William Gould, Nick Long, Frank Tannehill, Jr., William Cameron, Thomas Evans, William Lavine, Frank Farrington, James A. Furey, Powers Gouraud, Fred Titus, Edwin Wilson, Virginia Earle, Idalene Cotton, Rose Beaumont, Carrie E. Perkins, Anna Laughlin, Marguerite Clarke, Florence Parker, Isabelle D'Armond, Tessie Mooney, Kathryn Bartlett, Ruby Reid, Vernie Snyder, Nell Gwenn, Geraldine Fair, Ethel Jewett, Mildred DeVerre, Jessie Banks, Belva Don Kersley, Gertrude Blanke and Pauline Karmen. Staged by George W. Lederer. Settings by D. Frank Dodge and Ernest Albert.

Sweet Marie (28 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by W. Brown. Music by R. Jackson. Produced by Oscar Hammerstein at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, October 10, 1901. Cast:

James Russell, John Russell, Rhyce Thomas, Louis Montgomery, Albert La Mar, E. C. Rogers, William H. Grimke, O. W. Risley, Robert Gemp, Francis Lee, F. Archambault, Eleanor Falk, Countess Olga Von Hatzfeldt and Gabriel.

The Love Match (57 perf.)—Play in three acts by Sydney Grundy. Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, October 12, 1901. Cast:

Mrs. Charles Walcott, Bertha Galland, Deronda Mayo, Miss Prince, Frank C. Bangs, Harry B. Stanford, William Sauter, Charles F. Gotthold, Owen S. Fawcett, James Otley, Louis Hendricks, L. F. Morrison and Stephen Wright.

If I Were King, Oct. 14, 1901. See page 66.

The Little Duchess (136 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith. Produced by F. Ziegfeld, Jr. at the Casino Theatre, New York, October 14, 1901. Cast:

Anna Held, Charles A. Bigelow, Joseph W. Herbert, Sydney Barraclough, George Marion, Charles Swain, Joseph Welch, Harold T. Morey, D. J. Flanigan, B. McGahan, Robert Fairchild, Eva Davenport, Billy Norton, Bessie Wynn, Anna St. Tel, Vivian Blackburn, M. Pabst White, Adele Orton, Helen Planchet, Phyllis La Fond, Lillian Harris, Blanche West, Anita Austin, Ruth Rennard, Daisy Dean, Minnie Gaylor and Katherine Bell. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Ernest Albert.

New England Folks (64 perf.)—Play in four acts by Eugene W. Presbrey. Produced by J. Wesley Rosenquest at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, October 21, 1901. Cast:

Harry Mordaunt, Blanche Weaver, Walter Thomas, Gracey Scott, Samuel Reed, Henry West, Frank L. Davis, Charles Abbott, Maud Hoffman, Thomas MacLarnie, Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Collins.

On November 11, 1901, Dorothy Donnelly replaced Maud Hoffman.

On November 18, 1901, Frederick Mower replaced Harry Mordaunt.

Eben Holden (49 perf.)—Play in three acts by Edward E. Rose. Dramatized from Irving Bacheller's novel. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, October 28, 1901. Cast:

E. M. Holland (Eben Holden), William Harris, Earle Ryder, John Frederick Cook, Jay Wilson, J. H. Bradbury, Leo Hardman, Sidney Prior, Richard Nesmith, Louis Payne, Lucille Flaven, Kate Denin Wilson, Kenyon Bishop, Annie Watson and Marie Derickson.

The Fatal Wedding (8 perf.)—Play in three acts by Theodore Kremer. Produced by Sullivan and Harris at the Grand Opera House, New York, October 28, 1901. Cast:

Edwin Mordant, Jack Miltern, Frank Montgomery, Charles Western, Richard Quilter, Howard Kyle, Oia Humphreys, Julia Ralph, Louise Quinten, Little Cora Quinten. Master Wallie and Gertrude Haynes with her Choir Celestial including Master James Byrnes and 25 choir boys.

The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast (241 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in three acts. Written and invented by J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins. Adapted for the American stage by John J. McNally and J. Cheever Goodwin. Lyrics by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by J. M. Glover and Frederick Solomon. Ballets by Ernest D'Auban. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger under the direction of Joseph Brooks at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 4, 1901. Cast:

Harry Bulger, Charles J. Ross, Joseph Cawthorne, John Page, John Hyams, Ella Snyder, Viola Gillette, Phoebe Coyne, Nellie Thorne, May Hengler, Florence Hengler, Nora Cecil, Jane Whitbeck, Annabelle Whitford, Nina Fitzwilliams, Susie Rusholme, Kathryn Colvin, Pearl Landers, Lillian Hudson, Kittie Norman, Viola Kellogg, Myrtle Steele, Lelia Lewis, Virginia Voorhees, Anna Carr, Bessie Stanton, Maude Cummings, Nellie Reed, Mlle. Martina, Jeannette Mozar, Lillian Rice, the Misses

Follette, Beresford, Martin, Geach, Wild, Tyler, Walter, Carr, Murray, Weldon, Ralston and the Messrs. Sullivan, Mathias, Smith and Beall. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Julian Hicks, R. C. McCleary, R. Caney, H. Emsden and Bruce Smith.

The Way of the World (35 perf.)—Play in five acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by George W. Lederer at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, November 4, 1901. Cast:

Elsie de Wolfe, Frank Mills, Vincent Serrano, Alison Skipworth, Harrison Hunter, Clara Bloodgood, Frank Andrews, Jane Holly, Joseph Phillips, Frances Duff, Franklin Hurleigh, Henry Stokes, Mr. Moore, Frederick Wallace, Clara B. Hunter, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Drummond, Alice Campbell, Laura Lane, Master Wright, Lester Keith, Ralph Theodore, Maud Thomas, Donald B. Wallace, Sibyl Anderson and Georgiana Pitcher.

Miss de Wolfe and her company reopened at the Savoy Theatre, New York, under Charles Frohman's management for a run of 48 performances. At this time John Mason, John L. Mackay, Edmond Liston, Maud Thomas, Ethel Haven, Miss Lonsdale, Miss Blair and Florence Breed took over the roles played by Frank Mills, Vincent Serrano, Frank Andrews, Jane Holly, Alice Campbell, Maud Thomas, Sibyl Anderson and Georgiana Pitcher respectively.

Quality Street (64 perf.)—Play in four acts by James M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, November 11, 1901. Cast:

Phoebe Throssell.....	Maud Adams	Valentine Brown.....	Sydney Brough
Major Linkwater.....	R. Payton Carter	Ensign Blades.....	William Lewers
Lieut. Spicer.....	George Irving	Major Bubb.....	Frederick Spencer
An Old Soldier.....	Charles Martin	Recruiting Sergt.....	Joseph Francoeur
Master Tomson.....	Fred Santley	Susan Throssell.....	Helen Lowell
Fanny Willoughby.....	Sarah Converse	Miss Willoughby.....	Ida Waterman
Henrietta Turnbull.....	Sara Perry	Patty.....	Marion Abbott

Settings by Joseph Humphreys. Staged by Edward G. Unitt.

The play was revived for 7 performances at the Empire Theatre, New York, beginning January 6, 1908. Cast:

Maude Adams, Thomas Valentine, Paul A. Tharp, Wallace Jackson, W. Robinson, Mildred Morris, Fred Santley, Fred Eric, Ella Gilroy, L. B. Carleton, Thomas McGrath, Grace Henderson, Marion Abbott, D. J. Kaufman, Jane Lloyd, Katherine Kappell, Ina Hammer and Dorothy Chester.

Under Southern Skies (71 perf.)—Play in four acts by Lottie Blair Parker. Produced by William A. Brady at the Republic Theatre, New York, November 12, 1901. Cast:

Grace George, George C. Staley, Grace Henderson, Thomas Burns, Ralph Stuart, Donald McLaren, Beatrice Bonner, Burr McIntosh, Roza Durant da Porte, Cuyler Hastings, Vess Osman, Minnie Victorson, Laura Lemmers, Justine Cutting, Maude Reindollar, Kingsley Benedict, Will H. Bray, Alice Leigh, Eleanor Gist, Virginia Glyndon, the Misses Ingraham, Wilmerding, Von Arnold, Campbell, Phillips and the Messrs. Tomlinson, Walsh, Lowman, Weidhaas, Garner, Day and Hamilton. Settings by John H. Young and Moses and Hamilton.

This play was a successor to "Way Down East."

Colorado (48 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Incidental music by William Furst. Produced by Charles Frohman at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 18, 1901. Cast:

John W. Albaugh, Jr., Violet Rand, Maude Hoffman, Jean Newcombe, Wilton Lackaye, Henry L. Hall, Louis Eagan, Frank Donovan, William H. James, Horace Lewis, J. M. Colville, Francis Carlisle, Herbert Pollard, Rosa Cook, Christine Blessing, Frederick Morris, Clement Kirby, Hearck Collins, Frank Kemble, William T. Simpson, Lawrence Sheehan, Francis Conlan, Morris Frank, Harry Gibson, David Higgins and Thomas Lambson. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch (63 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, November 25, 1901. Cast:

Mrs. Fiske, J. E. Dodson, Robert T. Haines, Jefferson Winter, Max Figman, Phillips Smalley, Frank McCormack, Frederick Bertrand, Charles O. Shaw, W. C. Raue, George Odell, Eleanor Moretti, Emily Stevens, Annie Irish, Rose Stuart, Victoria Addison, Helen Ashley, Katharine Kaye, Annie Ward Tiffany, Louise Delmar, Edith Talbot, Lillian Clare, Ella Miller, Mary Maddern, Jessica Penn, Miss Eldridge, Claus Bogel, H. Hartwell Sleight, J. Cleary Mathews, James Henderson, Mr. Denton and Mr. Anderson. Staged by Mrs. Fiske and Max Figman. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

Alice of Old Vincennes (64 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edward E. Rose, dramatized from Maurice Thompson's novel. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, December 2, 1901. Cast:

Virginia Harned, Margaret Gordon, Sadie Lauer, Helen Tracy, William Courtleigh, Arthur Hoops, Thomas M'Grath, Wallace Erskine, Lawrence Eddinger, Cecil B. de Mille, George E. Bryant, Robert Broderick, Sidney Donalds, Richard F. Sullivan and Harry Lewis.

Virginia Harned's debut as a star in New York.

Beaucaire (64 perf.)—Comedy in five acts by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, December 2, 1901. Cast:

Richard Mansfield, Joseph Weaver, Charles James, Arthur Berthelet, C. H. Geldart, Alexander Frank, A. G. Andrews, M. A. Kennedy, Ernest Warde, James L. Carhart, Joseph Whiting, Bonic Clark, J. Palmer Collins, Henry Laurent, Milano Tilden, F. C. Butler, Leticia Fairfax, Sydney Cowell, Ethel Knight Mollison, Dorothy Chester, Myra Brooks, Irene Prahari, Kathleen Chambers, Challis Winter, Margaret Dills, Margaret Kenmare, Adele Claire, Elythe Rowland, Laura Eyre and Mrs. Preston. Staged by Richard Mansfield. Settings by Richard Marston. Dances arranged by Carl Marwig.

The Helmet of Navarre (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Bertha Runkle and Lawrence Marston adapted from Miss Runkle's novel of the same name. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 2, 1901. Cast:

Charles Dalton, Morgan Coman, George Wessels, Sheridan Block, E. Roydon, Robert V. Ferguson, George Seybolt, Arthur Barry, B. Arthur, J. Paxton, E. A. Pyke, Byron Ongley, Charles Ongley, Joseph Smiley, Laurens Hascall, Roydon Erlynne, Stanley Fletcher, Rose Eyttinge, Eleanor Barry, Eleanore Browning, Mrs. E. F. Jordan, Elizabeth Frazer, Lillian Thatcher, Grace Elliston, Emile Odenthal, Frank H. Crane, Charles E. Odlin, W. B. Thompson, C. B. Swift, Louis E. Lewiston, L. Raymond, H. M. Pray, Godfrey Nichols, Frank C. Le Rendu, Helen Barker, Gladys Bruce, Edith Jordan, Eva Dormer, Marion L. Dean, Mary Condon and Catherine Ferguson.

The Girl and the Judge (125 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, December 4, 1901. Cast:

Annie Russell, Robert Hickman, Arthur Schwartz, Mrs. Gilbert, Orrin Johnson, John Glendinning, Randolph Mordecai, Mrs. McKee Rankin and Mathilde Cottrelly. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

The Lyceum Theatre, Fourth Avenue near 23rd Street, was demolished after the run of this play.

The Marriage Game (20 perf.)—Play in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Adapted from "Le Mariage d'Olympe" of Emile Augier. Produced by Louis Nethersole at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, December 10, 1901. Cast:

Sadie Martinot, Edwin Arden, Guy Bates Post, Charles B. Welles, Junius B. Booth, Winchell B. Smith, George Crowther, N. Darcy, H. DeBarry, Jeffreys Lewis, Grace Fisher and Annie Yeamans.

D'Arcy of the Guards (48 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Louis Evan Shipman. Produced by Henry Miller at the Savoy Theatre, New York, December 16, 1901. Cast:

Henry Miller, Arthur Elliott, George C. Pearce, Meriam Bruce, Robert Warring, Thomas Prescott, Harris L. Forbes, Walter Allen, James A. Leahy, John Cooper, George Cornish, Charles F. Gotthold, Otis Turner, Janet Barrington, Florence Rockwell and Louise Wakelee.

The Supper Club (40 perf.)—Musical comedy by Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced by Sire Brothers at the New York Winter Garden, New York, December 23, 1901. Cast:

Maude Williams, Donald Brian, Stuart Hyatt, Josie Sadler, Al Hart, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Ada Lewis, George Fuller Golden, Alexander Clarke, Adele Archer, Oriska Worden, Effie Hamilton, Toby Claude, Leon Kohlman, Richard Brown, Nina Farrington, Vera Morris, Gertrude Lewis, Eugene Bashford, Virginia Earle, John W. Ransone, Eugene O'Rourke, Junie McCree, The De Rigney Sisters, John Ford, Mazie Follette, George Gibson and Billy Link.

The Wilderness (80 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, December 23, 1901. Cast:

Charles Richman, W. H. Crompton, William Courtenay, E. Y. Backus, George Osbourne, Jr., Lawrence D'Orsay, Frank Brownlee, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Margaret Dale, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Kate Pattison-Selton, Margaret Anglin, Ethel Hornick, Jean Mawson, Master Lores Grimm, Karlene Carman and Lillian Thurgate. Staged by Joseph Humphreys.

The Widow Jones (40 perf.)—Play in three acts by John J. McNally. Revived at the Bijou Theatre, New York, December 23, 1901. Cast:

May Irwin, H. F. Robert, Jacques Kruger, Florence Reed, Christopher Bruno, Genevieve Reynolds, Roland Carter, Mabel Florence, Charles Kirke, Charles Church, Louis Foley, Russell Lennon, Frank M. Johnson, Mabel Russell, Grace Vaughn, Louise Hollister, Helene Dunlap and Edith Blair.

"The Widow Jones" was first produced in New York at the Bijou Theatre, September 16, 1895. May Irwin, Jacques Kruger, Grace Vaughn and Roland Carter of the above company were also in the original.

Du Barry (165 perf.)—Play in five acts by David Belasco. Produced by David Belasco at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 25, 1901. Cast:

Louis XV.....	Charles A. Stevenson	Cerisette.....	Julie Lindsey
Comte Jean du Barry....	Campbell Gollan	Comte Guillaume.....	Beresford Webb
Cossé-Brissac.....	Hamilton Revelle	Duc de Brissac.....	Henry Weaver, Sr.
Duc de Richelieu.....	Frederick Perry	Papal Nuncio.....	H. R. Roberts
Terray.....	H. G. Carlton	Maupeou.....	C. P. Flockton
Denys.....	Claude Gillingwater	Duc d'Aiguillon.....	Leonard Cooper
Labelle.....	Gilmore Scott	Lebel.....	Herbert Millward
Zamore.....	Master Sams	Scalo.....	J. D. Jones
Valroy.....	Douglas J. Wood	Flute Player.....	A. Jolly
De Courcel.....	Harold Howard	D'Altaire.....	Louis Myll
Fontenelle.....	Warren Bevin	La Garde.....	W. T. Bune
Citizen Grieve.....	Gaston Mervale	Renard.....	Arthur Pearson
Denisot.....	H. G. Carlton	Marac.....	Walter Belasco
Gomard.....	Charles Hayne	Tavernier.....	John Ingram
Lolotte.....	Nina Lyn	Hortense.....	Eleanor Carey
Manon.....	Florence St. Leonard	Julie.....	Corah Adams
Leonie.....	Blanche Sherwood	Nichette.....	Ann Archer
Marquise de Quesnoy.....	Blanche Rice	Juliette.....	May Lyn
The Gipsy Hag.....	C. P. Flockton	Sophie Arnauld.....	Helen Robertson
Mlle. Guimard.....	Eleanor Stuart	Mlle. Le Grand.....	Ruth Dennis
Marquise-de-Crenay.....	Dora Goldthwaite	Mme. La Dauphine.....	Helen Hale
Duchesse d'Aiguillon.....	Miss Lyn	Princesse Alix.....	Miss Leonard
Marquise de Langers.....	May Montford	Duchesse de Choisy.....	Louise Morewin
Comtesse de Marsen		Sophie.....	Irma Perry
	Grace Van Benthuysen	Rosalie.....	Helen Robertson
	Vaubernier.....		
	Walter Belasco		
	Jeanette Vaubernier, afterwards		
	"La du Barry".....		Mrs. Leslie Carter

Staged by David Belasco.

On September 29, 1902, "Du Barry" opened the Belasco Theatre, (formerly the Republic) for 63 performances.

A Gentleman of France (120 perf.)—Play in seven scenes by Harriet Ford dramatized from Stanley Weyman's romance. Produced by Liebler & Co. at Wallack's Theatre, New York, December 30, 1901. Cast:

Kyrle Bellew, John Blair, John Flood, Frank E. Aiken, Charles Barron, Clarence Handyside, Howell Hansel, Edgar Selwyn, Oscar Briggs, Harry Benton, Charles Randall, E. E. Allen, George Morton, Samuel Lewis, T. L. Sill, Simpson Carson, J. R. Martin, Eleanor Robson, Ada Dwyer, Charlotte Walker, Janet Ford, Minna Claussenius and Caroline Butterfield. Staged by Kyrle Bellew and E. D. Lyons. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

At the matinee performance, April 12, 1902, this play was preceded by the Balcony Scene from William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Romeo was played by Kyrle Bellew and Juliet by Eleanor Robson. This was Miss Robson's first appearance as Juliet.

Sweet and Twenty (48 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Basil Hood. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, December 30, 1901. Cast:

W. H. Thompson, Richard Bennett, Harry B. Stanford, Sidney Drew, Harry Rose, Donald Gallaher, Mrs. Sidney Drew, Eleanor Sanford and Annie O'Neill.

Beginning January 13, 1902, this play was preceded by:

The Romanesques (32 perf.)—Comedy in one act by Edmond Rostand. Cast:

Elizabeth Tyree, Stanley Dark, W. H. Thompson, Ellis N. Harris and Isabel Irving.

Francesca da Rimini (56 perf.)—Play in six acts by George H. Boker. Revived at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, December 31, 1901. Cast:

Otis Skinner (Lanciotto), Marcia Van Dresser (Francesca), Mark Fenton, Aubrey Boucicault, William Norris, Fletcher Norton, E. A. Eberle, Frederic Van Rensselaer, Walter H. Pyre, Walter Lewis, John Boylan, Edward Dillon, Paula Gloy, Gertrude Norman and the Misses Barry, Padden, Wilson, Phillips, Kalbitz, Butler, Lewis, Pruyn and Churchill. Settings by Walter W. Burridge, Frederick Gibson and Herbert J. Martin.

The first New York production of "Francesca da Rimini" was at the Broadway Theatre, September 26, 1855. E. L. Davenport played Lanciotto and Mme. Ponisi played Francesca.

The Toreador (146 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by James T. Tanner and Harry Nicholls. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. The song hit "In the Moonlight" sung by Christie MacDonald was composed by Theodore F. Morse with lyrics by Raymond A. Browne. Produced by Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, January 6, 1902. Cast:

Francis Wilson, Melville Ellis, William Blaisdell, Joseph Coyne, Robert A. Evans, Edward Gore, W. H. Thompson, Joseph Fay, Harry L. Wallace, Christie MacDonald, Adele Ritchie, Queenie Vassar, Maud Raymond, Jennie Hawley, Sadie Peters, Mabel Redfern, Stella Krum, Helen Chichester, Belle Chamberlain, Sylvia Lish, Emma Millard, Eleanor Brudell, Marjorie Relyea, Hermione Hazelton, Margot Hobart, Lucille Verna, Maude Furniss, Margaret McDonald, Nonnie Dore, Essie Lyons, Lillian Wallace and Elizabeth Innes. Staged by Herbert Gresham.

This play began a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, New York, February 22, 1904.

Frocks and Frills (64 perf.)—Comedy in four acts adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Les Doigt's de Fee" by Scribe and Legouve. Incidental music by Frank A. Howson. Produced by Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 7, 1902. Cast:

Robert Loraine, Grant Stewart, Jameson Lee Finney, Eugene Ormonde, Scott Craven, William F. Owen, Albert S. Howson, William Sauter, Hilda Spang, Rose Etying, Gertrude Bennett, Dorothy Dorr, Alice Fischer, Beatrice Gresham, Margaret Illington, Emma Navarre, Rhoda Black, Anette Huntington, Jane Evans, Ethel Mackie and the Misses Anson, Carmichael, Dyer, Earle, Ross, Pinckney, Cate, Hammerstein and Campbell. Staged by Edward E. Rose. Settings by Edward G. Unitt. Costumes by Mrs. Osborn.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell Repertory—Liebler & Co. and George C. Tyler presented Mrs. Patrick Campbell in repertory for a period of three weeks at the Republic Theatre, New York, beginning January 13, 1902. The plays presented were: "Magda" by Hermann Sudermann, translated by Louis N. Parker; "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" by Arthur Wing Pinero; "Beyond Human Power" by Björn-

stjerne Björnson, translated by Jessie Muir; "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" by Arthur Wing Pinero; "Mariana" by José Echegaray and "The Happy Hypocrite" by Max Beerbohm. On January 28 and 30, 1902, at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, Mrs. Campbell and her company gave special matinees of "Pelléas and Mélisande" by Maurice Maeterlinck. The company included:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Magda, Paula Tanqueray, Agnes Ebbsmith), Herbert Waring (Dr. Von Keller, Aubrey Tanqueray, Lucas Cleeve), George Arliss (Cayley Drummle, Duke of St. Olpherts), Lucy Milner, George S. Titheradge, Florence Montgomery, Daniel McCarthy, Lillian Lisle, Adeline Bourne, Mrs. Theodore Wright, Charles E. Bryant, Miss A. Artery, Gilbert Trent, John Keppel, Arthur Bromley Davenport and Miss Wentworth.

This was the New York debut of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and George Arliss.

The first New York production of "Magda" was at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre, January 29, 1894. Helena Modjeska was Magda and R. Peyton Carter played Dr. Von Keller.

The first New York production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was at the Star Theatre October 9, 1892. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal played Aubrey and Paula Tanqueray. J. E. Dodson was Cayley Drummle.

This was the first New York production of "Beyond Human Power," "Mariana," "The Happy Hypocrite" and "Pelléas and Mélisande."

The first New York production of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" was at Abbey's Theatre December 23, 1905. Julia Neilson was Agnes Ebbsmith, John Hare was Duke of St. Olpherts and Fred Terry was Lucas Cleeve.

During the week of November 11, 1907, Liebler & Co. presented Mrs. Campbell in repertory at the Lyric Theatre, New York. Two performances were given of each of the following: "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Magda," Henrik Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." The company included:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Stella Patrick Campbell, Florence Wells, Margaret Watson, Janet Gardner, Maude Logan, Miss Illingsworth, Doris Digby, Ben Webster, Edgar Kent, Allan Pollock, Wallace Aston, Aidan Lovett, Charles Garry, Mr. Newman, Fred Phillips and George Ford.

The first New York production of "Hedda Gabler" was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre March 30, 1898. Elizabeth Robins was Hedda.

Dolly Varden (154 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Stanislaus Stange. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced by F. C. Whitney at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, January 27, 1902. Cast:

Lulu Glaser, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Albert Parr, Mark Smith, Tom Daniel, Harry Lott, Percy Stephens, Estelle Wentworth, Ila Niles and Ada Palmer Walker. Staged by the author and composer.

"Dolly Varden" returned to Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, September 22, 1902, for two weeks. At this time Harry Girard, George O'Donnell, Edward Mulkay, Edward Martindel and Cecilia Quinn replaced Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Tom Daniel, Harry Lott, Percy Stephens and Ila Niles respectively.

Lady Margaret (32 perf.)—Comedy in four acts freely adapted from the French by Edward Rose. Produced by Amelia Bingham at the Bijou Theatre, New York, January 27, 1902. Cast:

Amelia Bingham, Frank Worthing, Charles Walcot, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Arnold Daly, Edward S. Abeles, Alfred Fisher, Verner Clarges, Robert Dudley, Henry Warwick, Harold Walsh, T. Roberts, Minnie Dupree, Annie Irish, Cora Tanner, Madge Carr Cook, Bijou Fernandez, Ivah Wills, Marion Gardiner, Annie Morton, Harriett Sawyer, Evelyn Wood, Alice Theiss, Edith Blair and Miss De Rondamayo.

Maid Marian (64 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. A sequel to "Robin Hood." Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced by The Bostonians at the Garden Theatre, New York, January 27, 1902. Cast:

Henry Clay Barnabee, W. H. MacDonald, Frank Rushmore, Allen C. Hinckley, George B. Frothingham, Adele Rafter, W. H. Fitzgerald, Josephine Bartlett, I. J. Fennese, W. J. Sullivan, J. J. Martin, Albert Wilder, Henry Brown, Harry Dale, Albert Watson, Helene Gordon, Belle Harper and Grace Van Studdiford.

Hon. John Grigsby (27 perf.)—Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, January 28, 1902. Cast:

Frank Keenan, George C. Staley, Taylor Holmes, Robert V. Ferguson, Frederick Murray, Alexander Vincent, Frank J. McIntyre, Francis Powers, William Webb, James Matchett, Harry Dill, Edna Phillips, Virginia Warren, Josepha Crowell and Kate Long. Staged by Frank Keenan.

The Hall of Fame (152 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Sydney Rosenfeld. Lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane and Mae A. Sloane. Produced by the Sire Brothers at the New York Theatre, New York, January 30, 1902. Cast:

Amelia Summerville, Edythe Moyer, Marguerite Binford, Dorothy Zimmerman, Julia Woodruff, Esther Brunette, Lilly Brink, Eithel Kelly, Ada Lewis, Charles H. Prince, Daniel McAvoy, Mr. Junie McCree, Will Archie, Louis Harrison, Edgar Halstead, Marie Dressler, Nina Farrington, Mabelle Gilman, Georgia Kelly, Marion Winchester, Leon Kohlmer, Frank Doane, Nella Webb, Alexander Clarke, Emma Carus, John Ford, Mildred Mead and Florence Hayes. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

School for Scandal (1 special matinee)—Play by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Revived by Liebler & Co. at Wallack's Theatre, New York, January 31, 1902. Cast:

Kyle Bellew (Charles Surface), Clarence Handyside (Sir Oliver), Barton Hill (Sir Peter), Edward Morgan (Joseph Surface), Marie Wainwright (Lady Teazle), Frederick Perry, Edgar Norton, Russell Crauford, Henry Stockbridge, E. Norris, Howard Hansel, Adolph Lestina, Edward Emery, George Morton, R. S. Chandler, Oscar Briggs, Janet Ford, Georgia Dickson, Fanchon Campbell, Mrs. Preston, Caroline Butterfield, Minna Claussenius, Lillian Claussenius, the Misses Ross, Hickey, Chapman, Enright, Coghlan, Prince, Lespier, the Messrs. Benton, Allen, Kellerd, Duprez, Sabin, Wilson, Jones and Mahoney. Minuet by Carl Marwig.

Joan o' the Shoals (8 perf.)—Play by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Produced by Maurice Campbell at the Republic Theatre, New York, February 3, 1902. Cast:

Henrietta Crosman, Henry Woodruff, George Soule Spencer, John Malone, Addison Pitt, F. J. McCarthy, C. C. Quinby, Geoffrey Stein, William Herbert, Theodore Thompson, Leonie D'Armon, Arthur Newcombe, John Harrington, Rosa Rand, Nanette Comstock, Mary Lester, Ina Hammer, Margaret White, Jane Arthur, Nellie Hancock and Adelaide Cumming.

This play proved a failure and Miss Crosman revived:

Mistress Nell (24 perf.)—Cast:

Henrietta Crosman, Henry Woodruff, Addison Pitt, George Soule Spencer, Harry Gunson, Geoffrey Stein, William Herbert, Leonie D'Armon, Edwin Fowler, C. C. Quinby, F. J. McCarthy, James Harrington, Clara Lima, Nora Arthur, Adele Block and Nellie Hancock.

For original production see page 375.

Miss Simplicity (56 perf.)—Operatic comedy in two acts. Book by R. A. Barnet. Music by H. L. Heartz. Additional numbers by E. W. Corliss and Clifton Crawford. Produced by Kirke La Shelle at the Casino Theatre, New York, February 10, 1902. Cast:

Frank Daniels, David Lythgoe, Owen Westford, Lawrence Wheat, William Danforth, Tom Ricketts, Harry Holliday, Frank Conway, Sinclair Nash, J. S. Northern, Harry Collins, Ambrose Daly, Alphonse Fuguet, Helen Lord, Grace Belmont, Allene Crater, Kate Uart, Grace Myers, Florence Gammage, Mildred Forrest, Lottie Vernon, Marie de Grue, Rosalie Boyer, Frances Palmer, Eva James, Helen Bartlett, Amy Forsslund, Gladys Earlcott, Bertha Northern, Grace Gordon and Margaret Hastings. Staged by R. A. Barnet.

Foxy Grandpa (120 perf.)—Musical comedy by R. Melville Baker. Music by Joseph Hart. Produced by William A. Brady at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, February 17, 1902. Cast:

Joseph Hart, Carrie DeMar, J. R. Armstrong, Georgie Mack, Bobbie Barry, Eugene Redding, Clifton Crawford, John Keefe, Charles H. Bates, Arthur Borani, Fred Haines, E. F. Van Rensselear, Bert Young, Maurice Stone, Beatrice Lieb, Fleurette DeMar, Louise Moore, Dora Webb, Gertrude Arden, Florence Worden, Grace Pomeroay, Margaret Knight, Mabel Dwight, Dorothy Armington, Eula Jordan, Judith Shaw, Loretta Long, Marie Franklin, Helene Chadwick, Minnie Packard, Mildred Forrest, Hazel Dunham, Marie Kendall, Gretchen Wilke, Stella Franklin and Christine Cooke.

Her Lord and Master (69 perf.)—Play in four acts by Martha Morton. Produced by Henry C. Pierce at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, February 24, 1902. Cast:

Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Morton Selten, Robert Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Percy Brooke, E. L. Caton, Archie Curtis, Isabel Waldron, Hattie Russell, Ida Darling and Winona Shannon. Settings by Homer Emens.

This was Douglas Fairbanks' New York debut.

Notre Dame (45 perf.)—Play in five acts by Paul M. Potter based on Victor Hugo's novel "Notre Dame de Paris." Produced by Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, February 26, 1902. Cast:

Hilda Spong, Howard Gould, J. H. Gilmour, George W. Barbier, James Lee Finney, William F. Owen, May Sylvie, Margaret Illington, Susie Kelleher, Alice Campbell,

Stella Hammerstein, May Barton, Scott Craven, Frank C. Bangs, Foster Lardner, Donald Robertson, W. Goodwin, James Otley, George Harcourt, George Norman, Armagh O'Donohy, J. C. Matthews, Jules Ferrar, Edwin St. George, Jane Evans, Ethel Mackay, Anette Huntington, Emma Navarre, Albert Marsh, Rupert Bertland, Rhoda Block and Albert Bond. Staged by Edward E. Rose. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

As You Like It (60 perf.)—Comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Revived by Maurice Campbell at the Republic Theatre, New York, February 27, 1902. Cast:

Henrietta Crosman (Rosalind), Henry Woodruff (Orlando), John Malone (Jacques), Fred Thorne (Touchstone), Barton Hill, Geoffrey Stein, Addison Pitt, Charles Pitt, William Herbert, Harry Gunson, George Soule Spencer, Edwin Fowler, F. J. McCarthy, Austin T. Blair, C. C. Quimby, Norman Gallot, James Ahearn, John McFeeters, Remus Spenton, Adele Block, Lottie Alter, Nellie Hancock and Jean Adams. Staged by Henrietta Crosman.

Henrietta Crosman's first appearance as "Rosalind" in New York.

The first New York production of "As You Like It" was at the John Street Theatre, July 14, 1786. Mrs. Kenna was the Rosalind.

The Twin Sister (48 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Ludwig Fulda. Translated by Louis N. Parker. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, March 3, 1902. Cast:

Charles Richman, Margaret Anglin, Donald Gallaher, E. Y. Backus, William Courtenay, Ethel Hornick, George Osbourne, Jr., Harry Luckstone, Lillian Thurgate, W. H. Crompton, Frank Brownlee, Jean Caldwell, Amy Meers, Mrs. Ariel Barney and Stanley Dark.

The Belle of Broadway (24 perf.)—Musical comedietta in one scene by William H. Post. Lyrics by George V. Hobart and music by A. Baldwin Sloane and others. Produced by Sire Brothers at the New York Winter Garden Theatre, New York, March 17, 1902. Cast:

Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Alexander Clark, Charles Caverly, Ed Raymond, Donald Brian, Stuart Hyatt, Charles Prince, W. Pringle, George Woolsey, Lou Abrams, Charlie Smith, Malachi Kelly, Arthur Miller, Amelia Summerville, Maude Williams, Toby Claude, Lillie Collins, Essie Knapp, Agnes Wayburn, Effie Hamilton, Lillian Bond, Isabelle Whitlock, Ivy Moore, Genevieve Whitlock and Ocia Thompson. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

Sky Farm (48 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edward E. Kidder. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, March 17, 1902. Cast:

Edwin Holt, Frank Losee, Forrest Robinson, Charles Crosby, Frank Monroe, Frederick Truesdale, Wright Kramer, Tully Marshall, William T. Hodge, Caroline Keeler, Maud Hosford, Sarah McVicker, Jessie Busley and Rose Flynn.

Soldiers of Fortune (88 perf.)—Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas from the story by Richard Harding Davis. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Savoy Theatre, New York, March 17, 1902. Cast:

Manuel.....Gabriel Ravenelle
Weimer.....Edward Dresser
Captain Burke.....Ira A. Hards
Robert Clay.....Robert Edeson
Reginald King.....Macey Harlam
Captain Stuart.....Guy Bates Post

MacWilliams.....Harry Harwood
Madame Alvarez.....Dorothy Donnelly
Sergt. Hernandez.....Thomas W. Lawrence
General Rojas.....Byron Ongley
Carlos.....E. V. Whitty
Ensign Macauley.....Wallace Eddinger

Sandro.....	Charles Ongley	President Alvarez.....	E. W. Morrison
General Mendoza.....	Edwin Brandt	First Soldier.....	Charles Ongley
Mr. Langham.....	Charles Abbott	Second Soldier.....	Gabriel Ravenelle
Teddy Langham.....	Thomas W. Ross	Colonel Garcia.....	E. V. Whitty
Alice Langham.....	Marie Derickson	Fileo.....	Byron Ongley
Hope Langham.....	Gretchen Lyons	Winter.....	Thomas W. Lawrence
Staged by Augustus Thomas. Settings by		Joseph Physioc.	

Robert Edeson's debut as a star.

This play closed May 31, 1902, for the summer, reopening August 30th for 41 performances. At this time there were the following cast changes:

Weimer.....	Thomas W. Lawrence	Sergt. Hernandez.....	Lawrence Sheehan
Mr. Langham.....	Frank Aiken	Sandro.....	John Meehan
Captain Stuart.....	Wallace Eddinger	Teddy Langham.....	Richard Sterling
Hope Langham.....	Ellen Burg	Alice Langham.....	Dorothy Tennant
Second Soldier.....	John Meehan	First Soldier.....	Gabriel Ravenelle
	Ensign Macauley.....		John Meehan

The Diplomat (76 perf.)—Play in three acts by Martha Morton. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, March 20, 1902. Cast:

George W. Parsons, David Torrence, John Saville, M. L. Heckert, Etienne Giradot, William Shay, Isabelle Urquhart, Richie Ling, Edward Abeles, William Collier, Morgan Coman, Virginia Warren, Charles Arthur, Nannette Comstock, S. Broughton, Edward Krauser, Lizzie Strachen, Bessie Heaton, Noira Dyer, Roderic Harrison and Louise Allen. Staged by Jacob Litt. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

A Modern Magdalen (73 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Hadron Chambers. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, March 29, 1902. Cast:

Amelia Bingham, Henry E. Dixey, Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke, Lucille Spinney, Wilton Lackaye, Arthur Byron, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Joseph Holland, Alfred Fisher, Robert Dudley, William Moore, Gordon Johnston, Adele Farrington, Lillian Thatcher, Charlotte Dandige and Lillian Wright. Staged by Max Freeman. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

Life (7 perf.)—Drama by Anson Pond. Produced by Rich and Harris at the Garden Theatre, New York, March 31, 1902. Cast:

George Boniface, Charles Mason, Sidney Booth, Charles Cherry, Tom Doyle, Will H. Bray, Charles Kirk, Stanley Jessup, Arthur Rutledge, T. Hefferen, Max Aronson, Reginald Cottew, Thornton Cole, Charles Courtney, M. F. Walsh, Harris L. Forbes, Annie Irish, Minnie Dupree, Maude Granger, Jeanette Northern, Georgie Lawrence, Emma Brennan Ince, Kate Lester, Edith Blair and Virginia Loring.

The Importance of Being Earnest (49 perf.)—Play in three acts by Oscar Wilde. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, April 14, 1902. Cast:

Charles Richman (John Worthing), William Courtenay (Algernon), Margaret Anglin (Gwendolen Fairfax), W. H. Crompton (Rev. Chasuble), Frank Brownlee, George Osbourne, Jr., Ethel Hornick (Lady Bracknell), Margaret Dale and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" was given its first New York production at the Empire Theatre, April 22, 1895. Henry Miller was seen as "John Worthing," William Faversham as "Algernon," Viola Allen as "Gwendolen Fairfax" and Ida Vernon as "Lady Bracknell." W. H. Crompton of the above revival was also in the first production.

The Last Appeal (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Henry B. Harris at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 14, 1902. Cast:

Rosa Rand, Robert C. Turner, Harold Russell, Katherine Grey, Cora Tanner, Stephen Wright, Robert Drouet, Henry Bergman, Richard Sterling, D. H. Harkins, William Wray, George Harcourt, Mrs. Clara Glendinning, Nancy Paget, Becton Radford and George C. Boniface. Staged by Leo Ditrichstein and Max Figman. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

D. H. Harkins collapsed on the stage the opening night and was replaced by Edwin Brandt.

The Show Girl (64 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by R. A. Barnet. Lyrical assistance by D. K. Stevens. Music by H. L. Heartz and E. W. Corliss. Produced by Edward E. Rice at Wallack's Theatre, New York, May 5, 1902. Cast:

Frank Lalor, Clarence Harvey, Stanley Hawkins, Charles Guyer, David Abrams, Louis McGowan, F. Garfield, Paul J. Chute, Henry Dale, E. T. Giles, Paula Edwards, Yolande Wallace, Marie Hilton, Agnes Dailey, Rose Barnett, Ada St. Clair, Frances Wilson, Kathryn Hutchinson, Bertha Blanche Blake, Nina Maude Blake, Amorita, Robert L. Dailey, J. L. Fitzroy, R. Noble, R. Hudon, Agnes Wadleigh, Alonzo Price and Ferguson and Mack. Staged by Will Carlton. Settings by Frank Rafter.

Beginning the second week Frank C. Young and Bessie de Voie replaced Ferguson and Mack.

The Wild Rose (136 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Harry B. Smith and George V. Hobart. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, May 5, 1902. Cast:

Edwin Foy, Albert Hart, Junie McCree, David Lythgoe, William Wallace Black, Richard Lambert, E. H. O'Connor, Louis Kelso, Charles Hooker, David Bennett, Henry Miller, Charles Morton, V. H. Lee, Averell Harris, Irene Bentley, Marie Cahill, Marguerite Clark, Carrie E. Perkins, Evelyn Florence, Ida Gabrielle, Mollie Sherwood, George Ali, Archie Guerin, Viola Carlstedt, Mai Walker, Louise De Rigney, Elba Kenny, Madge Marston, Neva Aymer, Madge Adae, Mazie Follette, Belva Don Kersley, Elsie Ferguson, Blanche Brooks, Marion Alexander, Maida Van Buren, Nina Randall, Irene Bishop, Ethel Jewett, Ma Belle Davis, Teddie Du Coe, Minna Blackman, Hazel Manchester and Theresa Barron. Staged by Mr. Lederer. Settings by D. Frank Dodge.

Evelyn Florence (Evelyn Florence Nesbit) became Mrs. Harry K. Thaw.

It was in this production that Marie Cahill introduced "Nancy Brown," written by Clifton Crawford, and Irene Bentley sang "My Little Gypsy Maid," written by the Negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles (20 perf.)—Play in four acts by Lorimer Stoddard from the novel by Thomas Hardy. Revived by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, May 6, 1902. Cast:

Mrs. Fiske, John Craig, Frederic de Belleville, John Jack, Emily Stevens, Claus Bogel, Frank McCormack, Charles J. Burbidge, Phillips Smalley, Mary E. Barker, Lillian Claire, Eleanor Moretti, Helen Ashley and Nellie Lingard.

The first New York production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre, March 2, 1897, with Mrs. Fiske as "Tess."

On May 21, 1902, Mrs. Fiske and the above company gave a special matinee of Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

The first New York production of "A Doll's House" was at Palmer's Theatre, December 21, 1889, with Beatrice Cameron as Nora. Mrs. Fiske's first appearance as Nora in New York was at the Empire Theatre, February 15, 1894.

Hearts Aflame (8 perf.)—Play in four acts by Genevieve G. Haines, suggested by Louise Winter's novelette. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 12, 1902. Cast:

Robert T. Haines, Arnold Daly, George Leslie, James H. Bradbury, Becton Radford, Tully Marshall, Joseph A. Phillips, William Lester, Max Mazzanovitch, F. A. Howson, Jr., Lawrence Hilliard, Dorothy Dorr, Bijou Fernandez, Adelyn Wesley, Rosa Da Pont, Josephine Wyndham, Jane Holly, Channez Olney, Miss Huntington, Miss Huddleston, Miss Wyndham, Miss Lyman, Mary Poore, Rhoda Cameron, Edna Phillips, Leslie Bingham and Lillian Bond.

This play reopened for 48 performances at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 8, 1902. Cast:

Aubrey Boucicault, Arnold Daly, Morton Selten, Herbert Ayling, Edward Lester, Joseph A. Phillips, Lionel Ward, Henry West, W. M. Travers, Lawrence Hilliard, John Sherman, Dorothy Dorr, Bijou Fernandez, Jane Holly, Lucile Watson, Kate Lester, Mrs. Felix Morris, Florida Pier, Isabel Garrison, Lucille Chesley, Helena Chesley, Felice Morris, Mary Poore, Margaret Drew, Katherine Raynor, Angela Kier, Bernice Norcross and Florence Howard.

King Dodo (64 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Frank Pixley. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced by Henry W. Savage in arrangement with Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, May 12, 1902. Cast:

Raymond Hitchcock, Arthur Deagon, Eugene O'Rourke, Charles W. Meyer, Albert Jubre, Fred W. Bailey, Theodore Hayes, William J. Wilson, Greta Risley, John Barry, Lawrence Wilbur, Ray Aldrich, Margaret McKinney, Cheridah Simpson, Gertrude Quinlan, Phrynette Ogden, Lillie and Tillie Sieger. Staged by Charles H. Jones. Settings by Walter Burridge.

The Lady of Lyons (8 perf.)—Play in five acts by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Revived by Frank McKee at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 19, 1902. Cast:

Kyrle Bellew (Claude Melnotte), Mary Mannering (Pauline), Mrs. W. G. Jones (Widow Melnotte), Maelyn Arbuckle, Edwin Arden, Edward Abeles, W. H. Thompson, Russell Crauford, Brandon Tynan, Becton Radford, Robert E. Homans, Leonard Ide, Charles Haskins, W. E. Chase, Kate Pattison-Selton and May Davenport Seymour. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

The first New York production of "The Lady of Lyons" was at the Park Theatre, May 14, 1838, with Edwin Forrest as Claude Melnotte, Mrs. Richardson as Pauline and Charlotte Cushman as Widow Melnotte.

Mrs. W. G. Jones of the above company played Widow Melnotte in a revival at the Park Theatre in 1852.

Divorcons (24 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Victorien Sardou translated by Harrison Grey Fiske. Revived by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, May 26, 1902. Cast: Mrs. Fiske, Frederic de Belleville, Max Figman, James Young, Claus Bogel, Frank McCormack, James Morley, Florida Pier, Marion Ten Eyck and Victoria Addison. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske.

"Divorcons" was first produced in New York City at the Park Theatre, March 14, 1882, with Alice Dunning Lingard as "Cyprienne." Mrs. Fiske's first appearance in the role was at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre, May 7, 1897.

Preceded by:

Little Italy (24 perf.)—Tragedy in one act by Horace B. Fry. Cast:

Mrs. Fiske, Frederic de Belleville, Claus Bogel and Dorothy Madison. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske.

Mrs. Fiske and Frederic de Belleville were in the original production in New York City of "Little Italy" at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre, March 30, 1899.

A Doll's House (1 perf.)—Play in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Revived by Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, May 30, 1902. Cast:

Mrs. Fiske (Nora), Max Figman (Torvald), James Young, Claus Bogel, Charles J. Burbidge, Eleanor Moretti, Helen Ashley, Mary Maddern, Queenie Phillips, Harry Wright and Helen Stevenson.

Revived for 15 performances by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, May 2, 1905. Cast:

Ethel Barrymore (Nora), Bruce McRae (Torvald), Joseph Brennan, Edgar Selwyn, Sara Perry, Eleanor Wilton, May Davenport Seymour, Chester Pullman, Beryl Pullman and Helen Pullman.

Revived for 28 performances at the Bijou Theatre, New York, January 18, 1907. Cast:

Alla Nazimova (Nora), Dodson Mitchell (Torvald), Theodore Friebus, John Findlay, Blanche Stoddard, Mrs. Jacques Martin, Mabel Findlay, Master William B. James and Violette Hill.

Mme. Nazimova's first appearance as "Nora" in New York.

Revived for 49 performances at the Bijou Theatre, New York, November 18, 1907. Cast:

Alla Nazimova (Nora), Dodson Mitchell (Torvald), Walter Hampden, Warner Oland, Rosalind Ivan, Mrs. Jacques Martin, Lillian Singleton, Gladys Hulette and Violette Hill.

The first New York production of "A Doll's House" was at Palmer's Theatre, December 21, 1889. Beatrice Cameron was Nora.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 629, and "Best Plays of 1937-1938," page 406.

A Chinese Honeymoon (376 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot. Produced by Sam S. Shubert and Nixon and Zimmerman at the Casino Theatre, New York, June 2, 1902. Cast:

Thomas O. Seabrooke, Edwin Stevens, William Burress, William Pruette, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Adele Ritchie, Aline Redmond, Pauline Elliott, Genevieve Whitlock, Aline Potter, Helen Dixey, Mae Fellon, Sylvia Lisle, Nonie Dore, Adelaide Phillips, Mabel Gribbon, Amelia F. Stone, Nella Webb, Edith Barr, Aimee Angeles, Mrs. Annie Yeamans and Katie Barry. Staged by Gerald Coventry. Settings by D. Frank Dodge.

This play returned to the Academy of Music, New York, March 28, 1904, for 31 performances. Cast:

Fred W. Mace, Joseph E. Miller, William Pruette, George Broderick, Benjamin Howard, Julia Sanderson, Gertrude Wallace, Frances Darrington, Helen Morrison, Rose Wilson, Florence Worden, Regina McAvoy, Charlotte Palmer, Edna Hixon, May De Sousa, Gene Luneska, Eveleen Dunmore, Marie Louise Gribbon, Mabella Baker and Katie Barry.

The Hunchback (4 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Sheridan Knowles. Revived at the Garrick Theatre, New York, June 2, 1902. Cast:

Viola Allen, Eben Plympton, Aubrey Boucicault, Jameson Lee Finney, J. H. Benrimo, C. Leslie Allen, Walter Hitchcock, Harry Hanlon, Arthur T. Hoyt, Frank Bixby, E. R. Angus, Robert Hopkins, Edward Maffin, Harry Ford, John P. Jordan, Adelaide Prince and Maude Warrillow. Staged by Eben Plympton.

"The Hunchback" was first produced in New York at the Park Theatre and the Richmond Hill Theatre on the same night, June 18, 1832. Mrs. Sharpe was the "Julia" at the Park, and Mrs. John Barnes at the Richmond Hill.

The Chaperons (49 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Frederic Ranken. Music by Isidore Witmark. Produced by Frank L. Perley at the New York Theatre, New York, June 5, 1902. Cast:

Harry Connor, George K. Henery, Walter Jones, Joseph C. Miron, Edd Redway, Albert Farrington, Carl Hartberg, Trixie Friganza, Eva Tanguay, Nellie Follis, Lou Middleton, May Boley, Winifred Florence and Mae Stebbins.

On June 30th, this production moved to the Cherry Blossom Grove which was on the roof of the New York Theatre.

It was in this production that Eva Tanguay introduced her famous song hit "My Sambo."

Frou Frou (4 perf.)—Play in five acts by Victorien Sardou. Revived by William A. Brady at the Garrick Theatre, New York, June 5, 1902. Cast:

Grace George (Gilberte), Cuyler Hastings, Henry Bergman, Donald MacLaren, Herbert Carr, Arthur Ebbets, Grace Henderson, Selene Johnson and Laura Lemmers.

Grace George's first appearance in New York as a star.

The first New York production of "Frou Frou" was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, January 15, 1870. Agnes Ethel was Gilberte.

SEASON OF 1902-1903

The Defender (60 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Words by Allen Lowe. Music by Charles Dennee. Produced by A. B. Chamberlyn at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, July 3, 1902. Cast:

Harry Davenport, George Alison, Richie Ling, Gilbert Clayton, Gordon Tomkins, Peggy Edwardes, Charles Wayne, Alexander Clark, Emma Carus, Sandol Milliken, Maym Kelso, Edith Eldridge, Grace Spencer, Aimee Ashmore, Blanche Ring, Paula Edwardes, Harry Murray, Joe Worthington, Norman Lillie, Misses Wayne, Davis, Francis, Warren, Howe, Staley, Thornton, Powers, Lorraine, Carlyle, Weir, Hunt, Faulkner, Denning, Miller, Van Ness, Scott, Bremont, Bird, Brown, Anderson, Parks, L. Pope, Murray, Averell, Salvatore, Hasty, Conquest, Lansing, West, Mathews, J. Cook, Telford, K. Pope, Daggert and E. Cook, Messrs. Edwardes, Robinson, McFadden, Eaton, Brooks, Black, Parr, Lee, Willing, Hutton, Cuttle, Kent, Meehan, Williams and Walsh. Staged by Frank Smithson. Settings by Dodge.

It was in this production that Blanche Ring made her first hit with the famous song "In the Good Old Summertime."

The Mikado (70 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Revived by Messrs. Kushibiki and Arni at Madison Square Roof Garden, New York, July 14, 1902. Cast:

Nick Burnham (Mikado), Grafton Baker (Nanki-Poo), William Schuster (Pooh-Bah), Fred Frear (Ko-Ko), Grace Meyers (Yum-Yum), John Hendricks, Ursula March, Florence Little and Hattie Arnold. Staged by Milton Aborn.

This production was given in conjunction with a novel spectacle "Japan at Night."

The first New York production of "The Mikado" was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, August 20, 1885.

Quincy Adams Sawyer (36 perf.)—Play by Justin Adams, a dramatization of Charles Felton Pidgin's story. Produced at the Academy of Music, New York, August 7, 1902. Cast:

Charles Dickson, Walter P. Lewis, Louis Hendricks, Corliss Giles, Charles Dow Clark, Burton Adams, E. H. Stephens, George Averill, Tell Taylor, G. H. Thurston, George R. Donaldson, Harry E. Dudley, Marian A. Chapman, Helaine Hadley, Lillian Dix, Gertrude A. Howe, Ann Hathaway, Olive Tremaine, Gertrude Augarde, Sadie Connolly and Sabra DeShon. Staged by John Stapleton.

Robert Emmet (80 perf.)—Play by Brandon Tynan. Produced by J. Wesley Rosenquest at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, August 18, 1902. Cast:

Brandon Tynan (Emmet), William H. Thompson, Francis Powers, Charles Chappelle, P. Augustus Anderson, Frederick Sumner, William Elton, Charles Bunnell, Luke Martin, Owen Fawcett, James H. Bradbury, John W. Dean, Fulton Russell, Jr., Eugene Powers, Freeman Barnes, Charles Whyte, P. E. Arba, Patrick Donohue, Thomas J. Lilley, Fred M. Conklin, Master John King, Angela Russell, Margaret Hayward, Eva Westcott, Mrs. Etta Baker Martin, Celsi Tynan, Maud Beckwith, Josephine Folland and Wanda Koppel.

The first recorded New York production of a play about Robert Emmet was at the Chatham Theatre, January 6, 1840, with N. H. Bannister appearing in the title role of his own version.

Mr. Tynan's play was revived at the 14th Street Theatre for 24 performances beginning December 28, 1904. Cast:

Robert Conness (Emmet), J. P. Sullivan, Frank H. La Rue, James Moorfield, Eugene Wiener, William H. Elliott, Edward O'Connor, Charles Bunnell, Owen Fawcett, Bernard Cavanaugh, E. J. Le Saint, Fulton Russell, Jr., P. E. Arba, Otis Willis, George Martin, Nellie Robson, Homer Ellis, Bert Ross, Angela Russell, Mrs. Etta Baker Martin, Helen Strickland, Julia Folland and Mary McDevitt.

The New Clown (40 perf.)—Farce in three acts by H. M. Paull. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, August 25, 1902. Cast:

Jameson Lee Finney, George Irving, Winchel Smith, Ralph Delmore, Frederick E. Bean, Harrison Armstrong, Frederick Spencer, Julius Witmark, C. J. Garrigan, Alexander Taylor, Thomas Davis, Jessie Busley, Margaret Gordon, Beatrice Morgan, Maud Raymond, Leonore Harris, Elsie Ferguson, Helen Douglas, Caroline Starbuck, Blanche Landers, Inez Marcel, May Seeley and Carrie Landers. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

On September 15, 1902, this attraction moved to the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

Sally in Our Alley (67 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Broadway Theatre, New York, August 29, 1902. Cast:

Marie Cahill, Dan McAvoy, Richard F. Carroll, Julius Steger, Joseph W. Herbert, Catherine Lewis, Margaret Marston, Georgia Caine, Louis Wesley, Georgie Lawrence, Harry Fairleigh, Georgia Kelly, Viola Carlstedt, Frank Bernard, Edward Ellkors, J. T. Chaillee, Dan Smith, James A. Furey, Agnes Wayburn, Fred J. Titus, Harry Brown, Rita Dean, Anna Delaney, May Miller, Roger De Coverly, Ruddy Struck, Wheeler Earl, Gertrude Blanche, Mildred Devere, Ray Gilmore, Reine Davies, Dora Cheever, Eithel Kelly, Minnie Edwards and Madeline Martin. Staged by George W. Lederer. Settings by D. Frank Dodge and Edward G. Unitt. Costumes designed by Mme. C. F. Siedle.

It was in this production that Marie Cahill introduced the song "Under the Bamboo Tree," composed by Rosamond Johnson and Robert Cole.

The Emerald Isle (50 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Edward German. Book by Captain Basil Hood. Produced by Sam S. Shubert at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, September 1, 1902. Cast:

Jefferson De Angelis, W. T. Carleton, F. Stuart Hyatt, Edmund Stanley, Gerald Gerome, Charles Dungan, John Dudley, Frank Belcher, Frederic K. Logan, Amelia Fields, Helena Frederick, Kate Condon, Edna Burd, Audrey Kingsbury and Lois Garneau. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

Sir Arthur Sullivan died November 22, 1900, leaving "The Emerald Isle" unfinished. It was later completed by Edward German and Captain Basil Hood.

The Rogers Brothers in Harvard (63 perf.)—Vaudeville farce in two acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics by J. Cheever Good-

win and Ed Gardenier. Music by Maurice Levi. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 1, 1902. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, William Gould, George Honey, Eugene Jepson, Lee Harrison, Pat Rooney, Emil Heusel, James Cherry, M. Cortez, Willie Torpey, Hattie Williams, Clara Palmer, Emma Francis, Edith St. Clair, Neva Aymar, Stella Maury, Olive Ulrich, Nettie Uart, Lillian Collins, Julia Eastman, Minnie Woodbury, Mary Conwell, Helen Brooks, Nellie Victoria, Pauline Frederick, Lily Hart, Nellie Florede, Lottie Uart, Lillian Stanford, Kitty Murray, May Wood, Sue Stuart, Helen Morrison, Irna Molyneux, Helen Bare, Elsie Davis, Edith Rockwell, Esther Marks, Harriet Burt, Dorothy Watson, Minerva Courtney, Irene Brown, Jolly Mathews and Della Freese. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros. Costumes by F. Richard Anderson.

Pauline Frederick made her first appearance on the stage in the chorus of this production.

Mrs. Jack (72 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Grace Livingston Furniss. Produced by Henry B. Harris at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 2, 1902. Cast:

Alice Fisher, Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault, Edward Abeles, Alice Leigh, Charles M. Collins, William Harcourt, Jacques Kruger, Thomas Evans, Myrtle Vinson, Florence Lloyd, Anne Huntington, George Fox, Edward L. Clark, George Schaeffer, Mary E. Post and Edith Bowan. Staged by R. A. Roberts. Settings by Joseph Phisic.

Beginning the second week Edith Bowan played two roles, replacing Anne Huntington.

Beginning October 6, 1902, this production moved to Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, where each performance was followed by a concert given by Creator and his Italian Military Band.

The Mummy and the Humming Bird (85 perf.)—Play in four acts by Isaac Henderson. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 4, 1902. Cast:

John Drew, Guy Standing, Lewis Baker, Lionel Barrymore, Reginald Carrington, Robert Schable, David Henderson, Thomas Gibson, Margaret Dale, Marie Derickson and Constance Bell.

This play, with the above cast intact, returned to the Empire Theatre, April 20, 1903, for two weeks.

King Highball (33 perf.)—Comic opera in a prologue and two acts. Book by Charles Horwitz. Music by Frederick V. Bowers. Produced by Edward E. Rice at the New York Theatre, New York, September 6, 1902. Cast:

Marie Dressler, Charles Sturges, George H. Carr, Will H. Sloan, Miro Delamotta, Sydney de Grey, Charles Guyer, Louise Moore, Jeanette Lowrie, Stella Tracey, Blanche Homans, Adele Archer, Miss Frances Wilson, Ninna Randall, Margaret Knight, Lou Harlow, Maybelle Courtney, Bertha Blake, Beatrice Hastings, Florence Maybe, Jennie Thompson, Ocia Thompson, Paula Desmond, Grace Walton and Esther Brubette.

Captain Molly (21 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by George C. Hazleton. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 8, 1902. Cast:

Elizabeth Tyree, William Hazletine, M. J. Jordan, Frank Mathieu, W. L. Branscombe, Lynn Pratt, John W. Albaugh, Jr., H. R. Atherton, H. H. Sleight, Phillips Smalley, Herman A. Sheldon, Frank McIntyre, Alexander Vincent, William Weston, Frank McCormack, Henry Wilson, M. M. Cook, James Marley, Andrew Stephens, Sydney Smith, A. E. Parker, Paul Merritt, W. E. Slevin, H. A. Conklin, Josephine Crowell, Mabel Dixey and Velma Berrell. Staged by Frank McCormack.

Robin Hood (32 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts by Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith. Revived under the direction of Klaw and Erlanger by Henry Clay Barnabee and William H. MacDonald at the Academy of Music, New York, September 8, 1902. Cast:

Henry Clay Barnabee (Sheriff of Nottingham), William H. MacDonald (Little John), George B. Frothingham (Friar Tuck), Harold Gordon (Robin Hood), Olive Celeste Moore (Alan-a-Dale), Grace Van Studdiford (Maid Marian), Allen C. Hinckley, Campbell Donald, Josephine Bartlett and Sabery Dorselle.

MacDonald Darrington alternated with William H. MacDonald, and William C. Weeden with Harold Gordon.

The first New York production of "Robin Hood" was at the Standard Theatre, September 22, 1891. Henry Clay Barnabee, William H. MacDonald and George B. Frothingham played the same roles as above in the original production. See also page 367.

Twirly Whirly (244 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Dialogue by Edgar Smith. Lyrics by Edgar and Robert B. Smith. Music by W. T. Francis and John Stromberg. Produced by Weber and Fields at Weber and Fields Music Hall, New York, September 11, 1902. Cast:

William Collier, Peter F. Dailey, Joseph M. Weber, Lew M. Fields, Charles A. Bigelow, John T. Kelly, Will Archie, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Louise Allen, Bonnie Maginn, Mabel Barrison, Bessie Clayton, May Mackenzie, Carrie Bowman, Gertie Moyer, Lillian Fitzgerald, Ilma Pratt, Lillian Harris, May Leslie, Anna Leslie, Hattie Forsythe, Minnie Whitmore, Carolyn Fostelle, Edna Birch, Emily Francis, Dappa Grey, Katherine Howland, Frankie Loeb, Agnes Lynn, Mazie Follette, Laura Senac, Grace Heckler, Mamie Chapin, Mattie Chapin, Elizabeth Young, Molly Hoffman, Bena Hoffman, Sophie Jordan, Ethel Jewett, Irene Bishop, Peggy Donalson, Gertrude Taylor, Eva Allen, Lillian Diamond, Eleanor Kendall, Eva Merrill, Daisy Thompson, Edith Caine, Jean Hassall, Ollie Hatfield, Topsy Siegrist, Estelle Beardsley, Mona Desmond, Mabel Lynn, Genevieve Dolaro and Joseph Torpy. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young. Costumes designed by Will R. Barnes.

Lillian Russell sang "Come Down, My Evening Star" in this production.

Beginning November 10th, a burlesque of "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" and "Carrots," called "Humming Birds and Onions," was added, and replaced on January 26, 1903, with a burlesque of "The Little Princess" called "The Big Little Princess."

There's Many a Slip (40 perf.)—Comedy by Captain Robert Marshall. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, September 15, 1902. Cast:

James Erskine, Jessie Millward, Sydney Herbert, Leo Ditrichstein, Harry Rose, Arthur Merle and Beatrice Irwin. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Ernest Gros.

James Erskine was the name adopted by the Earl of Rosslyn for stage use, and he made his first appearance in this play.

"There's Many a Slip" was a version of Scribe and Legouvé's comedy which had its first production in New York on June 15, 1857, at the Metropolitan Music Hall by a group of French players.

The first English version here was called "The Royalist" and was given September 13, 1860, at Wallack's with Lester Wallack and Mrs. Hoey playing the roles portrayed by James Erskine and Jessie Millward in the above production.

Beginning October 2, 1902, "There's Many a Slip" was preceded by:

At the Telephone (20 perf.)—Play in two scenes dramatized by Andre de Lorde from a short story by Charles Foley. Cast:

Edwin Stevens, Helen Lowell, A. H. Stuart, Maggie Holloway Fischer, Mary Burroughs, William Weston, Martin V. Merle, Virginia Laring and Sidney Donalds.

Aunt Jeannie (21 perf.)—Play in three acts by E. F. Benson. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 16, 1902. Cast:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, John Blair, Vaughan Glaser, Charles Bryant, R. C. Herz, Mrs. Isabel Waldron, Rose Dupre, Nora Greenlaw and Amy Lamborn. Staged by Mrs. Campbell and the author. Settings by Ernest Gros.

A Country Girl (112 perf.)—Musical play in two acts by James T. Tanner. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Lionel Monckton. Additional lyrics and numbers by Paul Rubens. Produced by the Augustin Daly Musical Company under the direction of J. C. Duff at Daly's Theatre, New York, September 22, 1902. Cast:

Minnie Ashley, Melville Stewart, Hallyn Mostyn, Harold Vizard, Paul Nicholson, Clarence Harvey, W. E. Philp, Lawrence Earle, W. H. Smith, Jefferson Egan, Karl Stall, N. C. Shaw, William Norris, Grace Freeman, Genevieve Finlay, Helen Marvin, Adine Bouvier, Ethel Pinckney, Marion Singer, Isobel Yates, Helen Sherwood, Miss Walker Yates, Grace Gresham, Julia Millard, Mary Welch, Alice Campbell, Richard Chawner, Susie Kelleher, Olga Barlow, Helen Ormonde and Miss Deyo. Settings by Walter Burridge and Henry E. Hoyt.

Iris (77 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Arthur Wing Pinero. Incidental music by William Furst. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, September 23, 1902. Cast:

Virginia Harned, Hilda Spong, Louise Drew, Elizabeth Goodall, Rachel Crown, Mabel Snyder, Eleanor Sanford, Oscar Asche, William Courtenay, Herbert Ross, Stanley Dark, R. R. Neill, Harry Lewis and Lawrence Eddinger. Staged by Dion Boucicault. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

A Rose o' Plymouth-town (21 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Beulah Marie Dix and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Produced by W. G. Smyth at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 29, 1902. Cast:

Minnie Dupree, Cornelia Bedford, Edith Wright, Mrs. Sol Smith, Bennett Sturgis, Douglas Fairbanks, Guy Bates Post and Augustus Cook.

Minnie Dupree's debut as a star.

The Two Schools (56 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Alfred Capus. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, September 30, 1902. Cast:

Jameson Lee Finney, M. A. Kennedy, Winchel Smith, Harrison Armstrong, Stanley Dark, George Irving, Frederick E. Bean, Frederick Spencer, Walter Scott, Frederick Mann, Ida Conquest, Ida Waterman, Jessie Busley, Beatrice Morgan, Leonore Harris, Edna Luby, May Galyer, Elsie Ferguson, Caroline Starbuck, Maude Landers, Inez Marcel, May Seeley and Carrie Landers. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Ernest Gros.

A Country Mouse (89 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Arthur Law. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, October 6, 1902. Cast:

Ethel Barrymore, Harry Davenport, Bruce McRae, Arthur Elliott, James Kearney, Frederick Morris, Adelaide Prince, May Lambart, Hugo Goldsmith, George Howard and Fanny Addison Pitt. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

Preceded by:

Carrots (89 perf.)—Play in one act by Jules Renard. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Cast:

Ethel Barrymore, Bruce McRae, Beatrice Agnew and Fanny Addison Pitt. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Edward G. Unitt.

The Night of the Party (80 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Weedon Grossmith. Produced by Messrs. Shubert and Daniel V. Arthur at the Princess Theatre, New York, October 6, 1902. Cast:

Weedon Grossmith, Wilfred Draycott, Herbert Sleath, Hubert Druce, Arthur Eldred, Prince Miller, Sydney Paxton, G. Jones, John W. Mason, Louis Goodrich, Charles Turner, Charles Biggs, J. Sebastian Smith, J. Hallett, May Palfrey, Annie Hill, Maud Hobson, Rose Tapley, Maud Abbott and Joan Burnett.

The Sword of the King (48 perf.)—Play in a prologue and three acts by Ronald MacDonald. Produced by Maurice Campbell at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 6, 1902. Cast:

Henrietta Crossman, Sheridan Block, Frederick C. Bertrand, Henry Gunson, Henry Bergman, Aubrey Boucicault, Ida Vernon, Barton Hill, Addison Pitt, William Herbert, Gertrude Bennett, Arthur Shaw, F. J. McCarthy and Edwin Fowler. Staged by Miss Crossman and Eugene W. Presbrey. Settings by L. C. Young and P. J. McDonald.

The Ninety and Nine (128 perf.)—Play in four acts by Ramsay Morris, suggested by Ira D. Sankey's hymn of the same name. Produced by Frank McKee at the Academy of Music, New York, October 7, 1902. Cast:

Edwin Arden, Theodore Hamilton, George F. Nash, Thomas H. Ince, Harry Le Van, Mart J. Cody, Aubrey Beattie, Frank M. Stammers, Louis Egan, Gus Hennessey, Robert Vernon, W. F. Carroll, Charles Haskins, Katherine Grey, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Jane Peyton, Amy Ames, Christine Blessing, Emma Janvier, Jessie Ralph and Helene Lackaye. Staged by R. A. Roberts.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray (15 perf.)—Play in four acts by A. W. Pinero. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, October 8, 1902. Cast:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Paula), John Blair (Aubrey), R. C. Herz (Cayley Drummie), Amy Lamborn, Mrs. Isabel Waldron, Charles Bryant, Harry Dornton, Walter Howe, Vaughan Glaser, Rose Dupre and Julius Royston.

For Mrs. Patrick Campbell's first New York appearance in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" see page 403.

Everyman (75 perf.)—Fifteenth Century Morality Play. Produced by Charles Frohman, in arrangement with The Elizabethan Society of London and Ben Greet, at Mendelssohn Hall, New York, October 12, 1902.

Moved to the Madison Square Theatre, November 3, 1902, where only matinees were played.

Moved to the New York Theatre, November 17, 1902, for two weeks.

On March 30, 1903, the production returned to the Garden Theatre, New York, for 56 performances.

"Everyman," which in its present form was first printed in London at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is believed by some scholars to have been written first in Dutch by one Peter Dorland, of Diest, a priest who lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century.

The names of the actors were not given, but it was as "Everyman" that Edith Wynne Matthison made her American debut. Charles Rann Kennedy also made his first appearance here as the "Doctor" and the "Messenger." Others in the company included: Frank H. Westerton, Stanley Drewitt, Percy Waram, Hooper Gilmore, Ben A. Field, Dallas Anderson, J. Sayer Crawley, St. Clair Bayfield, George Riddell, R. H. Foster, S. H. Goodwyn, Dorothy Mahomed, Beatrice Whitney, Millicent McLaughlin, Alys Rees, Agnes Scott, Alice Harrington and Mildred Jones. Staged by Ben Greet.

An American Invasion (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Produced by Joseph Brooks at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 20, 1902. Cast:

J. E. Dodson, Annie Irish, Fred Tyler, Peyton Carter, Henry Hare, R. Whitworth Jones, Arthur Lawrence, J. Palmer Collins, Frank Goldsmith, W. J. Constantine, Clement Hopkins, Charles H. Wentz, Francis Sedgewick, John Gambier, Walker Murray, Dundas Brown, Margaret Fuller, Mabel Taliaferro, Brandon Douglass and May Stuart.

J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish (Mrs. Dodson) made their New York debuts as stars in this production.

His Excellency the Governor (16 perf.)—Play in three acts by Robert Marshall. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 20, 1902. Cast:

Jessie Millward, Richard Bennett, Edwin Stevens, William H. Thompson, James Erskine, Leo Ditrichstein, A. H. Stuart, Martin Merle, Frederick Morris, Thomas Murphy, Reginald Simpson, Maggie Holloway Fischer and Beatrice Irwin.

The first New York production of this play was at the Lyceum Theatre, May 9, 1899. Jessie Millward and Richard Bennett of the above company were in the cast.

The play was revived for 36 performances by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, April 4, 1907. Cast:

Ethel Barrymore, Bruce McRae, Eugene Jepson, John Barrymore, William Norris, George Pauncefort, James Kearney, E. Soldene Powell, Harry Barker, D. Lyons, Walter W. Young, Hattie Russell and Mary Nash. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

Tommy Rot (39 perf.)—Musical comedy with lyrics and music by Safford Waters. Dialogue by Rupert Hughes, Joseph Herbert, Paul West and Kirke La Shelle. Produced by Mrs. Osborn at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, New York, October 20, 1902. Cast:

Charles Butler, Fletcher Norton, Alfred Hickman, Richard Lambart, George Herbert, Richard Lee, Henry Hyde, Blanche Ring, Hengler Sisters, Grayce Scott, Margaret Hubbard Ayer, Claudine Sharp, Laura Stone, Drina De Wolfe, Evelyn Florence Nesbit, Pauline Von Arold, Alice Hills, Helen Chichester, John Pemberton, Rosa Earle, Madlyn Summers, Vida Whitmore, Kathleen Clifford, Jack Lyles, Yale Benner, A. J. Marshall, Jack Henderson, Franklin Jones, Samuel Sandgrain, Echlin P. Gayer and William B. Daly. Staged by Mrs. Osborn, Joseph Herbert and Lewis Hooper.

The Joy of Living (19 perf.)—Play in five acts by Hermann Sudermann, translated by Edith Wharton. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garden Theatre, New York, October 23, 1902. Cast:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, J. H. Gilmour, Amy Lamborn, H. C. Norton, Vaughan Glaser, Rose Dupre, Marc MacDermott, W. J. Montgomery, Charles James, R. C. Herz, Walter Howe, Charles Bryant, Mr. Ralph, Harry Dornton, Julius Royston and J. Kershoff. Staged by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Old Limerick Town (56 perf.)—Play in four acts by Augustus Pitou. Produced by J. Wesley Rosenquest at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, October 27, 1902. Cast:

Chauncey Olcott, Alice Taylor, Tottie Carr, Edwin B. Tilton, Matt B. Snyder, Rose Snyder, Miriam Nesbitt, Blanche Alexander, Harry Mestayer, Bertram Godfrey, Percy Jennings, Emile La Croix, Edmund Hogan, William H. Gough, Elizabeth Washburn, George Brennan and Blanche Sweet.

Blanche Sweet, who was a child actress at this time, later became noted as a film star.

The Silver Slipper (160 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Owen Hall. Music by Leslie Stuart. Lyrics by W. H. Risque. Book rearranged for America by Clay M. Greene. Produced by John C. Fisher at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 27, 1902. Cast:

Edna Wallace Hopper, Sam Bernard, Snitz Edwards, Cyril Scott, Mackenzie Gordon, Harry Burcher, John Ardisonne, Mai de Villiers, Josie Sadler, Helen Royton, Susan Drake, Daisy Greene, Clarita Vidal, Janice Wynne, Gertrude Douglas, Margaret Walker, Edith Blair, Sadie Hollister, Angela May, Marie Allen, Frances Hill, Marjorie Relyea, Louise Lonsdale, Maud Thomas, John Taylor, Benjamin H.

Burt, Fred Walsh, W. H. Pringle, Atherton Furlong, Jr., Sallie Lomas, Dollie Corke, Beatrice Grenville, Rose Martin, Maggie Taylor and Lillie Lawton. Staged by John C. Fisher.

The Children of Kings (14 perf.)—Play in four acts by Frederick Langbridge and A. H. Ferro from the German of Ernst Rosmer. Special music by Englebert Humperdinck. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, November 3, 1902. Cast:

Martin Harvey, Miss N. De Silva, Fred Wright, Sr., Frederick Powell, Pat Alexander, George Cooke, William Haviland, Fuller Mellish, Michael Sherbrooke, Percy Anstey, E. J. Frazer, E. P. Lewer, Edmund Grace, Paul Barry, H. Blackmore, John Alexander, Amy Coleridge, Grete Hahn, Bessie Elder, Mrs. Frederick Powell, Mercy Fuller and Mrs. B. M. De Solla.

The Stubbornness of Geraldine (64 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Frank McKee at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 3, 1902. Cast:

Mary Mannerling, Amy Ricard, Mrs. Charles Russell Hone, Anita Rothe, Rosa Cooke, Marian Gardiner, Kathleen Chambers, Dene Woodruff, Florence Stewart, Florence Breed, Carolyn James, Anna Archer, Arthur Byron, John Saville, H. Hassard Short, Albert S. Howson, Herbert Ayling, Charles Martin, Sydney Mansfield, Charles Haskins, David Proctor and George Elwood. Staged by the author. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

Eleonora Duse Repertory—Beginning November 4, 1902, Liebler and Company presented Signora Duse and her Italian company for a period of two weeks at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York. The three plays given were all by Gabriele D'Annunzio and included "La Gioconda" (November 4th, 5th and 6th), "La Citta Morta" (November 7th and 8th), and "Francesca Da Rimini" (November 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th).

On January 6, 8 and 9, 1903, Signora Duse gave farewell performances of "Francesca da Rimini" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Eleonora Duse made her first appearance in New York on January 23, 1893, as "Camille" at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Among Those Present (22 perf.)—Play in four acts by Glen MacDonough. Produced by George H. Brennan at the Garden Theatre, New York, November 10, 1902. Cast:

Mrs. LeMoyno, Harold Russell, Olga Flinck, William Hazeltine, George Douglas Parker, Carlotta Nilsson, Martia Leonard, George Gaston, Marion Ashworth, Mary Blyth, Cornelia Hunter, Algernon Tassin, William Clagett, Anita Zorn, Edwin James, Harry Herfurth and Harold Grau.

The Mocking Bird (64 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Libretto by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced by the Messrs. Sire at the Bijou Theatre, New York, November 10, 1902. Cast:

Mabelle Gilman, Roland Carter, Sydney Deane, Robert Rogers, Violet Halls, Frank Doane, Edgar Atchison-Ely, Claude Boyer, Walter C. Shannon, Louise Mackintosh, Maude Alice Kelly, Edythe Truran, Ivy Moore, John F. Parry, Stella

Adams, Sarah Osgood, Monte Elmo, Florence Hayes, Eullah Lee, Frankie Trumbo, Mildred Thornwall, Edith Thayer, Grace Walton, Daisy Binford, Elise Sargent and Hattie Forsythe. Staged by Richard Burnside.

"The Mocking Bird" returned to the Bijou Theatre, New York, for 14 performances beginning May 25, 1903. The original cast remained except for the withdrawal of Violet Halls, who was replaced by Eullah Lee, a member of the ensemble.

A Cigarette Maker's Romance (14 perf.)—Play in three acts by Charles Hannan, adapted from Marion Crawford's novel. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, November 12, 1902. Cast:

Martin Harvey, Miss N. De Silva, Percy Anstey, Michael Sherbrooke, Fuller Mellish, William Haviland, John Alexander, George Cooke, E. P. Lewer, Mrs. B. M. De Solla, Bessie Elder and Grete Hahn.

Preceded by:

Rouget De L'Isle—Play in one act by Freeman Wills and Fitzmaurice King, founded on the legend of the "Marseillaise." Cast: Martin Harvey, Miss N. De Silva, Amy Coleridge and Fuller Mellish.

Mary of Magdala (105 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Paul Heyse. Music by Charles Puerner. Ballet by Carl Marwig. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, November 12, 1902. Cast:

Mrs. Fiske, Tyrone Power, M. J. Jordon, Henry Woodruff, Scott Craven, Max Figman, James Young, Frank McCormack, W. B. Mack, Sydney Smith, Herbert McKenzie, Henry Haskins, Rose Eyttinge, Ida Hamilton, Emily Stevens, Mary Mattern, the Misses Maynard, E. Harris, C. Harris, Lee, Clowes, Morris, Nordstrom, Wainwright, Noel, Berrell, Chamberlain, Piggott, B. Doyle and Ruppel and the Messrs. Jewett, Arnton, McClure, Thompson, Wilbur, Herrmann, Koe, Hammond, Carson, Briscoe and Theodore. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske and Mrs. Fiske. Settings by Frank E. Gates, E. A. Morange and Homer Emens. Costumes by Percy Anderson.

Reopened at this theatre for three weeks beginning September 14, 1903.

The Crisis (50 perf.)—Play in four acts by Winston Churchill from his novel of the same name. Produced by James K. Hackett at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 17, 1902. Cast:

James K. Hackett, Charlotte Walker, Joseph Brennan, Thomas A. Hall, George Le Soir, Brigham Royce, Edward Donnelly, Clyde Fogel, Wayne Gray, John E. Mackin, Frank Patton, Harry R. Miller, P. Charles Ringsdorf, Frederick Nichols, James Sanford, Signor Luigi D'Orta, Signor Alfonso D'Orta, Signor Gennaro Gibelli, Signor Joaquin Madonna, Miss Deronda Mayo, Charlotte Hicks, Florence Conron, Georgianna Pitcher, Grace Barber and Isabel Richards. Staged by James K. Hackett. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin and William Camp.

Imprudence (66 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, November 17, 1902. Cast:

William Faversham, Fay Davis, Charles Harbury, Richard Bennett, W. H. Thompson, Julian L'Estrange, Joseph Francouer, Wallace Erskine, Herbert Pollard,

H. C. Redding, Jeffreys Lewis, Hilda Spong, Mrs. Georgie Dickson, Annie Adams, Mrs. Sol Smith, Helen Lowell, Helen Douglas and Caroline Starbuck.

This was the New York debut of Fay Davis.

The Eternal City (92 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Hall Caine from his novel of the same name. Music composed and arranged by Pietro Mascagni. Produced by Messrs. Liebler and Company at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, November 17, 1902. Cast:

Viola Allen, Edward Morgan, Frederic de Belleville, E. M. Holland, C. Leslie Allen, Charles Slater, Thomas Cooper, Henry Harmon, Jefferson Lloyd, W. C. Duessing, Adolph Lestina, Warner Oland, Paul Dayton, Bruno Gillam, William Eville, Affie McVicker, Newbold Robinson, Frank Bixby, W. E. Bonney, Affie Neil Warner, Barbe Bertrand, Augusta Bertrand, George C. Boniface, Laura Linden, J. R. Furlong, Thomas F. Graham, Mary Myers and Alice Watson.

Audrey (44 perf.)—Drama by Harriet Ford and E. F. Bodington, a dramatization of Mary Johnston's novel of the same name. Special music composed by Henry Hadley. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, November 24, 1902. Cast:

Eleanor Robson, James E. Wilson, Frederick Perry, George Woodward, Forrest Robinson, Lauren Rees, Frank Lamb, William Story, T. M. Hunter, James O'Neill, Jr., John Dean, Newton Brown, Freeman Barnes, Harry Warner, Charles Marriott, W. E. Butterfield, Argyle Campbell, Selene Johnson, Ada Dwyer, Anne Caverly, Helen Robertson, Gertrude Gheen, Geraldine Furlong and Constance Berry. Staged by Eugene W. Presbrey.

Fad and Folly (34 perf.)—Musical comedy by Safford Waters and Rupert Hughes. Revised by Paul West. Lyrics by Paul West. Music by Henry Waller. Additional lyrics and music by Safford Waters, George Evans, F. Chandler, Henry Blossom, Jr., Jackson Gowraud, John W. Barton and W. F. Peters. The parody of "Iris" written by Joseph Herbert. Produced at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, New York, November 27, 1902. Cast:

Harry Conor, Felix Haney, E. Lovat Fraser, R. Peyton Carter, Richard Lee, Richard Lambert, Jack Henderson, Blanche Ring, Drina De Wolfe, Louis Dupre, Margaret Hubbard Ayer, Claudine Sharp, Alice Toland, Helen Chichester, Rose Earl, Marion Mathey, Laura Stone, Vida Whitmore, Madlyn Summers, Kathleen Clifford, Samuel Sangrain, Echlin P. Gayer, William B. Daly, Philip F. Leigh, Arthur Taylor and Henry Hyde.

The Altar of Friendship (50 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Produced by Nat C. Goodwin at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 1, 1902. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, Fred Tiden, Neil O'Brien, J. R. Crauford, J. Carrington Yates, F. Owen Baxter, Frank G. Bayly, George S. Stevens, L. E. Woodthorpe, S. M. Hall, Julia Dean, Alice Ingram, May Martyn and Suzanne Perry. Staged by George J. Appleton.

Julius Caesar (50 perf.)—Tragedy in six acts by William Shakespeare. Produced by Richard Mansfield at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, December 1, 1902. Cast:

Richard Mansfield (Brutus), Arthur Greenaway (Caesar), Arthur Forrest (Marc Antony), Joseph Haworth (Cassius), Dorothy Hammond (Portia), W. H. Denny,

A. G. Andrews, Leslie Kenyon, Ernest C. Warde, Edward Fitzgerald, Edward Holland, W. T. Simpson, William J. Sorelle, Grant Mitchell, Henri Laurent, B. L. Clark, M. E. Tilden, A. E. Anson, Clarence Cochran, Hamilton Coleman, Mona Harrison, Phillip Stokes, S. M. Hendricks, J. E. Delmar, Octave Lozon, Frazer Smith, Clarence White, Henry Wenman, Carl Ahrendt, Frank Mason, F. West and Maude Hoffman. Settings by Sir Alma Tadema.

"Julius Caesar" was given its first recorded performance in New York at the John Street Theatre, March 14, 1794, with Lewis Hallam as "Brutus," Mr. Richards as "Caesar," John Hodgkinson as "Marc Antony" and Mrs. Charlotte Melmoth as "Portia."

The Darling of the Gods, Dec.'3, 1902. See page 107.

The Cavalier (70 perf.)—Play in four acts dramatized by Paul Kester and George Middleton from George W. Cable's book. Produced by Charles B. Dillingham at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 8, 1902. Cast:

Julia Marlowe, Francis Kingdon, Clarence Handyside, Frank Worthing, William Lewers, Morgan Coman, Thomas L. Coleman, Edgar L. Davenport, Frederick Burt, Frank Reicher, Chester Beecroft, Charles H. Bradshaw, Kate Lester, Nella Webb, Gwendolyn Valentine, Olive Oliver and Katherine Wilson. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange. Costumes by Van Horn and Son.

Heidelberg (40 perf.)—Play adapted by Aubrey Boucicault from Wilhelm Meyer-Foerster's "Alt Heidelberg." Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Princess Theatre, New York, December 15, 1902. Cast:

Aubrey Boucicault, Morton Selten, Norman Conners, Max Freeman, Robert Lorraine, Minnie Dupree, Mollie Sherwood, Myra C. Brooke, Theodore Roberts, Edward Dresser, Charles Parr, Walter Travers, William Sissons, Augustus Cook, Bernhard Niemeyer, F. Hurlleigh, John Stearns, W. N. Stephens, Charles Clear, John Burrell, Henry Glass, Karl Bergner, Erne Houmann, Emil Himmelreich, August Franko, Wilhelm Engelhoff, Franz Steindorff, Heinrich Branton and Ludwig Schultz.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home (71 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Book by Stanislaus Stange. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced by F. C. Whitney at the New York Theatre, New York, December 16, 1902. Cast:

William G. Stewart, Albert McGuckin, Homer Lind, George Backus, Maurice Darcy, Algernon Aspland, W. H. Thompson, Will H. Bray, Maude Lambert, Thelma Fair, Bertha Darel, Lucille Saunders, Zetti Kennedy and Julia Gifford. Staged by A. M. Holbrook.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 601.

The Girl with the Green Eyes (108 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, December 25, 1902. Cast:

Jinny Austin.....	Clara Bloodgood	Carrie.....	Clara B. Hunter
Geoffrey Tillman...	John M. Albaugh, Jr.	A Driver.....	Lou W. Carter
Ruth Chester.....	Lucille Flaven	Mr. Tillman.....	Charles Abbott
Belle Westling.....	Helena Otis	Susie.....	Edith Taliaferro
Maggie.....	Lucile Watson	Grace Dane.....	Mary Blyth
Butler.....	Gardner Jenkins	Gertrude Wood.....	Felice Morris
John Austin.....	Robert Drouet	Housemaid.....	Angela Keir
Peter Cullingham.....	Harry E. Asmus	Footman.....	Walter Dickinson

The Bird in the Cage (40 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Clyde Fitch taken from the German of Von Wildenbruch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Bijou Theatre, New York, January 12, 1903. Cast:

Guy Bates Post, Arnold Daly, Grace Henderson, Jennie Satterly, Sandol Milliken, Edward Harrigan and Charles Mackey.

The Unforeseen (111 perf.)—Play in four acts by Robert Marshall. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, January 13, 1903. Cast:

W. H. Crompton, Charles Richman, William Courtleigh, Oswald Yorke, Fritz Williams, E. Y. Backus, George Osbourne, Jr., Frederick Barnes, Margaret Anglin, Beatrice Irwin, Ethel Hornick and Lillian Thurgate. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Ernest Gros.

The Little Princess (34 perf.)—Play in three acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Produced by Charles B. Dillingham at the Criterion Theatre, New York, January 14, 1903. Cast:

Millie James, Beryl Morse, Phyllis Phillips, Pauline Chase, Mildred Morris, Helen Tracy, May Davenport Seymour, Louise Galloway, Eugenia Woodward, Leonie Darmon, Edna Hall Smith, Linnie Ruth Gee, Master Donald Gallaher, Mabel Taliaferro, Thomas L. Coleman, Frederic Murphy, Clarence Handysides, Frank Kingdon, Frank Reicher, Adelaide Alexander, Edith Storey, Mamie McManus, Lillian Claire, Loraine Frost, Mary Burroughs, Mabel Gibson, Maise Bancker, Enidene Booth, Natalie Black, Margery Black, Nellie Kirby and Helen Larkin. Staged by Francis Neilson.

This play was seen at matinees only, daily except Saturday. On February 16, 1903, it moved to the Savoy Theatre, continuing this policy. It reopened at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, December 1, 1903, for 15 additional performances, at which time the company included:

Millie James, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Mrs. Cusick, Fay Cusick, Rena Grau, Daisy Robinson, Frederica Goings, Leonie Darmon, Mildred Morris, Even K. Messer, Alford Rowland, Fred Eric, Fred Yates, John Fenton, Mrs. Felix Morris, Master Walter Robinson, Lottie Learn, Loraine Frost, Lelia Frost and Mrs. Grau.

The Consul (24 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Charles F. Nirdlinger. Produced by Louis Mann at the Princess Theatre, New York, January 19, 1903. Cast:

Louis Mann, Walter D. Greene, George Miller, Clayton Legge, Frederic Conger, Thomas R. Mills, Charles Halton, Emmons Knowlton, Robert Fitzmaurice, Clare Hoffman, Joseph Singer, Frank Walsh, Lewis Bender, Richard Stuber, Frank Julien, Edward Kavanaugh, Jacob Forster, Olive May, Mabel Taliaferro, Amy Lesser, Beatrice Bertrand, Ella Montreville, Lane Taylor, Lillian Clarke, Grace Farrell, Nellie M. Grant, Madge Ryan and Ethel Hoag.

Mice and Men (120 perf.)—Play in four acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, January 19, 1903. Cast:

Annie Russell, Mrs. Gilbert, May Gaylor, Mrs. Glendinning, Margaret Huddleston, John Mason, John Glendinning, Orrin Johnson, Frank Goldsmith, Charles Butler, E. A. Eberle, T. C. Valentine and the Misses M. Fenchester, Scaife, Goater, White, Mather, Roland and Deverell.

Reopened at the Garrick Theatre, New York, February 29, 1904, for two weeks at which time Miss Murray and Oswald Yorke replaced May Gaylor and Orrin Johnson.

Mr. Pickwick (32 perf.)—Musical play in two acts based on Charles Dickens' book. Book by Charles Klein. Lyrics by Grant Stewart. Music by Manuel Klein. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, January 19, 1903. Cast:

De Wolfe Hopper (Pickwick), Digby Bell (Sam Weller), Louise Gunning (Ara-bella), Marguerite Clarke (Polly), Henry Norman, Grant Stewart, Louis Payne, J. K. Adams, George Chapman, Augustus Coletti, Guy H. Bartlett, George Rolland, Philip Connor, George Williams, Laura Joyce Bell, Grace Fisher, Mary Davis, Alice Maude Poole, Marion Lee and Ruth Halbert. Staged by George Marion.

Mr. Bluebeard (134 perf.)—Musical spectacle in three acts by J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins, adapted for the American stage by John J. McNally. Lyrics by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Frederick Solomon and C. Herbert Kerr. Additional songs by Jerome & Schwartz, Bryan & Morse, Edwards & Bryan, Cole & Johnson, Jerome & Woodward and Dan McAvoy. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, January 21, 1903. Cast:

Dan McAvoy, Eddie Foy, Flora Parker, Adele Rafter, Bonnie Maginn, Norma Kopp, William Danforth, Herbert Cawthorne, Thomas O'Brien, Bessie De Voie, Sam Reed, Frank Young, Clara Havel, Mae Taylor, Edith Palmer, Helga Howard, Rose Earle, Myrtle Arlington, Nellie Simmons, Harry Murdoc, Fred Walsh, Abner Symmons, W. H. White, Chauncey Holland, George A. White, Seppie McNeil, Lonie Hauman, Ada Robertson, Beatrice Liddell, Georgia Kelley, Elizabeth Hauman, Eva Marlowe, Dorothy Marlowe and Carolyn Poltz. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn. Ballets by Ernest D'Auban. Settings by Bruce Smith, H. Emden, Ernest Albert, R. C. McCleary and Hicks & Brooks.

The Wizard of Oz (293 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by L. Frank Baum. Music by Paul Tietjens and A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced by Fred R. Hamlin at the Majestic Theatre, New York, January 21, 1903. Cast:

Fred A. Stone, David C. Montgomery, Anna Laughlin, Edwin J. Stone, Grace Boyd, Marie Fitzhugh, Etta Diamond, Virginia Kendall, Marie Burnell, Kathleen Flynn, Grace Pomeroy, May Du Frene, Mary Jackson, Grace Igloe, Albert Cleveland, Irving Christerson, Ida Doerge, Mabel De Vere, Ella Gilroy, Georgia Baron, Edna Adams, Lillian De Vere, Stubby Ainscoe, Albertina Benson, Erna Evans, Elsie Mertens, Clara Pitt, Josephine Clayton, Helen Blye, Anna Leon, Laura Young, Clara Seltan, Anna Fitzhugh, Rae Dixon, Emma Clarke, Geneva Gibson, Leta Shaw, Nancy Poole, Lola Gordon, Marie Clayton, Nellie Payne, Emily Fulton, Lucile Bryant, Margie Griffith, Helen Byron, Edith Hutchins, Bessie Wynn, Joseph Schrode, Gilbert Clayton, Grace Kimball, Harold Morey, Arthur Hill, Ailene Potter, Robert D. Fairchild, Stephen Maley, Earl Dewey, Charles Hoskins, Bobby Gaylor, George Young, William Van Brunt and the Messrs. Field, Rogers, Wyckoff, Sargent, Mansfield and Wiegand. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by McDonald.

During the run Lotta Faust replaced Grace Kimball.

This play returned to the Majestic Theatre, New York, March 21, 1904, for 48 additional performances.

The Bold Sojer Boy (16 perf.)—Comedy drama in three acts by Theo. Burt Sayre. Produced by Rich and Harris at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, February 9, 1903. Cast:

Andrew Mack, Richard J. Dillon, Giles Shine, Hugh Cameron, R. Payton Gibbs, Harry P. Stone, Eddie Heron, Thomas E. Jackson, Edward Aiken, Frances Ring, Mildred Beverly, Maggie Fielding, Master John Cooke, Master Gus Wilkes, Master Frankie Cooke and Vivian Martin. Staged by Edward E. Rose.

The Frisky Mrs. Johnson (80 perf.)—Play by Clyde Fitch adapted from "Mme. Flirt" by Gavault and Berr. Produced by Amelia Bingham at the Princess Theatre, New York, February 9, 1903. Cast:

Amelia Bingham, Minnie Dupree, Madge Carr Cook, Alison Skipworth, Lillian Wright, Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Abington, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Ernest Lawford, Richard Lambart, Alfred Fisher, George S. Probert, F. Owen Baxter and Charles H. Wentz. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

Returned to the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 16, 1904, for 8 additional performances.

The Jewel of Asia (64 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Frederic Ranken and Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Criterion Theatre, New York, February 16, 1903. Cast:

James T. Powers, George O'Donnell, William Cameron, Clifton Crawford, Harry Short, E. B. Knight, Frank Symonds, Paul Decker, Thomas Miller, Frank G. Hill, Blanche Ring, Rachel Booth, Carrie Perkins, Reine Davies, Ida Gabrielle, Bessie Graham, Ermine Earle, Aime Dale, Harriet Burt, Blanche Brooks, Cecile Rhoda, Mildred Kearney, Teresa Bryant, Mabel Slocum, Ada Verfie, Mabel Verne, Louise Hancock, Ethel Adams, Louise De Rigney, Eleanor Errington, James Warren, Milo Joyce, Ross Dale, Lillie Brink, Ella Ray and Ethel Gilmore. Staged by George W. Lederer.

Nancy Brown (104 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by George H. Broadhurst and Frederic Ranken. Music by Henry K. Hadley. Produced by Daniel V. Arthur at the Bijou Theatre, New York, February 16, 1903. Cast:

Marie Cahill, Edwin Stevens, Albert Parr, Harry Brown, Al Grant, Alfred Hickman, George Behan, Henry Vogel, John Havens, Frank Dearthuff, Madison Smith, Grace Cameron, Judith Berolde, Jean Newcombe, Alice Knowlton, Lita Castle, Helen Lathrop, Maud Francis, Adele Archer, Leslie Mayo, Ruby Paine, Edythe Moyer, Adah Carlisle, Helen Curzon, Louise Egner, Elizabeth Cummings, Gertrude Doremus, Florence French, Beth Titus, Estelle Rogers, Ada Bartlett, Gertrude Cochran, Anna Bennett, Minna Blackman, Ethel Carroll, Adelaide Howland, Margaret Johnson, Rose Stevens, Therese Sargent, Edith Renfrew, Helen Jarvis, Mabel Curtis, Virginia Shaw, Catherine Curtis, W. W. Meehan, T. R. Brown, V. A. Rose, Daniel Corse, Henry Borden, Mason Smith, G. M. Vale, Philip Dale, Harry Burgess and Carmelita Castello. Staged by Frank Smithson. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

Romeo and Juliet (9 perf.)—Play in five acts by William Shakespeare. Revived by Frank Lea Short at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, New York, February 16, 1903. Cast:

Edmund Breese (Romeo), Fernanda Eliscu (Juliet), Harry Leighton (Mercutio), Mrs. Emma Brennan Ince (Nurse), George Turner (Friar Laurence), Susanne Willis, William Crossman, F. M. Kendrick, Willard MacKegney, Charles Chapman, Stanley Jessup, Robert C. Turner, Benton Radford, Victor Burthe, William Roman, Calvin Tibbets and Gray B. Tohier.

Revived by Liebler & Co. for 8 performances at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, beginning May 25, 1903. Cast:

Kyrle Bellew (Romeo), Eleanor Robson (Juliet), Eben Plympton (Mercutio), Mrs. W. G. Jones (Nurse), William H. Thompson (Friar Laurence), Edmund Breese, Edwin Arden, F. C. Bangs, George Clarke, A. W. Mafflin, Forrest Robinson, John E. Kellerd, Franklin Hurleigh, T. M. Hunter, E. J. Norris, W. V. Ranous, Casius C. Quinby, W. J. Ferguson, Ada Dwyer, W. E. Butterfield, Mabel Aylward and the Misses Duncan, Lester, Enright, Haslett, Sutherland, Whipp, Drayton, Snyder, Vonosthoff and Coghlan and the Messrs. Sage, Vignola, Allen, Alexander, Schaeffer, Peele, Reynolds, James, Thompson, Farrington, Campbell, Martin, Owen, Gaylord and Grass. Staged by Eugene Presbrey. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The first New York performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was at the "New Theatre in Nassau Street," January 28, 1754, with Mr. Rigby as Romeo and Mrs. Hallam as Juliet.

Resurrection (88 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henri Bataille and Michael Morton dramatized from Count Leo Tolstoy's book. Produced by Oscar Hammerstein and Wagenhals and Kemper at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, February 17, 1903. Cast:

Blanche Walsh, Hattie Russell, Beverly Sitgreaves, Gertrude Tidball, Loretta Wells, Louise Manning, Laura Linden, May Warde, Irene Oshier, Margaret Robinson, Ina Brooks, Harriet Sterling, Florence Gerald, Ruth Hutchison, Ethel Grey Bethel, Leno Lavaque, Loretta Quinn, Little Mary Burroughs, May Fredericks, Justina Quinn, Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff, Joseph Haworth, Master George Clarke, Harry De Lorme, Boyd Putnam, Robert Lowe, Sidney Herbert, Howard Woodford, Hugo Toland, Forrest Flood, Robert Hickman, James Manley, Frank Peters, Harvey Cassidy, Herbert Darley, Augustus Kramer, John Crane, James Du Sang, N. E. Draigault, Charles Parr, John Moore, David M. Wright, W. M. Travers, Jerome Harrington and R. E. Jamison.

In Dahomey (53 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts by J. A. Shipp. Lyrics by Paul Laurence Dunbar. Music by Marion Cook. Produced by Hurtig and Seamon at the New York Theatre, New York, February 18, 1903. Cast:

Bert A. Williams, George W. Walker, Lottie Williams, Ada Overton Walker, Pete Hampton, Fred Douglas, William Barker, Alexander Rogers, Walter Richardson, George Catlin, J. A. Shipp, Richard Connors, George W. Pickett, Theodore Pankey, James Hill, Mrs. Hattie McIntosh and Malida Hyers.

The Bishop's Move (24 perf.)—Play in three acts by John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Craige) and Murray Carson. Produced by James K. Hackett at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, March 2, 1903. Cast:

W. H. Thompson, Wallace Worsley, William L. Branscombe, Deronda Mayo, Virginia Buchanan, E. L. Duane, Isabel Richards, William Lawe and Dorothy Dorr. Staged by James K. Hackett. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

This play reopened at Mrs. Osborn's Theatre, New York, March 30, 1903, for one week. The cast was the same.

Under the title of "The Bishop" the play was revived at the Princess Theatre, New York, February 12, 1906, for one week. Cast:

W. H. Thompson, Thomas H. Ince, Louis Bishop Hall, Carrie Lee Stoye, Fay Wallace, M. Alexander, Genevieve Du Berry, Anton Fredenberg and Drina De Wolfe.

"The Bishop" was preceded by:

For Love's Sweet Sake—Play in one act by Clay M. Greene.
Cast:

W. H. Thompson, Thomas H. Ince, M. Alexander and Nicholas Carroll.

Ghosts (16 perf.)—Play by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by George Fawcett at Mrs. Osborn's Theatre, New York, March 3, 1903.
Cast:

Regina Engstrand.....Virginia Klein Mrs. Alving.....Mary Shaw
Pastor Manders.....Maurice Wilkinson Oswald Alving.....Frederick Lewis
Jacob Engstrand.....Charles A. Gray

"Ghosts" was first produced in New York at the Berkeley Lyceum, January 5, 1894. Ida Jeffreys Goodfriend was Mrs. Alving.

Cynthia (32 perf.)—Comedy by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced by Nathaniel Roth at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, March 16, 1903. Cast:

Elsie de Wolfe, G. Harrison Hunter, Charles Cherry, Arnold Daly, Max Freeman, Charles Herz, Fletcher Norton, Laura Clements, Clarita Vidal and Kate Pattison-Selton. Staged by Max Freeman. Settings by D. Frank Dodge.

The Prince of Pilsen (143 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Frank Pixley. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Broadway Theatre, New York, March 17, 1903. Cast:

Arthur Donaldson, John W. Ransone, Albert Parr, Edgar Norton, Sherman Wade, J. L. Sutherland, Eva Westcott, Helen Bertram, Anna Lichter, Jeannette Bageard, Lillian Coleman, Clyde L. McKinley, Henry Taylor, Linford R. Jefferson, John H. Pratt, Francis Stuart, Edward J. Burns, Charles W. Hawkins, Walter C. White, Pearl Guzman, Diamond Donner, Blanche Cramer, Jeannett French, Harriet Burt, May Arno, Carroll McComas, Luoida Hilliard, Camile Clifford, May Hopkins, Jane Patison, Ella Warren, Grace Holmes, Loretta LaPitre, Hazel Clayton, Marion Hartwell, Myrtle Marsh, Helen Hutchins, Bessie Price, Margaret Macdonald, May Pratt, Florence Radcliff, Florence Bergea, Vesta Bergea, Rose Botley, Gertie Nickerson, Eleanor Bergea, Louise La Salle, Rhea Lusby, Ada Brown, Mable Kent, Mignon D'Allencou, Mabel Spencer, Margaret Messinger, Charles Strombold, Peter Swift, Charles F. Sullivan, Allan Ramsey, Jackson P. Searle and C. W. Wilson. Staged by George Marion.

Returned to Daly's Theatre, New York, April 4, 1904, for 32 performances.

Returned to the New York Theatre, New York, April 3, 1905, for 40 performances.

Returned to the New York Theatre, New York, April 2, 1906, for 16 performances.

Returned to the Academy of Music, New York, May 6, 1907 for 32 performances.

The Earl of Pawtucket (191 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Kirke La Shelle at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, March 23, 1903. Cast:

Head Waiter.....	Wilbur Hudson	Henry, a waiter.....	H. H. Sleight
Paul, a waiter.....	J. Wilburforce Thompson	Conrad, a waiter.....	Alfred Mayo
Mr. Fordyce.....	Charles W. Stokes	Senator Barker.....	Charles Hallock
Lord Cardington.....	Lawrence D'Orsay	Page.....	James Gardner
Jane Putnam.....	Louise Sydmuth	Ella Seaford.....	Jane Field
Mr. Seaford.....	George J. Robinson	Arthur Weatherbee.....	John W. Dean
Wilkins.....	Ernest Elton	Silas Hooper.....	James Ottley
Mr. Duffield.....	Frederick Hawthorne	Harriet Fordyce.....	Elizabeth Tryee
Hall waiter.....	Frederick Hawthorne	Crinnan.....	Wilbur Hudson
Staged by the author. Settings by Joseph Physioc.			

Pretty Peggy (48 perf.)—Play in four acts by Frances Aymar Mathews. Produced by William A. Brady at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, March 23, 1903. Cast:

Grace George, Albert J. Tucker, Adolph Bernard, Donald MacLaren, James J. Brown, George Sylvester, Burt Tucman, Annie Ward Tiffany, Margaret Mayo, Lyman Tucker, Ruth Holt, Addison March, Fred G. Swift, Henry March, Frances Leigh, Robert Lorraine, Norah Lamison, Sydney Cowell, Carl Eckstrom, Laura Lemmers, Justine Cutting, Bertha Tucman, Rose Doyle, Bertie Keller, Mary Thomas, Lily Calder, Edward Burgess, S. E. Lewis, Agnes Powell, Anne Albert, William Hungerford and Dana J. Stevens.

Reopened at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, October 5, 1903, for 32 additional performances, at which time Victor Manley, Vincent Serrano and Annie Mifflin replaced James J. Brown, Robert Lorraine and Norah Lamison respectively.

The Taming of Helen (40 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Richard Harding Davis. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Savoy Theatre, New York, March 30, 1903. Cast:

Henry Miller, Percy Lindahl, Morton Selten, John Flood, E. Lovat Fraser, Fred P. Ferris, Frederick Daniels, Francis Sedgwick, Arthur Sheppard, Harry Judd, Herbert McKemie, Lawrence Reed, Bertram Allen, Lionel Hogarth, Allan Harrison, J. C. Carlyle, J. T. Stuart, Meriam Bruce, Jessie Millward, Grace Elliston, Drina de Wolfe, Emily Dodd, Martha Waldron, Myrtle Tully and Sophia Daniels.

Little Lord Fauntleroy (12 matinee perf.)—Play in three acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Revived by A. L. Levering at the Casino Theatre, New York, April 13, 1903. Cast:

Vivian Martin and Harry C. Wright (alternating in the role of Lord Fauntleroy), James C. Wilson (the Earl), Norman Conniers (Havisham), J. H. Bradbury (Hobbs), Joseph Totten (Dick), Frank Opperman, Prince Miller, William Forsyth, Chrystal Herne (Dearest), Dorothy Rossmore and Emily Wakeman.

The first New York production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was at the Broadway Theatre, December 3, 1888. Elsie Leslie was the original Lord Fauntleroy and alternated the role with Tommy Russell.

The Starbucks (24 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Opie Read. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 13, 1903. Cast:

Theodore Roberts, Louise Rial, Mary Ryan, Carleton Macy, Thomas Coleman, Edward Mackay, Frank Aiken, Lida McMillan, William Vischer, Kate Bruce, William Dills, William Evarts, Fred Esmond and Henry Bott. Staged by Samuel Forrest.

A Fool and His Money (47 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced by Broadhurst and Currie at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, April 14, 1903. Cast:

Jameson Lee Finney, Arnold Daly, Sidney Herbert, Adolph Jackson, Earl Browne, Harry Gibbs, John S. Robertson, Charles Andrews, Anita Bridger, Mabel Dixey, Brandon Douglas, Helen Mar Wilcox, Grace Hull, Harriet Hurst, May Vokes, Mrs. E. A. Eberle and Daisy Green. Staged by the author. Settings by Edward G. Unitt and Frank Dodge.

This play was revived for 24 performances at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 26, 1904. Cast:

William Collier, Jane Dara, Eleanora Allen, Edna Faron, Leo Hawley, Marion Abbott, Anita Bridger, Lyster Chambers, Wallace McCutcheon, George Henry Trader, John Saville, Hugo Toland, Mabel Dixey, George Nash, Louise Allen, Daisy Green and Mary Davenport.

There and Back (48 perf.)—Farcical comedy in three acts by George Arliss. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Princess Theatre, New York, April 20, 1903. Cast:

Charles E. Evans, Charles H. Hopper, Nestor Lennon, Augustus Cook, Barney Reynolds, Herbert Ford, Elizabeth Barry, Florence Montgomery, Maud White and Lucille York. Settings by D. Frank Dodge.

For the first three weeks of this engagement "There and Back" was preceded by:

The Man Who Stole the Castle—Play in one act by Tom Gallon and L. M. Lion. Cast:

Aubrey Boucicault, Gertrude Towar, Louise Allen, Nestor Lennon, Augustus Cook and Myra Brooke.

Running for Office (48 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and music by George M. Cohan. Produced by Fred Niblo at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, April 27, 1903. Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, Josephine Cohan, Ethel Levey, James H. Manning, William Keough, Peter F. Randall, Jo Smith Marba, M. J. Sullivan, Hugh Mack, John Kaufman, William Forrest, Charles Bachman, Maurice Robinson, Fred Williams, Walter Stockwell, Gertrude Rutledge, Florence Little, Mollie Newell, Rosella Rhodes, Agnes Gildea, Mamie Gildea, Jessie Joyce, Cora Carter, Carrie Ward, Marion Watts, Mary Tobin, Josephine Boston, Maud Wilson, Joseph Leslie, Bert Montclair, Jane Barry, Clara Barnes, Zu Zonne, Wilma Gilmore, Marie De Ronne, Sophie Palmer, Mattie Rivenberg, La Reine Cumley, Nadine Sidney, Mabel Leigh, Marie Ireland, Della Gale, Frances Bradford, Frankie Scott, Minerva Brooks and Katherine Lacy. Staged by C. W. Valentine.

Sam H. Harris produced a new version of this musical comedy at the Aerial Gardens on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, June 3, 1907. It ran for 72 performances and was called "The Honeymooners." Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, William Keough, James H. Manning, Jack Webster, Jonathan Keefe, Jo Smith Marba, Joseph Leslie, Frank McNish, Jr., Howard Stevens, Gertrude Hoffman, Leona Anderson, Liola Rhodes, Alice Merrill and S. M. Avedon.

My Lady Peggy Goes to Town (24 perf.)—Comedy by Frances Aymar Mathews. Revised by Eugene W. Presbrey. Songs and music by William Jerome, Jean Schwartz and Roy Newton Hair. Produced by Cecil Spooner at Daly's Theatre, New York, May 4, 1903. Cast:

Cecil Spooner, Edward Locke, Walter Hale, Etienne Girardot, Lynn Pratt, Mortimer Weldon, Edwin H. Curtis, Ogden Wight, Edward C. Rooney, Frank Stanton, Charles C. Palmer, Frederick Guest, C. Russell Sage, Edgar Allen, Charles Gibson, Robert

Kosciusko, Catherine Belle, Clara Coleman, Reta Villiers, Helen Barker, Florence Sweeney, Frances Lloyd, Katherine Morgan and Ethel Dwyer.

Skipper & Co., Wall Street (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by J. W. Dam. Produced by Frank McKee at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 4, 1903. Cast:

Maclyn Arbuckle, G. Harrison Hunter, Charles Cherry, Charles Swain, George S. Probert, Joseph Hazelton, Emmett Shackaelford, Sidney F. Rice, Prince Miller, Denman Maley, Burr Caruth, A. J. Edwards, Oscar Barrett, R. E. L. Hill, Irma La Pierre, Lotta Linthicum, Beverly Sitgreaves, Madeleine Dallas, Emma Brennan Ince, Katherine Keyes, Nellie Lingard, R. V. White, J. C. Thompson, Donald McLean, Harold Havershaw, Edward Sturgis, William Prather, James Vaughn, Charles Patterson, John L. Page and Clarence Vincent.

The Vinegar Buyer (24 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Herbert Hall Winslow. Produced by Liebler & Co. at the Savoy Theatre, New York, May 4, 1903. Cast:

Ezra Kendall, Charles Bowser, Edward Chapman, Walter Thomas, Frank Lander, John D. Garrick, Harry Hanlon, Frank A. Howson, Jr., Ida Darling, Lottie Alter, Marion Abbott and Rose Norris.

The Runaways (167 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book by Addison Burkhardt. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced by Messrs. Sam S. Shubert and Nixon & Zimmerman at the Casino Theatre, New York, May 11, 1903. Cast:

Alexander Clark, William Gould, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Al Fields, Arthur Dunn, Suzanne Halpren, William Wolf, Dorothy Dorr, Helen Lord, Amelia Stone, Mabel Carrier, Flora Hengler, May Hengler, Edna Goodrich, Florence Worden, Daisy Leighton, Katherine Bell, Alice Campbell, Blanche Wood, Maude Herbert, Sadie Lauer, Rose Wilson, Ada Carlisle, Loretta Ward, Esther Brunette, Helen Holt, Eleanor Tierney, Frances Ingraham, Addie Marze, Josephine La Motte, May Maloney, Mildred Forrest, Nellie Plummer, Alphonse Fuguet, R. N. Dolliver, Estelle D'Arville, Babette D'Arville, Doris Townsend, Veve De Ford, Jean Collins, Elsie Barney, Miriam Falconer, Della Connors, Violet Pearl, May Carroll, Margaret Rohe, Marjorie Walton, Dorothy Nichols, Alice Kennedy, May McLean and Eloise Carlisle. Staged by Gerald Coventry. Dances staged by Samuel Marion.

Fay Templeton replaced Dorothy Dorr in June.

Facing the Music (44 perf.)—Farce in three acts by James H. Darnley. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 21, 1903. Cast:

Henry E. Dixey, F. Newton Lindo, John Mason, Ralph Delmore, Henry Norman, Charles Dowd, George Forbes, Katherine Grey, Grace Heyer, Gertrude Gheen, Adella Baker and Mary Gorman.

Preceded by:

Over a Welsh Rarebit—Play in one act by Clay M. Greene. Cast:

Henry E. Dixey and Thomas Ricketts.

John Henry (21 perf.)—Farce in three acts by George V. Hobart and Edward E. Rose. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, May 25, 1903. Cast:

Dan Daly, George Backus, J. G. Marlowe, Helen Weathersby, Florence Rockwell, R. C. Herz, Julie Herne, Algernon Tassen, Elouina Oldcastle, John Keefe, Whistling Tom Brown, Fred Clifton, Henry Brown, J. Grant, L. B. Foley, Arthur Caville, Roger De Coverly, Louis Franklin, Martin J. Cody, Abraham Friedland, Alf. Lytell, A.

Rosenthal, Lura Oakley, Gertrude Saye, Ruth Parsons, Marie Barry, Daisy Crawford, Gertrude Wilson, Adele Hinton, Loretta McDonald and Sallie Winwood. Staged by Herbert Gresham.

Punch, Judy & Co. (72 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in one act. Book and music by Oscar Hammerstein. Produced by Oscar Hammerstein at Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden, New York, June 1, 1903. Cast:

Josephine Sabel, Louise De Rigney, Esla Hartung, Charlotte Stemmer, Gertrude Hay Hoffman, Kitty Donoghue, Gladys Shaw, Lulu Whalen, Angy Wemis, Emilie Willington, Madeline Somers, Julie Curtis and Rose Earle.

The Blonde in Black (35 perf.)—Musical farce-comedy in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Gustave Kerker. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, June 8, 1903. Cast:

Blanche Ring, Harry Conor, Albert Hart, Rose Beaumont, Charles H. Bowers, Max Freeman, Violet Halls, Wilmer Bentley, Reine Davies, Mabel Verne, Ada Verne, Mignon Hardt, Adelaide Lorraine, Madeleine Martin, Georgia Russell, Mildred De Vere, Stella Hammerstein, Helga Howard, Bess Evylyn Gibson, Lillian Hudson, Addie Sharpe, Sadie Probst, Elba Kenney, R. Rothwell, Kate Gothold, Hazel Manchester, Frieda Salber, Lillie Hart, Lillian Seville, Katherine Kellogg, Leila Benton, David Bennett, Paul Decker, Vernon Lee, Wheeler Earl and Cecil Summers. Staged by Max Freeman. Settings by D. Frank Dodge.

SEASON OF 1903-1904

The Darling of the Gallery Gods and The Dress Parade (30 perf.)—Burlesques by George V. Hobart. Music by Matt C. Woodward and John Gilroy. Produced at the Crystal Gardens, New York, June 22, 1903. Cast:

Junie McCree, D. L. Don, William Cameron, John Gilroy, Henry Dyer, Pat Rooney, George Ali, Frank Bernard, Cecil Summers, James Furey, Emma Carus, Mamie Gilroy, May Taylor, Kathryn Bartlett, Lillie Brink, Helen Lucas, Elphie Snowden, Trixie Friganza, Joe Kane, William E. Black, John Bendini, Arthur Arthur, Emma Francis, The Hebrew Orphans Band and Da Kolta, Frobel and Ruge.

Vivian's Papas (49 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Rich and Harris at the Garrick Theatre, New York, August 17, 1903. Cast:

Thomas A. Wise, John C. Rice, Thomas Burns, J. Beresford Hollis, John J. Mahony, Jack J. Horwitz, John Watts, Hall McAllister, Charles Greene, David Johnson, William Davis, Hattie Williams, Esther Tittell, Hazel Chapple, Gertrude Whitty, Lillie Hall, Margaret Evans, Agnes Thorndyke, Margaret Malcolm, Cora Barrett, Teddie DuCoe, Estelle Weir, Kathryn Church, Louise Hollister, Florence DeLeon, Ida V. Warfield and Hellen Brewster. Staged by Leo Ditrichstein. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

My Wife's Husbands (41 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, August 24, 1903. Cast:

Edwin Milton Royle, Selena Fetter Royle, Jennie Satterlee, Ralph Delmore, Robert Peyton Carter, Edward Abeles, Hugo Toland, Grace Henderson, W. H. Post, Edward See, Madeleine Hazlett, Laura Wood, Charlotte Lander, Louise Bates, Cam. Mauvel, Moses Fairfax, George McLain, P. B. Ruggles and George Wooster. Staged by W. H. Post.

A Princess of Kensington (41 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Basil Hood. Music by Edward German. Produced by John C. Fisher at the Broadway Theatre, New York, August 31, 1903. Cast:

James T. Powers, Fred Huntley, Wyatt E. Barnes, P. J. Worthington, George B. Jackson, William Stephens, Richie Ling, Walter S. Craven, Stanley H. Forde, George Mudie, Jr., C. H. Hillman, Jack Taylor, Edward Martindel, Thomas Shannon, Cecil Engleheart, Amelia Fields, Pauline Frederick, Lily Bircham, Nellie Emerald, Estelle Ward, Angela May and Dora de Fillippe. Staged by Cyril Scott.

Three Little Maids (130 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts written and composed by Paul Rubens. Produced by Charles Frohman and George Edwardes at Daly's Theatre, New York, September 1, 1903. Cast:

Maggie May, Madge Crichton, Delia Mason, Maud Hobson, Vera Edwardine, Eva Kelly, Kathleen Warren, Barbara Huntley, Vera Vallis, Marie West, Pollie Emery, G. P. Huntley, J. Edward Fraser, R. St. George, George Carroll, Maurice Farkoa, the Misses Kuzelle, Brooks, Watts, Tunison, Maurice, Robinson, Daincourt, Thorne, Callan, Gordon, Wright, Sanford, Lucie and the Messrs. Armstrong, Lipson, Finley, Alston, Ozab, Weaver, Cutter and Featherstone.

Moved to the Garden Theatre, New York, November 16, 1903.

Arrah-Na-Pogue (65 perf.)—Play in four acts by Dion Boucicault. Revived by Rich and Harris at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, September 7, 1903. Cast:

Andrew Mack (Shaun), Edith Barker (Arrah Meelish), Thomas McGrane, John S. Robertson, Daniel Giffether, Luke Martin, Thomas E. Jackson, John Birch, John Napier, Edward Aiken, Frank M. Kendrick, O. Mann, G. L. Baker, Thomas Paulton, S. Anderson, N. Mackey, Joseph French, V. Hathaway, M. Reddy, Anne Leonard, Maggie Fielding, Lizzie Sanger, Emma Scully, Anna Wilson, Beatrice Harris, Alice Stuart, Anna Turner, Marie Napier and Jean Channy. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

The first New York production of "Arrah-Na-Pogue" was at Niblo's Gardens, July 12, 1865. T. H. Glenney played Shaun and Josephine Orton was Arrah Meelish.

Mrs. Deering's Divorce (28 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Percy Fendall. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 7, 1903. Cast:

Mrs. Langtry, Paul Arthur, H. Marsh Allen, Stephen B. French, Percy F. Ames, John Doubleday, Harold Mead, Phil G. Carlton, Harold B. Wolff, Katherine Stewart, Ina Goldsmith, Lena Halliday, Helen Amory, Nellie Malcolm, Emily James, Leila Repton and Eunice Wilson.

The Rogers Brothers in London (64 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by John J. McNally. Lyrics by George V. Hobart and Ed Gardenier. Music by Max Hoffman and Melville Ellis. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 7, 1903. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, Joseph Coyne, Lee Harrison, Lillian Coleman, Carrie Reynolds, M. Melville Ellis, George Austin Moore, William J. Cale, Neva Aymar, Sue Stuart, Frances Tyson, Minerva Courtney, Julia Eastman, May B. Wood, James Cherry, Harry Brown, William Torpey, J. S. Thompson, Ole Norman, Nellie Uart, Florence Carrette, Jean Baxter, Vinnette Bradcome, Frances Bradford, Helen Barrett,

Isabelle Scott, Davida Hawthorne, Lillie Hart, Frances Folsom, Abby Hyatt, Pauline Montreau, Bessie Leyland, Estelle Wilmott and Josephine Clairmont. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn.

Peggy from Paris (85 perf.)—Musical comedy in a prologue and two acts by George Ade. Music by William Lorraine. Produced by Henry W. Savage at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 10, 1903. Cast:

George Richards, Goodwal Dickerman, Dan Baker, E. H. O'Connor, Guelma L. Baker, Esta Reed, Harry Benham, Olivette Haynes, Paul Nicholson, George A. Beane, John P. Park, Arthur Deagon, George F. Bennett, Georgia Caine, Josie Sadler, Alice Hageman, Helen Hale, Blanche Gilson, the Misses Rice, Aldrich, Harlow, Gardner, Mack, Lilja, Earl, Dean, Arnold, Anderson, Willard, Lee, Henderson, Alton, Hill, Olivette, Rae, Marik, Dalghren, Norman, Francis and Collette, the Messrs. Davis, Benham, Chadwick, Moore, Wells, Hull, Carlson, Randall, Carshone, Hollenbeck and Minor. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burridge and Edward La Moss.

Captain Dieppe (60 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhodes. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, September 14, 1903. Cast:

John Drew, George Howard, Charles Lane, Louis Baker, Sydney Herbert, O. Kane Hollis, Robert Schable, Ernest Glendinning, Margaret Dale, Ethel Hornick, Alison Skipworth and Constance Bell. Staged by Joseph Humphreys. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

Moved to the Empire Theatre, New York, October 13, 1903.

Drink (40 perf.)—Play in five acts adapted by Charles Reade from Busnach and Gastineau's version of Emile Zola's "L'Assommoir." Produced by Rich and Harris at the Academy of Music, New York, September 14, 1903. Cast:

Charles Warner (Coupeau), Lucy Wilson Bailey (Gervaise), Zelina Harrington (Virginie), Gordon Bailey, Herbert Bunston, Clement R. Kirby, Alfred Phillips, Robert C. Turner, James W. Mullin, Charles Walters, E. Contree, Harry Sefton, Henry Martin, Vivian Martin, Jennie Reiffarth, Jennie Buckley, Edith Bowan, Janette Martin and Kate Lester.

"Assommoir," a dramatization by Mrs. Olive Logan Sykes of "L'Assommoir" was first produced in New York by Augustin Daly at the Olympic Theatre, April 30, 1879. Coupeau was played by Harry Meredith, Gervaise by Maude Granger and Virginie by Emily Rigl. Miss Rigl retired after the first week because of illness and her role was assumed by Ada Rehan who had been playing the minor part of Clemence. This was Ada Rehan's debut under the Daly management.

The Jersey Lily (24 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Reginald De Koven, William Jerome and Jean Schwartz. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Victoria Theatre, New York, September 14, 1903. Cast:

Blanche Ring, Maude Raymond, Rose Beaumont, Aida Hemmi, Reine Davies, Mignon Hardt, Harriet Burt, Bessie Evelyn Gibson, Billy B. Van, D. L. Don, Louis Harrison, Billee Taylor, Joe Kane, William Cameron, Jehan Bedini, Wilfred Gerdes, Arthur Arthur, George Ali, Joseph Chaillee, James Furey, Charles Wentz, Wheeler Earl,

Cecil Summers, Milo Joyce and the Misses St. Clair, Broske, Clayton, Adams, Cobb, Devere, Hunter and Ellwood.

Ulysses (65 perf.)—Play in four acts by Stephen Phillips. Produced by Charles Frohman, by arrangement with H. Beerbohm Tree, at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 14, 1903. Cast:

Tyrone Power, Edgar Selwyn, Ralph Delmore, H. Ogden Crane, William F. Owens, Harry Luckstone, Fuller Mellish, Lou Vizard, Louis Egan, H. F. Koser, Wayne Gray, Electra Rule, Elizabeth Churchill, Rose Coghlan, William G. Balfour, Bertram A. Marbugh, Orme Caldara, Adelaide Prince, Francis Drake, Leonore Harris, Olive Oliver, Charles Dana, Harvey Benson, James Dalton, Eva Davis and Katherine Goodwin. Staged by Joseph Humphreys.

Under Cover (90 perf.)—Play in three acts by Edward Harrigan. Produced at the Murray Hill Theatre, New York, September 14, 1903. Cast:

Edward Harrigan, Annie Yeamans, Jennie Yeamans, Jane Elton, Ida Braham, Alice Wild, Joseph Davis, Arthur O'Keefe, James McCullough, Maurice Drew, George Merritt, Lillie Eldridge, Addie Gibbons, Dan Collyer, Joseph Sparks, Dave McCall, George L. Stout, Harry Fisher, Maude Knowlton, F. Ryan, Will Berkes, Fred Johnson, Jay Wilson, Adelaide Manola, G. L. Pierce, Burt G. Clark, Elizabeth King, James Fitzgerald, Will H. Bray, James F. Corbley, George Lambert, F. Bond Burke, W. Watson, Louie Eild, Georgie Snyder, Jennie Stewart, Margaret Manning and W. Pendor.

The Man from Blankley's (79 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by F. Anstey. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, September 16, 1903. Cast:

Charles Hawtree, Fred Thorne, Henry Kemble, E. A. Plympton, Holman Clark, Henry Stephenson, Herbert Ross, Arthur Playfair, Fanny Brough, Maude Shelton, Adie Burt, Lydia Rachel, Mabel Henry, Vere Gerald, Beatrice Terry, Alice De Winton, Faith Reynolds and Ethel Hollingshead.

Whoop-Dee-Do (151 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith. Music by W. T. Francis. Produced by Weber and Fields at Weber and Fields' Music Hall, New York, September 24, 1903. Cast:

Joseph Weber, Lew Fields, Peter F. Dailey, Louis Mann, John T. Kelly, Carter De Haven, Willie Archie, Charles Halton, Lillian Russell, Evie Stetson, Lizzie McCoy, Nellie McCoy, Helen du Heron, Eva Allen, Jane Mandeville, Maud Morris, Marie Christie, Bena Hoffman, Vera Morris, Maude LeRoy, Ethel Kelly, Dorothy Watson, Mildred Meade, Mae Sherwood, Ilma Pratt, Ruth Pierce, Loretta McDonald, May Chapin, Gertie Moyer, Winnie Seigrist, Carrie Bowman, Agnes Lynn, Ollie Hatfield, Rose Malvene, Freda Linyard, Mattie Chapin, Helen Brooks, Mabel Lynn, Madeline Somers, Daisy Thompson, Minnie Britton, Helga Howard, Libbie Diamond, Angie Weimars, Edna Chase, V. Dolaro, Jessie Richmond, Hattie Forsythe, Mollie Hoffman, Minnie Whitmore, Irla LaBaara, Sophie Jordon, Marion Alexander, Florence Averill, Myrtle Arlington, Myrtle King, Roger D. Coverly, John H. Davis, Herman Owens, John Devins, Al Lewis, Emily Francis and Eva Allen. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by John H. Young.

During the run the following burlesques were introduced: "Looney Park," "Waffles" and "Catherine."

This play reopened at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York May 16, 1904, for an additional 14 performances.

Checkers (48 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henry M. Blossom, Jr. Produced by Kirke La Shelle at the American Theatre, New York, September 28, 1903. Cast:

Thomas W. Ross, Dave Braham, Jr., W. T. Clark, Harry Gibbs, Wallace Worsley, Frank Monroe, Claude H. Cooper, Giles R. Warren, Richard Lee, Ernest J. Mack, A. J. Edwards, Arthur W. Owen, Vincent Carroll, Charles Willard, James McKean, Harry B. Hall, James C. Shannon, Katharine Mulkins, Anna Stanton, May Vokes, Marie Taylor, Margaret Smith, Teresa Toube, Claire Armstrong and Maud Moffat. Staged by John Stapleton. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

Reopened at the Academy of Music, New York, January 25, 1904, for 32 performances and at the same theatre August 2, 1904, for 14 performances.

"Honey Girl" a musical version of "Checkers" was produced at the Cohan and Harris Theatre, New York, May 3, 1920. See "Best Plays of 1919-1920," page 448.

Her Own Way (107 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Garrick Theatre, New York, September 28, 1903. Cast:

Georgiana Carley.....	Maxine Elliott	Mrs. Carley.....	Eva Vincent
Mrs. Steven Carley.....	Nellie Thorne	Christopher.....	Beryl Morse
"Toots".....	Mollie King	Elaine.....	Marie Hirsch
Bella Schindle.....	Georgie Lawrence	Lizzie.....	Susanne Perry
Lt. Richard Coleman.....	Charles Cherry	Sam Coast.....	Arthur Byron
Steven Carley.....	R. C. Herz	Footman.....	B. M. Parmenter
Moles.....	Franklyn Hurleigh	Philip.....	Master Donald Gallaher

Staged by Clyde Fitch.

Moved to the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, November 16, 1903.

Moved to the Savoy Theatre, New York, November 30, 1903.

The Fisher Maiden (32 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Arthur Lamb. Music by Harry Von Tilzer. Produced at the Victoria Theatre, New York, October 5, 1903. Cast:

Robert Lett, Al Shean, Charles Warren, Harry Short, Tom Collins, J. Francis Sullivan, George Tenney, George J. MacFarlane, Al H. Weston, Frank Smiley, Sydney A. Harris, James Wallace, Edna Bronson, Bessie Tannehill, Rose La Harte, Elaine Selover, Dorothy Jordon and Frances Cameron.

Hearts Courageous (24 perf.)—Dramatization in four acts of Hallie Erminie Rives' novel by Franklin Fyles and Ramsey Morris. Produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 5, 1903. Cast:

Orrin Johnson, Theodore Hamilton, William S. Hart, Charles R. Gilbert, John T. Sullivan, Daniel Jarrett, Frank M. Stammers, Carey Livingstone, Thomas H. Ince, John C. Fenton, Hector Dion, Edward S. Tilden, Charles M. Staley, James J. Farnsworth, Louis Bishop Hall, James Cody, George S. Fisher, Jr., Bennett Phelan, William Franze, Maude Fealy, Eleanor Carey, Agnes Palmer, Maud Monroe, Lillian Thatcher and Pearl M. Butterfield. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

Hedda Gabler (8 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henrik Ibsen. Revived by Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, October 5, 1903. Cast:

Mrs. Elvsted.....	Carlotta Nillson	Judge Brack.....	Henry J. Carwill
Eilert Lovberg.....	Hobart Bosworth	George Tesman.....	William B. Mack
Juliana Tesman.....	Mary Maddern	Berta.....	Belle Bohn
Hedda Gabler.....		Mrs. Fiske	

This was Mrs. Fiske's first appearance in New York as Hedda.

Revived for 24 performances by Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, November 19, 1904. Cast:

Mrs. Elvsted.....	Laura McGilvray	Judge Brack.....	George Arliss
Eilert Lovberg.....	John Mason	George Tesman.....	William B. Mack
Juliana Tesman.....	Mary Maddern	Berta.....	Emily Stevens
	Hedda Gabler.....		Mrs. Fiske

Revived for 4 performances by John B. Schoeffel at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 24, 1904. Cast:

Mrs. Elvsted.....	Gertrude Binley	Judge Brack.....	Charles Dalton
Eilert Lovberg.....	Charles Millward	George Tesman.....	Louis Massen
Juliana Tesman.....	Clara Thompson	Berta.....	Ricca Allen
	Hedda Gabler.....		Nance O'Neill

Staged by McKee Rankin.

This was Miss O'Neill's first appearance in New York as Hedda.

Revived for 40 performances, playing matinees only, four each week, by Henry Miller at the Princess Theatre, New York, November 13, 1906. Cast:

Mrs. Elvsted.....	Laura Hope Crews	Judge Brack.....	Dodson Mitchell
Eilert Lovberg.....	John Blair	George Tesman.....	John Findlay
Juliana Tesman.....	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen	Berta.....	Mrs. Jacques Martin
	Hedda Gabler.....		Alla Nazimova

This was Madame Nazimova's debut on the English-speaking stage.

Revived for 32 performances by Henry Miller at the Bijou Theatre, New York, March 11, 1907. Cast:

Mrs. Elvsted.....	Florence Kahn	Judge Brack.....	Guy Standing
Eilert Lovberg.....	John Blair	George Tesman.....	William B. Mack
Juliana Tesman.....	Mrs. Jacques Martin	Berta.....	Gertrude Norman
	Hedda Gabler.....		Alla Nazimova

The first New York production of "Hedda Gabler" was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, March 30, 1898. Elizabeth Robins was the Hedda.

The Spenders (41 perf.)—Play in four acts adapted by Edward E. Rose from H. L. Wilson's novel. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, October 5, 1903. Cast:

William H. Crane, George S. Spencer, John Flood, George Devere, Percy Brooke, Charles Crawford, Freeman Barnes, William Wray, Gabrielle Ravenelle, Lucille Flaven, Marion Pollock Johnson, Lida MacMillan, Anne Caverley, Marie Bingham, Mrs. I. Darling and Rachel Stirling.

Are You My Father? (11 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Ernest Lacy. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 8, 1903. Cast:

William Collier, Charles Swain, Herbert Ayling, Laura Palmer, Wallace McCutcheon, George Nash, Louise Allen, Hugo Toland, John Saville, Brigham Royce, Leo Hawley, Marion Abbott, Jane Dara and Redmond St. Croy.

Old Heidelberg (32 perf.)—Play in five acts. A version of Wilhelm Meyer-Foerster's "Alt Heidelberg." Produced by Richard Mansfield at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 12, 1903. Cast:

Richard Mansfield, A. E. Greenaway, Henry Wenman, William J. Sorelle, Ernest C. Warde, A. G. Andrews, H. S. Hadfield, Leslie Kenyon, Francis McGinn, H. Coleman, Edward Fitzgerald, W. J. Constantine, Annie Woods, Vivian Bernard, Grace Elliston, H. Neuman, Clement Toole, F. W. Thompson, Wendell Thompson, Charles Quinn, J. Hafey, P. A. McCarthy, Henri Laurent, A. McHugh, M. C. Tilden, Charles Caroly, the Messrs. Hevia, Brunswick, Sachs, Faust, Newton, Patron, Pindar, Deery, Delmar, Walter, Rensaeler, Gross, Osborne, Scarce, Osborn, Harmon, Lieblee, Silverman, Conway, Foster, Berkess, Hadfield, MacDonald, Parry, Miller, Bradford, Dimond, O'Brien, Le Voiser, Waterbury, Clinton, Paterson, Stevens, MacCallam, Primrose, Hope, Jones, Taylor, Chase, Whitehouse, Wagner, Bordley, Prescott, Marsile, Thackera, Vest, Carroll, Brosseau, Myers, Casey, Steiner, Koch, Harvey, Eckelhardt, Gordon and Lyman.

This play was the initial attraction at the Lyric Theatre.

The Proud Prince (35 perf.)—Play in four acts by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, October 12, 1903. Cast:

E. H. Sothern, L. Rogers Lytton, John Findlay, Rowland Buckstone, Malcolm Bradley, Percival T. Moore, William Harris, Willard Hutchinson, Pedro De Cordoba, Russell Burton, Sydney C. Mather, Cecilia Loftus, Mary Hall, Ethel Howard, Estelle Webster, Florence Worden, Lulu Vollmann, Maude Mills, Jane Evans, Estelle Loomis, Alice Hoover, Jennie Laurel, Jessie Ray, J. J. Fennessy, Robert G. Stowe, Charles Redmond, Charles Bell, the Misses Du Puy, Rooney and Tinney. Staged by E. H. Sothern.

Moved to the New Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 2, 1903, being the initial attraction at that theatre.

Babes in Toyland (192 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in three acts. Libretto by Glen MacDonough. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Fred R. Hamlin and Julian Mitchell at the Majestic Theatre, New York, October 13, 1903. Cast:

William Norris, Mabel Barrison, George W. Denham, Hattie Delaro, Amy Ricard, Bessie Wynn, Nellie Daly, Nella Webb, Susie Kelleher, Mary Welsh, Elizabeth Roth; Irene Cromwell, Virginia Foltz, Grace Field, Bertha Kriehoff, Doris Mitchell, Mae Naudain, Stella Beardsley, Myrtle McGrain, Frank Hayes, Charles Barry, Hulda Halvers, Minnie Murray, Francis Marie, Dore Davidson, Charles Guyer, Gus Pixley, Mabel Freyner, Margaret Sutherland, Walter Schrode, Georgia Baron, Katherine Howland, Albertina Benson, and Robert Burns. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young and Homer Emens.

This play returned to the Majestic Theatre, New York, January 5, 1905, for a period of two weeks at which time the cast included:

Ignacio Martinetti, Mabel Barrison, John F. Ward, Arline Boley, Bessie Wynn, May De Souza, Nellie O'Neil, Katherine Murray, Katherine Bell, Mary Welsh, Irene Cromwell, Virginia Foltz, Bertha Kriehoff, Ida Doerge, Elsie Mertens, Jean Carnegie, George A. Stone, William D. Gaston, Helen Hilton, Joseph Green, Charles Guyer, Gus Pixley, Walter Schrode, Maud De Rigney, Mary Allen, Vincie Twohey, Lillie Stevens, Minnie Murray and Robert Burns.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1929-1930," page 466, and "Best Plays of 1930-1931," page 467.

Marta of the Lowlands (23 perf.)—Drama in three acts by Angel Guimera, translated by Wallace Gillpatrick and Guido Marburg. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, October 13, 1903. Cast:

Corona Riccardo (Marta), Hobart Bosworth (Manelich), Hardee Kirkland, James Donnelly, Alexander Vincent, Harry Gwynette, James Battin, Ashley Miller, Monroe Salisbury, Harold Hendee, Ethel Browning, Mercedes Bishop, Emily Wakeman, Dolores Tavera, Marjory Race, Caroline Newcombe and Marie Le Barre. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske.

Mr. Fiske revived this play for 13 performances at the Garden Theatre, New York, beginning March 24, 1908. Cast:

Bertha Kalich (Marta), Henry Kolker (Manelich), Hardee Kirkland, William Tooker, Robert McWade, Robert Ferguson, Henry Hanscombe, Charles T. Terry, Bertram Grassby, Arturo Santos, Ethel Browning, Mary Hughes, Genevieve Blinn, Senorita Aurora, the Misses McElroy, Rodriguez, Navarro, Bonna, Kramer, Hammond and Bennet and the Messrs. Van Valor, Dolliver, Fernandez, Navarro, Fisher, Gonzalez and Periez. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Best of Friends (65 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Cecil Raleigh. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Academy of Music, New York, October 19, 1903. Cast:

Frank Burbeck, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Ray Rockman, Rose Lemoire, Eugene Santley, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett, Herbert Standing, Thomas McGrath, Louis Le Bay, Tully Marshall, Madeleine Rivers, Geoffrey Stein, Ralph Delmore, Prince Miller, Katherine Grey, Agnes Booth, Thomas Griffin, Willis Linderman, Albert Cowles, Stanley Jessup, John B. Cook, Douglas Stanfield, Josephine May Mack, Marion Childers, May Davenport Seymour, Edwin Hale, John C. Tremaine, O. B. Davis, Thomas Grant, Stewart Thomas, Davis Barnes, Thomas Daly, Harry Elton, Frank Murray and Thomas Felton. Staged by Joseph Humphreys.

Cousin Kate (44 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, October 19, 1903. Cast:

Kate Curtis.....	Ethel Barrymore	Heath Desmond.....	Bruce McRae
Mrs. Spencer.....	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen	Amy Spencer.....	Beatrice Agnew
Rev. James Bartlett.....	Grant Stewart	Jane.....	Anita Rothe
	Bobby Spencer.....	Edgar M. Rappaport	

Reopened at the Hudson Theatre, New York, April 4, 1904, for 16 additional performances at which time Harold Grau replaced Edgar M. Rappaport.

Charles Frohman revived "Cousin Kate" at the Empire Theatre, New York, May 6, 1907 for 16 performances. Cast:

Kate Curtis.....	Ethel Barrymore	Heath Desmond.....	Bruce McRae
Mrs. Spencer.....	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen	Amy Spencer.....	Mary Nash
Rev. James Bartlett.....	Grant Stewart	Jane.....	Anita Rothe
	Bobby Spencer.....	George Swift	

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 465.

Erminie (42 perf.)—Operetta in three acts. Libretto by Harry Paulton. Music by Ed Jacobowski. Revived by Nixon and Zimmerman at the Casino Theatre, New York, October 19, 1903. Cast:

Francis Wilson (Cadeaux), William Broderick (Ravennes), Jessie Bartlett Davis (Capt. Delauney), Marguerite Sylva (Erminie), Madge Lessing (Javotte), Jennie Weathersby (Princess de Grampeneur), Sig. Perugini, William Laverty, Patrick Wallace, J. C. Jackson, Charles Arling, George Dunham, Laura Butler, Lucille Egan, William C. Weedon and Robert Broderick.

The first New York production of "Erminie" was at the Casino Theatre, May 10, 1886. Cadeaux was played by Francis Wilson, Ravennes by W. S. Daboll, Capt. Delauney by Rose Beudet, Erminie by Pauline Hall, Javotte by Agnes Folsom and Princess de Grampeneur by Jennie Weathersby.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1920-1921," page 418.

Dante (14 perf.)—Play by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau, translated by Laurence Irving. Produced by Henry Irving at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 26, 1903. Cast:

Henry Irving, Laurence Irving, William Mollison, Gerald Lawrence, H. B. Stanford, James Hearn, Vincent Sternroyd, W. J. Yeldham, Walter Reynolds, Charles Dodsworth, Frank Tyars, William Lugg, William Farren, Jr., Leslie Parker, John Archer, W. L. Albett, F. D. Daviss, H. Porter, G. Graystone, T. Reynolds, A. Fisher, R. Brennan, Mabel Hackney, Nora Lancaster, Miss Wallis, Beatrice Bra-mah, Laura Burt, Mary Foster, Miss Gracia, Evelyn McNay, Miss K. Brandon, Marie Byron, Miss E. Lockett, Miss G. F. Davis, Beatrice Coleman, Dorothy Rowe, May Holland, Emiline Carder, Grace Hampton, Mabel Rees, E. F. Davis, Mab Paul, J. Welton, H. R. Cook, W. Marion, A. Clements, G. Englethorpe and J. Middleton.

During the week of November 9, 1903, Mr. Irving appeared in a repertory of:

“Waterloo” by Arthur Conan Doyle; “The Bells” adapted by Leopold Lewis from “The Polish Jew” by Erchmann-Chatrion; “Louis XI” by H. R. Maxwell and “The Merchant of Venice” by William Shakespeare.

Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman (168 perf.)—Comedy-drama in four acts by E. W. Hornung and Eugene Presbrey taken from Mr. Hornung’s sketches. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Princess Theatre, New York, October 27, 1903. Cast:

A. J. Raffles.....	Kyrle Bellew	Captain Bedford.....	E. M. Holland
Lord Amersteth.....	Frank Roberts	Lord Crowley.....	Frank Connor
Crawshay.....	Frank McCormack	Merton.....	A. W. Grass
Barracrough.....	Ernest Williams	Golby.....	Alfred James
Lady Melrose.....	Hattie Russell	Mrs. Vidal.....	Ethel Matthews
Lady Ethel.....	Lucy Milner	Marie.....	Mignon Beranger
Gwendolyn Conron.....	Clara Blandick	Harry Manders “Bunny”.....	Stanton Elliot

Staged by Eugene Presbrey.

Moved to the Savoy Theatre, New York, February 15, 1903.

For revival see “Best Plays of 1909-1919,” page 429.

For two weeks beginning December 21, 1903, the above play was preceded by:

The Sacrament of Judas—Play in one act by Louis Tiercelin. Cast:

Jacques Bernez.....	Kyrle Bellew	Count of Kervern.....	Frank Connor
Chapin.....	Frank McCormack	Jean Gillou.....	Frank Roberts
	Jeffik Gillou.....		Clara Blandick

The Girl from Kay’s (205 perf.)—Musical play in three acts by Owen Hall. Music by Ivan Caryll. Additional songs by Clare Kummer and Maurice J. Stonehill. Produced by Charles Frohman and George Edwardes at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, November 2, 1903: Cast:

Sam Bernard, Harry Davenport, Ernest Lambart, George R. Sprague, Homer Granville, Winchel Smith, Maurice Lavigne, Emil Heusel, Paul Decker, Hattie Williams, Grace Freeman, Grace Dudley, Maude Granger, Marie Doro, Leonore Harris, Elsie Ferguson, Sadie Peters, Vera Cameron, Elsie Barney, Margaret Malcolm, Teddie Du Coe, Olive Ullrich, Lillian Seville, Belva Don Kersley, Mabel Clarke, Blanche Wood and May Harding.

During the run Mary Nash replaced Marie Doro. This was Miss Nash's first appearance on the stage.

This play closed May 28, 1904, reopening August 18, 1904, at the same theatre for an additional 18 performances.

John Ermine of the Yellowstone (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Louis Evan Shipman suggested by Frederic Remington's "Sketches of Frontier Life." Produced by James K. Hackett at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, November 2, 1903. Cast:

James K. Hackett, Carl Ahrendt, Albert Perry, Theodore Roberts, James Seeley, William Harcourt, E. L. Duane, Ann Warrington and Charlotte Walker. "The Sun Picture" composed especially for this production by Arthur Weld.

A Midsummer Night's Dream (24 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by William Shakespeare. Revived by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, November 2, 1903. Cast:

Oberon.....	Margaret Crawford	First Fairy.....	Thelma Fair
Titania.....	Kathryn Hutchinson	Second Fairy.....	Mayme Kelso
Mustardseed.....	A. Heerman	Third Fairy.....	Etta Weir
Cobweb.....	I. Kaufman	Moth.....	T. Heerman
Peaseblossom.....	R. Kaufman	Puck.....	Lillian Swain
Hippolyta.....	Helene Lackaye	Helena.....	Ida Conquest
Hermia.....	Florence Rockwell	Theseus.....	Boyd Putnam
Egeus.....	Neil O'Brien	Demetrius.....	William Farnum
Lysander.....	White Whittelsey	Philostrate.....	Gilbert Douglas
Quince.....	Edmund D. Lyons	Snug.....	Arthur Barry
Flute.....	Etienne Girardot	Snout.....	William Sampson
Starveling.....	F. Bayly	Bottom.....	Nat C. Goodwin

Staged by Herbert Gresham and Edmund D. Lyons. Mendelssohn's music arranged by Victor Herbert.

This play was the initial attraction at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Revived by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Astor Theatre, New York, September 21, 1906, for 34 performances. Cast:

Oberon.....	James Young	First Fairy.....	Belle Fairchild
Titania.....	Ina Brooks	Second Fairy.....	Jennie Urwin
Mustardseed.....	William Brown	Third Fairy.....	Elizabeth Doddridge
Cobweb.....	Leon Straus	Moth.....	Vinnie Burns
Peaseblossom.....	Bessie Shrednecky	Puck.....	Annie Russell
Hippolyta.....		Helena.....	Lansing Rowan
Hermia.....	Catherine Proctor	Theseus.....	Edwin Mordaunt
Egeus.....	Atkins Lawrence	Demetrius.....	Lionel Adams
Lysander.....	Oswald Yorke	Philostrate.....	Edward Longman
Quince.....	Thomas Coffin Cooke	Snug.....	William H. Gilmore
Flute.....	Richard Lee	Snout.....	Wilmer Dame
Starveling.....	Hubert Osborne	Bottom.....	John Bunny

This was the initial attraction at the Astor Theatre.

The first New York production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was at the Park Theatre, November 9, 1826.

For other revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 410 and 546.

The Office Boy (66 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Libretto by Harry B. Smith from the French of Maurice Ordonneau and Paul Gavault. Music by Ludwig Engländer. Produced by

Charles B. Dillingham at the Victoria Theatre, New York, November 2, 1903. Cast:

Frank Daniels, Alfred Hickman, Sydney Toler, Gilbert Clayton, James C. Reany, David Bennett, Laurence Wheat, W. C. Kelly, Leavitt James, Louise Gunning, Eva Tanguay, Violet Halls, Marion Harte, Ida Gabrielle, May Sheridan, Maude Welsh, Gwendolyn Valentine, Gertrude Doremus, Frank Conway and J. Lafayette.

A Clean Slate (31 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by R. C. Carton. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, November 3, 1903. Cast:

Jessie Millward, J. H. Gilmour, George Bellamy, George Honey, Alfred Fisher, J. Carrington Yates, J. C. Carlyle, Verner Clarges, Herbert Budd, Helen Tracy, Laura Lemmers, Alice Leigh and Drina de Wolfe.

The Light That Failed (32 perf.)—Play in a prologue and three acts adapted by George Fleming from Rudyard Kipling's novel. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, November 9, 1903. Cast:

Dick Helder.....	Forbes Robertson	Maisie.....	Gertrude Elliott
Torpenhow.....	C. Aubrey Smith	The Nilghai.....	George Sumner
Cassavetti.....	Guy Lane	Mackenzie.....	C. Kinnaird
Vickery.....	Leon Quartermaine	Deenes.....	Frank Bickley
Vincent.....	Herbert Beaumont	Raynor.....	Arthur Harrold
Beeton.....	Ernest Cosham	A Young Man.....	Leonard Howe
Bessie Broke.....	Auriol Lee	Mrs. Haynes.....	Minnie Griffin
A French Bonne.....	Josephine Harker	A Model.....	Georgette Serville
	The Red-Haired Girl.....	Ruth Berkeley	

Prologue staged by Frank Villiers. Settings by J. Harker, W. T. Hemsley and W. Hann.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 510.

Red Feather (60 perf.)—Operetta in two acts. Book by Charles Klein. Lyrics by Charles Emerson Cook. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Lyric Theatre, New York, November 9, 1903. Cast:

Grace Van Studdiford, Mlle. Elise De Vere, Olive Celeste Moore, Lillian Sefton, Margaret Hubbard Ayer, Floye Redledge, Louise Hollister, Dean B. Dulany, Cora Tracey, Daisy R. Fuguet, Mona Desmond, Mina Rudolph, Grace Kimball, Dorothy Maynard, George L. Tallman, Stanley Hawkins, Thomas O. Seabrooke, Louis Casavant, F. Stuart Hyatt, Benjamin McGahen, Thomas E. Whitbread, Myron P. Davis, William J. Sullivan, Philip Connor, J. Frank Gibbons, Fred J. Titus, Charles Fitz and the Messrs. Brown and Speck. Staged by Joseph W. Herbert and Max Figman.

The Pretty Sister of Jose (58 perf.)—Play in four acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, November 10, 1903. Cast:

Maude Adams, Henry Ainley, G. Harrison Hunter, Edgar Selwyn, Joseph Francoeur, Francis Byrne, George Irving, Charles Pitt, Richard Pitman, Joseph Kauffman, Harry Luckstone, Sandol Milliken, Mrs. W. G. Jones, May Galyer and Florence Gelbart. Staged by William Seymour.

Major André (12 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Frank McKee at the Savoy Theatre, New York, November 11, 1903. Cast:

Arthur Byron, Arnold Daly, Frederick Lane, Ernest Lawford, Dodson Mitchell, Guy Bates Post, Wallace Edginger, George S. Probert, Thomas Meighan, Frank J. McIntyre, Edward See, Allan Kinsberry, Adam Fox, James Ralls, Chrystal Herne,

Angela Keir, Marian Gardiner, Mrs. Sol Smith and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen. Staged by the author.

Babette (59 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Libretto by Harry B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Charles B. Dillingham at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 16, 1903. Cast:

Fritzi Scheff, Eugene Cowles, Richie Ling, Edward J. Connelly, Ida Hawley, Louis Harrison, Josephine Bartlett, Erroll Dunbar, Madison Smith, William Sissons, Alfred S. Ely, Frank Boyle, Rosa Earle, Edna Luby, Adele Nott, J. T. Chaille, Charles Emerson, Bertha Willoughby, May Seeley, Mildred Forest, Mary Smith, George Williamson, Arthur Blanchard, Henry Wilkinson, Georgia Campbell, Rita Dean, Helen Planchet, Althea Redmond, Gertrude Adams, James Beale, Emily Montague, Florence Belleville, Florence Campbell, Lotta Waymire, Nellie Parks, Emma King, Ada Meade, Margaret Berrien, Bessie Penn, Dorothy Palmer, Grace Spencer, Olive Cox, Barbara Farres, Ada Pratt, Edith Warner, Julie Cotte, Florence Wilson, Bertha Holly, Clara Freedel, Maude Harlow, Teckla Morton, Margaret Harding, Grace Emmons, May Lannig, Belle Chamberlain, Agnes Williamson, Bernard Milton, Robert Hunt, Robert Hayes, Arthur Widdowson, Ralph P. Lancaster, Gus Smith, Nicholas Parker, H. Rosemire, Arthur M. Pergain, Radford D'Orsay, C. W. Emerson, E. J. Wunder, David Lieberman, Maurice Hoffman, Fred Vokes, George W. Smythe, James J. McClusky, Frank L. Thomas and A. Parker. Staged by Fred G. Latham and A. M. Holbrook. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

Lady Rose's Daughter (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Fleming dramatized from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 16, 1903. Cast:

Guy Standing, William Courtleigh, Arthur Elliot, James L. Carhart, W. H. Crompton, Herbert McKenzie, E. Y. Backus, Frank Brownlee, Fay Davis, Ida Vernon, Louise Drew, Elizabeth Stewart, Ida Waterman, Lotta Linthicum and Lillian Thurgate.

The Admirable Crichton (144 perf.)—Fantasy in four acts by James M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 17, 1903. Cast:

Mr. Crichton.....	William Gillette	Naval Officer.....	H. A. Morey
Hon. Ernest Woolley....	Carter Pickford	Tompsett.....	Frederick Morris
Rev. John Treherne.....	Harold Heaton	Lady Mary Lasenby.....	Sybil Carlisle
Lord Brocklehurst.....	Soldene Powell	Tweeny.....	Pattie Browne
Fisher.....	Sybil Campbell	Lady Catherine Lasenby...	Beatrice Irwin
The Earl of Loam.....	Henry Kemble	Lady Agatha Lasenby..	Rosalind Coghlan
	Countess of Brocklehurst....	Kate Meek	

Servants at the Earl of Loam's: Maud Giroux, Charles S. Marshall, Fred Courteney, Florence L. Busby, Evelyn Harris, Ernest Crawford, Archie Fahnestock, Frances Comstock, Florence Honey, Joseph F. Moreland, Ethel Bruce and Arthur Willmore

For revival see "Best Plays of 1930-1931," page 501.

A Japanese Nightingale (46 perf.)—Melodrama in four acts by William Young from a novel by Onoto Wotanna. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 19, 1903. Cast:

Orrin Johnson, Eugene Jepson, Fritz Williams, Frank Gillmore, Vincent Serrano, Robert McWade, Jr., Frederick Perry, Margaret Illington, Olive May, May Buckley, Miriam Hutchins and Fanny Marinoff.

Captain Barrington (51 perf.)—Play in four acts by Victor Mapes. Incidental music by Manuel Klein. Produced by Weber

and Fields at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, November 23, 1903. Cast:

Charles Richman, Joseph Kilgour, George W. Wilson, William Redmund, James H. Bradbury, G. E. Bryant, Albert Tavernier, George Osborne, Jr., Fred Williams, R. S. Hill, Frederick Spencer, Lynn Pratt, Frank Clark, George Sylvester, R. S. English, W. B. Barnes, H. B. James, Louis Hillyer, Henry Russell, Richard Bradley, Alexander Edwards, Thomas Vail, William Graham, Suzanne Sheldon, Helen MacGregor, Eugenie Hayden, Frances Ring and Mrs. Charles G. Craig. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by John H. Young.

Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Robert Neilson Stephens and E. Lyall Swete. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, November 23, 1903. Cast:

William Faversham, Percy Lyndall, Charles Harbury, Ira Hards, John Armstrong, Charles Avery, George Gaisford, Hilda Spong, Maud Hosford and Gordon Lee.

The County Chairman, Nov. 24, 1903. See page 140.

The Marriage of Kitty (51 perf.)—Play in three acts adapted from the French of Fred Gresac and F. de Croisset by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, November 30, 1903. Cast:

Marie Tempest, Leonard Boyne, Gilbert Hare, Ada Ferrar, Ernest Mainwaring, J. Lowther and Lillian Wheeler.

What's the Matter with Susan? (15 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Bijou Theatre, New York, December 1, 1903. Cast:

Alice Fisher, Edith Barker, Edward Dresser, George Fox, Myrtle Vinson, Edwin Holt, Charles Sturgis, Charles Bradshaw, John S. Robertson, Morgan Coman, Esther, Tittell, William Harcourt, Nellie King, Harry Wright and Charles Green.

Winsome Winnie (56 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Ed Jacobowski and Harry Paulton. American version, words and lyrics by Frederic Ranken. Music by Gustave Kerker. Produced by Sam S. Shubert and Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman at the Casino Theatre, New York, December 1, 1903. Cast:

Paula Edwardes, Dick Temple, William E. Philip, Jobyna Howland, W. P. Carleton, Helen Redmond, Isobel Hall, James E. Sullivan, Daisy Green, Mildred Kearney, Joseph C. Miron, William S. Corliss, Jennie Calducci, Stella Hamerstein, Edna Sidney, Clara Pitt, Mazie Follette, Julia Sanderson, Louise De Rigney, Mildred Thornwall, May Hopkins, Cecilia Rhode, Grace Spencer, Marjorie Walton, Edna Gatecher, Carla Byron, Laura Hyland, Dollie Bonner, Edith Sanders, Alice Coleman, Ita Kamph, Ruth Russell, Annie Cameron, Codelia L. Carron, Bessie Merrill, Carlotta Coleman, William Leonard, Helen Hahn, Martha Seborn Jones, Carlton Dudley, Alice Mark, Marcella Tasche, Olive Haskell, May Bonner and Louise Elliott.

Paula Edwardes' debut as a star.

Mother Goose (105 perf.)—Musical extravaganza by J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins. Adapted for the American stage by John J. McNally. Lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Frederic Solomon. Interpolated numbers by William Jerome & Jean Schwartz, George M. Cohan, Clifton Crawford, Billy Johnson, W. H. Penn, Healon & Helf and Glover & Woodward. Produced by

Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, December 2, 1903. Cast:

Joseph Cawthorn, Harry Bulger, W. H. Macart, Clifton Crawford, Pat Rooney, Leila McIntyre, Viola Gillette, Aimee Angeles, Edith St. Clair, Adele Archer, Marion Garson, Hattie Waters, George Clennett, Emma Francis, Edith Hutchins, Charles A. Fuller, Walter Stanton, Dawe & Seymour, Allan Ramsay and Harry Wigley. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn. Settings by R. Caney, R. C. McCleary, C. Formilli, Henry Emden and Bruce Smith. Ballets by Ernest D'Auban.

The Whitewashing of Julia (39 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, December 2, 1903. Cast:

Fay Davis, Guy Standing, W. H. Crompton, Edward Abeles, Herbert McKenzie, George Douglass, Frederick Raymond, Ida Vernon, Elizabeth Stewart, Louise Drew, Lillian Thurgate, Ida Waterman, Maggie Holloway Fischer, Doris Keane, Caroline Starbuck and Annie Lee Burson. Staged by Joseph Humphreys.

Doris Keane's New York debut.

Mam'selle Napoleon (43 perf.)—Musical play in three acts by Jean Richepin adapted by Joseph W. Herbert. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 8, 1903. Cast:

Anna Held, Frank Moulan, Arthur Lawrence, Joseph W. Herbert, Henry Bergman, Reginald Carrington, Frank Rushworth, Robert Hickman, Harry M. Blake, Richard Wallace, Franz Ebert, Fletcher Norton, Francklyn Wallace, Edward Gore, E. A. Tester, Alfred Pyke, Karl Becca, J. S. Northern, S. P. Pulen, J. S. Dunlevy, Howard Stevens, M. Sharpe, Mathilda Cottrelly, Billy Norton, Adelaide Orton, Edythe Moyer, Bessie McCoy, Nellie McCoy, Nina Randall, Edna Goodrich and Elsie Baird. Staged by Joseph W. Herbert. Settings by Ernest Albert.

Henry W. Savage secured an injunction against Frank Moulan forcing him to retire from the cast after the opening night. Dan McAvoy replaced him.

Candida (133 perf.)—Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Arnold Daly at the Princess Theatre, New York, December 9, 1903. Cast:

Eugene Marchbanks.....Arnold Daly	Candida.....Dorothy Donnelly
Mr. Burgess.....Herbert Carr	Rev. Morell.....Dodson Mitchell
Prosperine.....Louise Closser	Lexy Mill.....F. Newton-Lindo

Staged by Arnold Daly.

This was the first professional production of "Candida" in New York. It was a trial matinee. The play was so successful that additional matinees were given. Ernest Lawford replaced F. Newton-Lindo after the first performance. On January 4, 1904, the play moved to the Madison Square Theatre, New York, playing as a regular attraction. At this time Herbert Standing replaced Herbert Carr. On January 11, 1904, it moved to the Vaudeville Theatre, New York.

Beginning February 11, 1904, Arnold Daly added George Bernard Shaw's

The Man of Destiny (48 perf.)—Cast:

Napoleon Bonaparte.....	Arnold Daly	The Lieutenant.....	Ernest Lawford
The Innkeeper.....	Edward Morrison	The Lady.....	Dorothy Donnelly

This was the first professional production of the play in New York.

Sweet Kitty Bellairs (206 perf.)—Play in four acts by David Belasco founded on Agnes and Egerton Castle's book "The Bath Comedy." Produced by David Belasco by arrangement with Maurice Campbell at the Belasco Theatre, New York, December 9, 1903. Cast:

Henrietta Crossman, Mark Smith, Jr., Antoinette Walker, John E. Kellerd, Edwin Stevens, Frank H. Westerton, Charles Hammond, James Carew, Clyde Fogel, Addison Pitt, Shelly Hull, H. Rees Davies, R. Peyton Carter, J. Malcolm Dunn, Alfred Cahill, Douglas J. Wood, Emmet Lennon, Stanley Drewitt, Harold Watts, Howard Hull, S. K. Blair, William Whitney, Katherine Florence, Louise Moodie, Edith Crane, Genevieve Reynolds, Charlotte Nicoll Weston, Bernice Golden, Sybil Klein, Jane Cowl, Lydia Winters, Lillian Coffin, Estelle Coffin, Mignon Hardt, Mrs. Irvin Chapman, Gertrude Dorrance, Edith Rowand, Helen Hale, Edna Griffin and Sara Delaro. Staged by David Belasco.

This play closed June 4, 1904. It reopened at this same theatre September 3, 1904, for an additional 25 performances.

Jane Cowl's first appearance on the stage.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall (40 perf.)—Dramatization by Paul Kester of Charles Major's novel. Produced at the New York Theatre, New York, December 14, 1903. Cast:

Bertha Galland, Frank Losee, Sheridan Block, Kate Denin Wilson, Carl Anthony, William Lewers, George Le Soir, A. Law Gisiko, Allen Murnane, Charles Martin, Ferrers Knyvett, Harold Mitchell, May Robson, Isabel Richards, Mary Bacon and Emma Millard. Staged by R. A. Robert.

Moved to the Lyric Theatre, New York, January 4, 1904.

This play was revived for 16 performances at the Majestic Theatre, New York, beginning December 12, 1904. Cast:

Bertha Galland, Frank Losee, Orrin Johnson, Kate Denin Wilson, Carl Anthony, Edward Racey, Fred W. Peters, Edward S. Grant, L. T. MacDonald, L. M. Thorne, Ralph Edwood, Harry Mack, Helen Tracey, Helen Bell and Mary Faber.

The Girl from Dixie (26 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Harry B. Smith. Produced by Sam S. Shubert and the Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, December 14, 1903. Cast:

Irene Bentley, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Arnold Daly, Albert Hart, George A. Schiller, Charles H. Bowers, William H. Bentley, Charles K. French, Charles H. Sheffer, Albert J. Marshall, Vernon H. Lee, D. M. Lunsden, W. L. Hobart, Evelyn Nesbitt, Dorothy Doner, Rose Hart, Esther Lyons, Belle Desmond, Mabel Verne, Ade Verne, Olga May and Loraine Osborne.

Way Down East (48 perf.)—Play in four acts by Lottie Blair Parker, elaborated by Joseph R. Grismer. Revived by William A. Brady at the Academy of Music, New York, December 14, 1903. Cast:

Phoebe Davis (Anna Moore), Ulric B. Collins (David Bartlett), Robert A. Fischer, Sara Stevens, Marion L. Shirley, C. B. Craig, John E. Brennan, William T. Ellwanger,

Ella Hugh Wood, C. C. Blanchard, Harry Bender, J. H. Bunny, T. Vail Wood, Frank Symonds, Marie Laurent, Laura Edwards, Cora Campbell, Benjamin Ackerman, Frank Herbert, Fred Wallace and Louise Lehman.

The first New York production of "Way Down East" was at the Manhattan Theatre, February 7, 1898. Phoebe Davis was Anna Moore and Howard Kyle was David Bartlett. Ella Hugh Wood of the above cast was also in the original.

The play was again revived by Mr. Brady at the Academy of Music, New York, for 64 performances beginning August 21, 1905. Cast:

Phoebe Davis (Anna Moore), Ulric B. Collins (David Bartlett), Robert A. Fischer, Mary Davenport, Kate Beneteau, Frank Currier, John E. Brennan, W. T. Ellwanger, Ella Hugh Wood, Charles C. Blanchard, James T. Galloway, Frank Symonds, Adam Warmouth, John H. Miles, Estelle Ward, Jeane Millard, Cora Calkins, Emma Walcott, Joseph Keefe, John Smith, J. H. Stout and Laura Bennett.

Glad of It (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, December 28, 1903. Cast:

Millie James, Anita Rothe, Georgie Mendum, Adelaide Hendricks, Claire Winston, Zelta Sears, Fanny Addison Pitt, Emma Janvier, Alice Brittain, Rose Hubbard, Olive Spencer, Leonora Ruiz, Lucile Watson, Phyllis Rankin, Florida Pier, Rosa Marston, Karlene Carman, Gypsey Alcott, Rosa Cook, Josephine Mack, Hassard Short, Edward Abeles, Prince Miller, Gerald A. Kelley, Thomas Burns, Frank Brownlee, Grant Mitchell, Charles Wentz, Thomas Meighan, John Barrymore, Clifford Constable, E. H. Barlab, Robert Warwick, J. R. Cooley, William Palmer, Jim Wyke and Ed Collins.

Merely Mary Ann (148 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Garden Theatre, New York, December 28, 1903. Cast:

Mary Ann.....	Eleanor Robson	Lord Foxwell.....	Arthur Story
Mr. Peter.....	Frank Doane	Rosie.....	Laura Hope Crews
Rev. Samuel Smedge.....	William A. Hackett	Lady Chelmer.....	Ida Lewis
Jim Blaydes.....	Thomas Graham	Lady Glynn.....	Margaret Fuller
Mrs. Leadbatter.....	Ada Dwyer	Caroline, Countess of Foxwell	
Polly Trippit.....	Ethel Strickland		Kate Pattison-Selton
Kitty Trippit.....	Mabel Strickland	Lady Gladys Foxwell.....	Julia Dean
Lancelot.....	Edwin Arden	The Hon. Mrs. Fitzgeorge	
Herr Brahmson.....	Herbert Carr		Marguerite St. John
O'Gorman.....	Henry Robinson	Miss Rowena Fitzgeorge.....	Ethel Strickland

Staged by Charles Cartwright. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The song in the last act is an arrangement of Tennyson's "Maryana of the Moated Grange" set to music by Miss Cecile Hartog.

The song "Kiss Me Good-Night, Dear" is by Malcolm Williams. Moved to the Criterion Theatre, New York, February 15, 1904. Moved to the Garrick Theatre, New York, April 4, 1904.

In 1907, during the run of "Salomy Jane" at the Liberty Theatre, New York, Miss Robson revived "Merely Mary Ann" for the Wednesday matinees beginning February 27th, at which time it was cast:

Mary Ann.....	Eleanor Robson	Polly Trippit.....	Josephine Mack
Mr. Peter.....	Holbrook Blinn	Kitty Trippit.....	Edith Grey
Rev. Samuel Smedge.....	James Seeley	Lancelot.....	H. B. Warner
Jim Blaydes.....	Thomas Graham	Herr Brahmson.....	Reuben Fax
Mrs. Leadbatter.....	Ada Dwyer	O'Gorman.....	Stephen Wright

Lord Tottenham.....	Arthur Story	Lady Glynn.....	Mrs. Sam Sothern
Rosie.....	Louise Lovell	Caroline, Countess of Foxwell	
Lady Chelmer.....	Mrs. May Brooke		Hattie Russell
	Lady Gladys Tottenham..	Edith Strickland	

It will be noticed that Lord Foxwell and Lady Gladys Foxwell of the first cast have become Lord Tottenham and Lady Gladys Tottenham in this company. Also that the characters of the Hon. Mrs. Fitzgeorge and Miss Rowena Fitzgeorge are omitted from the second cast entirely.

The Other Girl (160 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 29, 1903. Cast:

Mr. Fulton.....	Frank Burbeck	James.....	R. R. Neill
Henry Waterman.....	Ralph Delmore	Mrs. Waterman.....	Selina Fetter Royle
Dr. Clifton Bradford.....	Frank Worthing	Ann.....	Maggie Fielding
Catherine Fulton.....	Drina De Wolfe	Mr. Taylor.....	Richard Bennett
Estelle Kitteridge.....	Elsie De Wolfe	Mr. Sheldon.....	Lionel Barrymore
Reginald Lumley.....	Joseph Wheelock, Jr.	Maggie.....	Ida Greely Smith
Myrtle Morrison.....	Lou Middleton	Judge Bates.....	Joseph Whiting

Moved to the Empire Theatre, New York, January 25, 1904.

Moved to the Lyceum Theatre, New York, May 2, 1904.

Gypsy (1 special matinee)—Play in four acts by Sydney Grundy. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, December 30, 1903. Cast:

Guy Standing, George R. Sprague, Edgar Seldon, George Irving, W. H. Crompton, Frederick Raymond, Ray Rockman, Fay Davis and Doris Keane.

Harriet's Honeymoon (24 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Frank McKee at the Garrick Theatre, New York, January 4, 1904. Cast:

Mary Mannerling, Arthur Byron, Henry Kolker, Hall McAllister, Thomas A. Wise, Jack Horwitz, Louis Massen, Edward See, Charles Haskins, H. Irwin, David Proctor, Adolph Jackson, Sydney Mansfield, Lillie Hall, Virginia Staunton, Kate Lester, Carolyn James, Frances Stevens and Louise Hollister. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

Lew Dockstader's Minstrels (32 perf.)—Minstrel company presented by Lew Dockstader at the Victoria Theatre, New York, January 4, 1904. Cast:

Lew Dockstader, Carroll Johnson, Neil O'Brien, William McDonald, Mat Keefe, Manuel Romain, Gra. F. Weller, Harry A. Ellis, William H. Hallett, James B. Bradley, Charles Stoecker, John T. Adams, James Leslie, Harry Spencer, John T. Nestor, The Hungarian Boys Band, E. J. Thompson, T. Hodgeman, J. L. McGreevy, B. C. Johnson, M. Tracy Nagel, John L. Balcom, F. C. Levering, Bert Leighton, Frank Leighton, Eddie Leonard, Tommy Hyde, John King, John Daly, Bert White, Oscar Mann, William Redmond, E. Von Bergron, Wilson Miller, Frank Eagan, James Connors, Johnny Schroeder, Johnny Corcoran, Michael Bell, Bob Stelzig, William Cawley, James Quinn, Max Schenck and George Mitchell.

This company reopened at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, October 31, 1904, for 24 additional performances.

Little Mary (24 perf.)—Play in three acts by James M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, January 5, 1904. Cast:

Henry E. Dixey, Fritz Williams, Walter Eddinger, Jr., M. A. Kennedy, Fred Tyler, Arthur Elliott, Alfred Fisher, Arthur Herman, Ida Waterman, Marie Doro, Kathryn Hutchinson and Jessie Busley.

My Lady Molly (15 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by George H. Jessop. Music by Sidney Jones. Produced by Charles Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 5, 1904. Cast:

Vesta Tilley, Sidney Deane, Ray Youngman, David Torrence, Richard F. Carroll, Luke Martin, Francis Motley, Edward Campbell, John Henderson, Alice Judson, Adele Ritchie, Anna Boyd, W. J. Morgan, Oriska Worden, Amy Lesser, Belle Robinson, Arthur Rice and E. Matthews.

Terence (56 perf.)—Play in four acts dramatized from Mrs. B. M. Croker's novel by Mrs. Edward Nash Morgan. Produced by Augustus Pitou at the New York Theatre, New York, January 5, 1904. Cast:

Chauncey Olcott, Harry Hanscombe, H. S. Northrup, Augustus Cook, Matt B. Snyder, George Brennan, C. N. Schaeffer, Dolly Forde, Blanche Alexander, Adelaide Keim, Amanda Wellington, Rose Snyder, Edith Miller Cook, Elizabeth Washburne, Mary Moran and Eugenie Forde.

The Virginian (138 perf.)—Play in four acts dramatized by Owen Wister and Kirke La Shelle from Owen Wister's story. Produced by Kirke La Shelle at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, January 5, 1904. Cast:

The Virginian.....	Dustin Farnum	Judge Henry.....	Scott Cooper
Uncle Hewie.....	Harry Holliday	John Taylor.....	Charles Stanley
James Westfall.....	Thomas Weadock	Alexander Carmody.....	Frank Vail
Andrew Dow.....	Joseph A. Maylon	Trampas.....	Frank Campeau
Steve.....	Guy Bates Post	Honey Wiggin.....	Joseph Callahan
Nebraska.....	Bennet Musson	Baldy.....	Frank Nelson
Spanish Ed.....	Charles Mailes	Shorty.....	Thomas P. Jackson
Educated Simpson.....	John Hammond	Dollar Bill.....	Charles L. Robbins
Razor Back Charlie.....	H. M. Gannon	Barkeeper.....	R. L. Jones
The Bishop.....	Charles R. Gilbert	Frederick Ogden.....	Harry Burkhardt
Mrs. Ogden.....	Margaret Leslie	Mrs. Henry.....	Lucy Lovell
Mrs. Hewie.....	Mattie Earle	Mrs. Westfall.....	Elizabeth Hunt
Mrs. Carmody.....	Margaret Grey	Mrs. Dow.....	Maud Gifford
Mrs. Taylor.....	Ella Sothorn	Molly Wood.....	Agnes Ardeck

Staged by John Stapleton. Settings by Ernest Albert and H. L. Reed. Incidental music arranged by Henry Waller.

Beginning October 16, 1905, this play ran for two weeks at the Academy of Music, New York.

The Medal and the Maid (49 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Owen Hall. Music by Sidney Jones. Produced by John C. Fisher and Thomas W. Ryley at the Broadway Theatre, New York, January 11, 1904. Cast:

James T. Powers, Ruth Vincent, Cecil Engelheart, Jeanette Lowrie, Emma Carus, Edna McClure, W. T. Carleton, Cyril Scott, Ignacio Martinetti, Stanley H. Forde, Tom Terriss, Frank D. Nelson, George Jackson, W. May, C. Brabin, Manola Mada Hurst, Carla Byron, Laura Stone, Bessie Denham, Lillian Harris, Virginia Sargent, Beatrice Walsh, Lillian Rice, Grace Wilson, Lou Wheelan, Lily Collins, Sadie Raymond, Lelia Benton, Edith Girvin, Avita Sanchez, May Willard, Ita Kamph, Mary Lachere, Mary Clayton, Mildred Devere, Martha Garver, Gladys Lockwood, Susan Parker, Grace Vaughn, Harris Pyke, Leon de Lisle, M. M. Johnson, Lawrence Howell, Nat K. Cafferty and Frank Garfield.

An English Daisy (41 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter. Rearranged for the American production by Edgar Smith with added score by A. M. Norden. Produced by Weber and Fields at the Casino Theatre, New York, January 18, 1904. Cast:

Charles A. Bigelow, Fred Lennox, George A. Baane, Templar Saxe, George P. Smith, Alfred Truschel, Frank Lalor, Louis Wesley, Henry Leone, Franc V. Le Mone, Osborne Clemson, Arthur Stanford, Frank Hammond, Walter Van Allen, A. McClaskey, Christie MacDonald, Truly Shattuck, Clara Belle Jerome, Kitty Baldwin, Jean Newcombe, Nora Sarony, Lillian Maure, Emily Sanford, Helen Wilmar, Lola Hoffman, Katherine Cooper, Lillian Marshall, Carrie B. Munroe and Jane Tyrell. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by John H. Young.

Olympe (21 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Pierre Decourcelle suggested by the novel of Alexandre Dumas. Produced by Amelia Bingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, January 18, 1904. Cast:

Amelia Bingham, Bijou Fernandez, Adelyn Wesley, Louise Galloway, Ivy Troutman, Edith Hinkle, Amy Denton, Dorothy Russell, Jean Hayden, Henry Woodruff, J. H. Gilmour, W. L. Abingdon, Edgar L. Davenport, Myron Calice, Basil West, Charles Haynes, Thomas F. Fallon, Harry Hyde, Harold M. Shaw, George H. Schaeffer, H. S. Marvin, Gilbert Heron, Fred Herford, Ralph Stillwell, Frank Fullham, the Misses Robson, Agnue, Hemp, Merritt, Denne and Siler and the Messrs. Fulton, Howell, Sherman, St. John, Dowd, Stilton, Raider, Milton, Van Aspe, Moore, Berton, Brenton, Burke, Hill, Gregory, McIntyre, Hinton, McCann, Black, Spencer, Wright, Scott, Jones, Phelps, Dodge, Vinton, Sprague, Jackson, James, Richards, Purdy, Spellman, White, Jenles, Elton, Brady, Houghton, Dutton, Marsh, Jordon, Stetson, Keene, Walsh, Durham, Rice, Smith and Thomilson. Staged by Eugene Presbrey. Settings by D. Frank Dodge and John Young.

Dorothy Russell is Lillian Russell's daughter.

Gilbert Heron is Gilbert Miller.

Ada Rehan Repertory—Liebler & Co. presented Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in a repertory of plays at the Lyric Theatre, New York, for three weeks beginning January 18, 1904. The plays presented were: "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare and "The School for Scandal" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The company included:

Ada Rehan (Katherine, Portia, Lady Teazle), Otis Skinner (Petruchio, Shylock, Charles Surface), Walter Hale (Lucentio, Bassanio, Joseph Surface), Mabel Howard (Bianca, Nerissa), Edwin Varrey (Sir Peter Teazle), Katherine Everts (Maria, Jessica), Walter Pyre, George Clarke, Walter Lewis, William Rosell, Gordon Johnstone, John Boylan, Ben T. Ringgold, Joseph Weaver, Russell Crauford, Walter Howard, Charles B. Welles, Kate Fletcher, Laurence Cover, Daniel Pennell, Sara Sumner, Laura Sumner, Annie Lee, Dorothy Graham and Mary Finnegan.

Sam S. Shubert presented Miss Rehan in "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The School for Scandal" (one week each) at the Liberty Theatre, New York, beginning February 6, 1905. Cast:

Ada Rehan (Katherine, Lady Teazle), Charles Richman (Petruchio, Charles Surface), William Edmund (Sir Peter Teazle), Wilfred Clarke, Joseph Weaver, Fred Walter, Charles Swickard, Oliver D. Byron, Charles B. Welles, Fulton Russell, William Rosell, Walter Howard, Walter Pyre, Willis Brown, T. L. Davis, Edward Dillon, Blanche Weaver, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Mrs. Theodore Carew, Laura Sawyers, Walter Forest, William Fulton and Fola La Follette.

Ransom's Folly (61 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Richard Harding Davis. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, January 18, 1904. Cast:

Robert Edeson, Jane Rivers, Harrison Ford, Patty Allison, Richard Sterling, Florence Lester, Taylor Holmes, Charles Sturgis, J. W. Benson, Sando Milliken, T. J. McGrane, Grace Thorne, Harry Harwood, Frank Mayne, Sidney Ainsworth, Frazer Coulter, John Bradley, Eleanor Carey and Dorothy Tennant.

Sergeant Kitty (55 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by R. H. Burnside. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced by George R. White at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 18, 1904. Cast:

Virginia Earl, Sylvain Langlois, Harry Stone, Albert Parr, Junie McCree, Charles Renwick, Harry Braham, George E. Mack, Charles J. Goode, J. A. Furey, Lawrence Hilliard, W. C. Roberts, Harmon Anderson, Estelle Wentworth, Carrie E. Perkins, Grace Belmont, Nellie Emerald and Ethel Lloyd. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

The Secret of Polichinelle (124 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Pierre Wolff. Produced by James K. Hackett at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, January 19, 1904. Cast:

William H. Thompson, Frank Patton, W. J. Ferguson, Master Charles Barriscale, Edward Harris, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, Alice Chandler, Katherine Keyes, Florence Conron, Noel Gordon, Cora Maynard and Grace Kimball. Staged by James K. Hackett.

Moved to the Garden Theatre, New York, February 15, 1904.

Moved to the Princess Theatre, New York, April 18, 1904.

The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes (23 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by E. H. Sothern. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, January 25, 1904. Cast:

Virginia Harned, Ethel Winthrop, Mabel Snider, Margaret Gordon, Fanny Addison Pitt, William Courtenay, Stanley Dark, Sydney F. Rice, Eugene Santley, Sumner Gard, Theodore Marston, Frederick Burt, Lawrence Eddinger, J. Hartley Manners, Henry Jewett, Thomas Kelly, Gregory Kelly, Harry Lewis, Elizabeth Goodall, May Barton, Eleanor Sanford, Thomas Gibson, Amy Meers, Oscar Baldwin, Martha Wilde, John Adams, Ethel Healy, Robert Sutphin, Emma Thompson, Reginald Perkins, Walter Biddle, James Reed, Louise Phillips, Estelle Solone, Grace Darley, Arthur Bower and Hugh Chatham.

That Man and I (23 perf.)—Play in a prologue and four acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Produced by Frank L. Perley and Company at the Savoy Theatre, New York, January 25, 1904. Cast:

Robert Hillard, Maude Fealy, H. Reeves-Smith, Lois Francis Cook, Marion Abbott, Mabel Mortimer, Mildred White, William Elliott, Arthur Saunders, June Pelton and Sadie Stringham. Staged by Frederick Arthur Stanley. Settings by Joseph Physioc, Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Ernest Gros.

The Younger Mrs. Parling (36 perf.)—Play in three acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, January 26, 1904. Cast:

Annie Russell, Mrs. Dellenbaugh, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Glendinning, Olive Murray, John Mason, E. A. Eberle, Oswald Yorke, John Glendinning, F. Goldsmith, T. C. Valentine and the Misses Bennett, Barbour and Rune.

The Triumph of Love (1 special matinee)—Play in four acts by Martha Morton Conheim. Produced at the Criterion Theatre, New York, February 8, 1904. Cast:

Minna Gale Haynes, Carlotta Nilsson, Grace Filkins, Grace Heyer, Isabel Waldron, Victoria Addison, Louise Delmar, Marion Fairfax, May Davenport Seymour, William Harcourt, Maelyn Arbuckle, F. F. Mackay, Robert Whittier, Sydney Rice, George Backus, Douglas J. Wood, Harold Howard, Malcolm Duncan, W. J. McNess, Edward Earle, R. R. Neil, Henry Conklin, Royal Dana Tracy, Bennett Phelan, Dudley E. Oatman and Ellis N. Harris. Staged by Max Figman.

This was *The Theatre Magazine's* prize play.

Twelfth Night (16 perf.)—Comedy by William Shakespeare. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, February 8, 1904. Cast:

Viola Allen (Viola), John Blair (Malvolio), Zeffie Tilbury (Maria), Grace Elliston (Olivia), Clarence Handyside (Sir Toby), Frank Currier (Sir Andrew), John Craig, James Young, Robert Tate, C. Leslie Allen, Robinson Newbold, Percy Waram, E. Percival Stevens, Edwin Howard, Frank Andrews, John C. Lane, F. J. Bennett and C. W. Atwood. Staged by Charles W. Lane.

On February 22, 1904, the above company was replaced by Ben Greet's company. Mr. Frohman presented Mr. Greet's company for two weeks. Cast:

Edith Wynne Matthison (Viola), Ben Greet (Malvolio), Millicent McLaughlin (Maria), Alys Rees (Olivia), B. A. Field (Sir Toby), John Sayer Crawley (Sir Andrew), C. Rann Kennedy, Roy Dana Tracy, George Riddell, Percy Waram, Henry Willis, Dallas Anderson, Cecil A. Collins, S. H. Goodwyn, R. H. Forster and St. Clair Bayfield. Staged by Ben Greet. Special music by Oscar Weil.

The first New York production of "Twelfth Night" was probably at the Park Theatre, June 11, 1804.

The Pit (77 perf.)—Play in four acts adapted by Channing Pollock from Frank Norris' novel. Produced by William A. Brady at the Lyric Theatre, New York, February 10, 1904. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye, White Whittlesey, A. H. Stuart, Douglas Fairbanks, Ed Ralston, J. Cleney Mathews, Kenneth Davenport, Charles Kenyon, Robert Payton Gibbs, Franklyn Roberts, Hale Hamilton, Bowman Ralston, Joseph A. Wilkes, Richard Webster, George Grey, Richard Manuel, William Stern, Avon Stern, Owen Murphey, Robert Wright, Willard Saxon, Clay Boyd, Bert Burrell, Frank Tillman, Harry Converse, Charles Merritt, Edgar Bowman, Thomas McCabe, Cecil Worth, Edmund Evans, William Titus, Harold Byrne, Wilson Burke, John Fogarty, Howard Boulden, Tilden Mercer, Rudy Saxe, Walter Moran, Eddie Stuart, Jane Oaker, Marian Chapman, Agnes Findlay, Maude Wilson, Vera Zalene, Margaret Kenmare, Adeline Dunlap, Mrs. Powhatten Gordon, Mabel Findlay, Amber Lawlord, Doris Goodwin, Agnes Evans, Henry Gunson and James Emerson. Settings by John Young, Moses & Hamilton.

Glittering Gloria (22 perf.)—Comedy with music in three acts. Book by Hugh Morton. Lyrics by Hugh Morton and Bernard Holt. Music by Bernard Holt. Produced by John C. Fisher and Thomas W. Ryley at Daly's Theatre, New York, February 15, 1904. Cast:

Cyril Scott, Percy Ames, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Forrest Robinson, George A. Schiller, Edward Gore, E. Lovat Fraser, Eugene O'Rourke, John Henty, Adele Ritchie, Adelaide Prince, Phyllis Rankin, May Hengler, Flora Hengler, Marie L. Wilson, Gertrude Douglas, Edna Farrell, Belva Don Kersley, Sybil Anderson and Marie Allen.

The Tenderfoot (81 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Richard Carle. Music by H. L. Hertz. Produced by

The Dearborn Theatre Management at the New York Theatre, New York, February 22, 1904. Cast:

Richard Carle, Edmund Stanley, Charles Wayne, Dan J. Moyles, George Bogues, Edwin Baker, Gwilym Edwards, Henry Norman, William Rock, Harry Tolin, H. S. Austin, William Russell, Edward Beck, Milton Baldwin, Tom Gippel, Helena Frederick, Margaret Sayre, Agnes Paul, Ethel Johnson, Edwin Mack, Louise Gardner, Louise Grignon, Virginia Neal, Ethel Kirkpatrick, Ella Fitch, Adelaide Ackland, Vilette Stanley, Dollie Williams, Mabelle Smith, Vena Brunk, the Misses Conley, Cramer, Palmer, Allen, Cochran, Farrelly, Hamilton, Eastman, Lorena, Baldwin, Adams, Elliott, White, Castle, Mazurette, Pearl, Stanley, Dalroy, Huntington, Cordelia, Kirkpatrick and Grigarou and the Messrs. Burns, Starr, Jenkins, Peters, Lyons, Farr, Beck, Austin, Baldwin, St. John, Rooney and Locke. Staged by Richard Carle.

The Yankee Consul (115 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book and lyrics by Henry M. Blossom, Jr. Music by Alfred G. Robyn. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Broadway Theatre, New York, February 22, 1904. Cast:

Raymond Hitchcock, William Danforth, John E. Hazzard, Hubert Wilke, Harry Fairleigh, Parker Coombs, Frank Ranney, Albert Juhre, J. H. McLean, Basil Millspaugh, John Pratt, Eva Davenport, Flora Zabelle, Rose Botti, Sally McNeel, Estrella Carmichael, Freda Rica, May Wheeler, Grace Proctor, Mae Darling, Lila Conquest, Madge Burpee, Lillian Eldredge, Eva Marsh, Sophie Whitte, M. C. Flavin, Gertrude O'Neill, the Misses Fairbanks, Merritt, Wallace, Desmond, Turten, Fallon, Dunne, Welch, Marshall, Fredericksen, Burt, L. Burpee, Vance, Chandler, Carroll, Shaw, Eckstrom, Simpson, Croker and L. Whitte and the Messrs. Colishaw, Push, Peck, Seley, Addison, Templeton, Remey, Jenkins, Green, Armour, Books, Hanlon, Wallace, De Courcey, Parviance and Owen. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burrigge and Edward La Moss.

This play reopened at the Wallack Theatre, New York, January 24, 1905, for an additional 47 performances.

Ivan the Terrible (15 perf.)—Tragedy in five acts by Alexis Tolstoi, translated by Mme. S. R. de Meissner. Produced by Richard Mansfield at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, March 1, 1904. Cast:

Richard Mansfield, Ida Conquest, Mona Harrison, Adelaide Nowak, Olive Oliver, William Sorrelle, Ernest Warde, Henry Wenman, Francis McGinn, A. E. Greenaway, Leslie Kenyon, Edward Fitzgerald, W. T. Patron, Henri Laurent, Arthur Forrest, Hamilton Coleman, H. Hatfield, A. G. Andrews, M. C. Tilden, Francis Kingdon, Marcel Scrace, Ludwig Brunswick, Vivian Bernard, Alma Hathaway and Laura Eyre.

At the conclusion of the run of "Ivan the Terrible," which was being performed for the first time in America, Mr. Mansfield remained at the New Amsterdam Theatre for two weeks longer and he and his company were seen in a repertory of: "Ivan the Terrible," "Old Heidelberg," "Beau Brummell," "A Parisian Romance," "Beaucaire" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

For Mr. Mansfield's first performance of "Old Heidelberg," see page 439.

For the first performance of "Beaucaire," see page 400.

Man Proposes (24 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Ernest Denny. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, March 11, 1904. Cast:

Henry Miller, Hassard Short, Walter Hitchcock, Morten Selten, Walter Allen, Douglas A. Patterson, Thomas Mills, Clifford E. Constable, Charles Wentz, Frank Willard,

George Hollis, Frank Burns, Arthur Owen, Helen Tracy, Dorothy Hammond, Eleanor Sheldon, Mrs. Felix Morris, Claire Kulp, Alison Skipworth and Helen Roberts. Settings by Robert T. McKee.

The Ruling Power (23 perf.)—Play in four acts by Elwyn Barron. Produced by Harry G. Sommers at the Garrick Theatre, New York, March 14, 1904. Cast:

Katherine Kennedy, Orrin Johnson, Vincent Serrano, Eugene Jepson, Frank Lander, Robert Warwick, William Herbert, Emmett Shackelford, E. S. Ford, Frank Battin, B. A. Frank, Gilbert Douglas, Stella Boniface Weaver, Rosa Rand, May Davenport Seymour, Ethylle Earle, Maude White, Elsie Ives, Irene Elton, Dorothy Russell, Eidythe Rowland and Olive Wyndham. Staged by William Seymour.

Olive Wyndham's New York debut.

Much Ado About Nothing (16 perf.)—Comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced by the National Theatre Company at the Princess Theatre, New York, March 14, 1904. Cast:

J. W. Albaugh, Jr. (Claudio), William Morris (Benedick), Frank Hatch (Dogberry), Jessie Millward (Beatrice), Florence Rockwell (Hero), Grace Gaylor Clark, Frederic Boyd Putnam, Martin L. Alsop, Theodore Roberts, Sheridan Tupper, Henry Stockbridge, Wallace Eddinger, Otis Sherden, Irving Knight, Philip Sheridan, George C. Boniface, Frederic Defoe, Cora Williams and Eugenia Flagg. Staged by Sydney Rosenfeld. Settings by John H. Young.

The first recorded performance in New York of "Much Ado About Nothing" was at the John Street Theatre, March 19, 1787. Mr. Harper was Claudio, Lewis Hallam was Benedick, Owen Morris was Dogberry, Mrs. Owen Morris, 2nd, was Beatrice and Mrs. Harper was Hero.

Rosmersholm (8 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by The Century Players at the Princess Theatre, New York, March 28, 1904. Cast:

John Rosmer.....	William Morris	Ulric Brendel.....	Martin L. Alsop
Rebecca West.....	Florence Kahn	Peter Mortensgard.....	
Rector Kroll.....	Theodore Roberts	Madam Helseth.....	Grace Gayler Clark

This was the first production of this play in America.

This play was revived by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Lyric Theatre, New York, for 30 performances beginning December 30, 1907. Cast:

John Rosmer.....	Bruce McRae	Ulric Brendel.....	George Arliss
Rebecca West.....	Mrs. Fiske	Peter Mortensgard.....	Albert Bruning
Rector Kroll.....	Fuller Mellish	Madam Helseth.....	Florence Montgomery

Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske and Mrs. Fiske.

This was Mrs. Fiske's first appearance as Rebecca West.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1924-1925," page 582, and "Best Plays of 1935-1936," page 445.

The Two Orphans (56 perf.)—Play in four acts by Adolphe D'Ennery and Eugene Cormon, arranged by Hart Jackson. Produced at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, March 28, 1904. Cast:

Louise.....	Grace George	Henriette.....	Margaret Illington
Chevalier DeVaudrey.....	Kyrle Bellew	Picard.....	E. M. Holland
Count De Linieres.....	Frederick Perry	De Mailly.....	Stanley Jessup
Jacques Frochard.....	Charles Warner	M. D'Estrees.....	Stanley Hawkins
Pierre Frochard.....	James O'Neill	Martin.....	R. Payton Gibbs
Dr. of Hospitals.....	Frank Roberts	Antoine.....	Geo. S. Stevens
Officer of the Guard.....	Basil West	Lafleur.....	Frank Connor
Chief Clerk of Police.....	Henry J. Hadfield	Marianne.....	Clara Blandick
Countess De Linieres.....	Annie Irish	Julie.....	Mona Harrison
La Frochard.....	Elita Proctor Otis	Florette.....	Mignon Beranger
Sister Genevieve.....	Clara Morris	Cora.....	Corinne Parker
Sister Therese.....	Lucy Milliken	Footman.....	Alfred James
	Marquis De Presles..	Jameson Lee Finney	

Staged by William Seymour.

This play was first produced in New York, December 21, 1874, at the Union Square Theatre. Louise was played by Kate Claxton, Henriette by Kitty Blanchard, The Chevalier by Charles R. Thorne, Jr., La Frochard by Mrs. Marie Wilkins, Sister Genevieve by Ida Vernon and Marianne by Rose Eytinge.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 579.

Piff! Paff!! Pouf!!! (264 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Stanislaus Stange. Lyrics by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz. Produced by F. C. Whitney at the Casino Theatre, New York, April 2, 1904. Cast:

Harry Stuart, Templar Saxe, John Hyams, Abby Stange, R. E. Graham, Alice Fischer, Mabel Hollins, Grace Cameron, Hilda Hollins, Frances Gibsons, Eddie Foy, Fred Mace, Evelyn Marlowe, Beatrice Liddell, Seppie McNeil, Lizette Hawman, Dorothy Marlowe, Louise Hawman, Carrie Poltz, Ada Robertson, the Misses Hahn, Mandeville, Walton, Clayton, Butler, Le Roy, Griffith, Henderson, Maloney, Cornish, Wallace, Dudley, Siebert, Nelson, Barsch, Tucker, Wharton, Rohe, Scott, Mooney, Hoyt, Room and Sharp and the Messrs. Chase, Arnold, Hollingsworth, Slick, Mora, Odenhall, Rose and Breslin. Staged by Gerard Coventry. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

Reopened at the Majestic Theatre, New York, December 26, 1904, for one week.

An African Millionaire (8 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Fred W. Sidney, founded on stories by Grant Allen. Produced at the Princess Theatre, New York, April 4, 1904. Cast:

H. Reeves-Smith, Minnie Dupree, J. M. Colville, Maud Knowlton, Grace Merritt, Cyril Young, Rapley Holmes, Marie Rawson, Tully Marshall, Bertram Godfrey, Henry J. Lillford, Sherman Ramsay, J. Palmer Collins, Henry Rich, Harry St. Maur, John E. Gray, Beresford Webb and George Henry Trader.

The Dictator (64 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Richard Harding Davis. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, April 4, 1904. Cast:

William Collier, Edward Abeles, John Barrymore, George Nash, Thomas McGrath, Henry J. West, Thomas Meighan, Emmett Whitney, Robert McWade, Jr., Francis Sedgwick, Louis Eagan, Wallace McCutcheon, Harry Senton, Augustus Goodson, Nannette Comstock, Lucile Watson and Louise Allen.

This play reopened at the Criterion Theatre, New York, August 24, 1904, playing an additional 25 performances.

Saucy Sally (28 perf.)—Farce in three acts by F. C. Burnand. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, April 4, 1904. Cast:

Charles Hawtrey, Arthur Playfair, Fred Thorne, Henry Stephenson, E. W. Tarver, E. A. Plumptre, Wallace Widdecomb, Julia Booth, Frances Belmont, Faith Reynolds, Ethel Hollingshead and Fanny Brough.

The Superstition of Sue (8 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, April 4, 1904. Cast:

William Friend, Eddie Heron, Walter Perkins, Wilfred Lucas, Charles W. King, Helene Lackaye, Nettie Black, James H. Powers, Marshal Farnum, Jack Webster, Marion Barney, Georgie Turrle, Eileen O'Malley and Clarence Heritage.

The Shepherd King (27 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Arnold Reeves and Wright Lorimer. Special music by A. Perlmutter and H. Wohl arranged by Frank Sadler. Produced by Frank Williams at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, April 5, 1904. Cast:

Wright Lorimer, Charles Kent, Edward Mackay, Edmund Breese, Harold Hartsell, Preston Kendall, William Frederic, Harry Kirkland, J. H. Greene, Charles H. Martin, James Slevin, Ethelbert Hales, John O'Meara, William Balfour, Charles R. Gilbert, Henry Marlowe, May Buckley, Nellette Reed, Helen Marshall, Marian Ward, Angela Ogden, Marion Frederic and Margaret Hayward. Staged by Walter Clarke Bellows and Wright Lorimer. Settings by Castle and Harvey.

William A. Brady revived the play at the New York Theatre, New York, beginning February 20, 1905, for 48 performances. Cast:

Wright Lorimer, Charles Kent, Carl Eckstrom, Frank Lander, M. J. Jordon, Preston Kendall, O'Kane Hillis, T. N. Heffron, William Leydon, Charles H. Martin, David Swim, Ethelbert Hales, Benjamin Williams, Russell Barton, Harlow Bates, Henry Marlowe, Henry Rhodes, May Buckley, Nellette Reed, Helen Marshall, Marian Ward, Angela Ogden, Ida Haviton, Isabel Malvern and Margaret Hayward.

A four week's engagement was played at the Academy of Music, New York, beginning December 3, 1906.

My Milliner's Bill (1 special matinee)—Play in one act by G. W. Godfrey. Revived at the Garrick Theatre, New York, April 7, 1904. Cast:

Josephine Arthur, Edwin Nicander and Lewis Owen.

Followed by:

Marietta—Play in one act by Stanley Dark. Cast:

Josephine Arthur, Alexander Frank, Burns Gillan, Frank McCormack and Johnson Briscoe.

Followed by:

The Hour Glass—Play in one act by William Butler Yeats. Cast:

Josephine Arthur, William Owen, Lewis Owen, Johnson Briscoe, Edith Spear, Estelle Bryan, Myra Brooks and John Malone.

The first New York production of "My Milliner's Bill" was at the Standard Theatre, December 21, 1885.

Love's Pilgrimage (1 special matinee)—Play in four acts by Horace B. Fry. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 14, 1904. Cast:

Carlotta Nilsson, Nestor Lennon, Guy Bates Post, Forbes Curtis, Nagle Barry, Edmund D. Lyons, Roydon Erlynn, W. S. Hart, Richard Clarke, J. Ayers, Mary Gardner, Fanny Marinoff, L. Rogers Lytton, Harold Mead, Frank McCormack, Douglas J. Wood, Rosalie de Vaux, Miriam Hutchins, Renee Clarence and Baby Zylah Shannon. Staged by Edmund D. Lyons.

Pillars of Society (1 special matinee)—Drama in four acts by Henrik Ibsen, translated by William Archer. Revived at the Lyric Theatre, April 15, 1904. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye, Maude Wilson, George A. Kelley, Margaret Kenman, White Whittlesey, Olive Oliver, William Hazeltine, Joseph Wilkes, Hale Hamilton, Howard Boulden, Jane Oaker, Edmund J. Reardon, A. H. Stuart, Mrs. Agnes Findlay, Mabel Findlay, Powhattan Gordon, Agnes Evans, Lillian Gordon, Mr. Webster, Miss Barnes and Miss Petrie.

Camille (8 perf.)—Play in five acts by Alexandre Dumas, fils. Revived at the Harlem Opera House, New York, April 18, 1904. Cast:

Virginia Harned (Marguerite Gautier), William Courtenay (Armand Duval), J. Hartley Manners (George Duval), Henry Jewett (Count de Varville), Fanny Addison Pitt (Mme. Prudence), Sidney Rice, Stanley Dark, Norman Macdonald, Arthur Bower, Harry Lewis, Frederic Burt, Hugh Chatham, Lawrence Eddinger, Frederic Courtenay, Ethel Winthrop, Zara Anderson, Louise Drew, Eleanor Sanford, Estelle Solon, Elizabeth Case, Grace Darley and Elizabeth Brock.

This company played "Camille" at the Garrick Theatre, New York, for one week beginning May 9, 1904, at which time William H. Crompton, William Harcourt and Frank Dekum replaced J. Hartley Manners, Henry Jewett and Sidney Rice respectively.

The first New York production of "Camille" was at the Broadway Theatre, December 9, 1853. Jean Davenport was Camille and Frederick B. Conway was Armand Duval.

Camille (16 perf.)—Play in five acts by Alexandre Dumas, Jr. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, April 18, 1904. Cast:

Margaret Anglin (Marguerite Gautier), Henry Miller (Armand Duval), Arthur Eliott (George Duval), Bruce McRae (Count de Varville), Jeffreys Lewis (Mme. Prudence), Morton Selden, Walter Allen, Walter Hitchcock, Alfred Fisher, Frank Willard, Leon De Hennin, David Wilmot, Beverly Sitgreaves, Grace Rauworth, Claire Kulp and Martha Waldron. Settings by Robert T. McKee.

Wang (57 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Libretto by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolfson Morse. Revived by Sam S. Shubert at the Lyric Theatre, New York, April 18, 1904. Cast:

De Wolfe Hopper, William Pruette, Frank Casey, Donald MacLaren, Augustus Coletti, George Williams, Frank Hill, Madge Lessing, Marion Singer, Nella Bergen, Julia Sanderson, Helen Mooney, Edna Hixon, Frances Farrington, Rose Wilson, Lucy Georgi, Maud Stanley, Regina McAvoy, Helen Morrison, Charlotte Palmer and Agnes Reilly Morse. Staged by Sam S. Shubert.

This play was first produced in New York, May 4, 1891, at the Broadway Theatre. De Wolfe Hopper, Marion Singer and Agnes

Reilly Morse of the above revival were in the company. Della Fox played the role played in this revival by Madge Lessing.

Tit For Tat (32 perf.)—Comedy in three acts adapted by Leo Ditrichstein from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Paul Bilhaud. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, April 25, 1904. Cast:

Elizabeth Tyree, Leo Ditrichstein, Joseph Kilgour, John Flood, W. J. Constantine, John Emerson, Robert Ober, Harold R. Woolf, Frank Powell, Charles Ransome, Elizabeth Emmett, Helen Tracy, Jane Marbury, Felice Morris, Deronda Mayo and Alice Neal. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

The Crown Prince (17 perf.)—Play in four acts by George H. Broadhurst. Produced by James K. Hackett at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 30, 1904. Cast:

James K. Hackett, James Seeley, Joseph Brennan, Brigham Royce, E. L. Duane, Albert Perry, Morgan Coman, Carl Ahrendt, Irvin Foster, Frederick Nichols, Charlotte Walker, Isabel Waldron, Grace Barber, Margaret Robinson and Dorothy Hammock.

The Man from China (41 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Paul West. Music by John W. Bratton. Produced by Melville B. Raymond at the Majestic Theatre, New York, May 2, 1904. Cast:

Charles A. Bigelow, Edgar Atchison Ely, Billie Taylor, Harry Richards, John Gorman, George Gorman, Stella Mayhew, Aimee Angeles, Caroline McCord, Helen Curzon, Allston Bent, Radford D'Orsay, Arthur Engle, John Drury, Amy Lesser, Frances Rockefeller King, Nora Seymour, Anna Tyler, Bert D. Harris, George W. Smyth, A. E. Melville, David Hearn, John Taylor, John A. Armstrong, Diamond Donner, Dorothy Zimmerman, Aline Boyd and John Dunton. Staged by Barney Fagan. Settings by Ernest Albert.

Two Little Sailor Boys (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Walter Howard. Produced at the Academy of Music, New York, May 2, 1904. Cast:

Harry St. Maur, George S. Spencer, James Carew, John T. Burke, Douglas Fairbanks, Dan Collyer, M. J. Jordon, W. D. Norton, John Harson, William Brand, Burt Jordon, Phil Sheridan, J. J. Owen, C. E. Lark, Jack Oatley, Ethel Brandon, Georgia Welles, Lizzie Evans, Leonie Darmon, Mildred Morris, Rose Crouch, Florence De Leon, Florence Green and Kitty Green.

A Venetian Romance (31 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Libretto by Cornelia Osgood Tyler. Music by Frederic Colt Wight. Produced by Frank L. Perley at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, May 2, 1904. Cast:

Harry MacDonough, Ignatio Martinetti, Neil McNeil, Walter Percival, Harry Lane, Joseph Miron, Edd Redway, William Zinell, Harry Short, Frank Smiley, Cassius Freeborn, W. C. Smith, P. B. Pratt, Genevieve Day, Josie Intropidi, Mabel Hite, May Conwell, Annabelle Whitford, Carroll McComas, Gertrude Eulalie, Ethel Intropidi, Margot Hobart, Daisy Dobrinor and Adele Carson. Staged by A. M. Holbrook.

Yvette (1 special matinee for the benefit of the Actors' Fund)—Drama in three acts by Pierre Berton adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, May 13, 1904. Cast:

Rosalind Coghlan, Paul Decker, Claire Kulp, Maude Granger, Ralph Delmore, Robert McWade, Jr., Arthur Elliott, Bruce McRae, Tyrone Power, Jeffreys Lewis, Kate Pattison-Selton, Ernest Lambert, Dorothy Dorr, Margaret Illington, Harry Davenport, Morten Selton, John Barrymore, Hattie Williams, Olive Ulrich, Lillian Heckler, Beatrice Clifton, Teddie Ducoe, May Reinheimer, Harriet Burt, Carrie Thompson, Leonore Harris, Vera Cameron, Etta Bigelow, Jennie Kane, Blanche Brooks, Eva Merrill, Al T. Darling, Adrien Bellevue, E. M. Olson, Ernest Brunswig, J. Walter Styles, George Featherstone, Maurice Lavigne, Philip Leigh, Frank McCullough, R. R. Neill and Frank Brownlee. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Ingomar (1 special matinee)—Play in five acts by Mrs. Maria Lovell from the German play "Der Sohn Der Wildniss" by Frederick Halm. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, May 16, 1904. Cast:

Julia Marlowe (Parthenia), Tyrone Power (Ingomar), Frank Reicher, E. W. Morrison, Herbert Budd, Ralph Lewis, Thomas Lindsay, George Flood, Paul Weigal, J. Carrington Yates, Nella Webb, William Herbert, Thomas L. Coleman, Charles Krcem, George Beckett, Charles Moore, Eugenia Woodward, Katherine Wilson, Agnes Palmer, Gwendolyn Valentine and Adelaide Alexander.

"Ingomar" had its first New York presentation on December 1, 1851, at two theatres simultaneously. At the Broadway Theatre Mme. Ponisi was seen as Parthenia and Frederick B. Conway as Ingomar. At the Bowery Theatre Mrs. Amelia Parker played Parthenia and Edward Eddy played Ingomar.

The Southerners (36 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Will Mercer and Richard Grant. Music by Will Marion Cook. Produced by George Lederer at the New York Theatre, New York, May 23, 1904. Cast:

June McCree, Albert Hart, William Gould, Eddie Leonard, W. Wallace Black, Joseph W. Standish, Wilmer Bentley, Paul Decker, Charles Wentz, Theodore S. Peters, Cecil Somers, Wheeler Earl, Charles Moore, Walter Dixon, Elfie Fay, Vinie Daly, Reine Davies, Louise Lathrop, Bertyne Mortimer, Abbie Mitchell, Mildre De Vere, Mabel Verne, Irene Cameron, Florence Arkell, Belta Don Kersley, Lorayne Osbourne, Sallie Loomis, Ethel Davies, Hattie Burde, Edith Girvin, Ella Ray, Lillian Rice, Averta Sanchez, Bessie Moulton and Violet Pearl.

A Little Bit of Everything (120 perf.)—The Offenbach review, a musical vaudeville by John J. McNally. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Aerial Gardens on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, June 6, 1904. Cast:

Fay Templeton, Peter F. Dailey, Joseph Sparks, George Schiller, Neil McNeil, Allan Ramsay, Charles Hessong, Isabelle D'Armonde, Susie Fisher, Charlotte Leslay, Elphye Snowden, Carl Kahn and Victor Bozardt. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn. Settings by Richard Marston.

SEASON OF 1904-1905

Paris By Night (50 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts by Harry B. Marshall. Produced by Weber and Rush at the Madison Square Roof Garden, New York, July 2, 1904. Cast:

Edgar Temple, Hugh Cameron, Ben Welch, Charles Robinson, Bunnell Pratt, Cassius Freeborn, George Fields, Toma Hanlon, Fleurette De Mar, Madge Lawrence, Sylvia Beecher, Bertha Dowling, Mae Sheridan, Naomi Arnold, Edyth Forrest, Margaret

Messinger, Linnet Fiske, Maude Wynne, Helen Drew, Adrian Bellvue, W. R. Paschel, Frank McCullough, George Nagel, Frank Evans, Ceretta Ross, Julia Cook, Mabelle Bonner, Julia Curtis, Grace Bond, Louise Egener, Alberta Davis, Edyth Warren, Minnie Egener and Guyer. Staged by Robert W. Edwards.

The Maid and the Mummy (42 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Richard Carle. Music by Robert Hood Bowers. Produced by the Carle Amusement Company Enterprise at the New York Theatre, New York, July 25, 1904. Cast:

Richard F. Carroll, Edward Garvie, George A. Beane, Louis Wesley, Edgar Norton, Jess Caine, Adele Rowland, May Boley, Annie Yeamans, Janet Priest, Madge Vincent, Attalie Stanton, Marjorie Eastman, Jane Grant, Viola Vallori, Inez Bauer, Janet French, Jessie Stanley, Edith Conrad, Jack Boutwell, Ethel Lloyd, Antonio Stross, Ann Pelham, the Misses Dalton, Raymond, Morrison, Fredericks, Bernard, Aradvaini, Roberts, Harris, Conrad, Yost, Tourisse, Melvin, Selwyn, Fennell, Miner, Brown and Gilbert and the Messrs. Beck, Platt, Dewey, Flynn, Dalton, Collins, Winn and Kolodsky. Staged by Richard Carle. Dances by Al Newberger. Settings by D. Frank Dodge. Costume plates by Archie Gunn.

Military Mad (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts adapted from the German of Franz von Schonthan by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, August 22, 1904. Cast:

Henry Kolker, Brinsley Shaw, Leo Ditrichstein, William Little, Thomas A. Wise, Henry V. Donnelly, George Henry Trader, Giles Shine, Charles J. Greene, Harry Surgent, Herbert Ayling, William Cline, Charles James, John Emerson, Ida Conquest, Edith Barker, Amy Lesser, Elly Collmer, Jennie Reifarth, Florence Thornton, Elizabeth Emmet and Margaret Sutherland.

The Isle of Spice (80 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Allen Lowe and George E. Stoddard. Music by Ben Jerome and Paul Schindler. Produced by B. C. Whitney at the Majestic Theatre, New York, August 23, 1904. Cast:

Alexander Clarke, George Fiske, Herbert Cawthorne, Gilbert Gregory, John Hendricks, James Phelan, Harry Truman, Otto Booker, Blanche Buckner, Mattie Martz, Susie Forrester, Maud Williams, Stella Maury, Mollie Mack, Jessie Maury, Aida Vaughn, May Kennedy, Merle Dumont, Ivy Williams, Minnie Woodberry, Agnes Cain Brown, Leslie Leigh, Vivien Prescott, Alice Yorke, Helen Duval, Camille Lavilla, Helen Gellente, Agnes Merrill, Margie Cogen, Nellie Waters, Virginia Reynolds, Lola Merrill, Alice Merrill, Trixie Jennery, Mattie Nelson, Tot Clayton, Lillian Harvey, Mira Lorena, Eleanor Tillford, Gertie Stanley, Gertrude Dixon, Ivy Teel, Cora Landis, Hazel Wright, Mabel Loyde, Imogene Vickers, Florence Whitmore, Edith Depew, Eleanor Elkins, Helen Courtney, Amelia Ames, Evelyn Hagen, Frances Lamar, Daisy Beauta and the Messrs. Ferguson, Hackleton, Leonard, Eggleston, Finlay, Spaulding, Riley, Foley, Finn, Fandon, Fraser, Lewis, Worthington, Samuels, Whitmore, Hopkins and North. Staged by Gus Sohlke. Settings by W. Franklin Hamilton.

Jack's Little Surprise (21 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Louis Eagan. Produced by James K. Hackett at the Princess Theatre, New York, August 25, 1904. Cast:

Arthur Byron, Eugene A. Eberle, Mortimer Weldon, Maurice Wilkinson, Alonzo Price, Burke Clark, Louis R. Grisel, John Mackin, William Morley, Albert French, Frederick Cooley, John Prentice, Samuel Greene, Katherine Keyes, Charlotte Walker, Grace Barber, Carolyn Elberts and Augusta Gardner.

Girls Will Be Girls (34 perf.)—Play in three acts by R. Melville Baker and Joseph Hart. Produced by William A. Brady at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, August 29, 1904. Cast:

Al Leech, Art Brock, Herbert Corthell, Winfred Young, John McVeigh, Harry Davies, Oscar Watson, Harry Wilson, Edward Schulze, Pearl Snyder, Lillian Bayer, Mary Karr, Roma Snyder, Gladys Claire, Christine Cook, Margaret Hastings, Mabel Perotty,

Mabel Nivens, Edna Snyder, Anna Holy, Edith Brockley, Helen Daniels, Jean Ward, Louise Striblen, Annabel Nevins, Estelle Franklyn, Gwendoline Coate, Ethel Croley, Dorothy Wood, Myra Crayne, Clara Barnes, William Herman, William Brockley, D. C. Smith, Frank Braid, William Bradley, Harry Linkey, Arthur De Meirs, Charles Schell and Edward T. Mora. Settings by Bert Tucman, Moses and Hamilton.

The Royal Chef (17 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in three acts by Charles A. Taylor and George E. Stoddard. Music by Ben M. Jerome. Produced by the La Salle Theatre Company at the Lyric Theatre, New York, September 1, 1904. Cast:

Dave Lewis, Henry Leone, Joseph C. Miron, Joseph Allen, John Park, George Stevens, Harry Leonard, Amelia Stone, Stella Tracy, Gertrude Millington, Bertha Blake, Estelle Libert, June Lowry, Ursula Thompson, Caroline Sylvester, Marie Glazier, Daisy Reed, Dolly Williams, Sam Collins, Matthew White, Cleo Benoir, Florence Townsend, Nena Blake, Helen Cheston, Elsie Buerlein, Gertrude Lennox, Pauline Elliott, Edith Stuart, Amy Stuart and Ida Renee.

The School Girl (120 perf.)—Musical play in two acts by Paul M. Potter and Henry Hamilton. Music by Leslie Stuart. Additional songs by Paul West, John W. Bratton, Howard Talbot, W. T. Francis, Benjamin H. Burt, Joseph Rosey and Albert Von Tilzer. Produced by Charles Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, September 1, 1904. Cast:

Edna May, Mildred Baker, Clara Braithwaite, Lulu Valli, Jane May, Vivian Voweles, Ivy Louise, Dorothy Dunbar, Barbara Dunbar, Madge Greet, Lakme Darcier, Virginia Staunton, Mrs. Watt Tanner, Constance Hyem, Jeannette Patterson, Joyce Thorn, Queena Sanford, Eithel Kelly, Adele Carson, Talleur Andrews, Fred Wright, Jr., James Blakeley, Fred Ozab, Robert Minster, W. R. Shirley, Harry Hudson, Murri Moncrieff and George Grossmith, Jr. Staged by J. A. E. Malone. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Moved to the Herald Square Theatre, New York, October 24, 1904.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (150 perf.)—Comedy in three acts dramatized by Anne Crawford Flexner from Alice Hegan Rice's two famous stories "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary." Produced by Liebler and Company at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 3, 1904. Cast:

Mrs. Wiggs.....	Madge Carr Cook	Lovey Mary.....	Mabel Taliaferro
Miss Hazey.....	Helen Lowell	Miss Lucy.....	Nora Shelby
Mrs. Eichorn.....	Lillian Lee	Mrs. Schultz.....	Anna Fields
Asia.....	May McManus	Australia.....	Edith Storey
Europena.....	Bessie Burt	Cuby.....	By Himself
Mr. Stubbins.....	William T. Hodge	Mr. Wiggs.....	Oscar Eagle
Mr. Bob.....	Thurston Hall	Billy Wiggs.....	Argyle Campbell
Chris Hazey.....	Taylor Granville	Deacon Bagby.....	A. W. Maffin
Brother Spicer.....	Wilbert De Rouge	Mr. Schultz.....	Harry L. Franklin
Mr. Eichorn.....	William Sherlock	Joe Eichorn.....	John Walton
Pete Schultz.....	Willie Gray	Tina Viney.....	Ida Schwartz
Lena Krasmeier.....	Mina Haywood	Deputy Sheriff.....	Edward Gillispie
H. Hunkadunkus Jones.....	Edward Gillispie	Tommy.....	William B. Janes

Staged by Oscar Eagle.

This play was revived at the New York Theatre, New York, for 24 performances beginning September 17, 1906. Cast:

Mrs. Wiggs.....	Madge Carr Cook	Europena.....	Ruth Finley
Miss Hazey.....	Vivia Ogden	Mr. Stubbins.....	Charles Carter
Mrs. Eichorn.....	Helen Raymond	Mr. Bob.....	King Baggot
Asia.....	May McManus	Chris Hazey.....	Howard Sloat

Brother Spicer.....	Y. Joseph	Cuby.....	By Himself
Mr. Eichorn.....	Harry Buchanan	Mr. Wiggs.....	Oscar Eagle
Pete Schultz.....	Noble Morrison	Billy Wiggs.....	Argyle Campbell
Lena Krasmeier.....	Mina Haywood	Deacon Bagby.....	A. W. Mafin
H. Hunkadunkus Jones.....	J. W. Smiley	Mr. Schultz.....	Robert Stanley
Lovey Mary.....	Edith Taliaferro	Joe Eichorn.....	W. Howard
Miss Lucy.....	Myrtle Tannehill	Tina Viney.....	Gladys Smith
Mrs. Schultz.....	Anna Fields	Deputy Sheriff.....	J. W. Smiley
Australia.....	Jannette Finley	Tommy.....	Francis F. Holmes

The Duke of Killicrankie (128 perf.)—Farical romance in three acts by Robert Marshall. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 5, 1904. Cast:

Duke of Killicrankie.....	John Drew	Butler.....	Robert Schable
Alexander Macbayne.....	Richard Carrington	Footman.....	B. W. Parmenter
Countess of Panbourne.....	Kate Lester	Mrs. Macbayne.....	Constance Bell
Lady Henrietta Addison.....	Margaret Dale	Mr. Henry Pitt-Welby, M.P.	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Ambrose Hicks.....	Lewis Baker	Mrs. Mulholland.....	Fanny Brough

Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 557.

A Madcap Princess (48 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts founded upon Charles Major's novel "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Libretto by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 5, 1904. Cast:

Lulu Glaser, William Pruette, Bertram Wallis, Donald McLaren, H. Chambers, Frank Reicher, Arthur Barry, Ralph Lewis, Guy B. Hoffman, Howard Chambers, Herbert Freer, Maurice Sims, Reginald Barlow, Elsie Thomas, Maud Ream Stover, Mary Conwell, Gwendolyn Valentine, Rose Earl, Lillian Lipyeat, Estelle de Angelis, Helen Bancroft, Louise Wein, Rita Dean, Edith Hale, Miriam Norris, Virginia Courtney, Georgia Sage, Beatrice Anderson, Sadie Gerschoff, Vera Brewster, Estelle Peterson, Emma Spohr, Elizabeth Murray, Ella Reichter, Lucy Stone, Katherine La Tour, Anna Jarbeau, Luella Smith, Jeannette Pawsey, George Hopper, J. D. Van Epps, A. Bellevue, Charles B. Baker, Joseph Miller, E. J. Kloville, E. F. Drew and Peter Canova. Staged by Edward Temple. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

The Rogers Brothers in Paris (72 perf.)—Vaudeville farce in two acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Max Hoffmann. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, September 5, 1904. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, George Austin Moore, John Conroy, Fred Niblo, Joseph Kane, Louis B. Foley, Frank C. Young, Josephine Cohan, Dorothy Hunting, Emily Nice, Bessie De Voie, Willie Torpey, Julia Eastman, Florence Folsom, Lillie Ruby, Bessie Leyland, Bessie Kyle, Vinnie Bradcome, Lottie Sennett, May Luby, Lily Hart, Pauline Montreau, Helen Brooks, Ida Evon, Florence Carrette, Marjorie Blair, May Lawrence, Helen De Mond, Monta Elmo, Grace Grindell, Polly Allison, Doris Townsend, Lillie Luby, Vinnie Danvers, Davida Hawthorne, Daisy Ashton, Pearl Perry, Hattie Van Buren, Lillian Collins, Helen Miller and Gladys Crawford. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn.

Moved to the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 10, 1904.

The Spellbinder (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Herbert Hall Winslow and Charles Dickson. Produced by George W. Lederer at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, September 5, 1904. Cast:

Charles Dickson, George Ober, Henry Powers, Gertrude Howe, Adele Luhrman, Ralph Delmore, Charlotte Townsend, Violet Black, Eugene Shakespeare, George R. Averill,

Frank Russell, Lansing Rowan, John M. King, James R. Garey, E. G. Reynolds, Henry Shean, Joseph R. O'Mally, William Pierce and Ralph Locke. Staged by Charles Dickson.

Letty (64 perf.)—Drama in four acts and an epilogue by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, September 12, 1904. Cast:

William Faversham, Ivo Dawson, Frank Goldsmith, Arthur Playfair, Fritz Williams, Tom Terriss, Sidney Herbert, Wallace Widdecombe, Henri De Barry, Albert Cowles, John C. Tremayne, Katherine Florence, Carlotta Nilsson, Olive Oliver, Julie Opp and Margery Taylor.

The Old Homestead (61 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer. Revived by Franklin Thompson at the New York Theatre, New York, September 12, 1904. Cast:

Joshua Whitcomb.....Denman Thompson	Cy Prime.....Charles Carter
Happy Jack.....Walter Gale	Frank Hopkins.....Horace Wright
Eb Canzey.....Frank Knapp	John Freeman.....Joseph A. Hanna
Aunt Mathilda.....Louisa Morse	Rickety Ann.....Anita L. Fowler
Annie Hopkins.....Blanche Kirk	Nellie Freeman.....Laura Bradford
Maggie O'Flaherty.....Lillian Cordon	Henry Hopkins.....Gus Kammerlee
Judge Patterson.....George R. Clark	Francois Fogarty.....W. E. Chamberlain
Mrs. Hopkins.....Annie Thompson	Reuben Whitcomb.....Hector Dion
One of the Finest.....Charles Ingoldsby	Hoboken Terror.....Dan Regan
Newsboy.....L. M. Roe	Postman.....Edward J. Hanna
Seth Perkins.....Charles H. Clark	Len Holbrook.....George L. Patch
David Willard.....Himself	Warren Ellis.....Patrick Redmond
Anna Maria Murdock.....Venie Thompson	

Denman Thompson wrote this play originally as a sketch entitled "Joshua Whitcomb" which was first played at Harry Martin's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., in February, 1875. From this Mr. Thompson enlarged the piece into a full length play of the same title which first played New York, September 2, 1878, at the Lyceum Theatre. With the assistance of George W. Ryer the play was again revised and under the title of "The Old Homestead" it opened in Boston in 1886 and came to the 14th Street Theatre, New York, January 10, 1887, where it met with outstanding success. Mr. Thompson continued in this play at frequent intervals until his death April 14, 1911.

Besides Mr. Thompson the following members of the above cast were in the original "The Old Homestead" company: Walter Gale, Louisa Morse, Gus Kammerlee and Venie Thompson.

The play was revived for 24 performances at the Academy of Music, New York, beginning October 5, 1908. Cast:

Denman Thompson, Frederick Maynard, Frederick Clare, Harry R. Webster, Frank Knapp, Harry A. Jaeger, Louisa Morse, Anita L. Fowler, Laura Bradford, Minnie Stansil, Jess Calkins, E. F. Cochran, Annie Thompson, Charles Ingoldsby, Roy Purviance, George L. Patch, Charles H. Clark, Margaret Boustead, Jessie Graham, Patrick Redmond and Gus Kammerlee.

The Serio-Comic Governess (41 perf.)—Play in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the New Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 13, 1904. Cast:

Cecilia Loftus, W. J. Butler, H. Reeves-Smith, Earl Ryder, Herbert Standing, Charles Bowser, T. Hayes Hunter, George Le Soir, Emmett Shackelford, Frederick Reynolds, Gilman Haskell, Harold De Becker, Eva Vincent, Kate Pattison-Selton, Ethel Greybrooke, Julia Dean, Rose Anthon, Nesta De Becker, Nellie Butler, Rose Hubbard, Paula Gloy, Margaret Kensington, Fanny Marinoff, Kathleen Brown, Jane Boag, Jean Hubbell, Katharine Keppell and Nellie Campbell.

Taps (25 perf.)—Play translated by Charles Swickard from the German drama "Zapfenstreich" by Franz Adam Beyerlein. Produced by Sam S. Shubert at the Lyric Theatre, New York, September 17, 1904. Cast:

Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Albert Sackett, Paul Everton, Robert Loraine, Aubrey Noyes, Harry M. Blake, Ruddy J. Struck, Ernest J. Mack, W. R. Walters, Charles Swickard, Andrew Le Duc, W. H. Webber, A. R. Voigt, W. B. Woodhall and Archie Curtis.

Business Is Business (57 perf.)—Comedy-drama in three acts by Octave Mirbeau translated by Robert Hichens. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, September 19, 1904. Cast:

William H. Crane, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., George Backus, Sheridan Block, Walter Hale, Harry Saint Maur, R. Payton Gibbs, Guy Nichols, George F. De Vere, Harry Gwynette, Frederick Maynard, R. S. Fife, W. H. Dupont, Gabriel Ravenelle, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, Katherine Grey, Emma Field, Isabel Garrison, Madeline Rives and Josephine Mack.

Mr. Wix of Wickham (41 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts of Herbert Darnley and John H. Wagner. Music by Herbert Darnley, George Everard and Jerome D. Kern. Produced by Edward E. Rice at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 19, 1904. Cast:

Julian Dalton Eltinge, Harry Corson Clarke, David Lythgow, Sydney De Grey, Frank Lawlor, Arthur Wooley, Douglas Flint, Andrew O'Neill, Fred Waters, Milt Pollock, Thelma Fair, Alice Maude Poole, Laura Guerite, Catherine J. Hayes, Frances Wilson, Cecile Mayer and David Abraham. Staged by Edward E. Rice.

Julian Eltinge's first appearance on the stage.

The College Widow (278 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by George Ade. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 20, 1904. Cast:

Frederick Truesdell, George E. Bryant, Edwin Holt, Dan Collyer, Stephen Maley, Frederick Burton, Edgar L. Davenport, J. Beresford Hollis, Thomas Delmar, Morgan Coman, Robert Mackay, E. Y. Backus, Douglas J. Wood, George F. Demarest, Harold Torrington, Dorothy Tennant, Amy Ricard, Gertrude Quinlan, Lida McMillan, Mary McGregor, Belle Nelson, Lucy Cabeen, Georgia Cross, Florence Cameron, Grace Quackenbush, Charles Fraser, Nat Haines, Wyatt Barnes, C. J. Brabin, C. A. Gronseth, Ralph Allard, Andy Lewis, Joseph Barlow, William Anderson, Mrs. Gallagher, the Messrs. Carr, Haskins, Estes, Stillwell, Burtis, Brock, Fontaine, Fowler, Goffing, Dayton, Fink, Goss, Vilas, Wheeler, Smith, Leavitt, Campbell, Leiffert, Richter, Grindell, Hudson, Grandin and Spitz and the Misses Ruffel, Cahill, Marshall, Tracy, Seymour, Cameron, Leavitt, Haller, Moller, Field, Bell, Fursman, Locher, Mohn, Hart, Goldberg and Blair. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burridge.

"Leave It to Jane" a musical comedy founded on "The College Widow" was produced at the Longacre Theatre, New York, August 28, 1917. See "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 605.

The Coronet of the Duchess (19 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, September 21, 1904. Cast:

Clara Bloodgood, Mrs. Hone, Zelta Sears, Georgie Mendum, Katharine Stewart, Elizabeth Emmett, Florida Pier, Flossie Wilkinson, Elsa Garrett, Katherine Bell, William Courtleigh, William H. Tooker, Austin Webb, Ernest Lawford, Frank DeKum, Edmund Hogan, Frederick E. Beane, James R. Cooley and Lou W. Carter. Staged by Clyde Fitch.

The Man of Destiny (8 perf.)—Play in two acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Arnold Daly at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 26, 1904. Cast:

Arnold Daly (Napoleon Bonaparte), John Findlay (The Innkeeper), Dodson Mitchell (The Lieutenant) and Dorothy Donnelly (The Lady).

Followed by:

How He Lied to Her Husband—Play in one act by George Bernard Shaw. Cast:

Arnold Daly (Her Lover), Dodson Mitchell (Her Husband) and Selene Johnson (Herself).

For the first professional performance in New York of "The Man of Destiny" see page 448. It has been given by the students of Franklin H. Sargent's American Academy of Dramatic Arts on February 16, 1899, at the Empire Theatre, New York. Cast:

Robert Schable (Napoleon Bonaparte), Gardiner Jenkins (The Innkeeper), Sidney Donalds (The Lieutenant) and Grace Merritt (The Lady).

For revival see "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 499.

This was the first production anywhere of "How He Lied to Her Husband." A travesty on "Candida," it was written for Mr. Daly. For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 590.

The Music Master (288 perf.)—Comedy-drama in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, September 26, 1904. Cast:

Anton Von Barwig.....	David Warfield	Louis Pinac.....	Louis P. Verande
Signor Tagliafico.....	W. G. Ricciardi	August Poons.....	Leon Kohlmar
Henry A. Stanton.....	Campbell Gollan	Mr. Schwartz.....	Alfred Hudson
Beverly Cruger.....	J. Carrington Yates	Andrew Cruger.....	William Boag
Mr. Ryan.....	Tony Bevan	Al. Costello.....	Louis Hendricks
Joles.....	Harold Mead	Ditson.....	H. G. Carlton
A Collector.....	Downing Clarke	Helen Stanton.....	Minnie Dupree
Mrs. Andrew Cruger.....	Isabel Waldron	Miss Houston.....	Marie Bates
Jennie.....	Antoinette Walker	Charlotte.....	Sybil Klein
Danny.....	Master Richard Kessler	Octavie.....	Jane Cowl

Staged by David Belasco. Settings by Ernest Gros and Wilfred Buckland.

Moved to the Bijou Theatre, New York, January 9, 1905.

Reopened at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 2, 1905, for 306 performances, and again at this theatre September 1, 1906, for 33 performances.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 584.

The West Point Cadet (4 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Paul Bilhaud and Alfred Barre adapted by M. Norden. Produced by Nathaniel Roth at the Princess Theatre, New York, September 30, 1904. Cast:

Della Fox, Scott Cooper, Richie Ling, Arthur Cunningham, Agnes Stone, Joseph Herbert, Edward Abeles, Clara Palmer, Madelaine Hazlett, Mabel Carrier, Laura Butler, Viola Clayton, Robert Ward, Edward Leahy, James Nichols, Joseph Graham and Roy Cutter.

Love's Lottery (50 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Libretto by Stanislaus Stange. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced by F. C. Whitney at the Broadway Theatre, October 3, 1904. Cast:

Mme. Schumann-Heink, Wallace Brownlow, George L. Tallman, Louise Gunning, Delight Barsch, John Slavin, H. W. Tredenick, Margaret Crawford, Tekla Farm, Ivy Clyde, Lucia Nola, Heathie Gregory, John H. Duffey, John Norele and Lionel Roberts. Staged by Max Freeman.

The Harvester (32 perf.)—Drama in five acts adapted from "Le Chemineau" of Jean Richepin by Charles M. Skinner. Produced by Joseph Buckley at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 10, 1904. Cast:

Otis Skinner, J. M. Colville, George Clarke, Walter Lewis, Ben T. Ringgold, Russell Crauford, Daniel Pennell, John Boylan, Lizzie Hudson Collier, Maud Durbin and Marion Abbott. Staged by Mr. Skinner.

Joseph Entangled (65 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 10, 1904. Cast:

Henry Miller, John Glendinning, Frederick Tiden, J. Hartley Manners, Stanley Dark, Walter Allen, Frederick Tyler, Bertram Harrison, Frank Willard, Hilda Spong, Grace Heyer, Laura Hope Crews and Maggie Holloway Fischer.

The Sho-gun (125 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by George Ade. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced by Henry W. Savage at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 10, 1904. Cast:

Charles Evans, Edward Martindel, David Torrence, Thomas C. Leary, William C. Weedon, Henry Taylor, George Ollerenshaw, Arthur O'Bryan, E. P. Parsons, Georgia Caine, Christie MacDonald, Carrie E. Perkins, Dorothy Maynard, Loris Scarsdale, Myra Davis, Olga Fredericks, Marie Christie, Cora Spicer, Georgena Leary, Rose Murray, Osie Williams, Fay Tincher, May Murray, Edna Jackson, Lucille DeMentz, Anita Marik, Elinor Barras, Hertha Engel, Amy LaDew, Olive Hill, Lucille Prince, Muriel Harmon, Pansy Farmer, Edna Chandler, Etta Raynor, Arney Henry, Alex B. St. Johns, Whitlock Davis, William Reiske, James Dale, Derby Brown, J. H. Keenan, Frank Blackman, Morris Hiller, Carlyle Sweetler, Albert Cunningham, O. Fowle, P. H. Tazeman, E. O'Connor, Genevieve Freeman, Lucy Tonge, Virgie Ware, Grace Overand, Lulu Hamill, Grace Walsh, Agnes Sheridan and Patsy Rogers. Staged by George F. Marion. Settings by Walter Burrige.

During the run Trixie Friganza replaced Georgia Caine.

The Sorceress (36 perf.)—Play in five acts by Victorien Sardou, translated by Louis N. Parker. Produced by Charles Frohman at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, October 10, 1904. Cast:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Frederick Perry, Guy Standing, George Riddell, L. Rogers Lytton, Fuller Mellish, H. Ogden Crane, Orme Caldara, H. L. Forbes, R. C. Morse, F. M. Wilder, E. J. Glendinning, William Balfour, Laurence Eddinger, John W.

Thompson, C. H., Ogden, George Lane, Walter Henry, Chester Beecroft, Edgar Allan Woolf, William Marston, Henry Miller, Jr., Alice Butler, Gertrude Coghlan, Margaret Bourne, Mildred Beverly, Martha Waldron, Katherine Raynore, Florence Gelbart, Sara Leigh, Guilia Strakosch, Edna Larkin and Eugenia Flagg.

Henry E. Dixey and Company (8 perf.)—The following one act plays were produced by Henry E. Dixey at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, New York, October 17, 1904:

David Garrick on the Art of Acting by C. J. Bell. Cast: Henry E. Dixey and Marie Nordstrom.

Over a Welsh Rarebit by Clay M. Greene. Cast: Henry E. Dixey and Frank Aitken.

Agatha Dene by Russ Whytal. Cast: Viola Fortescue, Margery Butler, Russ Whytal, Charles Wentz and Jane Gordon.

Appearing also were the following Variety entertainers: Clivette, The Man in Black; Madam Annette Packbiers; Violet Dale; William Dockray and Agnes Maher.

Sothorn and Marlowe Repertory—Charles Frohman presented E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in a series of revivals at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, beginning October 17, 1904, continuing through November 26, 1904. The plays presented were: Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Hamlet." The company included:

E. H. Sothorn (Romeo, Benedict, Hamlet), Julia Marlowe (Juliet, Beatrice, Ophelia), G. Harrison Hunter (Mercutio), Mrs. Sol Smith (Nurse), W. H. Crompton (Friar Laurence, Polonius), Mary Hall (Hero, Gertrude), Norman Hackett (Claudio), Rowland Buckstone (Dogberry), Sydney Mather (Laertes), Malcolm Bradley, Frederick Kaufman, Frank Kingdon, William Harris, T. L. Coleman, Robert S. Gill, Morgan Wallace, Gilbert Douglas, Edson R. Miles, Percy Smith, Doris Mitchell, Pedro De Cordoba, Dorothy Sadlier, Mrs. Woodward, Katherine Wilson, the Misses Sanford, Wyatt, Langdon, Stoughton, Vollman, Gray and Wharton.

This was the first joint appearance of E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in New York.

Mr. Frohman presented E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in a series of Shakespearian revivals at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, beginning October 16, 1905, continuing through November 25, 1905. The plays presented were: "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night" and "Romeo and Juliet." The company included:

E. H. Sothorn (Petruccio, Shylock, Malvolio, Romeo), Julia Marlowe (Katherine, Portia, Viola, Juliet), T. L. Coleman (Antonio), Frederick Lewis (Bassanio, Mercutio), Alice Harrington (Nerissa, Olivia), Millicent McLaughlin (Jessica, Maria), William Harris (Friar Laurence), Rowland Buckstone (Sir Toby), Malcolm Bradley (Sir Andrew), Mrs. Sol Smith (Nurse), W. H. Crompton, Pedro De Cordoba, Fred Eric, Frank Reicher, Mrs. Woodward, Gilbert Douglas, Robert Stowe Gill, Thomas Davis, P. J. Kelly, Wilmer Dame, Charles Fullhart, Frederick Kaufman, Henry Rabon, Katherine Wilson, Frank Kingdon and Edson R. Miles.

Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., presented Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe in repertory for eight weeks beginning January 21, 1907,

at the Lyric Theatre, New York. The plays presented were: "John the Baptist" by Hermann Sudermann, translated by Mary Harned; "Jeanne D'Arc" by Percy MacKaye; "The Sunken Bell" by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by C. H. Meltzer and Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night." The company included:

E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Sarah Cowell LeMoyné, Gladys Wilkinson, Pearl Egan, Mrs. Sol Smith, Frank Reicher, Rowland Buckstone, W. H. Crompton, Fred Eric, Alma Kruger, Eleanor Sanford, Ethel Gray, Sayre Crawley, Virginia Hammond, Frederick Lewis, P. J. Kelly, Henry Rabon, Katherine Wilson, Edson R. Miles, Nora Lamison, Frederick Kaufman, Albert S. Howson, Harry Turnley, John Taylor, Mrs. Frank Reicher, the Misses Crew, Cobourn, Clement and Wharton, the Messrs. Spiers, Aspland, Tower, Wells, Anderson, Wheelock, Sorrell, Cawdon, Keene, Dabney, Steel, Rice, Vaughn, Arthur, Conklin, Ross, Seers, Vibart, Mawson and Lowe.

This same company appeared at the Academy of Music, New York, in repertory for two weeks beginning June 10, 1907. The plays presented were: Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" and "Twelfth Night."

The Shuberts presented Mr. Sothern and his company in a series of plays at the Lyric Theatre, New York, beginning January 27, 1908, continuing through April 25, 1908. The plays presented were: "Our American Cousin" by Tom Taylor; "Hamlet" by William Shakespeare; "If I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "The Fool Hath Said: 'There Is No God'" dramatized by Laurence Irving from Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" and "Don Quixote," dramatization of Cervantes' novel by Paul Kester. The company included:

E. H. Sothern, Adolph Lestina, William Harris, P. J. Kelly, Paul Scardon, Frank Reicher, Malcolm Bradley, Rowland Buckstone, Albert S. Howson, Helena Head, Virginia Hammond, Ina Goldsmith, Gladys Hanson, Loretta Healy, John Taylor, Sydney Mather, Stephen Wright, Harry Turnley, Edmund Ford, Paul Mellem, Frank Morton, Frederick Kaufman, Roger de Coverly, Florence Reed, Charles A. Martin, Harry Lawson, Harry Rabon, Fred Post, Leon Brown, James Boone, James Bennett, Mrs. H. Holcombe, Ethel Gray, Mrs. Frank Reicher, Miss McLean, Zyllah Shannon, P. J. Low, Lewis Short, Maurice Low, Ellis Wood, Mr. Tilden, Olive Lea and Katherine Wilson.

Beginning May 18, 1908, Mr. Sothern and the above company played a three weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, New York. The plays presented were: "Our American Cousin," "If I Were King" and "Hamlet."

The first New York production of "Our American Cousin" was at Laura Keane's Theatre, October 18, 1858. E. A. Sothern played Lord Dundreary. The above revival was E. H. Sothern's first appearance in his father's famous role.

For the first New York production of "If I Were King," see page 66.

On March 29, 1909, Mr. Sothern began a three weeks' engagement in repertory at Daly's Theatre, New York. The plays presented were: "Richelieu" by Bulwer-Lytton, "Lord Dundreary" by

Tom Taylor, "Hamlet" by William Shakespeare and "If I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy. The company included:

E. H. Sothorn, Sydney Mather, Albert S. Howson, Eric Blind, Frederick Lewis, Rowland Buckstone, William Harris, John Taylor, Harry Turnley, Harry Rabob, Liano Tilden, Malcolm Bradley, P. J. Kelly, Frederick Roland, Gladys Hanson, Virginia Hammond, Helena Head, Katherine Wilson, Ethel Gray, Vincent Sternroyd, Frank Morton, Harry Lawson, Leslie King, Arthur Belmont, James Boone, Paul Mellem, James Bennett, Mrs. H. Holcombe, Elizabeth De Puy, Miss McLean, Ina Goldsmith and Loretta Healy.

Higgledy-Piggledy (185 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Edgar Smith. Music by Maurice Levi. Produced by Joseph M. Weber and Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Weber Music Hall, New York, October 20, 1904. Cast:

Anna Held, Marie Dressler, Joseph M. Weber, Harry Morris, Charles A. Bigelow, Aubrey Boucicault, Frank Mayne, Sam Marion, Walter Stanton, Jr., Harry Hoffmann, W. Douglas Stevenson, Robert Austin, Richard Dolliver, Jarvis Jocelyn, Charles Flynn, Bert Hagen, Henry de Packh, Aimee Angelis, Bonnie Maginn, May McKenzie, Franz Ebert, Freda Linyard, Lillian Harris, Bena Hoffman, Daisy Leon, Vivian Blackburn, Addie Orton, Edyth Moyer, Hattie Loraine, Edyth Smyth, Maude Le Roy, Frances Palmer, Belva Don Kersley, Mildred De Vere, Ada Verne, Florence French, Grace Kimball, Marjorie Relyea, Mabel Verne, Madelaine Martin, Esther Brunette, Elsie Davis, Edna Chase, Blanche West, Beatrice Walsh, Violet Pearl, Iva Barber, Kitty Wheaton, Beatrice Learwood, Irene Bishop, Evaline Ware, Florence Lancaster, Vernie Wadsworth, Maude Seddon and Carolin Green. Staged by George Marion. Dances by Sam Marion.

This play reopened at this theatre August 26, 1905, for an additional 17 performances.

The Cingalee (33 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book by James Tanner. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Lionel Monckton. Produced by J. C. Duff at Daly's Theatre, New York, October 24, 1904. Cast:

Martha Carine, Genevieve Finlay, Blanche Deyo, Julia Millard, Kathleen Warren, Noel Gordon, Dorothy Bertrand, May Hengler, Flora Hengler, Violet Kellogg, Amy Forsslund, May Hopkins, Myrtle McGrain, Melville Stewart, Hallyn Mostyn, Harold Vizard, George Le Soir, Lionel Hogarth, W. Haslanger, George Featherstone, W. Earl, Paul Pancer, William Norris, Edward Gore, Charles Wallace, Jordon Osborne and The Eddies.

Granny (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch adapted from the French of Georges Mitchell. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, October 24, 1904. Cast:

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Emmet C. King, Frank E. Aiken, William Lewers, Austin Webb, Sydney Rice, Frank Brownlee, Herbert Marion, Dorothy Hammond, Marie Doro, Jennie Reiffarth and Olive Murray. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

This was announced as Mrs. Gilbert's farewell to the stage and at the conclusion of each performance she read a poem written by Clyde Fitch. On November 28, 1904, Mrs. Gilbert and her company opened in Chicago where she died four days later at the age of 83.

Bird Center (13 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Glen McDonough based upon the cartoons of John T. McCutcheon. Pro-

duced by Hamlin, Mitchell and Fields at the Majestic Theatre New York, November 3, 1904. Cast:

George Richards, William Burruss, George E. Mack, Louis Payne, Frank Tannehill, Jr., George Ober, Clayton Legge, Ipha Dahl, Edward J. Connelly, Will Archie, Frank Todd, Mabel Strickland, Virginia Ross, Blanche Chapman, Rosa Cooke, Sue Kelleher, Catherine Black and Helen Nelson. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young, Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

Little Johnny Jones (52 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Book, lyrics and music by George M. Cohan. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Liberty Theatre, New York, November 7, 1904. Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, Ethel Levey, J. Bernard Dyllin, Sam J. Ryan, Donald Brian, Tom Lewis, C. J. Harrington, Charles Bachmann, Joseph Leslie, Howard Stevens, Fred Williams, Truly Shattuck, William Seymour and Edith Tyler. Staged by George M. Cohan. Settings by W. F. Hamilton.

Mr. Cohan's first starring engagement.

This play returned to the New York Theatre, New York, May 8, 1905, playing through August 26, 1905, and from November 13, 1905, through December 9, 1905. It played a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music beginning April 22, 1907.

Mrs. Black Is Back (71 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George V. Hobart. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, November 7, 1904. Cast:

May Irwin, Jane Burby, Edgar Atchison-Ely, May Donohue, Roland Carter, Madelaine Anderton, Kate Gotthold, Charles Church, Lillie Lawton, Charles Lane, A. S. Lipman, Frances Gordon, Arthur Sanders, John Johnson, Vira Rial, Maryland Tyson, Dorothy Banes, John G. Sparks and Nick Long.

This play was presented for the week of March 27, 1905, at the New York Theatre, New York.

Madame Gabrielle Rejane Repertory—Mme. Rejane was presented by Liebler and Company at the Lyric Theatre, New York, beginning November 7, 1904, continuing through December 3, 1904. The plays presented were: "Amoureuse" by Georges de Porto-Riche; "Lolotte" by Meilhac and Halevy; "La Robe Rouge" by E. Brieux; "La Petite Marquise" by Meilhac and Halevy; "La Dame aux Camelias" by Alexandre Dumas, fils; "Incognito" by Stanley Orhier; "L'Hirondelle" by Dario Niccodemi; "Ma Cousine" by Henri Meilhac; "Sapho" by Alphonse Daudet; "La Douleureuse" by Maurice Donnay; "La Parisienne" by Henri Becque; "La Passerelle" by Fred Gresac and F. de Croisset and "Zaza" by Pierre Berton and Ch. Simon. The company included:

Mme. Rejane, Suzanne Avril, Jeannin Kelm, Messrs. Dumeny, Kelm, Renoux, Monti, Gorieux, Berthier, Bosman, Duc and Thamin and the Misses Rose Lion, Deylia, Bernou, Edmond and Petite Baudry.

David Garrick (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by T. W. Robertson. Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 14, 1904. Cast:

Charles Wyndham (David Garrick), Mary Moore (Ada Ingot), Frank Atherly, Gilbert Farquhar, C. Premayne, C. Edmunds, Emily Vining, Alfred Bishop, T. W. Rawson, Bertram Steer, G. Vincent and Ethel Marryat.

Mr. Wyndham and Miss Moore first appeared in this play in New York at Palmer's Theatre, November 4, 1889.

For other revival see page 384 of this volume. Also "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 568.

Humpty Dumpty (132 perf.)—Musical spectacle by J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins, adapted to the American stage by John J. McNally. Lyrics and music by J. W. Johnson, Bob Cole, Rosamond Johnson, J. M. Glover and Frederick Solomon. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, November 14, 1904. Cast:

Frank Moulán, John McVeigh, George Schiller, Maud Lillian Berri, Nellie Daly, Lillian Coleman, William C. Schrode, J. H. Powers, Joseph C. Smith, Nora Sarony, Fredericka Raymond, Arthur Conquest, David Abrams, Hilarion Ceballos, Mlle. Grigolatis and troupe, J. Cleneay Mathews, Eugene Everett, Rosalie Ceballos, Frank Connors and William Beattie. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn. Ballets by Ernest D'Auban. Settings by Bruce Smith, R. C. McCleery, R. Caney, C. E. Caney, Henry Emden and Johnstone and Harford.

Reopened at the New York Theatre, New York, March 19, 1906, for two weeks.

Sunday (79 perf.)—Play in four acts by Thomas Raceward. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, November 15, 1904. Cast:

Ethel Barrymore, Bruce McRae, Herbert Percy, Charles Harbury, Joseph Bennan, Harrison Armstrong, William Sampson, Edgar Selwyn, James Kearney, Virginia Buchanan and Anita Rothe. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Joseph Physioc and Ernest Gros.

The Rich Mrs. Repton (5 perf.)—Play in three acts by R. C. Carton. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre New York, November 16, 1904. Cast:

Fay Davis, Arthur Lawrence, Ernest Lawford, Arthur Elliott, Edgar Norton, Harold Hartsell, Edward Abeles, Vincent Serrano, Frederick E. Beane, Herbert Budd, Florida Pier, Beatrice Agner and Katherine Stewart.

A China Doll (18 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Lyrics by Harry B. and Robert Smith. Music by Alfred E. Aarons. Produced at the Majestic Theatre, New York, November 19, 1904. Cast:

W. H. MacDonald, Helen Royton, Arthur Cunningham, Corinne, Adele Rafter, Albert Hart, George C. Boniface, Jr., Ione Kerr, Charles J. Wilson, Laura Senac, Sadie Long, Louise Elliott, Helouise Lee, Lucie Houston, Ann Ott and May Christie. Staged by Max Freeman.

The Baroness Fiddlesticks (25 perf.)—Musical satire in two acts. Book by George de Long. Music by Emil Bruguere. Produced by MacDonald and Sullivan at the Casino Theatre, New York, November 21, 1904. Cast:

John E. Henshaw, Richie Ling, Alden McClaskie, Tony Asher, Walter A. Cluxton, Mae Sherwood, Edna McClure, Anna Johnston, Minnie Methot, Toby Claude, Nella Bergen, Mary Ten Broeck, Gustav Koldovski and Anna Fitzhugh.

Magda (5 perf.)—Play in four acts by Hermann Sudermann. Revived by John B. Schoeffel at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 21, 1904. Cast:

Col. Schwartz.....	McKee Rankin	Magda.....	Nance O'Neil
Marie.....	Gertrude Binley	Augusta.....	Clara Thompson
Hefterdinct.....	Charles Dalton	Dr. Von Keller.....	Charles Millward
Gen. Von Klebs.....	Joseph Wheelock	Prof. Beckman.....	Frederick Symer
Max.....	Arthur H. Sawyer	Franziska.....	Ricca Allen
	Theresa.....		Rae Scott

Staged by McKee Rankin.

Miss O'Neil's first appearance in New York as "Magda."

The first New York production of "Magda" was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, January 29, 1894. Mme. Modjeska was Magda and R. Peyton Carter was Dr. Von Keller.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 539.

The Second Fiddle (32 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Gordon Blake. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Criterion Theatre, New York, November 21, 1904. Cast:

Louis Mann, Georgia Welles, Percy Lyndal, Edward See, William Hassan, Dorothy Revell, Thomas Davies, Charles Dade, George Gaston, Mary Bacon, Marie Bingham, Gertrude Doremus, Elsie Ferguson, Irene Frizzell, Bertie Bertrand, Ethel Howe, May Grant, Gertrude Douglas, Virginia Voorhees, H. Lobdell, John Wallace, Saito and H. Williamson.

The Two Roses (29 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Stanislaus Stange founded on Dr. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Music by Ludwig Englander and Gustav Kerker. Produced by Charles B. Dillingham at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 21, 1904. Cast:

Fritzi Scheff, Ada Meade, Grace Spencer, Ila Niles, Bertha Holly, James Beall, Roy Penalton, Otto Wedemeyer, Frank Boyle, Ida Hawley, M. W. Whitney, Jr., Louise Le Baron, Louis Harrison, Josephine Bartlett, Clarence Handyside, Roland Cunningham, Helen Chadwick, Carey Lee, Florence Barber, Nellie Parkes, Marie Parkes, Mae Baldwin, Emma King, Cecile Buck, Julie Cotte, Helen Clifton, Grace Emmons, Agnes Williamson, Belle Chamberlin, Tekla Morton, Flora Fitzgerald, Lola Allen and Messrs. Smith, Widdowson, Hunt, De Vassey, Emerson, Wunder, Lieberman, Hoffman, Barbara and Pergain.

Woodland (83 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Frank Pixley. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the New York Theatre, New York, November 21, 1904. Cast:

Charles Dow Clark, Cheridah Simpson, Harry Bulger, Harry Fairleigh, Frank Doane, Stanley H. Forde, Frank D. Nelson, Harry N. Pyke, Ida Brooks Hunt, Ida Mulle, Emma Carus, Margaret Sayre, Helen Hale, Louida Hilliard, Lucile Nelson, John Donahue, Eva Francis, Grace Walsh, Mabel Moyles, Louise La Salle, Blanche Collette, Rose Deni, Marion Forde, Sally Carlton, Lucile Tozier, Margaret Sands, the Misses Holt, Farrell, Collins, Luttrell, Drew, E. Burnett, H. Burnett, Fowler, Reidle, Eagen, Hill, Miller, Randall, Pattison, Spalding, Clifford, Holton, Raynor, Dennis, Spelman and Ure and the Messrs. Abbott, Berg, Johnson, Creamer, De Lisle, Hudson, Maloon, Murphy, Martin, Black, Holt and Stromblad. Staged by George Marion.

Moved to the Herald Square Theatre, New York, December 22, 1904.

The Fires of St. John (8 perf.)—Play in four acts by Hermann Sudermann. Produced by John B. Schoeffel at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 28, 1904. Cast:

Nance O'Neil, McKee Rankin, Charles Dalton, Louis Massen, Joseph Wheelock, Clara Thompson, Gertrude Binley, Ricca Allen and Mrs. Scott. Staged by McKee Rankin.

This was the first performance of the play in New York.

The Usurper (28 perf.)—Comedy-drama in four acts by I. N. Morris. Produced by Nat C. Goodwin at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, November 28, 1904. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Norman Thrapp, Eille Norwood, Felix Edwardes, W. H. Post, Neil O'Brien, Ina Goldsmith, Ruth Mackay, May Sargent, Georgie Mendum and Ethel Beale. Staged by George J. Appleton. Settings by Ernest Albert.

Brother Jacques (40 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Henri Bernstein and Pierre Veber. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, December 5, 1904. Cast:

Annie Russell, Mrs. Charles Walcott, May Davenport Seymour, Grena Bennett, May Hennessey, Elizabeth Churchill, Claire Winston, Mary Gordon, Elizabeth Johnson, Oswald Yorke, Grant Stewart, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., George W. Wilson, Ira Hards, William Wray, J. R. Cooley, Sidney Mansfield and Lou W. Carter. Staged by E. E. Rose. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Judith of Bethulia (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Produced by John B. Schoeffel at Daly's Theatre, New York, December 5, 1904. Cast:

Nance O'Neil, Charles Dalton, Charles Millward, Louis Massen, Joseph Wheelock, George Friend, J. B. Coughlan, Arthur H. Sawyer, Gilbert Aymar, W. L. Thorne, J. F. Clark, Walter Hill, Joseph Gillow, Herbert Forrest, Lowell Sherman, G. M. Bailey, Gertrude Binley, Clara Thompson and Ricca Allen. Staged by McKee Rankin.

Lowell Sherman's New York debut.

It Happened in Nordland (154 perf.)—Musical comedy in a prologue and two acts. Book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Hamlin, Mitchell and Fields at Lew Fields' Theatre, New York, December 5, 1904. Cast:

Lew Fields, Marie Cahill, Harry Davenport, Joseph Herbert, Harry Fisher, Joseph Carroll, May Robson, Julius Steger, Bessie Clayton, Charles Gotthold, Miss "Billie" Norton, William Burress, Rosemary Glosz, Indiola Arnold, May Naudain, Frank O'Neill, Pauline Frederick, Harriet Forsythe, Josephine Karlin, Susan Parker, Diva Marolda, Grace Field, Katherine Howland, Georgia Baron, May Leslie, Clara Pitt, May Chapin, Mattie Chapin, Carolyn Fostelle, Edna Birch, May Hickey, Loretta MacDonald, Ethel Gilmore, Emily Fulton, Lena Stevens, Elizabeth Young, Mabel Gilmore, Jessie Crane, Barbara Farres, Adah Carlyle, Charlotte Palmer, Jessie Richmond, Miss Ray Gilmore, Dorothy Watson, Paula Desmond, Frankie Lee, Maude Mills, Hattie Lowraine, Amalie Karle, Ocie Williams, Gertrude Grant, Fanny Dupre, Jeanne Crane, Minnie Whitmore, Ruthita Field, Harriet Raymond, Elba Kenny, Marie Troy, Alfred Borneman, Frederick Fair, Walter Lindberg, Jack Hall, Edmund Mortimer, W. C. Van Brunt, Jean d'Alberty, Herman Noble, Franklin Deland, R. W. Rosemire, Parvin White and George V. Dill. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young.

This play reopened at this same theatre August 31, 1905, for an additional 100 performances at which time Blanche Ring replaced Marie Cahill.

Robert B. Mantell Repertory—Mr. Mantell presented Shakespeare's "Richard III" and "Othello" and Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu" at the Princess Theatre, New York, for a period of two weeks beginning December 5, 1904. The company included:

Robert B. Mantell (Duke of Gloucester, Othello and Richelieu), Marie Booth Russell (Lady Anne, Desdemona, Julie De Mortimer), Blanche Hunt (Duke of York), Lillian Kingsbury (Emelia), Eva Benton, Irene Hunt, W. J. Montgomery, Carl Ahrendt, Frederick Forrest, John Connery, Harry Keefer, Harry Kerns, George Macy, Edward Foss, William Hunt, David R. Young, Laurence Sterns, Hamilton Mott, Warren Conlin, Harry Howard and Walter Stearns.

The first New York production of "Richard III" was at the Nassau Street Theatre, March 5, 1749, probably with Thomas Kean as Richard.

The first New York production of "Othello" was at the Nassau Street Theatre, December 23, 1751. Robert Upton was Othello.

The first New York production of "Richelieu" was at the National Theatre, September 4, 1839. Edwin Forrest was Richelieu.

Robert Mantell and his company opened a three weeks' engagement at the Garden Theatre, New York, beginning October 23, 1905. The plays presented were: "Richelieu," "The Dagger and the Cross" by Brownlow Hill and Shakespeare's "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth" and "King Lear." The company included:

Robert B. Mantell (Duke of Gloucester, Richelieu, Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear), Marie Booth, Russell (Lady Anne, Desdemona, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, Cordelia), Lelila Frost (Duke of York), Harry Leighton (Laertes), Walter Campbell (Ghost of Hamlet's father), Guy Lindsley, Giles Shine, Devore Palmer, Gordon Burby, Arthur Ebbetts, Lorraine Frost, Harry Kearns, Franklin Bendsten, George Macy, Thomas Lear, Hamilton Mott, Emily Dodd, Belle Theodore, George Gould, Josephine McCallum, Edwin Foss, George Anderson, Margaret Gray, Lawrence Gill, Charles Keane, Lawrence Krey and George Lawrence.

The first New York production of "Hamlet" to be recorded was at the Chapel Street (now Beekman Street) Theatre, November 26, 1761. Lewis Hallam was the Hamlet.

The first recorded New York performance of "Macbeth" was at the John Street Theatre, May 3, 1768. Mr. Hallam was Macbeth.

The first New York production of "King Lear" was at the Nassau Street Theatre, January 14, 1754. Mr. Malone was Lear.

Robert B. Mantell and his company played three weeks at the Academy of Music, New York, beginning November 5, 1906. The plays presented were the same as above with the addition of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar." The company remained the same.

The first New York performance of "The Merchant of Venice" was at the John Street Theatre, January 28, 1768.

The first New York performance of "Julius Caesar" was at the John Street Theatre, March 14, 1794.

William A. Brady presented Mr. Mantell in a series of plays at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, for two weeks beginning

April 29, 1907. The plays were: "Richelieu" by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, and six plays by William Shakespeare including "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Richard III," "Macbeth," "King Lear" and "Othello." The company included:

Robert B. Mantell, Marie Booth Russell, George Stillwell, Jackson Briggs, Gordon Burby, Franklin Bendsten, Guy Lindsley, Francis McGinn, Cecil Owens, Aileen Bertelle, Margaret Grey, Finley Beere, Alfred Hastings, Lillian Kingsbury, Walter Campbell, Alfred Callender, Norman Hackett, Hamilton Mott, Gustavus Bell and Gilbert Sells.

Beginning on March 8, 1909, and continuing for five weeks William A. Brady presented Mr. Mantell in a repertory of the following plays: "Richelieu," "Louis XI" by H. R. Maxwell, adapted from Casimir Delavigne and Shakespeare's "King John," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear" and "Richard III." The company included:

Robert B. Mantell (King John, Hamlet, Shylock, Othello, Romeo, King Lear, Duke of Gloucester), Marie Booth Russell (Lady Constance, Ophelia, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Goneril), George Turner, Charles Keene, William Bowen, Olaf Skavlan, Oscar Pfefferle, Edward Lewers, Fritz Leiber (Faulconbridge), George Gould, Ethelbert Hales, F. Dallas Cairns, James Brophy, George Stillwell, Otto Brower, Guy Lindsley, Edwin Lear, Frederick Baldwin, James Lambert, Walter Campbell, Lillian Kingsbury, Josephine McCallum, Leila Frost, Edith Campbell and Lorraine Frost.

This was the first production of "King John" to be seen in New York since the early seventies when Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., was seen as the King, Agnes Booth as Constance and John McCullough as Faulconbridge. The first recorded performance of "King John" in New York was at the John Street Theatre, January 9, 1769. David Douglass was King John.

The Fortunes of the King (38 perf.)—Melodrama in four acts by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus and Leonidas Westervelt. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, December 6, 1904. Cast:

James K. Hackett, James L. Seeley, Samuel Hardy, Frederick Webber, George Dickson, Peter Lang, Robert Holmes, William Courtleigh, M. J. Jordon, E. L. Duane, Charlotte Walker, Flora Bowley, Eleanor Sheldon and George Schaeffer.

Mrs. Goringe's Necklace (39 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, December 7, 1904. Cast:

Charles Wyndham, Mary Moore, Alfred Bishop, Charles Quartermaine, T. W. Rawson, Bertram Steer, Vane Featherston, Lilius Waldegrave, Daisy Markham and Ethel Marryatt. Gowns by Worth, Paris.

Leah Kleschna, Dec. 12, 1904. See page 169.

A Wife Without a Smile (16 perf.)—Comedy by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 19, 1904. Cast:

Ernest Lawford, Frank Worthing, Frank Atherley, J. H. Barnes, Louis R. Grisel, Margaret Illington, Ester Tittell, Elsie De Wolfe and Flossie Wilkinson.

Lady Teazle (57 perf.)—Musical version of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comedy "The School for Scandal" in two acts. Book by John Kendrick Bangs and Roderic C. Penfield. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Casino Theatre, New York, December 24, 1904. Cast:

Lillian Russell (Lady Teazle), W. T. Carleton (Sir Peter Teazle), Elsa Ryan (Maria), Stanley Hawkins (Joseph Surface), Van Rensselaer Wheeler (Charles Surface), Clarence Handyside, Jack Taylor, Owen Westford, Albert Wilder, Nellie McCoy, Lucille Saunders, Ella I. Smythe, John Dunsmore, Albert McGuckin, Louise De Rigney, May Maloney, Lou Leighton, Lou Grule, Esther Marks, Rita Dean, Claire Lane, Marion Alexander, Grace Townsend, Essie Lyons, Marjorie Walton, Madeline Durand, Hattie Waters, Josephine Angela, Margaret Rohe and Elsie Raymond. Staged by R. H. Burnside and Sam S. Shubert.

Common Sense Bracket (24 perf.)—Comedy drama in four acts by Charles W. Doty. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, December 26, 1904. Cast:

Richard Golden, Theodore Babcock, Frank Gheen, H. S. Northrup, Richard Nesmith, Charles B. Hawkins, Charles Carter, Florence Rockwell, Esther Lyon, Agnes Scott, Louise Galloway, Blanche Rice, Minnie Milne, Minnie Watson, Minnie Lee, Faye Cusick, Rene Harris, Harry La Rue, Master Arthur Gibson, Spader Johnson, John Henry, Walter English and Ben Vereecken. Settings by Walter Burridge.

Home Folks (34 perf.)—Play in four acts by C. T. Dazey. Produced at the New York Theatre, New York, December 26, 1904. Cast:

William Ingersoll, Thomas A. Wise, Samuel Reed, Arthur Sanders, Charles Stedman, W. S. Hart, Walter Thomas, Charles Lamb, Charles Mason, Morton McKim, Jack Ryan, Howard Sloat, Chrystal Herne, Julie Herne, Ida Waterman, Frances Stevens, Roso Marston, Alice Braham, Desirie Lazard, Belle Daube and Myra Brook.

In Newport (24 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by John J. McNally. Lyrics and music by J. W. Johnson, Bob Cole and Rosamond Johnson. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Liberty Theatre, New York, December 26, 1904. Cast:

Fay Templeton, Peter F. Dailey, Joseph Coyne, Lee Harrison, Charles F. MacDonald, Alfred Fisher, Louis Kelso, Frank Todd, Virginia Earle, Edith Yerrington, Sue Stuart, Lillian Hudson, Elphye Snowden, Florence Brennan, Alice Palmer, Peggy Lawton, Irene Palmer, Gussie Bennett, Mildred Claire and Edith Milward. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn. Settings by Richard Marston, D. Frank Dodge and Ernest Albert.

The Little Minister (73 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by J. M. Barrie. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, December 26, 1904. Cast:

Gavin Dishart.....	Arthur Byron	Lady Babbie.....	Maude Adams
Lord Rintoul.....	Eugene Jepson	Twaits.....	Lloyd Carleton
Capt. Halliwell.....	George Irving	Felice.....	Margaret Gordon
Thomas Whamond.....	Charles Walcot	Rob Dow.....	Joseph Francoeur
Sneaky Hobart.....	William Henderson	Micah Dow.....	Violet Rand
Andrew Mealmaker.....	Richard Pitman	Jean.....	May Galyer
Sergeant Davidson.....	Charles Pitt	Nannie Webster.....	Mrs. W. G. Jones
Joe Cruickshanks.....	T. C. Valentine	Silva Tosh.....	Wallace Jackson

This play was first produced in New York at the Empire Theatre, September 27, 1897, at which time Maude Adams made her debut as a star. Robert Edeson was the Gavin Dishart. Eugene

Jepson, Margaret Gordon, Wallace Jackson and Thomas C. Valentine of the above revival were also in the original.

For other revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 569, and "Best Plays of 1924-1925," page 559.

Op o' Me Thumb—Play in one act by Frederick Fenn and Richard Bryce was added as a curtain raiser beginning February 6, 1905. Cast:

Maude Adams, Arthur Byron, Violet Rand, Margaret Gordon, May Galyer and Ethel Winthrop.

Fritzi Scheff—Charles B. Dillingham presented Fritzi Scheff in a series of revivals at the Broadway Theatre, New York, beginning December 26, 1904, and continuing through March 25, 1905. The plays revived were:

Fatinitza—Comic opera in three acts. Libretto adapted by Harry B. Smith. Music by Franz Von Suppé. December 26, 1904, for four weeks.

Girofle-Girofla—Comic opera in three acts by Charles Lecocq. January 30, 1905, for two weeks.

Fatinitza—February 13, 1905, for two weeks.

Boccaccio—Comic opera in three acts by Franz Von Suppé. February 27, 1905, for the final four weeks.

The company included:

Fritzi Scheff, Albert Hart, Elaine De Sellem, Louis Harrison, Richie Ling, Arthur Cunningham, Otto Wedemeyer, Campbell Donald, F. M. Boyle, Henry Coote, A. Barbara, Lola Allen, Ida Hawley, Louise Le Baron, Ada Meade, Ila Niles, Bertha Holly, Grace Spencer, Josephine Bartlett, Bessie McCoy, Belle Chamberlin, Agnes Williamson, Flora Barbier, Tekla Morton, Helene Chadwicke, Helen Clifton, Marie Parkes, Margaret Leonard, Nellie Parkes, Mae Baldwin, Emma King, Julie Cotte, Jeannette Paterson, Grace Emmons, Flora Fitzgerald, Meta Carson, Grace Pomeroy, Lilian Raymond, Thomas De Vassey, Arthur Widdoson, Bob Hunt, Gus Smith, Edward Wunder, Dave Lieberman, Morris Hoffman, Arthur Pergain, Harry Wilson, William Koldovsky, Fred Beal, Louis Blumenthal, Arthur Lea, Andrew Swinton, James Norman, Wallace Brownlow, Marion Chase, Flora Barbieri and Austin Beattie.

"Fatinitza" was first produced in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, April 14, 1879. Jennie Winston appeared in the role sung in this revival by Fritzi Scheff.

"Girofle-Girofla" was first produced in New York at the Park Theatre, February 4, 1875. Coralie Geoffrey appeared in the role sung in this revival by Fritzi Scheff.

"Boccaccio" was first produced in New York at the Union Square Theatre, May 17, 1880. Jennie Winston appeared in the role sung in this revival by Fritzi Scheff.

Edward Terry—Mr. Edward Terry appeared in a series of plays at the Princess Theatre, New York, beginning December 26, 1904, and continuing through February 18, 1905. The plays presented were: "The House of Burnside" adapted by Louis Parker from the French of Georges Mitchell December 26, 1904, for two weeks; "Sweet Lavender" by Arthur Wing Pinero January 9, 1905, for three weeks; "Love in Idleness" by Louis Parker January 30, 1905, for two weeks and "The Passport" by B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley February 13, 1905, for the final week. The company included:

Edward Terry, W. H. Day, Cynthia Brooke, Beatrice Terry, Master Roy Lorraine, W. T. Lovell, William H. Denny, A. Hylton Allen, Nelly Mortyne, George Howard, Arthur Cornell, Olive Wilton, Nellie Malcolm, Clara Earle and C. MacManus.

This was Mr. Terry's first New York engagement.

"Sweet Lavender" was first produced in New York at the Lyceum Theatre, November 13, 1888. W. J. Le Moyne appeared in the role played in this revival by Mr. Terry.

The Winter's Tale (32 perf.)—Comedy by William Shakespeare in four acts. Produced by Charles W. Allen at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 26, 1904. Cast:

Viola Allen (Hermione and Perdita), James Young (Florizel), Henry Jewett (Leontes), Frank Currier (Autolycus), John Junior, Dagmar De Vere, Frank Vernon, James L. Carhart, Carter Weaver, Leopold Lane, Walter Maxwell, Alfred Hudson, Jr., Robert Tate, W. F. Hamernick, Thomas Day, H. Leffler, Charles Langley, Frank Righton, J. Webb Dillion, M. L. Bassett, Frank G. Bennett, Zeffie Tilbury, Louise Jansen, Florence Randolph, Mabel De Vere, Daisy De Vere, Boyd Putnam, Warner Oland, C. Leslie Allen, Sidney Bracy, Maurice Stewart, F. G. Day, Evelyn Wiedling and Phyllis Younge. Staged by Frank Vernon. Settings by Castle and Harvey, Ernest Albert, Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

"The Winter's Tale," under the title "Florizel and Perdita," was first done in New York on June 1, 1795, at the John Street Theatre.

On January 11 and 18, 1905, Miss Allen and her company gave special matinees of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Viola Allen (Viola), Zeffie Tilbury (Maria), Louise Jansen (Olivia), Henry Jewett (Malvolio) and Clarence Handyside (Sir Toby).

Cousin Billy (76 perf.)—Farce comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch adapted from a play by Eugene Labiche. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, January 2, 1905. Cast:

Francis Wilson, May Robson, Edith Barker, Edward Abeles, William Lewers, Zelta Sears, Sydney Rice, Charles J. Greene, Beatrice Agnew, Rosa Cook, Ora Lee, Grant Mitchell, Alexander Brunn, Freeman Barnes, Arthur Row, Jean Hubbell, Angela Keir and Marion Brooks. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Ernest Gros, Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

Once upon a Time (8 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Genevieve Greville Haines. Produced at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 2, 1905. Cast:

Robert T. Haines, Gertrude Coghlan, Mathilde Cottrelly, Thomas Ricketts, E. J. Ratcliffe, Arthur T. Hoyt, Albert S. Angeles, Colin Campbell, Virginia West, Margaret Huddleston, Josephine Victor, Ida Hoppe, Warren A. Rodgers and Charles Lester Rich. Settings by Ernest Albert.

The Case of Rebellious Susan (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 9, 1905. Cast:

Charles Wyndham, Mary Moore, Alfred Bishop, Frank Atherley, Charles Quartermaine, Bertram Steer, T. W. Rawson, F. M. Gifford, F. Hooper, C. Edmonds, Vane Featherston, Lilius Waldegrave and Daisy Markham.

This play was first produced in New York at the Lyceum Theatre, December 29, 1894. Herbert Kelcey and Isabel Irving appeared in the roles played in this revival by Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore.

You Never Can Tell (129 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Garrick Theatre, New York, January 9, 1905. Cast:

Dr. Valentine.....	Arnold Daly	William.....	John Findlay
Mr. Crampton.....	George Farren	Mr. Bohun.....	Harry Harwood
Mr. McComas.....	William H. Thompson	Mrs. Clandon.....	Jeffries Lewis
Gloria Clandon.....	Drina de Wolfe	Dolly Clandon.....	Mabel Taliaferro
Philip Clandon.....	Sumner Gard	Maid.....	Edna Bruna
Servants at the Marine Hotel..... Frank Hughes and L. M. Gallager			

This was the first production of this Shaw play in New York.

For revival see page 495 of this volume. Also "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 550.

Adrea (123 perf.)—Play in five acts by David Belasco and John Luther Long. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, January 11, 1905. Cast:

Mrs. Leslie Carter, Charles A. Stevenson, Tyrone Power, R. D. McLean, H. R. Roberts, J. Harry Benrimo, Claude Gillingwater, Marshall Welch, Gilmore Scott, Louis Keller, Edward Brigham, H. R. Pomeroy, H. G. Carlton, Gerald Kelly, Charles Hungerford, Francis Powers, Gordon West, Arthur Marryatt, Edwin Hardin, Franklin Mills, Harold Guernsey, Luther Barry, Teft Johnson, Harry Sheldon, Charles Wright, F. L. Evans, James H. George, Joseph Moxley, Loris Grimm, Edith Crane, Maria Davis, Corah Adams-Myll, Lura Osborn, Grace Noble, Madeleine Livingston, Paula Marr, Hazel Neason, F. Verande, Jeanette Cody, Marie Lutz, Edna Griffin, Calla Roberts, Cornelia Lynds, Marguerite Binford, Dorothy Waldron, Virginia Voorhees, Elizabeth Neumeyer, Zara Delaro, Cornelia Roberts, Eleanor Wilson, Victor Seeger, Mrs. De Gez, Master Frankie De Gez, Willa Keyes, J. L. Van Ordstrand, George Harcourt, Frank Vela, Charles Prevost, Fred Voke, Frederick Hirst, Lyddian Durrett, William Rose, James Edlam, James Linhart, Henry Francis Koser, S. G. Wood, Francis Woodward and Edwin Bradley. Staged by David Belasco. Settings by Ernest Gros and Wilfred Buckland. Mrs. Carter's costumes by Mollie O'Hara. Other costumes by Percy Anderson. Music by William Furst. Dances by Carl Marwig.

"Adrea" reopened at the Belasco Theatre, September 20, 1905, continuing through October 7, 1905.

Mrs. Carter and her company were seen in a revival of "Zaza" the weeks of October 9, October 30 and November 6, 1905. "Du Barry" was given the weeks of October 16 and 23, 1905.

This was Mrs. Carter's last appearance in New York under the management of David Belasco.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots (123 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, January 11, 1905. Cast:

Dorothy Hammond, Mrs. A. A. Adams, J. G. Saville, Jessie Busley, Ernest Lawford, Fay Davis, William Courtenay, Louis Payne, Vincent Serrano, Margaret Illington, M. J. Gallagher, J. H. Barnes, Jay Wilson and Del De Louis.

Moved to the Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 30, 1905.

Reopened at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, August 21, 1905, for an additional 14 performances at which time it was preceded by:

A Maker of Men—Play in one act by Alfred Sutro. Cast:

Margaret Illington and Ernest Lawford.

Fantana (298 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Sam S. Shubert and Robert B. Smith. Lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced by Sam S. Shubert at the Lyric Theatre, New York, January 14, 1905. Cast:

Adele Ritchie, Katie Barry, Jefferson De Angelis, Julia Sanderson, Hubert Wilke, Frank Rushworth, Douglas Fairbanks, George Beban, Robert Broderick, Eleanor Browning, Adelaide Sharp, Roma Ryder, Amy Dale, Jean Caluducci, Catherine Cooper, Lynn D'Arcy, Victoria Stuart, Sybil Anderson, Carlotta Doty, Aurora Piatt, Mabel Courtney, Louise Barthel, Grace Wilson, Lotta Ettinger, Neva West, Carol Oty, Dorothy Knight, Nina Clemens, Olive Quimby, Katherine Hyland, Gertrude Mandell, Harvey A. Kelly, Edward Hallaran, Frank Greene, George Picard, Henry Davis, R. T. Kirkwood, Charles Wright, Jack Carlyle, Henry Dyer and Francis Cameron. Staged by R. H. Burnside. Settings by John Young, D. Frank Dodge, Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Duchess of Dantzic (93 perf.)—Light opera in three acts based on Sardou's "Madame Sans Gene." Book and lyrics by Henry Hamilton. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced by George Edwardes at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 16, 1905. Cast:

Adrienne Augarde, Evie Greene, May Francis, Helena Byrne, Evelyn Cottee, Cecil Cameron, Ethel Forsyth, Agnes Matz, Lawrence Rea, Philip H. Bracy, Holbrook Blinn, Lempriere Pringle, A. J. Evelyn, Frank Greene, Courtice Pounds, Ridgwell Cullum, Martin Hayden, Elizabeth Firth, Mary Grant, Grace Heyer and Lillian Digges. Staged by Holbrook Blinn. Settings by Thomas Mangan.

The Money Makers (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George Rollitt. Produced by Tom W. Ryley at the Liberty Theatre, New York, January 16, 1905. Cast:

Cyril Scott, Brandon Hurst, Eugene O'Rourke, Edmund Lyons, Lillian Thurgate, Daisy Atherton, Annie Wood, F. Owen Baxter, Emily Rigi, Herbert Ayling, Edna McClure, Mabel Dixey, Aileen Goodwin, Mable Crawley, Harry Nichols, Francis Fay, Milano Cary Tilden, H. F. Hendee, Basil West, Bernhardt Niemeyer, Cecil Cornish, E. H. Brooke and Ida Conquest.

Siberia (32 perf.)—Play in three acts by Bartley Campbell. Revived by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer at the Academy of Music, New York, January 16, 1905. Cast:

Ernest Hastings, Elliott Dexter, Daniel Gilfether, Franklyn Roberts, Carl Eckstrom, Frank Russell, Felix Haney, W. C. White, Noah Beery, James T. Bowman, Adolph Bernard, Burt Tucman, S. O. Frank, Frederick Roberts, C. Jay Williams, Benjamin Ackerman, George Putnam, W. B. Voorhees, Ben Jordan, Evan Heide, Nicolai Heide, Victor Heide, Nathalia Heide, Ellana Heide, Helen MacGregor, Jessie Bonstelle, Marian Chapman, Ida Asher, Louise Lehman and Belle Buckin. Staged by Joseph R. Grismer.

"Siberia" was first produced in New York at Haverly's Theatre, February 26, 1883.

Buster Brown (95 perf.)—Comedy in two acts by Charles Newman and George Totten Smith by special arrangement with the New York *Herald* and R. F. Outcault. Produced by Melville B. Raymond at the Majestic Theatre, New York, January 24, 1905. Cast:

Master Gabriel (Buster Brown), George Ali (Tige), George Tennery, John Young, Bobby North, William Naughton, Nellie Butler, Nina Randall, Jennie Reiffarth, Mamie Goodrich, Dorothy Zimmerman and William Arnold.

Robert Burns (1 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clayton Mackenzie Legge. Produced at the Carnegie Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 28, 1905. Cast:

Clayton Mackenzie Legge (Robert Burns), George S. Loane, Algernon Eden, Morgan Hewitt, Charles James, Nathan Aronson, Ned Harcourt, L. Milton Boyle, William Cameron, William Young, Rose E. Tapley, Ethlyn Palmer, Willette Kershaw, Gertrude Murr, Jessie Griswold and Nada Abbott.

Strongheart (66 perf.)—Comedy drama by William C. de Mille. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, January 30, 1905. Cast:

Robert Edeson, Macey Harlam, Richard Sterling, Taylor Holmes, Sidney Ainsworth, F. A. Turner, Francis Bonn, Henry Kolker, Herbert Corthell, Jane Rivers, Louise Compton, Jeanne Madeira, Marjorie Wood, Percita West, Harrison Ford, Charles Sturgis, Lawrence Sheehan, Clay Boyd, B. F. Small, Jr., Edmund Breese and Madison Smith. Staged by William Harris and Taylor Holmes. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

Reopened at the Savoy Theatre, New York, August 28, 1905, for 32 additional performances.

Friquet (23 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Pierre Berton and "Gyp." Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, January 31, 1905. Cast:

Marie Doro, William Courtleigh, Orme Caldara, Wright Kramer, Frederick Perry, Ernest Glendinning, John Heron, Frank Lossee, W. J. Ferguson, Edgar Allen Woolf, Lawrence Eddinger, George Henry Trader, C. B. Chester, Dorothy Donnolly, Flossie Wilkinson, Florida Pier, Alison Skipworth, Virginia Staunton and Eugenia Flagg. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

The Woman in the Case (89 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, January 31, 1905. Cast:

Blanche Walsh, Eleanor Carey, Dorothy Dorr, Kathryn Keys, Helen Ware, Florence St. Leonard, Ethlyn Clemens, Robert Drouet, George Pawcett, Foster Lardner, Samuel Edwards, William Wadsworth, William Travers, Charles MacDonald and W. H. Wright. Staged by Clyde Fitch.

Reopened at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, August 21 1905, for one week.

Mrs. Temple's Telegram (86 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Frank Wyatt. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, February 1, 1905. Cast:

Frank Worthing, William Morris, Frank Gheen, Thomas A. Wise, Edwin Fowler, Grace Kimball, Marion Lorne, Margaret Drew and Cary Hastings.

This play was known on the road as "Who's Brown."

Reopened at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, April 16, 1906, for 16 additional performances.

The Education of Mr. Pipp (78 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas founded on the series of pictures by Charles Dana Gibson. Produced by Kirke La Shelle and Daniel V. Arthur at the Liberty Theatre, New York, February 20, 1905. Cast:

Digby Bell (J. Wesley Pipp), Kate Denin Wilson (Mrs. Pipp), Janet Beecher (Ida), Marion Draughn (Julia), Jennie Eustace (Lady Viola), W. S. St. Clair, Bessie Baldwin, Sam Coit, Robert Warwick, Frank Powell, Fred Courtenay, Ellenore Carroll, William Evans, C. Jay Williams, Harry L. Lang, Frederick Reynolds and Edith French. Settings by Frank Platzer.

Who Goes There? (24 perf.)—Farce in three acts by H. A. Du Souchet. Produced at the Princess Theatre, New York, February 20, 1905. Cast:

Harriet Neville, Wallace Hopper, C. Alexander Taylor, Charles W. Speare, Gertrude Swiggett, Hale Norcross, Sidney Irving, Walter E. Perkins, Florence Rockwell, Marion Ruckert, Thomas M. Hunter, Edward Warren, Minnie Allen and Louis Peters.

Love and the Man (22 perf.)—Play in five acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, February 20, 1905. Cast:

Forbes Robertson, Ian Robertson, Kate Rourke, Leon Quartermaine, Frank Gillmore, Ernest Coshen, Eric Maturin, Dalziel Heron, J. H. Beaumont, Frank Bickley, J. Herbert, Warburton Gamble, Ernest Barton, A. C. Bird, Madge McIntosh, Miss H. M. Fraser and Dora Harker.

Abigail (47 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Kellett Chambers. Produced by William A. Brady at the Savoy Theatre, New York, February 21, 1905. Cast:

Grace George, Louise Closser, Selene Johnson, Mrs. Hone, Annie Woods, Mary Stuart, Ruth Benson, Justine Cutting, Vivia Ogden, Arthur Forrest, Conway Tearle, Joseph Coyne, Henry Mills, Herbert Rollins, Arthur Tennyson and Willis Martin.

Richter's Wife (5 matinees)—Play in four acts by Julie Herne. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, February 27, 1905. Cast:

Julie Herne, John E. Kellerd, William Humphrey, Charles Lamb, Edward Meers, Chrystal Herne, Ann Warrington and Belle Daube.

The Frank Keenan Players—At the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, beginning February 27, 1905, and continuing through April 8, 1905, Frank Keenan produced a repertory of one act plays. The plays presented were:

At the Threshold (32 perf.)—By Jackson D. Hoag. Cast: Frank Keenan, Wright Kramer and Margaret Langham.

Strolling Players (24 perf.)—By Arthur Hornblow. An adaptation of Catulle Mendes' "La Femme de Tabarin," the story of "I Pagliacci." Cast:

Frank Keenan, W. S. Hart, Frances Fontaine, Charles Mason, Lowell Sherman, Madison Williams, Grace Filkins, Mrs. Oakes, Eleanor Elkins and Leila Cory.

The System of Dr. Tarr (32 perf.)—Comedy by Henry Tyrrell and Arthur Hornblow dramatized from Edgar Allan Poe's "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether." Cast:

Frank Keenan, Wright Kramer, Charles Mason, William J. Phinney, George Richards, Frances Fontaine, Lowell Sherman and Latimer Norton.

The Lady Bookie (8 perf.)—Comedy by Cyril Halward. Cast: Nellie Malcolm and Cecil Ward.

The Lady Across the Hall (16 perf.)—Comedy by Julian Street. Cast:

Frank Keenan, Grace Filkins and William J. Phinney.

A Passion in the Suburb (14 perf.)—By Algernon Bayesen. Cast:

Frank Keenan, Charles Hayden, Frances Fontaine, Eleanor Elkins and Karlene Carman.

The Cardinal's Edict (8 perf.)—Comedy by Edmund Day. Cast:

Laura Burt and Harry B. Stanford.

A Woman's Pity (8 perf.)—By E. Mora Davison. Cast:

Ford Sterling, George Richards, Mrs. Clark, Frances Fontaine, Margaret Langham, William J. Phinney and the Messrs. Redding and Clugston.

Mademoiselle Marni (32 perf.)—Comedy drama in four acts by Henri Dumay. Produced by Amelia Bingham by arrangement with Henry W. Savage at Wallack's Theatre, New York, March 6, 1905. Cast:

Amelia Bingham, Frederick De Belleville, Henry Kolker, Frazer Coulter, Max Freeman, Frederic L. Tiden, Brandon Hurst, Dore Davidson, Albert Inesnel, W. T. Simpson, Walter Colligan, Thomas F. Fallon, Charles Hayne, Mohammed, James Barrows, W. P. Kitts, James Cooley, C. P. Martin, Edward L. Clarke, Sylvia Lynden, Topsey Siegrist, Amy Lesser, Mrs. Maggie Breyer, Katharine Baker, Augusta Greenleaf, Madge Ryan, Mlle. Yram, Ellen Reif, Grace Chandler, C. P. Watson, A. Albertson, Mlle. Antoinette Cantareuil, Little Madeline, Flora Prince, Nellie Clarke, Hattie Haley, Rose Thomas, Grace Fuller, Edith Mullen, May Robertson, Gwendolyn Dow, Hazel Davis, James Peva, George Hammond, Hiram Montaine, C. H. Pillsbury, Henry Jones and Charles Goodwin. Staged by Max Freeman.

The Prince Consort (32 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by William Boosey and Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French of Xanrof and Chancel. Produced by Liebler and Company at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, March 6, 1905. Cast:

Ellis Jeffreys, Ben Webster, Henry E. Dixey, William H. Thompson, Wilfred North, Basil West, Charles Butler, Roy Fairchild, Arthur Hoyt, Charles Bowser, Herbert Ayling, William Little, C. M. Dowd, Kate Phillips, Lillian Mainwaring, Edith Cartwright, Catherine Murphy, Margaret Robinson and Felice Morris. Staged by Arnold Daly.

Moved to the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, March 20, 1905.

Nancy Stair (29 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Paul M. Potter founded on the novel of the same name by Elinor Macartney Lane. Produced by Frank McKee at the Criterion Theatre, New York, March 15, 1905. Cast:

Mary Mannering, Robert Loraine, Francis Carlyle, Clarence Handyside, T. Daniel Frawley, Stanley Dark, Frank Losee, F. Owen Baxter, Stanley Hawkins, Herbert Carr, Edward Foley, R. R. Neill, Earl Cooper, Edward Fielding, Charles French, James Duncan, Charles Bruce, Frederic Sumner, John Dobson, George Pitt, Victor Benoit, Stanhope Wheatcroft, Lucille Flavin, Maude Granger, Jessica Thompson, Elsa Payne, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Alice Martin, Lulu Bishop and Eleanor Reed. Staged by George Marion.

The Trifler (4 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Murray Carson and Nora Keith. Produced at the Princess Theatre, New York, March 16, 1905. Cast:

Murray Carson, Robert Forbes, Herbert Sleath, J. W. Mathews, Lottie Alter, Esme Beringer, R. C. Gage and Bert Theodore.

Richard Mansfield Repertory—Richard Mansfield appeared in a series of revivals at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, beginning March 20, 1905, and continuing through April 8, 1905. The plays presented were: "Beau Brummell" by Clyde Fitch; "Richard III" by William Shakespeare; "Ivan the Terrible" by Count Alexis Tolstoi, translated by Mme. S. R. de Meissner; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" by T. R. Sullivan founded on the book by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare and "A Parisian Romance" by Octave Feuillet, adapted by A. R. Cazauran. The company included:

Richard Mansfield, Julie Marie Taylor, Leslie Kenyon, Ernest C. Warde, William Elliott, A. G. Andrews, Edward Fitzgerald, Harry Hadfield, Francis D. McGinn, Dallas Anderson, J. A. Hafey, Henry Wenman, Gertrude Gheen, Irene Prahar, Helen Glidden, Alma Hathaway, Eleanor Barry, Edward Lewers, Mildred Norris, Leona Mowers, Frank Maples, Paul Case, Robert Wagner, Hamilton Coleman, Arthur Bethlet, T. J. Lilley, Thomas Mills, W. J. Patron, L. E. Lewisson, Harold Hancock, Emily Macpherson, Vivian Bernard and Margaret Kilroy.

For the entire week of April 10, 1905, Mr. Mansfield and the above company presented for the first time in English "Misanthrope" by Molière.

Mr. Mansfield appeared at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, from March 19, 1906, through April 7, 1906, in the same repertory, adding "Don Carlos" by Frederick Schiller, translated by R. D. Boyland, and "The Scarlet Letter" by Joseph Hatton, founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's romance. The company at this time included:

Richard Mansfield, Florence Rockwell, Fuller Mellish, Thomas Mills, A. G. Andrews, Leslie Kenyon, Sheridan Block, Henry Wenman, Sidney Mather, Ernest C. Warde, Clarence Handyside, Walter Howe, Margaret Kilroy, Vivian Bernard, Alma Hathaway, Eleanor Barry, Adelaide Nowak, Florence Bradley, Ory Diamond, Arthur Forrest, Winthrop Chamberlain, Frank Maples, Walter Cartwright, Robert Wagner, Margaret Greet, W. J. Patron, Irene Prahar, J. A. Hafey, Frank Reynolds and Martin Faust.

Beginning February 25, 1907, Mr. Mansfield presented at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, for 22 performances "Peer Gynt," a dramatic poem in five acts by Henrik Ibsen, translated by William and Charles Archer. Cast:

Richard Mansfield (Peer Gynt), Emma Dunn (Ase), Adelaide Nowak (Solveig), Irene Prahar (Anitra), Frank Kingdon, Cecil Magnus, Marc McDermott, Sydney Cowell, Ory Diamond, James L. Carhart, Vivian Bernard, Walter Howe, Evelyn Loomis, Gordon Mendelsohn, Lawrence C. Toole, Louis Thomas, Hugh Hancock, Frank Reynolds, Adele Klacr, Marguerite Lindsay, Isabel Howell, Ruby Craven, Olive Temple, James Newman, David T. Arrey, Alice Parks Warren, Muriel Walling, Ernest C. Warde, George McDonald, Gertrude Gheen, Henry Wenman, S. B. Stoddard, Arthur Forrest and Arthur Row.

Beginning March 18, 1907, Mr. Mansfield and this company appeared in "The Scarlet Letter," "Beau Brummell," "Peer Gynt," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "A Parisian Romance." Mr. Mansfield's last appearance on the stage was as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance," Saturday evening, March 23, 1907. He died August 30, 1907.

The first New York production of "Richard III" was at the Nassau Street Theatre, March 5, 1749, probably with Thomas Kean as Richard.

For the first New York production of "Ivan the Terrible," see page 455.

The first New York production of "The Scarlet Letter" was at Daly's Theatre, September 12, 1892.

The Lady Shore (16 perf.)—Drama in five acts by Mrs. Vance Thompson and Lena R. Smith. Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, March 27, 1905. Cast:

Virginia Harned, Robert Loraine, John Blair, Suzette Corrigan, Ory Diamond, Fred Eric, Edward R. Mawson, William Temple, John Wallace, William Bonelli, George Soule Spencer, Daniel Jarrett, William L. Branscombe, Charles H. Crosby, James T. Ayer, F. N. Norris, Walter F. Scott, Adolph Jackson, Robert Hayden, Andrew MacKenzie, Ernest Mandeville, William Strong, Thomas Wilson, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Smyth, Alice Hoover, Mabel Dixey, Alice Cobourn, Jane Gordon, Jane Lloyd, Elizabeth Brock, Edna Perkins, Betsey De Puy, Margaret Coghlan, Miss Harkin, Miss Anderson, Miss Anstruther and Winona Dennison.

A Light from St. Agnes, The Eyes of the Heart, and The Rose—Three one act plays written and produced by Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, for three matinees beginning March 27, 1905. Casts:

"A Light from St. Agnes"—John Mason, William B. Mack and Fernada Eliscu.
 "The Eyes of the Heart"—George Arliss, Robert V. Ferguson, Monroe Salisbury, Edward Donnelly, William B. Mack, Emily Stevens, Mary Maddern and Charles Terry.
 "The Rose"—George Arliss, Edward Donnelly, Etienne Girardot, Gertrude Graham and Lucy Spencer.

When We Dead Awake (27 perf.)—Play in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by Maurice Campbell at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, for three special matinees March 7, 9, and 10,

1905, followed by a three weeks' run at the Princess Theatre, New York, beginning March 27, 1905. Cast:

Prof. Arnold Rubek.....	Frederick Lewis	The Inspector.....	James H. Lewis
Mrs. Maia Rubek.....	Dorothy Donnelly	Ulfheim.....	Frank Lossee
Sister of Mercy.....	Evelyn Wood	Strange Lady.....	Florence Kahn

During the run at the Princess Theatre the role of Ulfheim was played by Robert Lowe.

The Countess Cathleen (2 perf.)—By William Butler Yeats. Acting version by Margaret Wycherly. Produced by Margaret Wycherly at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, matinees March 28 and 31, 1905. Cast:

Margaret Wycherly, Frederick Soltys, Adelaide Alexander, Caroline Newcombe, John De Persia, Charles Gibney, Caryl Gillin, Carolyn Leavitt-Jones, Howard Wilson, Willard McKegey, Arthur Watson and Florence Stewart.

A Case of Frenzied Finance (8 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Kellett Chambers. Produced by William A. Brady at the Savoy Theatre, New York, April 3, 1905. Cast:

Robert Fischer, William J. Ferguson, Frank Hatch, John Flood, Walter Campbell, Harry Botter, Douglas Fairbanks, Emily Wakeman, Olive Murray, Laura Lemmers, Ada Gilman and Clara Gould.

London Assurance (32 perf.)—Comedy in five acts by Dion Boucicault. Revived by Liebler and Company at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, April 3, 1905. Cast:

Lady Gay Spanker.....	Ellis Jeffreys	Max Harkaway....	William H. Thompson
Dolly Spanker.....	Joseph Wheelock, Jr.	Charles Courtley.....	Ben Webster
Dazzle.....	James Neill	Meddle.....	Murray Carson
Cool.....	Herbert Sleath	Martin.....	Alfred Lester
Solomon Isaacs.....	Herbert Ayling	James.....	C. M. Dowd
Grace Harkaway.....	Ida Conquest	Pert.....	Kate Phillips
	Sir Harcourt Courtley....	Eben Plympton	

Staged by Charles Cartwright.

The first New York production of "London Assurance" was at the Park Theatre, October 11, 1841. Charlotte Cushman was Lady Gay Spanker. Since that time it has been revived in New York over sixty times.

The School for Husbands (48 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Stanislaus Stange. Songs and incidental music by Julian Edwards. Produced by F. C. Whitney at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 3, 1905. Cast:

Alice Fischer, Lucy Ashton, Charles Bowser, Wilfred North, Robinson Newbold, Bruce Delamater, Joseph Kilgour, Frances Stevens, Arthur Forrest, Grace Filkins, Ida Jeffreys Goodfriend, Mrs. Goldfinch, William Sampson, Jameson Lee Finney, Edward Dresser and Henry Belasco. Staged by Stanislaus Stange. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

A Blot in the 'Scutcheon (5 perf.)—Tragedy in three acts by Robert Browning. Revived by Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, April 7 and May 1, 2, 4 and 5, 1905. Cast:

Grace Elliston, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, William Beach, William Lamp, John W. Albaugh, Jr., Theodore Hamilton, Thomas Lawrence, Harold Howard, Seymour Rose and Thomas Irwin.

Clarence Heritage replaced William Lamp after the first performance.

The first New York production of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" was at the Star Theatre, February 9, 1885.

The Heir to the Hoorah (59 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced by Kirke La Shelle at the Hudson Theatre, New York, April 10, 1905. Cast:

Horace James, Edith French, T. Tamamoto, Louise Morewin, Norah O'Brien, Guy Bates Post, Beverly Sitgreaves, John W. Cope, Wilfred Lucas, Wright Kramer, H. S. Northrup, C. C. Quinby, Colin Campbell, Menifee Johnstone, Norah Lamison, George Barr and Frances Lynn.

Played the Academy of Music, New York, for three weeks beginning September 3, 1906.

Jinny, the Carrier (21 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, April 10, 1905. Cast:

Annie Russell, Fuller Mellish, John W. Jennings, Oswald Yorke, George W. Wilson, Grant Stewart, Charles S. Abbe, Sarah McVicker, and Kate Meek.

A Yankee Circus on Mars (120 perf. matinee daily)—Musical extravaganza in two scenes. Arranged by Frederic Thompson. Book by George V. Hobart. Lyrics by Harry Williams. Music by Manuel Klein and Jean Schwartz. Produced by Thompson and Dundy at the New York Hippodrome, New York, April 12, 1905. Cast:

Albert Hart, Felix Haney, H. F. Siegfried, Benjamin F. Grinnell, Thomas D. Daly, Jack Warren, William Fables, James Cherry, Frederick Bennett, J. Leando, J. Harry Taylor, Bessie McCoy, Laura Morris, Rita Dean, Leila Roemer, Jeanette O'Brien, Evelyn Graham, Georgie Dix, Olive North, Vernon Lee, The Leaping Champions headed by Dan O'Brien and Joe Artressi, The Sisters Ronay, Marceline, Teims Troupe, The Mazettes, The Six Florettes, Albert Carre's Horses, Les Perrez, Ferry Corwey, Clarkonians and Coco the Human Monkey. Staged by Edward P. Temple. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin. Costumes by Mme. Dowling, Wanamaker, Dazian and M. Alfredo Edel. Ballet Master Vincenzo Romeo.

The second half of the bill was:

The Raiders—A war drama in two tableaux. Arranged by Frederic Thompson. Book by Carroll Fleming. Music by Manuel Klein. Cast:

Vernon Lee, William Hawley, Harry Mitchell, Malcolm Barrett, Harry E. Cluett, Olive North and the Plunging Horses. Staged by Edward P. Temple. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

This play reopened at this theatre August 30, 1905, for an additional 176 performances.

She Stoops to Conquer (24 perf.)—Comedy in five acts by Oliver Goldsmith. Revived by Liebler and Company at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, April 17, 1905. Cast:

Eleanor Robson (Kate Hardcastle), Isabel Irving (Miss Neville), Mrs. Charles Calvert (Mrs. Hardcastle), Kyrle Bellew (Young Marlow), Sydney Drew (Tony Lumpkin), Louis James (Hardcastle), Frank Mills (Hastings), J. E. Dodson (Diggory), George Holland, H. A. Bethuy, William Little, Willard Howe, Herbert Mainwaring, Thomas F. Graham, William A. Hackett, Fred Quimby, Richard Meeking and Olive Wyndham.

The first New York production of "She Stoops to Conquer" was at the John Street Theatre, March 15, 1773.

The Firm of Cunningham (31 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Willis Steel. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, April 18, 1905. Cast:

William Harcourt, Henry Bergman, William Lamp, Charles W. Butler, Master D. Wilkes, Hilda Spong, Katherine Grey, Emily Wakeman and Jeannette Elberts.

For the final week of the run a curtain raiser was added:

Mrs. Battle's Bath (8 perf.)—Play in one act by H. H. Morrell and E. G. Malyon. Cast:

Hassard Short and Dorothy Donnelly.

The Freedom of Suzanne (26 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, April 19, 1905. Cast:

Marie Tempest, Allan Aynesworth, Charles Sugden, G. S. Titheradge, John Cabourn, Vernon Steel, E. W. Tarver, Herbert Budd, Hilda Thorpe, Henrietta Cowen, Beatrice Beckley, Adie Burt, Minnie Griffin, McIntyre Wickstee and Frank Andrews.

The Proud Laird (7 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Charles Cartwright and Cosmo Hamilton. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, April 24, 1905. Cast:

Robert Loraine, Hassard Short, J. H. Bunny, Thomas H. Thorne, Edmund D. Lyons, W. H. Denny, Ida Vernon, Adelyn Wesley, Elspeth G. McNeill, Lucy Spencer, Dorothy Donnelly, Sydney Smith, Frederick Edwards, Robson Dalton, Charles J. Burbidge, Augustus Balfour, Zongetta Mack, Mae Lyn, Catherine Cameron, Nina Lyn and Martha McGraw.

Sergeant Brue (152 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts. Libretto by Owen Hall. Music by Liza Lehman, Jerome and Schwartz, Clare Kummer and D. K. Stevens. Produced by Charles B. Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, April 24, 1905. Cast:

Frank Daniels, Alfred Hickman, Sallie Fisher, Clara Belle Jerome, Anna Fitzhugh, Elphie Snowden, Mary Clayton, Myrtle McGrain, Irene Cameron, Claire Leslie, Aileen Goodwin, Della Connor, Greta Burdick, Walter Percival, Nace Bonville, James Reany, Lawrence Wheat, David Bennett, George Lestocq, Louis Fitzroy, Gilbert Clayton, Harry Macdonough, Ida Gabrielle, Sally Daly, Leavitt James, Leslie Mayo and Blanche Ring. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Settings by Richard Marston.

The Rollicking Girl (192 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Libretto by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by W. T. Francis. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, May 1, 1905. Cast:

Sam Bernard, Joseph Coyne, Harry Fairleigh, George Howard, A. W. Fleming, Sidney De Grey, George Odell, Harry Sammis, Armond Cortez, Eugene O'Brien, Hattie Williams, Aimee Angeles, Esther Tittell, Thelma Fair, Edna Goodrich, Phyllis La Fond, Flora Prince, Belle Ashlyn, Flossie Hope, Gertie Moyer, Marie Kellar, Vir-

ginia Staunton, Florence Clayton, Alice Clifford, Edith Barr, Ollie Hatfield, Violet Pearl, Alice Sharp, C. Kernell, Catherine Roome, Helen Lucas and Daisy Lucas. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Reopened at the New York Theatre, New York, April 16, 1906, for 32 additional performances.

Trilby (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Paul Potter based on George Du Maurier's novel. Revived by William A. Brady at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, May 8, 1905. Cast:

Taffy.....	Burr McIntosh	The Laird.....	John Glendinning
Little Billee.....	William Courtenay	Svengali.....	Wilton Lackaye
Gecko.....	E. W. Morrison	Zou Zou.....	Leo Ditrichstein
Dodor.....	Herbert Ayling	Anthony.....	Meredith G. Brown
Lorimer.....	Edmund H. Reardon	Col. Kaw.....	Ulric B. Collins
Phillippe.....	Almas Peltier	Rev. Bagot.....	E. L. Walton
Trilby.....	Virginia Harned	Mrs. Bagot.....	Rosa Rand
Mme. Vinard.....	Mathilde Cottrelly	Angele.....	Dorothy Maynard
Honorine.....	Mabel Findlay	Mussette.....	Marguerite Lewis
Bebe.....	Grace Campbell	Mimi.....	Maud Fisher

Dances arranged by Carl Marwig. Contralto: Mrs. Marie Horgan.

Burr McIntosh, Wilton Lackaye, Leo Ditrichstein, John Glendinning, E. L. Walton, Virginia Harned, Rosa Rand and Mathilde Cottrelly of the above company were in the first New York production of "Trilby" at the Garden Theatre, April 15, 1895.

Fedora (8 perf.)—Play by Victorien Sardou. Revived by George Fawcett at the American Theatre, New York, May 22, 1905. Cast:

Bertha Kalich (Fedora), Edwin Arden (Loris Ipanoff), Charles Hammond, Dodson Mitchell, Frederick Sullivan, Edwin Evans, Harry Blake, George Schrader, Regab Hughston, Daisy Lovering, Guy Nichols, Harvey Cassidy, Henry Arthur, Charles Elmer, Louis Cozzens, Walter North, Alice Butler, Lulu Freeth, Sarah Sumner, Willa Keyes and Rose Allen.

This was Bertha Kalich's debut on the English-speaking stage.

The first New York production of "Fedora" was at the 14th Street Theatre, October 1, 1883, with Fanny Davenport as Fedora and Robert B. Mantell as Loris Ipanoff.

Lifting the Lid (112 perf.)—Musical travesty in two acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics and music by Jean Schwartz and William Jerome. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Aerial Gardens on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, June 5, 1905. Cast:

Corinne, Fay Templeton, Virginia Earle, Sue Stuart, Eddie Leonard, Julius Tannen, Lillian Hudson, Diamond Doner, Louis Harrison, Frank Greene, Stella Mayhew, Frank Todd, Edwin Wilson, Henry Coote, Allan Ramsay, Seymour Brown, H. Schroder, D. L. Don, Maude Lambart and Catherine Hayes. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Musical numbers staged by Ned Wayburn.

When We Were Forty-one (66 perf.)—Burlesque in two acts by Robert B. Smith. Music by Gus Edwards. Produced at the New York Roof Theatre, New York, June 12, 1905. Cast:

Harry Bulger, John McVeigh, Charles H. Prince, George P. Reno, Percy Janis, Elsie Janis, Harry Meehan, James Thompson, Clara Hathaway, Nellie Daly, Nella Webb, Lucille St. Claire, Amy Lake and Emma Carus.

SEASON OF 1905-1906

York State Folks (31 perf.)—Play in four acts by Arthur Sidman. Produced by Fred E. Wright at the Majestic Theatre, New York, August 19, 1905. Cast:

Ray L. Royce, James Lackaye, Randolph Currie, Osborne Searle, Charles Dade, Harry Crosby, Arthur Gregory, Sam J. Burton, William Myers, George W. Mahare, Frank Harris, George C. Wescott, Hart Welby, Josepha Crowell, Leila McIntyre, Eleanor Sidman, Millie Stevens, Grace Russell, Ethel Johnson and Gordon Morrison.

The Pearl and the Pumpkin (72 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in three acts. Book by Paul West and W. W. Denslow. Lyrics by Paul West. Music by John W. Bratton. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Broadway Theatre, New York, August 21, 1905. Cast:

Gertie Carlisle, Taylor Granville, Sager Midgley, Ida Hawley, Ethel Johnson, Carroll McComas, Thomas Whiffen, Allan Ramsay, George Richards, Harry Macdonough, Kathryn Hutchinson, Vinnie Bradcome, Grace Emmons, Clare Moore, Elta Weir, Maude Benson, Lillian Sterling, Joseph Kane, John Mayon, George Collins, E. A. Anson, James Caldwell, Martin Reddy, Harry Bergman, Edward Wines, A. H. Ransome, Ivan Charteris, Julius Schroeder, Roy Purviance, Tao Howard, Florence Quinn, Oscar Ragland, Stella Huehn, Clara Huehn and Edwin Stevens. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn. Settings and costumes by W. W. Denslow.

Easy Dawson (56 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Edward E. Kidder. Produced by Henry W. Savage at Wallack's Theatre, New York, August 22, 1905. Cast:

Raymond Hitchcock, John Bunny, Scott Cooper, Earle Browne, Nick Briglio, William Martin, Julie Herne, Grace Griswold, Flora Zabelle, Jeffreys Lewis, Lovell Taylor, Phyllis Sherwood, the Messrs. Lightner, McCaffery, Boyd, Walsh, White, Kramer, Barry and Samlow and the Misses Fairbanks, Tonge, Desmond, Mills, Smith, Arnold, Kent and Depew. Staged by George Marion.

The Little Stranger (25 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Michael Morton, based on Edward Van Zile's story "Clarissa's Troublesome Baby." Incidental music by E. Cecil Stock. Produced by Curzon and Hackett at Hackett's Theatre, New York, August 27, 1906. Cast:

Master Edward Garratt, Orlando Daly, Athol Stewart, A. G. Poulton, Eric Blind, George E. Bellamy, Charles Goold, Kate Osbourne, Hilda Dick, Helen Robertson, Dora Hole and May Blainey.

The Catch of the Season (104 perf.)—Musical play in two acts by Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton. Lyrics by Charles H. Taylor. Music by Haines and Hamilton, W. T. Francis, Solomon and Burt, Madden and Morse, Kern and Harris, Fred Earle and Dave Reed, Jr. Produced by Charles Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, August 28, 1905. Cast:

Edna May, Jane May, Farren Soutar, Fred Kaye, Fred Wright, Jr., Bert Sinden, W. L. Branscombe, Talleur Andrews, Frank Norman, Jack H. Millar, Vivian Graham, John F. O'Sullivan, C. J. Evans, Master Louis Victor, William Jefferson, Mrs. J. P. West, Maud Milton, Annie Esmond, Margaret Fraser, Madge Greet, Vivean Vowles, Lillian Burns, Dora Sevensing, Dorothy Zimmerman, Elaine Barry, Ethel Kelly,

Dorothy Reynolds, Edna Sidney, Alys Hardy, Muriel St. Quinten, Queenie Pete, Violet Conrad, Evelyn Powys, Helen Morrison, Sylvia Eagan, Elise Delisia, Suzanne Maud, Martha Duffrene, Suzanne Mallot, Angele Lerida, Germaine de Valeral, Marguerite Manges and Suzanne La Page. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros.

The Ham Tree (90 perf.)—Musical vaudeville in three acts by George V. Hobart. Lyrics and music by William Jerome and Jean Schwartz. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New York Theatre, New York, August 28, 1905. Cast:

James McIntyre, T. K. Heath, W. C. Fields, Forrest Huff, David Torrence, Alfred Fisher, Jobyna Howland, Carolyn Gordon, Belle Gold, Harry Cooper, Otto F. Johnson, Harry Tally, Irving Cooper, Harry D. Mayo, Pierre Young, D. M. Lumsden, Pauline Montreau, Margery Ganes, Helen Whitney, May Whitney, Myrtle Recker, Lily Hart, Jane Lovell, Jennie Cannar, Edna Arend, Eleanor Dobson, Dorothy Paget, Ivy Paget, John Dobson, Ella Murry, Maude Fisher, Vera Furst, the Misses Whitford, Laurens, Nevins, Howard, R. Luby, M. Luby, Larkin, Mayo, Lowe, Wilmot, Hazel, Losee, Hertraise, Brown, Carey, Golden, Dupree, Polo and Hamilton, the Messrs. Barry, Coleman, Corcoran, Gros, Harrison, Kennedy, Mann, Paul, Ryan, Jaffie and Garfield. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn.

De Lancey (68 perf.)—Play in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 4, 1905. Cast:

John Drew, Margaret Dale, Guy Nichols, C. Maclean Savage, Sidney Irving, Walter Hale, Kate Meek, Arthur Elliott, W. Bechtel, Doris Keane, Albert Roccardi, Frank E. Aiken, Robert Schable, Harry Redding, Meniffee Johnstone, May Galyer and Cornelia Bedford.

Her Great Match (93 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Criterion Theatre, New York, September 4, 1905. Cast:

"Jo" Sheldon.....	Maxine Elliott	Mrs. Sheldon.....	Madge Girdlestone
Victoria Botes.....	Nellie Thorne	Augustus Botes.....	Herbert Standing
Countess Casavetti.....	Suzanne Perry	Frank Wilton.....	Felix Edwardes
Cyril Botes.....	Leon Quartermaine	Hallen.....	Cory Thomas
	H.R.H. Crown Prince Adolph of Eastphalia.....	Charles Cherry	
	H.R.H. Grand Duchess of Hohenhetstein.....	Mathilde Cottrelly	
	Weeks.....	Hodgson Taylor	

Miss Dolly Dollars (56 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Charles B. Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 4, 1905. Cast:

Lulu Glaser, Melville Stuart, R. C. Herz, Charles Bradshaw, Minerva Hall, Carrie Perkins, Carter De Haven, Olive Murray, Elsie Ferguson, Gladys Zell, Henry Vogel, Byron Ongley, William Naughton, James Leahy, Beatrice Anderson, Carl Hartberg, James Reany, Enrico Oremonte, John Ardizzone, Mildred Cecil, Sidney Harris, Edward Leahy, Bessie Holbrook, Sadie Probst, Marion Chase, Lilian Spencer, Queenie Hewlitt, Joseph Frohoff, L. F. Sampson, Paula Desmond, Elsa Rheinhardt, Vida Whitmore, Aline Redmond, Helen Marlborough, Leila Benton, Susanne Parker, Lillie Van Arsdale and Elizabeth Doddridge. Staged by Al Holbrook.

Moved to the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, October 16, 1905.

Mr. Dillingham revived the play for 16 performances at the New York Theatre, New York, beginning October 8, 1906. Cast:

Blanche Ring, James Reany, Frank Farrington, William Gill, Alice Hosmer, Harry Clarke, Ida Crispi, Alta de Kermen, Carl Hartberg, L. F. Sampson, F. W. Reiske, Caspar Leveen, Adam Lellman, Enrico Oremonte, F. W. Walker and Hal Pierson.

The Prince Chap (106 perf.)—Play in three acts by Edward Peple. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, September 4, 1905. Cast:

Cyril Scott, Cecil B. de Mille, Thomas A. Wise, Theodore Terry, Albert Perry, George Fisher, Grace Kimball, Florence Conroy, Mary Keogh, Helen Pullman, Edith Speare and Grayce Scott.

Moved to Weber's Theatre, New York, October 2, 1905.

This play was revived for 24 performances at the Majestic Theatre, New York, beginning April 15, 1907. Cast:

Cyril Scott, Wallace Erskine, Charles E. Wells, Duane Wager, Lionel Lawrence, George Schaeffer, Albert Powers, Florence Neilson, Florence Conron, Mary Keogh, Helen Pullman, Edith Speare and Justina Wayne.

The Prodigal Son (42 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Hall Caine. Produced by Liebler and Company at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, September 4, 1905. Cast:

W. H. Thompson, Ida Waterman, Edward Morgan, Aubrey Boucicault, J. E. Dodson, Charlotte Walker, Drina de Wolfe, Marie Wainwright, Ben Webster, George C. Boniface, Sr., Russell Crauford, Warner Oland, Henry Bergman, Basil West, Mrs. George W. Barnum, John Sanderson, Helen Graham, Frank Bixby, Eda Bruna, Harry C. Bruninghaus, Ella Greening, James Jamison and Charles Hayne. Staged by Murray Carson. Settings by Richard Marston and Ernest Albert.

The Rogers Brothers in Ireland (106 perf.)—Musical play in three acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Max Hoffmann. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Liberty Theatre, New York, September 4, 1905. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, Corinne, Maurice Darcy, Josie Intropidi, Ethel Intropidi, Bessie de Voie, Charles F. McCarthy, Edward O'Connor, John Conroy, Julia Eastman, William Torpey, Lillian Collins, Pauline Thorne, Lynn D'Arcy, Grace Grindell, Arthur V. Gibson, Warren Fabian, William Morgan and George Earle. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn.

Moved to the New York Theatre, New York, January 29, 1906.

Reopened at the New York Theatre, September 3, 1906, for an additional 16 performances.

Man and Superman (192 perf.)—Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Hudson Theatre, New York, September 5, 1905. Cast:

John Tanner.....	Robert Lorraine	Parlour Maid.....	Pauline Anthony
Roebuck Ramsden.....	Louis Massen	Ann Whitefield.....	Fay Davis
Octavius Robinson.....	Alfred Hickman	Susan Ramsden.....	Sally Williams
Violet Robinson.....	Clara Bloodgood	Henry Straker.....	Edward Abeles
Hector Malone, Jr.....	Richard Bennett	Hector Malone, Sr.....	J. D. Beveridge
	Mrs. Whitefield.....		Lois Frances Clark

The first production of this Shaw play in America.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 479.

Beauty and the Barge (12 perf.)—Farce in three acts by W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 6, 1905. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Galwey Herbert, Frank Goldsmith, George Sumner, George Miller, Harry Barton, Neil O'Brien, Owen Gwent, W. H. Post, B. W. Parmenter, Frederick

Larry Doyle.....	Arnold Daly	Peter Keegan.....	George Farren
Thomas Broadbent.....	Dodson Mitchell	Cornelius Doyle.....	Charles Crosby
Father Dempsey.....	Harry Harwood	Matt Haffigan.....	Winchell Smith
Tim Haffigan.....	John Findlay	Barney Doran.....	L. M. Gallager
Hodson.....	Frederick Tyler	Nora Reilly.....	Chrystal Herne
Patsy Farrell.....	Joseph Maddern	Aunt Judy.....	Rose A. Anthon

This was the first production of the play in America.

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Weeks of October 23, 1905, and October 30, 1905. Cast:

Frank Gardner.....	Arnold Daly	Mrs. Warren.....	Mary Shaw
Rev. Samuel Gardner.....	John Findlay	Miss Vivie Warren.....	Chrystal Herne
Sir George Crofts.....	Frederick Tyler	Mr. Praed.....	George Farren

This was the first New York production of the play. It had been produced in New Haven, Conn., October 27, 1902.

This was the production that brought about the arrest of Arnold Daly and Mary Shaw, charged with presenting an immoral play. They were haled to court, but promptly acquitted.

The Bad Samaritan (15 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by George Ade. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 12, 1905. Cast:

Richard Golden, Edward See, Sam Reed, L. Wadsworth Harris, Jacques Kruger, Ralph Dean, George Marion, Harry Stone, Harry Stubbs, Nicholas Burnham, Sam B. Hardy, E. Y. Backus, Frank Perley, Fred Cumming, Mathew Grean, Anne Sutherland, Agusta True, Ceceylle Mayer, Grace Fisher, Adelaide Orton, Mary Mallon and Carolyn Lee.

Zira (128 perf.)—Drama in four acts by J. Hartley Manners and Henry Miller founded upon the same story as Wilkie Collins' "The New Magdalen." Produced by Henry Miller at the Princess Theatre, New York, September 21, 1905. Cast:

Margaret Anglin, Frank Worthing, Jameson Lee Finney, George S. Titheradge, Fred Thorne, J. R. Crauford, Harrington Reynolds, Jack Standing, Harry Hyde, Stanhope Wheatcroft, Howard Lewis, Frank Willard, Leon E. Brown, Arthur Moore, A. B. Franklin, Bertram Harrison, Frederick Warren, William Deane, Charles Bruce, Mrs. Thomas Whifen, Beverly Sitgreaves and Gwendolyn Valentine. Settings by W. J. Spong.

This play reopened at the Majestic Theatre, New York, April 16, 1906, for an additional 24 performances.

The Walls of Jericho (157 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced by James K. Hackett at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 25, 1905. Cast:

James K. Hackett, David Glassford, W. J. Ferguson, Sydney Blow, William K. Harcourt, F. Owen Baxter, Frank Patton, Rex McDougall, P. Jefferson Rollow, Harry Carter, F. B. Allen, William Clement, John Bates, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, Sylvia Lyndon, Blanche Ellis, Ruth Chester, Mary E. Forbes, Mary Moran, May Blayney and Mary Mannering. Staged by James K. Hackett. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

This play returned to the Hackett Theatre, New York, October 1, 1906, for one week at which time Beatrice Beckley was seen in place of Mary Mannering.

Just Out of College (61 perf.)—Play in three acts by George Ade. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 27, 1905. Cast:

Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Eugene Jepson, Charles Jackson, George Henry Trader, George Irving, Harry Frees, Louis Egan, George Alryn, Howard Hull, M. B. Pollock, Tully Marshall, Albert W. Meyer, Jack Devereaux, Paul Humphrey, Katharine Gilman, Mabel Amber, Georgie Mendum, Louise Sydmeth, Blanche Stoddard, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Elene Foster, Frances Comstock, Maud Sinclair, Lillian Seville, Louise McNamara, Myrtle Tannehill, Margery Taylor, Nellie Robinson, Burnette Radcliffe, Maude Dickerson and Marguerite Lewis. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

Edmund Burke (28 perf.)—Play in four acts by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced by Augustus Pitou at the Majestic Theatre, New York, October 2, 1905. Cast:

Chauncey Olcott, Daniel Jarrett, Mace Greenleaf, Verner Clarges, Thomas David, Richard Malchien, Macy Harlam, George Brennan, Charles Ogle, Edna Phillips, Elizabeth Washburne, Eleanor Browning, Charlotte Milbourne Smith, Gladys Milbourne Smith, Edith Milbourne Smith and Lottie Milbourne Smith.

Happyland (82 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Frederic Ranken. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 2, 1905. Cast:

De Wolf Hopper, William Wolff, William Danforth, Joseph Phillips, Frank Casey, John Dunsmuire, Carl Hayden, Ada Deaves, Estelle Wentworth, Bertha Shalek and Marguerite Clark. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

This play reopened at the Casino Theatre, New York, March 12, 1906, for an additional 38 performances and then moved to the Majestic Theatre, New York, for another 16 performances.

The Man on the Box (111 perf.)—Play in three acts by Grace Livingston Furniss from Harold MacGrath's novel of the same name. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, October 3, 1905. Cast:

Henry E. Dixey, Sydney Booth, Lee Baker, John Howstley, James A. Bliss, Fred W. Peters, Duane Wagar, Chester Beecroft, C. N. Schaeffer, Charles E. Howson, Carlotta Nilson, Marie Nordstrom, Constance Adams and Lily Carthew. Staged by George Foster Platt. Settings by Walter B. Spong.

Beginning November 27, 1905, this play was preceded by:

David Garrick (48 perf.)—Comedy by Charles J. Bell. Music by John J. Braham. Cast:

Henry E. Dixey and Marie Nordstrom.

Rip Van Winkle (16 perf.)—Play in three acts by Dion Boucicault dramatized from Washington Irving's legend. Revived at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 9, 1905. Cast:

Rip Van Winkle.....	Thomas Jefferson	Von Beekman.....	Frank C. Bangs
Nick Vedder.....	Russell Bassett	Cockles.....	Earl Western
Jacob Stine.....	Carl Ketter	Clausen.....	D. Jones
Little Heinrich.....	Viola Fulgrath	Gretchen.....	Ethel Fuller
Little Meenie.....	Leona Fulgrath	Dwarf.....	Dudley McCann
Heinrich Hudson.....	Robert Brown	Meenie.....	Lauretta Francis
Heinrich Vedder.....	Malcolm Duncan	Katchen.....	Metta Greene

The first dramatization of "Rip Van Winkle" of which there is a record was produced in Albany, N. Y., on May 26, 1828. It was announced as taken from Washington Irving's novel "by a gentleman of this city" (Albany). Rip Van Winkle was played by Thomas Flynn, from whom Edwin Booth derived his middle name of Thomas.

The play was first produced in New York at the Park Theatre, April 22, 1830, with James H. Hackett in the title role. The version he used is not known. The version which Dion Boucicault made for Joseph Jefferson was taken from an old play made by Charles Burke, Joseph Jefferson's half brother. The Boucicault play was first produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on September 4, 1865, with Joseph Jefferson in the name part. Mr. Jefferson first appeared in New York in this play at the Olympic Theatre, September 3, 1866, and from that time on became known as the sole representative of the role. Thomas Jefferson of the above cast was the son of Joseph Jefferson.

The Player Maid (1 special matinee)—Play in four acts by Louise Mallory. Produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 13, 1905. Cast:

Elliott Dexter, Charles D. Coburn, Charles Mylott, J. D. Walsh, John Stepling, James Connor, Fred Walker, Marguerite Calla, Loretta Wells, Margaret Corcoran, Pauline Soules, Hector Berber and Florence Davis.

Fritz in Tammany Hall (48 perf.)—Musical play by John J. McNally. Lyrics and music by William Jerome and Jean Schwartz. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, October 16, 1905. Cast:

Joseph Cawthorn, Mark Hart, Sue Stuart, Elizabeth Le Roy Emmett, Julius Tannen, Frank W. Shea, Ada Lewis, Neva Aymar, Melville Ellis, George Austin Moore, Suzanne Halpren, Charles MacDonald, Eugene Roder, Robert O'Connor, Henry E. Valois, Earl J. Benham, Charles Close, Edward J. Brouillette, Corinne Uzell, Violet Barnes, Alva Holland, Beryle Darc, P. Lekosky and Stella Mayhew. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn.

The Squaw Man, Oct. 23, 1905. See page 207.

Monna Vanna (50 perf.)—Play in three acts by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by John Severance. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, October 23, 1905. Cast:

Guido Colonna.....	Henry Kolker	Vedio.....	Frank Lea Short
Prinzivalle.....	Henry Jewett	Marco Colonna.....	Frederick Perry
Borso.....	Joseph O'Meara	Trivulzio.....	Leonard Shepherd
	Torello.....	Stanley Jessup	
	Giovanna (Monna Vanna).....	Madame Bertha Kalich	

Nobles, Soldiers, Citizens and Peasants: Misses Guyon, Sheppard, Coleman, Earl, Daniels, Quelsh and Messrs. Collins, Crane, Condon, Clover, Willman, Ruegg, Udegraf, Rogers, Arrell, Skinner, Brewer, Deyo, Dawson, Marks, Fox, Burtiss, Morton, Kennedy, Gray, Sickler, Fisher, Hurst, Ryan, Maas and Cooke.

Wonderland (73 perf.)—Musical play in three acts based upon "The Dancing Princess" by the Brothers Grimm. Book by Glen MacDonough. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Julian Mitchell at the Majestic Theatre, New York, October 24, 1905. Cast:

Sam Chip, Eva Davenport, Aimee Angeles, Lotta Faust, Bessie Wynn, Charles Barry, George McKay, J. C. Marlowe, Doris Mitchell, Sue Kelleher, Hulda Halvers, James Harris, Eugene Kelly, William McDaniels, Emily Fulton, Helen Hilton, Alice Eis, Lucille Eagen, Phoebe Loubet, Adele Gordon, Minnie Woodbury, Marie Franklyn, Kathryne Howland, Georgia Barron, May Leslie, Louise Burpee, Madge Burpee, Sadie Emmons, Rose Fredericks, Lillian Devcre, Ethel Donaldson, Bessie Skeer, Ada Gordon, Lillian Raymond, Eleanor Mansfield, Jean Cameron, Maurice Madison, May Hickey, Pauline Winters, Lelia Smith, Gertrude Barthold, Jean Ward, Helen Chadwick, Lillian Allien, Adolida Ackland, Mabel Mordaunt and Flora Madison. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young and E. G. Unitt.

Moonshine (53 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edwin Milton Royle and George V. Hobart. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced by Daniel V. Arthur at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 30, 1905. Cast:

Marie Cahill, Roy Atwell, Dick Temple, Frances Gordon, J. Ward Kett, Leona Anderson, Sadie Harris, William Ingersoll, George Beban, Clara Palmer, H. R. Roberts, H. Guy Woodward, Frederic Paulding, Blanche West, Anella Martin, Virginia Steinhart, Louise McDonald, Lucile Monroe, Marion Mosby, Olga May, Therese Baron, Harriet Van Buren, Mabel Douglas, Margaret Berrien, Marion Watts, Anna Mooney, Leslie Deane, Margaret Brooks, Edith MacBride, Ernestine Brady, George Lyman, Whitlock Davis, William Wood, James Ludwig, Dore Rogers, James Lyons, Franklyn Ardelle and Alfred DuChemin. Staged by Frederick Perry. Musical numbers arranged by Gertrude Hoffman.

Veronique (81 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Book by A. Vanloo and G. Duval. English version by Henry Hamilton. Lyrics by Lilian Eldee and Percy Greenbank. Music by Andre Messenger. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger and George Edwardes at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 30, 1905. Cast:

Ruth Vincent, Kitty Gordon, Lawrence Rea, Aubrey Fitzgerald, Ralph Nairn, John Malcolm, Leslie Rainey, James Grant, Max Shapiro, Richard Dolliver, John Le Hay, Lena Maitland, Emmie Santer, Valli Valli, Madge Vinten, Ruby Delmar, Florence Plunkett and Beulah Martin. Staged by Sydney Ellison.

This was the New York debut of Kitty Gordon and Valli-Valli.

The White Cat (46 perf.)—Musical spectacle in three acts by J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins. Adapted by Harry B. Smith. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith and William Jerome. Music by Ludwig Englander and Eugene Schwartz. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, November 2, 1905. Cast:

Helen Lathrop, Inez Shannon, Robert Harold, Sarah Hollister, Patrick Dawe, Harry Seymour, William T. Hodge, Maude Lambert, Herbert Corthell, Edgar Atchison Ely, Edith St. Clair, Hugh J. Ward, William Macart, Henriette Cropper, Harriet Worthington, Seymour Brown, Maida Snyder, Helen Lathrop and Monte Elmo.

The Earl and the Girl (148 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Seymour Hicks. Lyrics by Percy Greenbank. Mu-

sic by Ivan Caryll. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Casino Theatre, New York, November 4, 1905. Cast:

Eddie Foy, Victor Morley, Templar Saxe, J. Bernard Dyllin, Harold Hendee, W. H. Armstrong, W. H. Denny, John Peachey, Dudley E. Oatman, Allan Campbell, Georgia Caine, Zelma Rawlston, Nellie McCoy, Lillian Rice, Amelia Summerville, Violet Hollis, Louise De Rigny, Edna Jeans, Jane Hall, Ruth Langdon, Katherine Hyland, Beatrice Adams, Angie Wiemers, Enid Forde, May Lewis, Violet Adams, Grace Walton, the Misses Chandler, Clayton, L. Alexander, Taylor, Raymond, Gibbons, Howard, Heath, Traves, Zimmerman, De La Paze, Heckler, Fitzgerald, Wellington, Myers, Courtney, Aroval, Manchester, Ayers, and Stanley, the Messrs. Harder, Marshall, Straus-Pyke, Dennison, Goodman, Campbell, Weick, Zerger, La Doux and Boyce. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

Peter Pan (223 perf.)—Play in five acts by J. M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, November 6, 1905. Cast:

Peter Pan.....	Maude Adams	Mr. Darling.....	Ernest Lawford
Mrs. Darling.....	Grace Henderson	Wendy.....	Mildred Morris
John.....	Walter Robinson	Michael.....	Martha McGraw
Nana.....	Charles H. Weston	Tinker Bell.....	Jane Wren
Tootles.....	Violet Rand	Nibs.....	Lula Peck
Slightly.....	Francis Sedgwick	Curly.....	Mabel Kipp
First Twin.....	Katherine Keppell	Second Twin.....	Ella Gilroy
James Hook.....	Ernest Lawford	Smee.....	Thomas McGrath
Starkey.....	Wallace Jackson	Cookson.....	William Henderson
Cecco.....	Paul Tharp	Mullins.....	Thomas Valentine
Jukes.....	Harry Gwynette	Liza.....	Anna Wheaton
Noodler.....	Frederick Raymond	Tiger Lily.....	Margaret Gordon
	Great Big Little Panther	Lloyd Carleton	

Settings by Ernest Gros.

This play reopened at the Empire Theatre, New York, December 24, 1906, for an additional 40 performances.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 489 and 566; "Best Plays of 1924-1925," page 481, and "Best Plays of 1928-1929," page 425.

The Girl of the Golden West (224 perf.)—Play in four acts by David Belasco. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, November 14, 1905. Cast:

The Girl.....	Blanche Bates	Wowle.....	Harriet Sterling
Dick Johnson.....	Robert Hilliard	Jack Rance.....	Frank Keenan
Sonora Slim.....	John W. Cope	Trinidad Joe.....	James Kirkwood
Nick.....	Thomas J. McGrane	The Sidney Duck.....	Horace James
Jim Larkens.....	Fred Maxwell	"Happy" Haliday.....	Richard Hoyer
"Handsome" Charlie.....	Clifford Hipple	Deputy Sheriff.....	T. Hayes Hunter
Billy Jackrabbitt.....	J. H. Benrimo	Ashby.....	J. Al. Sawtelle
Jose Castro.....	Roberto Deshon	Jake Wallace.....	Ed. A. Tester
Bucking Billy.....	A. M. Beattie	The Lookout.....	Fred Sidney
A Faro Dealer.....	William Wild	The Ridge Boy.....	Ira M. Flick
Concertina Player.....	Ignazio Biondi	Joe.....	H. L. Wilson
	Rider of the Pony Express.....	Lowell Sherman	

Staged by David Belasco.

This play returned to the Belasco Theatre, November 11, 1907, for 22 performances. At this time Charles Millward was the Dick Johnson and Cuyler Hastings played Jack Rance. Beginning January 27, 1908, 24 performances were given at the Academy of Music, New York.

Giacomo Puccini made an operatic version of "The Girl of the

"Golden West" which was sung for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, December 10, 1910. The Girl was sung by Emmy Destinn, Dick Johnson by Enrico Caruso and Jack Rance by Pasquale Amato.

The Lion and the Mouse (686 perf.)—Play in four acts by Charles Klein. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 20, 1905. Cast:

Eudoxia.....	Sadie Stringham	Mrs. Rossmore.....	Julia Hanchett
Jane Deette.....	Margaret Gray	Judge Rossmore.....	Walter Allen
Miss Nesbitt.....	Carolyn Elberts	Expressman.....	James T. McDonald
Ex-Judge Stott.....	Frazer Coulter	Jefferson Ryder.....	Richard Bennett
Shirley Rossmore.....	Grace Elliston	Jorkins.....	James Stone
Hon. Fitzroy Bagley.....	Martin Sabine	Maid.....	Ruth Richmond
Senator Roberts.....	E. A. Eberle	John B. Ryder.....	Edmund Breese
Mrs. John B. Ryder.....	Marguerite St. John	Kate Roberts.....	Marion Pollock Johnson
Rev. Deette.....	Edward See	Toby Ricketts.....	Augustin Daly Wilks

Staged by William Harris and R. A. Roberts. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

Moved to the Grand Opera House, May 27, 1907.

Moved to the Hudson Theatre, June 17, 1907.

Moved to the Academy of Music, October 28, 1907.

The Marriage of William Ashe (40 perf.)—Play in five acts by Margaret Mayo dramatized from the book of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Produced by William A. Brady at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 20, 1905. Cast:

Grace George, May Davenport, Scymour, H. Reeves-Smith, Ben Webster, W. J. Constantine, Fred W. Sidney, Mortimer H. Weldon, Alfred Woods, George Franklin, Frank Wilson, Cecil Kingstone, John Carlton, Richard Davis, Katherine Stewart, Maud Williamson, Mrs. Reginald Carrington, Leona Radnor, Justine Cutting and Alma Mara. Staged by William A. Brady.

La Belle Marseillaise (29 perf.)—Play in four acts by Pierre Berton. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, November 27, 1905. Cast:

Virginia Harned, William Courtenay, Vincent Serrano, J. H. Gilmour, Stanley Dark, Joseph E. Whiting, Ralph Delmore, William Balfour, Joseph Maylon, Bernard Niemeyer, Joseph Kaufman, W. H. Dupont, Frank Andrews, Louis La Bey, Harris L. Forbes, H. Bruce Delamater, Sidney Mansfield, Charles Brown, William Eddison, Frank Goldsmith, E. J. Kelly, C. Smithman, W. L. Garwood, William Grossman, F. Coe, Adele Block, Margaret Smith, Grena Bennett, Madeleine Rives, Alice Van Ronk, Elizabeth Brock, Grace Benham, Jane Gordon and Eugenie Flagg.

The Labyrinth (16 perf.)—Play in four acts adapted by W. L. Courtney from Paul Hervieu's play "Le Dedale." Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, November 27, 1905. Cast:

Olga Nethersole, Hamilton Revelle, Winnie Crisp, Master Leonard Crisp, William Farren, Jr., Louise Moodie, Hubert Carter, Charles Quartermaine, Dorothy Grimston, Dora Crisp, Cicely Richards, Harry Dodd, E. C. Ashley, B. A. Monks, W. S. Lester and A. L. Robinson.

This play closed December 9, 1905. On December 11, 1905, Miss Nethersole and her company appeared in a revival of "Sapho." Those joining the company for this revival were:

Slaine Mills, Arthur Klein, Lillian Porter, Madge Field, Henry Grey, Ina Goldsmith, John Stepling, B. H. Von Klein, Walter Beverly and Ida Gabrielle.

The Press Agent (40 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Mark E. Swan and John P. Wilson. Lyrics by John P. Wilson. Music by William Lorraine. Produced at Lew Field's Theatre, New York, November 27, 1905. Cast:

Peter F. Dailey, Frank Lalor, Theodore Friebus, Franklin Wallace, Albert Froom, W. F. Rochester, Charles Chappelle, Walter Neale, Charles Sitgreaves, Adam Dockery, John P. Pursell, T. F. Reynolds, Kate Condon, Carrie Graham, Isobel Hall, Jeanne La Crosse, Norma Seymour, Vera Stanley and Almeda Potter.

The Toast of the Town (38 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 27, 1905. Cast:

Viola Allen, Isabel Irving, Fanny Addison Pitt, Alice Wilson, Robert Drouet, Harrison Hunter, Hassard Short, Charles D. Pitt, C. Leslie Allen, Maurice Stuart, Harold De Becker, Leopold Lane, Ferdinand Gottschalk, M. L. Bassett, the Misses Northrup, Coburn, Terry, Phillips, Bayless and the Messrs. Williams, Lindsey and Rich. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

This play was a rewritten version of "Mistress Betty" a play written by Clyde Fitch for Madame Modjeska in which she appeared at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 15, 1895.

A Fair Exchange (21 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Henry Blossom. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Liberty Theatre, New York, December 4, 1905. Cast:

Thomas W. Ross, John Flood, George Parsons, Percy F. Ames, Donald Maclaren, Newton Lindo, Channez Olney, T. H. Davies, Claire Kulp, Lizzie Hudson Collier, Bijou Fernandez, Forrest Robinson, Gertrude Doremus and Axel Brunn.

The Mayor of Tokio (50 perf.)—Farical operetta in two acts by Richard Carle. Music by W. F. Peters. Produced by Richard Carle at the New York Theatre, New York, December 4, 1905. Cast:

Richard Carle, Fred Frear, Sylvain Langlois, Jo Smith Marba, Jess Caine, Edwin Baker, William H. Platt, Adele Rowland, Hortense Mazurette, Lillian Doherty, Florence Willarde, Ethel Lloyd, Cecil Gray, Madge Vincent, Rollo Carnegie, William Rock, Emma Janvier, Minerva Courtney, Olive Roberts, Inez Bauer, Irene O'Donnell, Marie Salisbury, Helen Brandon, Daisy Johnstone, Beatrice Mack and Lucille Adams.

Before and After (72 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein based on an idea by MM. Hennequin and Bilhaud. Produced by Robert Hunter at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, December 12, 1905. Cast:

Leo Ditrichstein, Fritz Williams, George C. Boniface, Jr., Thomas A. Wise, Roy Fairchild, Frederic Barton, John Daly Murphy, Katherine Florence, Georgie Lawrence, Kenyon Bishop, Jean Newcombe, Helen Warren and Mabel Findlay.

This play was revived by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Astor Theatre, New York, April 25, 1907, for 32 performances. Cast:

Leo Ditrichstein, Charles Dickson, R. C. Herz, Henry V. Donnelly, F. Newton-Lindo, Charles Rowan, John Arthur, Julia Taylor, Kenyon Bishop, Georgie Lawrence, Belle Taube and Mabel Findlay.

A Society Circus (596 perf., matinee daily)—Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by Sydney Rosenfeld. Lyrics by Sydney Rosenfeld and Manuel Klein. Music by Manuel Klein and Gustav Luders. Produced by Thompson and Dundy at the New York Hippodrome, New York, December 13, 1905. Cast:

Marceline, Francis J. Boyle, Leila Romer, Olive North, Edwin A. Clark, James Cherry, Harry F. Siegfried, Thomas J. Daly, Rose La Harte, Rita Dean, Stella Martine, H. E. Cluett, Felix Haney, Frank Silvers Oakley, Claire Heliot and her twelve lions, Barlow's Elephants, Miss Marquis and Ponies, Ralph Johnstone, Mlle. Leris, Marguerite and Hanley, Sisters O'Meers, The Four Marnos, The Flying Dunbars, Miss Riano, the Messrs. Bennett, Scott and Soley and The Four Rianos. Staged by Edward P. Temple and Frederic Thompson. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin. Costumes by Alfredo Edfel and Archie Gunn.

During the run such spectacular scenes as "Song of the Flowers," "Court of the Golden Fountains" and "Motoring in Mid-Air" were introduced and the following joined the company: Mlle. Allarty, Mlle. Ethardo, The Patty-Franks, The Uessesms, The Althoffs, The Merkel Sisters, Spessardy's Bears, The Dankmer-Schiller Troupe, Genaro and Theol, Weedon's Lions and Rose Wentworth.

Carmen (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henry Hamilton, adapted from Prosper Merimee's story. Revived at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, December 18, 1905. Cast:

Olga Nethersole, Charles Quartermaine, Hamilton Revelle, Slaine Mills, William Farren, Jr., Hubert Carter, B. A. Monks, Arthur Klein, Harry Dodd, A. L. Robinson, Henry Grey, Dorothy Grimston, Lillian Porter, Madge Field, Ina Goldsmith and Cecely Richards.

The first New York production of "Carmen" was at the Empire Theatre, December 24, 1895. Miss Nethersole played the title role.

Alice Sit-by-the-Fire (81 perf.)—Play in three acts by J. M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 25, 1905. Cast:

Mrs. Grey.....	Ethel Barrymore	Colonel Grey.....	Bruce McRae
Amy Grey.....	Beatrice Agnew	Cosmo Grey.....	Cyril Smith
Stephen Rollo.....	John Barrymore	Fanny.....	Florence Busby
Leonora Dunbar.....	Mary Nash	Richardson.....	Lillian Reed
	Nurse.....	May Davenport	Seymour

Preceded by:

Pantaloon—Play in one act by J. M. Barrie. Cast:

Clown.....	John Barrymore	Pantaloon.....	Lionel Barrymore
Harlequin.....	John P. Kennedy	The Child.....	Leona Powers
	Columbine.....		Beatrice Agnew

For revivals of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 439, and "Best Plays of 1931-1932," page 489.

As Ye Sow (34 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rev. John M. Snyder. Produced by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer at the Garden Theatre, New York, December 25, 1905. Cast:

Frank Gillmore, Charlotte Walker, Franklyn Roberts, Marie Taylor, Kate Benneteau, Olive Wright, Charles B. Craig, Ernest Mack, Mac M. Barnes, May McCabe, Forrest

Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Marion Chapman, Pearl Sanford, Frederic D. Freeman, Katherine Gemmill, Edith Wright, George Coleman, Oliver Blake, Ben Cotton, Noah Beery, Steven Meade, Harry Meredith, John Burton, Samuel Gray, Edward Bender, John Rogers and Frank Logan.

The Babes and the Baron (45 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge. Lyrics by Charles M. Taylor and Robert B. Smith. Music by H. E. Haines. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Lyric Theatre, New York, December 25, 1905. Cast:

Junie McCree, Maud Lambart, James C. Marlowe, Louis Wesley, Mabel Wilbur, Vera Cameron, Margaret King, Will Archie, Adele Cox, Alfred Latell, Edward Craven, David Rogers, Lillian Coleman, Carrie Behr, Jane Archer, Florence Guise, Florence Trevillion, Lillian English, Gertrude Douglass, Margaret Von Keeze, Marie Leuyllemn, Mildred Warde, The Brothers Ward, La Petite Adelaide and Fred Walton. Staged by R. H. Burnside and J. Paul Callam. Settings by the Messrs. T. Holmes, E. H. Ryan, Philip Howden, R. C. McCleary and Stafford Hall.

The Gingerbread Man (16 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Frederic Ranken. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced by Harry E. Converse and Mason Peters at the Liberty Theatre, New York, December 25, 1905. Cast:

J. P. MacSweeney, Homer Lind, Ross Snow, Gus Weinberg, Gilbert Gregory, W. H. Mack, Helen Bertram, Joseph Welsh, Lillian Leon, Uria Rottger, Eddie Redway, H. L. Zeda, Frankie Bailey, Almyra Forrest, Harriet Burt, Nellie Lynch, the Misses Edwards, Kramer, Lane, Leighton, Mooney, Rivenburg, Ainslie, Barber, Bradbury, Clifford, Maxwell, Sawyer, Fairfax, Meridan, Millard, Proctor, Wilson, Appleton, Browne, Ivy, Merritt, Miller, Morrison, Tyler, Abbott, Barnes, Brown, Dunne, Gaffney, Kennedy, Murray, Belasco and Buhl, and the Messrs. Becca, Bowman, Damerel, Devlin, Lindermann, Ertz, Fitz, Hobart, Jenkins and Tieman, Marie Jordon and Winifred Jordon.

Returned to the New York Theatre, New York, May 21, 1906, for two weeks.

Mlle. Modiste (202 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 25, 1905. Cast:

Fritzi Scheff, William Pruette, Walter Percival, Claude Gillingwater, Leo Mars, George Schraeder, Howard Chambers, R. W. Hunt, Josephine Bartlett, Edna Fassett, Blanche Morrison, Louise Le Baron, Miss La Mora, Ada Meade, Bertha Holly, Flora Barbier, Lillian Lipyeat, Grace Spencer, Mae Baldwin, Marie Parkes, Nellie Parkes, Jeanette Paterson, Grace Cornish, Janet Pawsey, Olive Cox, Adelaide Ott, Cecile Rowe, Gertrude Reeves, Pauline Georgi, Thekla Morton, Edna Cecil, Dix Carruthers, Grace Bond, Alice May, Ailsa Craig, Kathryn Mertens, Nancy Poole, Carl Benson, Thomas De Vasey, A. Widdoson, G. V. Hurlock, F. Lademan, A. F. Burchly, Herman Walters, Frank W. Boyle, Charles H. Page, Peter Canova, A. Swinton, A. M. Pergain, H. Margan and James Quarrinton. Staged by Fred G. Latham. Settings by Homer Emens.

"Mlle. Modiste" reopened at the Knickerbocker Theatre, September 1, 1906, for 22 additional performances. It ran for 29 performances at the Academy of Music beginning May 20, 1907, at which time Robert Michaelis, Almaretta Webster, Carlyn Strelitz and Ethel Bard replaced Walter Percival, Edna Fassett, Louise Le Baron and Miss La Mora respectively. It again played at the

Knickerbocker Theatre beginning September 9, 1907, for 21 performances.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 502, and "Best Plays of 1929-1930," page 414.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary (30 perf.)—Play adapted from Sardou's "Les Pattes de Mouche." Produced by Maurice Campbell at the Garrick Theatre, New York, December 25, 1905. Cast:

Henrietta Crosman, Addison Pitt, Miriam Nesbitt, Louise Galloway, Kate Jepson, John Marble, George Woodward, Ida Vernon, Walter Thomas, C. A. Chandos and Boyd Putnam. Staged by Maurice Campbell. Settings by L. C. Young and T. B. McDonald.

Beginning January 5, 1906, this play was preceded by:

Madeline (16 perf.)—Play in two scenes by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Cast:

Henrietta Crosman, Guy Standing, Percy Ames, Irma Perry and Miriam Nesbitt.

The Crossing (8 perf.)—Play in four acts by Winston Churchill and Louis Evan Shipman. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 1, 1906. Cast:

John Blair, Stokes Sullivan, Etienne Girardot, J. H. Gilmour, Ralph Delmore, Arthur Lawrence, Edward Donnelly, Shelly Hull, Sidney Mansfield, F. Richter, W. Wood, Mabel Burt, Violet Houk, Laura Clement, Lillian Ward, Jane Gordon, J. B. Delamater, F. S. Coe, E. J. McGuire, Fred Hardy, G. H. Benerman and Andrew Stephens.

Forty-five Minutes from Broadway (90 perf.)—Play in three acts with music by George M. Cohan. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, January 1, 1906. Cast:

Fay Templeton, Lois Ewell, Julia Ralph, Marion Singer, Donald Brian, Victor Moore, Charles Prince, James H. Manning, Louis R. Grisel, Maurice Elliot, Floyd E. Francis, Nat Royster, S. R. Droscher, Mabel Ellis, Rhea G. Clemens, Desiree Lazard, Hazel Cox, Madeline LeBoeuf, Marguerite Lane, Nevada Maynard, Margaretta Masi, Eugene McGregor, Joe Simons, A. Claire Heath, Alf DeBall, J. S. Donnelly, Ned Achard and Frank Benor.

This play returned to the New York Theatre, New York, November 5, 1906, for an additional 32 performances.

Julie Bonbon (98 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clara Lipman. Produced at Field's Theatre, New York, January 1, 1906. Cast:

Louis Mann, Clara Lipman, Dora Goldthwaite, James Durkin, Muriel MacArthur, Mary Cecil, Alexandra Phillips, R. Siato, Edward Pierce, Maggie Fielding, George Pauncefort, W. Thornton Simpson, J. Harry Knowles, Marjorie Maxwell, Meredith G. Brown, Gaston Bell, Wyrley Birch, Ray Beveridge, Elsie Ferguson, Beatrice Bertrand, Amy Lesser, Alice Loeber, Edna Carroll, Kitty Barry, Louise Laroux, Samuel White, Anthony Asher, Otis Sheridan, Jules Weitler, Katie Gillman, James Helton, Percy Helton, W. H. Boyd, the Misses Hager, Edwards, Miller, Tracy and Howland and the Messrs. Cloudman, Douglas, Smith, Walton, Maley and Jones.

After an absence of one week this play returned to the Lyric Theatre, New York, April 9, 1906, for an additional 8 performances.

Twiddle-Twaddle (137 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edgar Smith. Music by Maurice Levi. Produced by Joe Weber at Weber's Music Hall, New York, January 1, 1906. Cast:

Joe Weber, Charles A. Bigelow, Edward J. Connelly, Ernest Lambart, Bonnie Magin, Sam Marion, Jarvis Jocelyn, Jack Joyce, James Nugent, W. D. Stevenson, Joseph Kaufman, H. W. Robinson, J. McLaughlin, John D'Arcy, Ambrose Ball, T. C. Diers, Jr., David R. Locke, Al T. Darling, Marie Dressler, Mercita Esmonde, Helen Marlborough, Jessie Thompson, Alice Atwater, Arline La Crosse, Freida Ricca, Carrie B. Monroe, Beulah Parker, Irene Carlisle, Vida Whitmore, Evelyn Mitchell, Grace Spencer, Selma Mantell, Lillian Barrington, Lolita Gordon, Vernie Wadsworth, Phrosa Balfour, Frank Mayne, John C. Miller, Thomas Sedgwick, Henry de Packh, Aimee Angeles, Alexandra Hall, May McKenzie, Edith Moyer, Addie Orton, Harry Morris, Aubrey Boucicault, Trixie Friganza, May Montfort, Erminie Earle, Minerva Coverdale, May Carlisle, Madlyn Summers, Vonnie Hoyt, Mattie Boorum, Freda Linyard, Kitty Wheaton, Fay Tincher, Dorothy Bertrand, Helen Heins, Lucy Tonge, Elsie Heins, Bessie M. Skeer, Ethel Donaldson, Eva Francis, Lillian Fitzgerald and Rita Scott Hall. Staged by Al M. Holbrook. Settings by Ernest Albert.

Beginning February 26, 1906, a burlesque "The Squawman's Girl of the Golden West" was introduced.

This play reopened at Weber's Music Hall, New York, November 12, 1906, for 32 additional performances, at which time the following were added to the cast:

William Burruss, Harry Crandall, Will Toland, John Foy, Flora Zabelle, Pauline Huntley, Beatrice Learwood, Helen Barrett and Josephine Karlin.

The Clansman (51 perf.)—Comedy-drama in four acts by Thomas Dixon, Jr., from his two famous novels, "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman." Incidental music by Max Schmidt. Produced by George H. Brennan at the Liberty Theatre, New York, January 8, 1906. Cast:

George Bee Jackson, Albert Lovern, Samuel Hyams, Henry Riley, John B. Hymer, DeWitt C. Jennings, Joseph Woodburn, J. F. Chaille, J. E. Miller, Robert Gibson, Jeffreys Lewis, M. J. Gordon, Holbrook Blinn, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Francis Shannon, Grayce Scott, Jeanne Madeira, Fred Kley, Georgia Welles, Gretchen Dale, Ruth Hart, Grena Bennett, A. H. Symmons, Sydney Ayres, Austin Webb, James Grady, Murray Woods, Harry Mainhall, James J. Ryan and John Nichols. Staged by Frank Hatch. Settings by Platzer and Meixner.

The Redemption of David Corson (16 perf.)—Play by Lottie Blair Parker dramatized from the novel by Rev. Charles Frederic Goss. Produced at the Majestic Theatre, New York, January 8, 1906. Cast:

William Courtleigh, Scott Siggins, Harrison Armstrong, Robert Robson, Francis Fay, William McKey, Lynn B. Hammond, William Lambert, William Payne, Emma Dunn, Mrs. Samuel Charles, Georgia Earle, Pearl Ford, May L. Bell, John Sutherland, Jay Mansfield, Chester A. Lee, Alfred Cross, Joseph M. Lothian, Elsa Hofmann, Juliet Lear, R. B. Cunningham and Mollie Fay.

Frank Fay's New York debut.

A Case of Arson (32 perf.)—Play in one act by H. Heijermans. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, January 9, 1906. Cast:

Henri De Vries, C. N. Schaeffer and Henry Vibart.

Preceded by:

The Braisley Diamond—Play in three acts by Tremayne and Hall. Cast:

Henry Vibart, George Probert, H. C. Mortimer, C. N. Schaeffer, Ferdinand Gottschalk, H. Bruce Delamater, Dorothy Drake, Helen Grantly, Grace Merritt, Edith Yaeger and May Vokes. Staged by George Foster Platt.

Henri De Vries, Holland's famous character actor, made his first American appearance in "A Case of Arson" playing seven different roles.

Comin' Thro' the Rye (34 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by George V. Hobart. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane and J. Sebastian Hiller. Produced by Will J. Brock Amusement Company at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, January 9, 1906. Cast:

Dan McAvoy, Frank Doane, John Park, Riley Hatch, Burt Weston, George W. Jennings, Charles Swayne, Allen K. Foster, Harry K. Francis, Paul T. Chase, Percy Jennings, Alice Fisher, Amelia Stone, Nena Blake, Georgie Kelly, Joseph Standish, Bessie Evelyn Gibson, Florence Martin, Natalie Olcott, Agnes Dasmal, Ethel Kirkpatrick, Florence Randick, Bertha Blake, Maud Mills, Mae Murray, Esther Petrine, Janet McDonald, Alice Sullivan, Daisy Dean, Irene Farber, Constance Farber and Bertha Behan. Staged by Lewis Hopper.

The Vanderbilt Cup (143 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Sydney Rosenfeld. Lyrics by Raymond Peck. Music by Robert Hood Bowers. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Broadway Theatre, New York, January 16, 1906. Cast:

Elsie Janis, Charles Dow Clark, Grace Gaylor Clark, Otis Harlan, Blanche Chapman, Aubrey Boucicault, Charles Dickson, Lillian Nicholson, Helen Weathersby, Kate Mayhew, Grace Griswold, Blanche Rice, Sallie Berge, Marie Messner, Bessie Mills, Kate Buckley, Bessie Graham, Muriel Wilbur, Daisy Leon, Blanche Morrell, Margaret Love, Percy Janis, Kate Graham, Ella Hatton, Violet Duval, Henry Bergman, Henry V. Donnelly, Edith Decker, Jacques Kruger, Viola Bowers, F. Newton Lindo, Dorothy Kent, Gertrude Grant, Eloise Steele, Elsa Rheinhardt and the Messrs. Tomasso, Odell, Mertimer and Boshier.

This play reopened at the New York Theatre, New York, January 7, 1907, for an additional 40 performances.

Grierson's Way (12 perf.)—Play in four acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced by Henry Miller at the Princess Theatre, New York, January 18, 1906. Cast:

Henry Miller, Guy Standing, Fred Thorne, Henry Woodruff, Ida Waterman, Rebecca Warren and Helen Ford.

The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt (44 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced by Liebler and Company at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 22, 1906. Cast:

Ellis Jeffreys, Frank Worthing, Ruby Bridges, Lena Halliday, Essex Dane, Muriel Wylford, Constance Walton, Eleanor Delaporte, Hylda Franklin, Claude King, Herbert Sleath, Arthur Lewis, Reginald Eyre, Rudge Harding, Harry Halley, Master Gerald Henson and Edward Benham. Staged by Charles Cartwright. Settings by Louis C. Young, Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Galloper (76 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Richard Harding Davis. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, New York, January 22, 1906. Cast:

Raymond Hitchcock, Edgar L. Davenport, Harry Stone, L. Rogers Lytton, Harold Vizard, Herbert Corthell, T. Daniel Frawley, Scott Cooper, Harry Preston, E. B. Tilton, Fred Johnstone, H. White, Alf. Hudson, Jr., M. Black, Edgar Potter, M. W. Rale, Nanette Comstock, May Buckley and May Helmuth. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burridge.

"A Yankee Tourist," a musical version of "The Galloper," was produced August 12, 1907. See page 541.

The Little Gray Lady (32 perf.)—Play in three acts by Channing Pollock. Produced by Maurice Campbell at the Garrick Theatre, New York, January 22, 1906. Cast:

Julia Dean, John W. Albaugh, Jr., William Humphrey, Charles A. Gay, Robert Ober, Cyril Vezina, Harry Wagner, Dorothy Donnelly, Eva Vincent, Justina Wayne and Rachel Barr.

The House of Silence (7 perf.)—Play in prologue and three acts by Herman Knickerbocker Viele. Produced by James K. Hackett at the Savoy Theatre, New York, January 23, 1906. Cast:

James K. Hackett, Mary Mannering, David Glassford, Virginia Buchanan, May Blaney, Florence Cragg, Edwin Arden, E. L. Duane, Lores Grimm, Peter Lang, F. Owen Baxter, Frank Patton, Albert Parker, Isabel Goodwin, Ida Bell and Helen Vassar. Staged by James K. Hackett. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

Bedford's Hope (56 perf.)—Play in four acts by Lincoln J. Carter. Produced by Stair and Havlin at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, January 29, 1906. Cast:

George C. Staley, Jack Webster, Griffith Evans, Ogden S. Wright, E. M. Kimball, A. B. Lynds, Mabel Pardine, Rignold Carrington, Herbert Sears, Frank Peters, W. J. Cogswell, Mary Servoss, Louise Tapley, Florence St. Leonard, Eugenie Webb, William Forrester, Charles Lambkin, Will Lippincott, John Daly Murphy, John Sommers, James Sulle, Case Martin, Moody Waters, Zack Walshky, Frank La Rue, Fred Burkhardt, Oscar Sharp, Frank Huntley, O. B. Haiveere, Charles Hunter, Fred Russe and Marion Fairfax.

Moved to the American Theatre, New York, March 12, 1906, at which time Charles Chappelle and Kathryn Ray replaced Griffith Evans and Eugenie Webb.

Mexicana (82 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Clara Driscoll and Robert B. Smith. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Lyric Theatre, New York, January 29, 1906. Cast:

Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Christie MacDonald, Joseph Herbert, Edward Martindel, Caro Roma, Edmund Stanley, Maggie Moore, Blanche Deyo, Harry Wallace, Almon Knowles and Helene St. John. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

Lucky Miss Dean (16 perf.)—Play in three acts by Sidney Bowkett. Produced by James B. Delcher at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, February 5, 1906. Cast:

Helen Grantly, Mrs. Goldfinch, William Courtleigh, Paul Everton, Frank Patton, Ferdinand Gottschalk and C. N. Schaeffer.

For the first week this play was preceded by:

The Daughter of the Tumbrils (8 perf.)—Drama in one act by Walter E. Grogan. Cast:

W. H. Gilmore, Cecilia Radclyffe, Margaret Fitz Patrick and Emily Wakeman.

The Duel (73 perf.)—Play in three acts by Henri Lavedan, translated by Louis N. Parker. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, February 12, 1906. Cast:

The Abbe Daniel.....	Otis Skinner	Doctor Morey.....	Guy Standing
Monseigneur Bolene.....	Eben Plympton	Porter.....	Carl Anthony
Hospital Attendant.....	Walter F. Scott	Servant.....	J. L. Carhart
Duchess De Chailles.....	Fay Davis	Yvonne.....	Sarah Padden

Gallops (65 perf.)—Play in four acts by David Gray. Produced by William H. Reynolds at the Garrick Theatre, New York, February 12, 1906. Cast:

Charles Richman, W. L. Abingdon, William Ingersoll, George Holland, Brandon Hurst, Hall McAllister, George Probrt, William Hawtrey, Alfred Hudson, Grace Kimball, Grace Filkins and Frances Starr.

George Washington, Jr. (81 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts written and composed by George M. Cohan. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, February 12, 1906. Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, Ethel Levey, Eugene O'Rourke, Cleveland Nicholson, Harry Montgomery, Frank McNish, Jr., Joseph Leslie, John Kauffman, Walter Olcott, Earl C. Stanley, William Leyle, John Willard, Joseph Levere, Lee Myers, Samuel Avedon, Margie Rhodes, Truly Shattuck and the Messrs. Butin, Tipaldi, Rostain and Whitlaw. Staged by George M. Cohan. Settings by John Young and Ernest Albert.

This play returned to the New York Theatre, New York, for 32 performances beginning February 11, 1907. Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, John A. Boone, G. Harrison Hunter, Willis P. Sweatman, Frank McNish, Jr., Joe Leslie, Frank N. Boyle, Harold Forbes, Earl C. Stanley, William Leyle, H. B. Kay, Joseph Levere, Lee Myers, Samuel Avedon, Vinie Daly, Leola Anderson, Mary Gildea and the Messrs. Butin, Tipaldi, Rostain and Whitlaw. Staged by George M. Cohan.

Mr. Hopkinson (113 perf.)—Farce in three acts by R. C. Carton. Produced by Curzon and Hackett at the Savoy Theatre, New York, February 12, 1906. Cast:

Henry Stephenson, Fred Lewis, Howard Sturge, Charles Crawford, Robert Druce, Lewis Fielder, Dallas Welford, Olive Temple, Annie Hughes and Elinor Foster. Settings and costumes from the London production.

This play returned to this theatre October 8, 1906, for one week.

Abyssinia (31 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by J. A. Shipp and Alex Rogers. Additional lyrics by Earl C. Jones. Music by Will Marion Cook and Bert A. Williams. Produced by Melville B. Raymond at the Majestic Theatre, New York, February 20, 1906. Cast:

Bert A. Williams, Lottie Williams, George W. Walker, Aida Overton Walker, Charles H. Moore, Hattie M'Intosh, George Catlin, Maggie Davis, Lavinia Rogers, Ada Guigesse, Aline Cassel, Craig Williams, Charles Young, R. Henri Strange, J. A. Shipp, Alex Rogers, J. E. Lightfoot, Charles L. Moore, William Foster, William C. Elkins, Annie Ross, Hattie Hopkins and Katie Jones.

The Title Mart (24 perf.)—Play in three acts by Winston Churchill. Produced by J. C. Duff at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, February 20, 1906. Cast:

Frank Gilmore, Arthur Hare, Sam Edwards, Murray Carson, Frederic Sumner, Sam Reed, A. D. Wilks, George S. Stevens, Martin Henry, F. B. Hersome, L. Phipps, Dorothy Revelle, Folliot Paget and May Pardoe.

The Triangle (14 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, February 20, 1906. Cast:

William Morris, Ferdinand Gottschalk, William Bramwell, Guy Coombs, Colin Campbell, Victor Herman, Charlotte Walker, Mrs. Goldfinch, Consuelo Bailey and May Isabel Fisk.

Brown of Harvard (101 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rida Johnson Young. Song in act two, "When Love Is Young" by Rida Johnson Young and Melville Ellis. Incidental music by Melville Ellis. Produced at the Princess Theatre, New York, February 26, 1906. Cast:

Henry Woodruff, Albert Perry, Walter Thomas, Howard Estabrook, Douglas J. Wood, Arthur Shaw, William Rosell, Joseph H. Graybill, G. Haven Peabody, Mason Terry, Robert Stowe Gill, Theodore Friebus, James Keating, William Resman Andrews, Homer Bassford, Barry Mantle, George Gerald, Fred Thorne, Daniel Pennell, Richard Ridgely, Louis Le Bay, Howard Huselson, Kate Lester, Laura Hope Crews, Catharine Calhoun and Ethel Martin. Staged by Henry Miller.

Reopened at the Majestic Theatre, New York, December 24, 1906, for an additional 48 performances.

The Redskin (26 perf.)—Play in four acts by Donald MacLaren. Produced by William A. Brady at the Liberty Theatre, New York, March 1, 1906. Cast:

Tyrone Power, Albert Bruning, Lionel Adams, Leonard Barry, Escamillo Fernandez, J. O. Le Brasse, Claude Brooke, Edwin Arden, Katherine Grey, Bijou Fernandez, Alice Leigh, Marion Chapman, Laura Lemmers, Margaret Kenmare and Avonia Eldridge. Ten Sioux Indians used in the play were obtained from the Rosebud Agency, Nebraska, by arrangement between the United States Department of the Interior and Mr. Brady. Staged by William A. Brady. Settings by R. A. Law.

The Embassy Ball (48 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre, New York, March 5, 1906. Cast:

Lawrence D'Orsay, George Clarke, Forrest Robinson, Walter Hitchcock, Harold Heaton, George Grimes, William Pickens, Miriam Nesbit, Marion Barney, Rose Hubbard, Ida Darling, Emma Cornick and Lizzie Carter.

The Mountain Climber (79 perf.)—Farce in three acts by C. Kraatz and M. Neal. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, March 5, 1906. Cast:

Francis Wilson, Joseph Allen, George S. Spencer, William Lewers, Sidney Rice, Grant Mitchell, Joseph Brennan, Harrison Armstrong, Herbert Marion, Augustin Duncan, Charles J. Greene, Walter Dickenson, May Robson, Edith Barker, Ellen Mortimer, Angela Keir and Elsa Garrett. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Edward G. Unitt and Homer Emens.

Beginning April 23, 1906, this play was preceded by:

The Little Father of the Wilderness (24 perf.)—Play in one act by Austin Strong and Lloyd Osborne. Cast:

Francis Wilson, Augustin Duncan, William Lewers, George S. Spencer, Sidney Rice, Edith Barker and Joseph Brennan.

For revival of "The Little Father of the Wilderness" see "Best Plays of 1929-1930," page 546.

Charley's Aunt (80 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Brandon Thomas. Revived at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, March 19, 1906. Cast:

Stephen Spettigue.....	Sol Aiken	Amy Spettigue.....	Alma Mara
Charley Wykeman.....	William Elliott	Ella Delahay.....	Lottie Alter
New Footman.....	Charles H. West	Col. Sir Francis Chesney	
Kitty Verdun.....	Helena Byrne		R. Peyton Carter
Jack Chesney.....	Frank Hollins	Lord Fancourt Babberley	
Brassett.....	Ernest Elton		Etienne Girardot
	Donna Lucia D'Alvadore...	Nina Herbert	

"Charley's Aunt" was first produced in New York at the Standard Theatre, October 2, 1893. Etienne Girardot was Lord Fancourt Babberley.

The Greater Love (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Ivy Ashton Root. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, March 19, 1906. Cast:

Howard Kyle, Frederic Webber, Fred C. House, Earl Rider, Stanley Jessup, Frank Kendrick, Flossie Greenthal, Richard Storey, Colin Campbell, George C. Wiseman, Alfred Bergen, Fritz Gerlach, Beverly Sitgreaves, Helen Ware, Kathleen Kinsella and Paula Gloy.

His Majesty (24 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book and music by Shafter Howard. Produced by Nelson Roberts at the Majestic Theatre, New York, March 19, 1906. Cast:

Blanche Ring, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Harry Kelly, Knute Erickson, Walter F. Dyett, Herbert Carter, William H. White, Hughey Flaherty, Gus Alexander, Anna Laughlin, May A. Naudain, Alice Hageman, Emmalyn Lackaye, Margaret Malcolm and Indiola Arnold. Staged by Richard F. Carroll. Dances by Hughey Flaherty.

Lincoln (21 perf.)—Play in four acts by Benjamin Chapin. Produced by Benjamin Chapin at the Liberty Theatre, New York, March 26, 1906. Cast:

Benjamin Chapin (Abraham Lincoln), Maude Granger (Mary Todd Lincoln), Francis McGinn, David R. Young, W. H. Pascoe, Malcolm Duncan, Julius Barton, J. H. Lewis, Master George Clarke and Daisy Lovering. Staged by Benjamin Chapin, Frank Lea Short and Frank McGinn. Settings by Ernest Albert.

Mr. Chapin presented a new version of his play for 17 performances at the Garden Theatre, New York, beginning February 5, 1909. Cast:

Benjamin Chapin (Abraham Lincoln), Caroline Harris (Mary Todd Lincoln), Edward Wade, L. Rogers Lytton, Daniel Jarrett, Jr., Master Robert Tansey and Helen Holmes.

During the week of February 8, 1909, the play was given at matinees only as "Mary Jane's Pa" played evenings. On February 15, 1909, the company moved to the Hackett Theatre for one week, at which time the title was changed to "Honest Abe."

It's All Your Fault (32 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, April 2, 1906. Cast:

Herbert Carr, Herbert Sleath, Master Pincus, George Adams, Charles Mason, Charles Dowd, Maud Hosford, Mary Faber, Louise Closser, Carolyn Lee and Edgar Selwyn.

The Social Whirl (195 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Charles Doty and Joseph Herbert. Lyrics by Joseph Herbert. Music by Gustav Kerker. Interpolated songs by George A. Spink, E. Ray Goetz, James O'Dea, Anne Caldwell and Charles J. Ross. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Casino Theatre, New York, April 9, 1906. Cast:

Adele Ritchie, Mabel Fenton, Maude Raymond, Blanche Deyo, Caroline Locke, Ada Lewis, Charles J. Ross, Frederic Bond, Willard Curtiss, Joseph Coyne, Mark E. Heisey, Charles Halton, Elizabeth Brice, J. Rider Glynn, Edward Craven, Henry Williams, Eugenie Cole, Irene Hobson, Madge Allen, Sybilla Thorne, Evelyn Wood, Almeda Potter, Claudia Hubbard, Della Spray, Frances Alexander, Katherine Deahy, Estelle Christy, Sadie Melles, Marie Hammett, Mattie Rivenburg, Margaret Cobb, Bessie Friganza, Pauline Neff, Beatrice Walsh, Violet Jewell, Grace Studiford, Edna Mayo, Alice Clifford, Carolyn Green, Paula Marr, Marie Arnold, Belle Lorimer, Irma Dickson, Lillian Warde, Katherine Hunton, Ethel Wheeler, Grace Wallis, Madge Wallis, Louise Elton, Eleanor Lund, Messrs. Vanesse, Wheeler, Arnold, Rider, Lutz, Deahy, Scott, Barlab, Wales, Berges, Benoit, Kramer and Gould. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

This comedy was first produced by the Shuberts on the road in 1905 under the title "The Winning Girl."

"The Social Whirl" reopened at the Majestic Theatre, New York, April 1, 1907, for 16 perf. The cast was headed by:

Elizabeth Brice, Irene Hobson, Adelaide Sharp, Bella Omlette, Caroline Locke, Ada Lewis, Fremont Benton, May Calder, Charles J. Ross, Frederic Bond, Willard Curtiss, Walter F. Dyett, Mart. E. Heisley, Charles Halton, J. Rider Glyn, Edward Craven and James Dealy.

The American Lord (32 perf.)—Farce in four acts by Charles T. Dazey and George H. Broadhurst. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, April 16, 1906. Cast:

William H. Crane, Richard Pitman, George E. Riddell, Frederick Tiden, Elmer Grandin, Emmet Whitney, Edgar Norton, George F. DeVere, Harry Blakemore, John Nesbitt, Herbert Budd, Soldene Powell, Gabriel Ravenelle, R. Johnson, Hilda Spong, Rosalind Coghlan and Nellie Malcolm. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Arms and the Man (48 perf.)—Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Revived by Arnold Daly at the Lyric Theatre, New York, April 16, 1906. Cast:

Capt. Bluntschli.....	Arnold Daly	Major Petkoff.....	Dodson Mitchell
Major Saranoff.....	William Harcourt	Nicola.....	John Findlay
Catherine Petkoff.....	Isabelle Urquhart	Raina Petkoff.....	Chrystal Herne
Louka.....	Bijou Fernandez	Officer.....	Joseph Maddern

Beginning May 14, 1906, this play was preceded by a revival of:

How He Lied to Her Husband (16 perf.)—Play in one act by George Bernard Shaw. Cast:

Her Lover.....	Arnold Daly	Her Husband.....	Dodson Mitchell
	Herself.....		Isabelle Urquhart

"Arms and the Man" was first seen in New York at the Herald Square Theatre, September 17, 1894. Richard Mansfield was Capt. Bluntschli and Beatrice Cameron played Raina Petkoff. It was the first George Bernard Shaw play ever seen in America. For other

revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 552, and "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 442.

For first production of "How He Lied to Her Husband," see page 467.

The Free Lance (35 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by John Philip Sousa. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, April 16, 1906. Cast:

Joseph Cawthorn, Albert Hart, Felix Haney, Sim Pulen, George Talman, Louis Haines, Henry J. Santra, Nella Bergen, Jeannette Lowrie, Fanny Midgley, Geraldine Malone, Monte Elmo, Estelle Thebaud and Dorothy Southwick. Staged by Herbert Gresham.

What the Butler Saw (16 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Edward A. Parry and Frederick Mouillot. Produced by William H. Reynolds at the Garrick Theatre, New York, April 16, 1906. Cast:

Frank Gilmore, James Neill, Scott Siggins, Dore Davidson, George Le Soir, Frederic A. Thomson, Charles Kent, Herbert Ayling, Maude Knowlton, Maggie Halloway Fischer, Grace Rankin, Harriet Raymond, Ritkah Harrison, Hetta Bartlett, Helen Ormsbee, Zelma Stetson, Mary Hanley and Charles Butler.

The Strength of the Weak (27 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alice M. Smith. Produced by John Cort at the Liberty Theatre, New York, April 17, 1906. Cast:

Florence Roberts, Max Figman, Tyrone Power, Eugene Ormonde, H. S. Northrup, Robert McWade, Sr., Frank Richter, Donald Weldon, Adelaide Manola, Florence Robinson, Ruth Allen, Mary Bertrand, Fanny Cannon, Lucile Yorke and Emma Campbell. Staged by Max Figman. Settings by Frank Platzer and Meixner.

The Optimist (8 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 23, 1906. Cast:

Lizzie Hudson Collier, Wallace Eddinger, Andrew Stephens, Thomas A. Wise, Grace Gaylor Clark, Martin A. Alsop, J. H. Gilmour, Kathryn Browne, Oscar C. Apfel, Anna Stannard, Wynne Vorhees, Genevieve Thomas, Gerald Griffen, Christine Hall, Charlotte Walker, John E. Ince and Consuelo Bailey.

Dolce—Play in one act by John Luther Long. Produced by Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, for special matinees, April 24, 25 and 26, 1906. Cast:

Mrs. Fiske, John Mason and Charles Cherry.

At this time Mrs. Fiske also revived her own plays:

The Eyes of the Heart—Cast:

George Arliss, Charles Cherry, John Emerson, Claus Bogel, John Clay, William B. Mack, Emily Stevens and Mary Maddern.

The Light from St. Agnes—Cast:

Fernanda Eliscu, John Mason and William B. Mack.

See page 487.

The first New York production of "The Light from St. Agnes" was at the Garden Theatre, March 19, 1896. Mrs. Fiske, James Neil and Albert Gran were in the cast.

Cousin Louisa (8 perf.)—Play in three acts by Frederick Paulding. Produced by Daniel Frohman and Joseph Brooks at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 30, 1906. Cast:

Charles Cherry, Samuel Reed, Charles Swickard, Paula Gloy, George Probert, Kate Denin Wilson, Dorothy Revelle, Thomas Ince and Mary Van Buren.

The District Leader (8 perf.)—Musical comedy drama in three acts by Joseph E. Howard. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 30, 1906. Cast:

Fred J. Barnes, Charles M. McDonald, Mark Sullivan, Mark Hart, Florence Sinnott, Dave Lewis, Allen Bennett, Joseph Allen, Ida Emerson, Diamond Donner, Leonard B. Hoyt, Harry Stone, William S. Davis, Leona Pam, E. G. Stockwell and Joseph E. Howard. Settings by Frank Platzner and Meixner.

The Embarrassment of Riches (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Louis K. Anspacher. Produced by Edward A. Braden at Wallack's Theatre, New York, May 14, 1906. Cast: .

Scott Cooper, Dudley Hawley, John Bunny, Gertrude Berkeley, Eva Dennison, Charlotte Walker, Charles J. Bell, Stanley Dark, Vellma Berrell, Bruce McRae, James Kearney, Henry Buckler, Bernard Mullin, Charles Chappelle, Harold Cohill, Frank Wunderle and Edward Cookson. Staged by Edward A. Braden.

Mistakes Will Happen (8 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Grant Stewart. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 14, 1906. Cast:

Charles Dickson, Charles Harbury, Joseph Kauffman, Frank Russell, C. Colton White, Anna Johnston, Edna Aug, Alice Johnson and Rose Eyttinge.

The Girl Patsy (17 perf.)—Play in four acts by Jane Mauldin Feigl. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, May 26, 1906. Cast:

Edwin Brandt, Frederick Watson, W. Clinton Hamilton, John Morris, Robert Wagner, John Sutherland, Melville Alexander, M. E. Reddy, Clifford Moye, J. K. Knowles, Rosalie De Vaux, Grace Cahill, Marie Haynes, Alice Knowland, Olive Helaine Briscoe and Mary Ryan. Settings by Carus and Williams.

His Honor the Mayor (104 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by C. E. Campbell and R. M. Skinner. Music by Julian Edwards, Gus Edwards, Alfred E. Aarons, Cobb and Shields. Produced by Alfred E. Aarons at the New York Theatre, New York, May 28, 1906. Cast:

Blanche Ring, Harry Kelly, Clarence Harvey, Mabel Hollins, Madelyn Marshall, Fletcher Norton, Arthur Earnest, W. W. Black, Lois Tabor, Lora Lieb, E. E. Van Rensselaer, John H. Pratt, Hal Pearson, Catherine Tanner, J. S. Murray, Ocia Thompson, Marion Whitney, Isobel Plunkett, Jessie Carr, Helen Turner, Ella Bernard, Jessie Thompson, Bessie Fennell, Elinor Mansfield, Helen Howard, Marion Alexander, Grace Andrews, Birdice MacLaughlin, Rose Berg, Lillian DeGrasse, Florence May, Kitty Marsh, Alice Keese, Camille Darnton, Anna Nelson, Jessie Cameron, Kitty Parks, Nellie DeGrasse, Julia Burns, Edward Melandy, E. R. Edwards, Charles Robinson, Fred Walton, John Belton, Archie Falk, Leon F. Botsford and The Original English Pony Ballet: Beatrice Liddell, Elizabeth Hawman, Carrie Poltz, Dorothy Marlow, Seppi McNeil, Louise Hawman, Eva Marlow and Ada Robertson. Staged by J. K. Adams.

This play moved to Wallack's Theatre, New York, on July 30, 1906.

On September 17, 1906, it returned to Wallack's Theatre for 16 additional performances. At this time Blanche Ring, Mabel Hollins, Arthur Earnest and Leon F. Botsford had been replaced by Claire Maentz, Nella Webb, Harry Stuart and E. R. Edwards respectively.

The play returned to Wallack's Theatre, New York, for 16 performances on June 3, 1907, and beginning November 25, 1907, 17 performances were given at the Circle Theatre, New York.

Seeing New York (75 perf. evenings only)—Musical farce in six scenes by Joseph Hart, Clifton Crawford and A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced at the New York Roof, New York, June 5, 1906. Cast: Al Leech, Clifton Crawford, Cheridah Simpson, Thomas Fortum, John E. Brennan, Charles F. McCarthy, Fleurette De Mar, Carrie De Mar, Maud Grey, Aileen Flavin, Beatrice McKey, Marion Mills, A. Bates, Harry Linkey, Wilfred Thompson and Louis Morton.

SEASON OF 1906-1907

Mamzelle Champagne (60 perf. no matinees)—Musical revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edgar Allan Woolf. Music by Cassius Freeborn. Produced by Henry Pincus at the Madison Square Garden Roof, New York, June 25, 1906. Cast:

Viola De Costa, Harry Short, Edwin Fowler, Arthur Stanford, Alfred Hudson, Jr., Maud Earl, Ida Crispi, Sylvia Starr, Maude Fulton, Alberta Davis, James E. Ludwig, Fred Ozab, Edward Giles, Harry Hudson, Frank McCullough, Fred Woodward, Walter Liebman, Walter Pascal, Alice Chase, Jennette Andrietta, Edna Hixon, Alice Robinson, May Rollins, Elfa White, Sadie Etherton and Inez Marcelle. Staged by Lionel Lawrence.

This revue was revived at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, for 4 performances beginning October 24, 1906. Cast:

May Yohe, Harry Lester Mason, W. H. Fitzgerald, Robert O'Connor, Emmet Lennon, W. L. Romaine, Ernest Robinson, Isabelle D'Armond, Florence L. Smith, Mrs. Hattie F. Nefflin, Alberta Davis and Alice Chase.

At this time it was preceded by:

The Day Before—Play in one act by Alfred M. De Lisser
Cast:

W. D. Corbett, Ethel Hunt and Alfred M. De Lisser.

It was during the first performance of "Mamzelle Champagne" on the Madison Square Roof that Harry Thaw shot and killed Stanford White. An account of that tragedy is contained in a letter from Edgar Allan Woolf to Burns Mantle. It reads:

"'Mamzelle Champagne' was my Columbia varsity show, and was transported by a manager, Henry Pincus, to the open Madison Square Roof with a professional cast. Of course, when the college boys played it, with such lines as 'I'm a good girl—you can't insult me,' every line was a howl, but spoken by actresses the howls were missing. In addition to this calamity, the wind was blowing down

Madison Ave. on the night of the opening—blowing all the dialogue with it. My mother and father were sitting in the front row, and through the remarks of the people behind them, they knew the show was dying, and that the author was in ill repute. When the three shots fired by Harry Thaw rang through the air, my mother jumped up in her chair and screamed, 'My God, they've shot my son!'

"Although poor Pincus thought his show was ruined by the murder, the next night you couldn't get near the Garden, and the seats at the table where Stanford White sat, sold at a premium."

The Kreutzer Sonata (29 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Jacob Gordin. Translated by Samuel Schiffman and adapted by Lena Smith and Mrs. Vance Thompson. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, August 13, 1906. Cast:

Blanche Walsh, George Sumner, Eleanor Carey, Helen Ware, William Wadsworth, William Travers, Jessie Ralph, Alexander Von Mitzel, Laura Linden, Master Richard Storey, Beulah Thompson and David Wright.

The Langdon Mitchell adaptation of "The Kreutzer Sonata" was produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Lyric Theatre, New York, September 10, 1906, for 19 performances. Cast:

Bertha Kalich, Henry Kolker, Josephine Florence Shepherd, Adele Block, Claus Bogel, Gladys Hulette, Jacob Katzman, Jennie Reiffarth, Giorgio Majeroni, Mary E. Baker, Hearn Collins and Margaret Reynolds. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1923-1924," page 436.

The Little Cherub (155 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Owen Hall. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, August 6, 1906. Cast:

Hattie Williams, Tom Wise, Andrew Higginson, James Blakeley, Will West, John Mayon, Martin Haydon, Richard Chawner, Charles Butler, David Bennett, John F. Rogers, Harold F. Hendee, May Naudain, Mabel Hollins, Winona Winter, Grace Field, Beth Stone, Emily Francis, Dorothy Zimmerman, Fithel Kelly, Elsa Reinhardt, Clara Pitt, Grace Kimball and Edna Sidney. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros. Costumes by Mrs. Robert Osborn and Pascaud. William T. Francis, Musical Director.

The song "The Doggie in Our Yard," sung by Miss Williams and Mr. Blakeley, written by Marie Doro.

On August 6, 1907, this play returned to the Criterion Theatre, New York, for 21 additional performances.

My Wife Won't Let Me (1 special matinee)—Musical comedy in two acts by C. Baswitz. Music by Herbert Dillea. Produced at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, August 14, 1906. Cast:

Edgar A. Foreman, William Taylor, John P. Kennedy, Charles Bassett, Harry C. Brown, Richard Le Roy, Harry Bond, May Anderson, Ruth Vaughn and C. Brown.

The Two Mr. Wetherbys (21 perf.)—Play in three acts by St. John Hankin. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, August 23, 1906. Cast:

William F. Hawtrey, Hall McAllister, St. Clair Bayfield, May Tully, Mabel Cameron, Kate Denin Wilson and Nell Daube.

The Tourists (132 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by R. H. Burnside. Music by Gustave Kerker. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Majestic Theatre, New York, August 25, 1906. Cast:

Julia Sanderson, William Pruette, Alfred Hickman, Richard Golden, Phil H. Ryley, Fred Frear, Howard Chambers, Albert Froom, F. Kek Schilling, Albert Cahill, Anna C. Wilson, Mabel Wilbur, Edna Chase, Edna McClure, Anna Boyd, Grace La Rue, Vera Michelena, Jack Henderson, Robert Algier, Fred W. Cousins and Philip Leigh. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

Marrying Mary (43 perf.)—Musical play by Edwin Milton Royle, based on his play "My Wife's Husbands." Music by Silvio Hein. Lyrics by Benjamin Hapgood Burt. Produced by Daniel V. Arthur at Daly's Theatre, New York, August 27, 1906. Cast:

Marie Cahill, H. Guy Woodward, Mark Smith, Roy Atwell, William Courtleigh, Eugene Cowles, Virginia Staunton, Annie Buckley, George Backus, Ben. F. Grennell, James A. Reid, William Herman, Franklyn Ardelle, George Lyman, Blanche West, Anna Mooney, Anna Belle Gordon, Frances Carruthers, Olga May, Elizabeth King, Virginia Steinhardt, Elsie Shaw, Ethel Shaw, Sadie Long, Bessie Graham and Jane Hewitt. Staged by Edward Milton Royle. Musical numbers staged by Al Holbrook.

For first production of "My Wife's Husbands" see page 434.

Lady Jim (23 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Harold Heaton. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at Joe Weber's Music Hall, New York, August 28, 1906. Cast:

Hilda Spong, Herbert Percy, Charles Harbury, Lionel Walsh, Fred C. Patterson, Antoinette Perry, Leila Repton and Florence Conron. Staged by George Foster Platt.

The Price of Money (42 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, August 29, 1906. Cast:

William H. Crane, W. L. Abingdon, Walter Hitchcock, F. Owen Baxter, J. Homer Hunt, Harry Lillford, Gabriel Ravenelle, Mabel Bert, Olive Oliver, Florence Edney, Inez Plummer, Mrs. J. P. West, Madelaine Rives and Margaret Dale.

About Town (138 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by Joseph Herbert. Music by Melville Ellis and Raymond Hubbell. Interpolated numbers by Jack Norworth, Albert Von Tilzer, Cobb and Edwards. Produced by Lew Fields at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, August 30, 1906. Cast:

Lew Fields, Lawrence Grossmith, Joseph Herbert, Harry Fisher, George Beban, Jack Norworth, Joseph Herbert, Jr., Vernon Castle, Little Major, Joseph Schrode, Louise Dresser, Coralie Blythe, Louise Allen Collier, Elita Proctor Otis, Edna Wallace Hopper, Topsy Siegrist, Gertrude Moyer, Edith Ethel McBride, Marion Whitney, Ray Gilmore, Jane Murray, May Leslie, Lillian Raymond, Jessie Richmond, Lillian Harris, Viola Hopkins, Bessie Skeer, Ruth Fields, Mattie Chapin, Lillian Devere, Ida Doerge, Loretta MacDonald, Gladys Zell, Della Connor, Mae Murray, May Hickey, Lynn D'Arcy, Elsie Davis, Freda Linyard, Messrs. Summers, Dill, Dolliver, Reinhard, Laughlin, Miller, King, Schraeder and Potts. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin, Edward G. Unitt and Homer Emens. Costumes by Mrs. Carolyne Siedel and Mrs. Robert Osborn.

Beginning November 15, 1906, a new version of "About Town," with interpolated numbers by Victor Herbert, A. Baldwin Sloane

and Gustav Kerker, was presented. At this time was added a burlesque of "The Great Divide" called **The Great Decide** (53 perf.)—New names in the cast included Peter F. Dailey, Blanche Ring, Alice Hageman, Stacia Leslie, Vera Pindar and Frances Harris.

The Hypocrites (209 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, August 30, 1906. Cast:

Richard Bennett, Doris Keane, John Glendinning, J. H. Barnes, Arthur Lewis, W. H. Denny, Cecil Kingston, Leslie Faber, Jay Wilson, Jessie Millward, Viva Birkett, Ada Webster, Helen Tracy and Louise Reed. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Frank Platzer. Gowns by Mrs. Robert Osborn.

The Chorus Lady (315 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by James Forbes. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 1, 1906. Cast:

Patricia O'Brien.....	Rose Stahl	Inez Blair.....	Claire Lane
Mrs. O'Brien.....	Alice Leigh	Evelyn La Rue.....	Helen Hilton
Nora O'Brien.....	Eva Dennison	Rita Nichols.....	Annie Ives
Shrimp.....	Francis Fay	Lou Archer.....	Margaret Wheeler
Jakey.....	Bert Colton	Mai Delaney.....	Carolyn Green
The Duke.....	Thomas Maguire	Georgie Adams Coote.....	Amy Lee
Patrick O'Brien.....	Giles Shine	Sylvia Simpson.....	Maude Knowlton
Dick Crawford.....	Francis Byrne	Call Boy.....	Francis Fay
Dan Mallory.....	Wilfred Lucas	A Laundryman.....	John Adams
Milly Sultzner.....	Amy Lesser	Rogers.....	Thomas Lawrence

Staged by the author. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

This play moved to the Garrick Theatre, New York, on October 8, 1906, and to the Hackett Theatre, New York, on October 15, 1906.

Beginning November 25, 1907, "The Chorus Lady" with the above cast played 33 performances at the Hudson Theatre, New York.

Rose Stahl appeared in vaudeville for two years in the one act sketch "The Chorus Lady" before it was expanded into a full length play.

The Judge and the Jury (17 perf.)—Play in four acts by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco. Produced by Charles Frohman at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 1, 1906. Cast:

Ida Conquest, William Desmond, Walter Hale, Sam Edwards, Julius Tannen, Guy Nichols, H. J. Ginn, Louis Haines, Del DeLouis, Jules Ferrar, George Harcourt, Bennett Southard, George Archibald, Harry Lewellyn, Sidney C. Mather, May Stockton, Sadie Stringham, Margaret Fuller, Henrietta Goodman and Rose King. Staged by Oliver Morosco. Settings by Ernest Gros.

His House in Order (127 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 3, 1906. Cast:

John Drew, Margaret Illington, Charles Maitland Hallard, Leona Powers, Arthur Elliot, Martin Sabine, Henry Vibart, Herbert Budd, Gilbert Douglas, Rex McDougal, Maurice Franklin, Henry Fearing, Lena Halliday, Madge Girdlestone and Hope Latham.

The Man from Now (28 perf.)—Musical fantasy in a prologue and two acts. Book by John Kendrick Bangs and Vincent Bryan. Lyrics by John Kendrick Bangs, Vincent Bryan and Manuel Klein. Music by Manuel Klein, Harry Von Tilzer, Harry Bulger, Bernard Rolt, Isabel De Witte Kaplan and Gertrude Hoffman. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, September 3, 1906. Cast:

Harry Bulger, Helen Hale, Sallie Fisher, Edward B. Martindell, Walter Lawrence, Phil Branson, Gilbert Gregory, Hattie Arnold, Gardner Bullard, Marie Keller, Lucy Tonge, William Murphy, Jeanette Despres, Eva Burnett, Mabel Moyles, Helen Burnett, the Misses MacPhie, Schriebley, Montclair, Tichenor, Erickson, Mason, Dalrymple, Spencer, Daggett, Dupont, Holton, Stover, Edwardes, Merritt, Randall, Drew, Johnston, Flower, Marshall, Dunne, Cramer, La Dew, Spaulding, Mack, Richmond, Berg, Hackett and Riedel, and the Messrs. Hudson, Brand, Hessong, Books, Cramer and Winston. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burridge. Costumes by Archie Gunn.

Previous to the New York opening this play was seen on tour under the title "2905 or To-morrow Land."

The Dear Unfair Sex (21 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Inglis Allen. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Liberty Theatre, New York, September 10, 1906. Cast:

Charles Cartwright, Gerald Lawrence, George Giddens, Herbert Standing, Herbert Sleath, Thomas Graham, Charles Dowd, Ellis Jeffreys, Alice Johnson, Nellie Malcolm, Mrs. Sam Sothorn, Leslie Tearle, Edna Bert and G. C. Meakins. Staged by Charles Cartwright.

Clothes (113 perf.)—Play in four acts by Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock. Produced by William A. Brady, by arrangement with Wagenhals and Kemper, at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, September 11, 1906. Cast:

Grace George, Robert T. Haines, Frank Worthing, Charles Stanley, A. H. Stuart, Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Wilson, Louise Closser Hale, Jennie A. Eustace, Anne Sutherland, Dorothy Revell, Diana Huneker, Angela Ogden and Justine Cutting. Settings by Robert T. McKee and H. Robert Law. Costumes by Van Horn, Lord and Taylor.

Man and His Angel (7 perf.)—Play in four acts by Stanley Dark. Produced by Edward A. Braden at the Hackett Theatre, New York, September 18, 1906. Cast:

Holbrook Blinn, Frances Ring, Alexander Frank, Charles Hayne, Arthur R. Lawrence, Frank Gilmore, Ruth Benson, Fred Tyler, James Watson, Mabel Crawley, Norman Tharp, Alice Butler and Charles Martin. Staged by Holbrook Blinn.

John Hudson's Wife (27 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at Weber's Theatre, New York, September 20, 1906. Cast:

Hilda Spong, William F. Hawtrey, Lionel Walsh, Charles Rowan, Frederick Lane, John Westley, Herbert Percy, Henry Hanscombe, Fred C. Patterson, Walter Russell, Leila Repton, Cora Dean, Edna Bern and Florence Howard.

My Lady's Maid (44 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book by Paul Rubens and N. Newnham Davis. Revised by Edward Paulton and R. H. Burnside. Lyrics by Paul Rubens and Percy

Greenbank. Music by Paul Rubens. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Casino Theatre, New York, September 20, 1906. Cast:

Madge Crichton, Joseph Maylon, Claude Fleming, John Dudley, Frank Rushworth, Robert E. Graham, Walter E. Perkins, Henry Bergman, George R. Stevens, Charles W. Dungan, George Carroll, Nicholas Burnham, Prince Miller, Joseph Coyne, Delia Mason, Edith Blair and Elsa Ryan. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

This was originally done in London under the title of "Lady Madcap" with Madge Crichton in the title role.

Mizpah (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle, founded on the Biblical story of Esther. Two songs by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Produced at the Academy of Music, New York, September 24, 1906. Cast:

Elizabeth Kennedy, Charles Dalton, Lillian Lamson, Frank Losee, Edward J. Mack, Harry MacFayden, Thomas J. Quinn, Harry R. Brennan, Louise Rial, Gertrude Wolfe, Mlle. Arnoldi, Albert Lang, Elwyn Eaton, Emmett Douglas, Max Esberg and F. W. Elliott.

The Prince of India (73 perf.)—Drama by J. I. C. Clarke, dramatized from the novel by Gen. Lew Wallace. Incidental music by Horatio Parker. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Broadway Theatre, New York, September 24, 1906. Cast:

William Farnum, Emmett Corrigan, Julius McVickar, Boyd Putnam, Harrison Armstrong, W. H. Leyden, Charles Harris, C. Norman Hammond, Haswell Dague, Marshall Farnum, S. Anderson, W. E. Butterfield, Monroe Salisbury, Henry F. Koser, Henry Wilson, George Ames, James Marston, Averill Harris, J. O'Neil, Richard Hillson, Anthony Andre, George Walker, C. Van Dusen Phillips, Sam S. Harris, George Brooks, William Osgood, W. Abrams, Chester Lee, W. H. Leyden, William Breen, Adelaide Keim, Julie Herne, Adele Davis, Florence Chase, Lucille Fallon, Elsie Smith, Agnes Mark and Jane Burdette. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Lawrence Marston.

The Red Mill (274 perf.)—Musical play in two acts by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 24, 1906. Cast:

Fred A. Stone, David Montgomery, Edward Begley, Charles Dox, David L. Don, Joseph M. Ratliff, Neal McCay, Claude Cooper, Augusta Greenleaf, Aline Crater, Ethel Johnson, Juliette Dika, Constance Eastman, Kitty Howland, Paula Desmond, Cleo Sweninger, Estelle Baldwin, Sadie Probst, Misses Carew, Kendal, Dean, Gabrielle, Leslie, Scott, Hengler, Emmons, Stokes, Howard, White, Belmont, Braun, Robinson, Field, Green and Reisen, Messrs. Fuller, Avery, Arnold, Emerson, Fletcher, Steiz, Callihan, Kelly, Mills, Dodge, Walsh, McGee, Gibson, Drumheller, Whiting and Howland. Staged by Fred. G. Latham. Settings by Frank E. Gates, E. A. Morange, Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes. Costumes by Wilhelm.

H. B. Irving—Dorothea Baird Repertory—Nixon and Zimmerman presented H. B. Irving and Dorothea Baird and their London company in a repertory of plays at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, for four weeks beginning October 1, 1906. The plays presented were: "Paolo and Francesca" by Stephen Phillips; "King Rene's Daughter" by Hon. Edmund Phipps from the Danish of Henrik Hertz, arranged by Henry Irving; "The Lyons Mail" by Charles Reade from the French of MM. Moreau, Giraudin and

Delacour; "Charles I" by W. G. Wills; "Markheim" by W. L. Courtney from a story by Robert Louis Stevenson and "Mauricette" by H. B. Irving translated from Andre Picard's "Jeunesse." The company included:

H. B. Irving, Dorothea Baird, E. Harcourt Williams, Charles Dodsworth, Tom Reynolds, C. Stephens, Frank Tyars, Lionel Belmore, Henry Worrall, Arthur Curtis, S. A. Cookson, Charles A. Doran, John Archer, Frank Randell, W. Marion, Douglas Payne, W. J. Yeldham, S. Beaumont, Nannie Bennett, Maud Milton, Ada Mellon, Emma Lovett, Elaine Inescourt, May Hargreaves and Emmeline Carder.

This was the first New York appearance of H. B. Irving and Dorothea Baird (Mrs. Irving).

This was the first New York production of "Markheim," "Mauricette" and this version of "Paola and Francesca."

The first New York production of "King Rene's Daughter" was at Burton's Theatre, April 1, 1850.

Popularity (24 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by Cohan and Harris at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 1, 1906. Cast:

Thomas W. Ross, Frederic De Bellville, John Jack, Edgar Selwyn, Marcus Moriarty, Tim Cronin, William Keough, Lores Grimm, Howard Stevens, Sacharo Oida, R. Rogers, Frank Kelly, Roy La Rue, Adelaide Manola, Harriet Ross, Edythe Moyer and Florence Rockwell.

The Stolen Story (15 perf.)—Play in four acts by Jesse Lynch Williams. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, New York, October 2, 1906. Cast:

Joseph M. Sparks, Stephen Wright, Patrick C. Foy, John R. Armstrong, Charles Nevil, Fred Morgan, Dorothy Tennant, Genevieve Reynolds, Wright Kramer, Edward Martin, R. Peyton Carter, Jameson Lee Finney, Harry Stone, Beverly Sitgreaves, George Brown, Edwin Holt, Tully Marshall, Augustin Daly Wilks, Carlyle Shelley, Joseph Briggs, Yale D. Benner, Joseph Duval, Theodore M. Morris, John Doyle, James Seely, Jennie Lamont, John E. Abbott, Joseph Wilkes, Arthur Witte, A. Mazzanovitch, C. D. Cromwell, John Parks and Charles Chase. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burridge.

The Great Divide, Oct. 3, 1906. See page 242.

The Genius (35 perf.)—Farce comedy in three acts by William C. and Cecil B. de Mille. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 3, 1906. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Edna Goodrich, Neil O'Brien, Robert Paton Gibbs, Gordon Johnstone, H. G. Lonsdale, Carey Livingston, Louise Randolph, M. B. Snyder, Rose Snyder, Leslie Bingham, Evelyn Walls, Mabel Reed, Edith Berwyn, Fanny Hickey, Laurence C. Knapp, Whitlock Tucker, John Ahlburg, Elanor Elkins, Martha Norton, Edith Varney and Minon Chester.

When We Were Twenty-one was revived by Mr. Goodwin for three matinees during this engagement on October 18, 25 and November 1, 1906. For first production of this play see page 362.

Nurse Marjorie (49 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 3, 1906. Cast:

Eleanor Robson, H. B. Warner, Reuben Fax, Ernest Mainwaring, A. G. Andrews, Leslie Kenyon, W. A. Hackett, Hassard Short, Essex Dane, Kate Denin Wilson and Ada Dwyer. Staged by Charles Cartwright.

Barbara's Millions (14 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Paul M. Potter, adapted from "Le Bonheur, Mesdames" by Francis de Croisset. Produced by Joseph Brooks at the Savoy Theatre, New York, October 8, 1906. Cast:

Lillian Russell, H. Reeves Smith, Ferdinand Gottschalk, G. Harrison Hunter, Cathrine Countiss, Mattie Ferguson, Irene Perry, Walter Craven, Ernest Elton and Rosalie de Vaux. Staged by Herbert Gresham.

The Spring Chicken (66 perf.)—Musical play in three acts by George Grossmith, Jr., adapted from Jaime and Duval's "Coquin de Printemps." Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Americanized by Richard Carle. Interpolated songs by Rourke, Bowers, Lusk and Richard Carle. Produced by Richard Carle in arrangement with Klaw and Erlanger at Daly's Theatre, New York, October 8, 1906. Cast:

Richard Carle, Bessie McCoy, Emma Janvier, Victor Morley, Adele Rowland, Richard Ridgely, Sylvain Langlois, Arthur Conrad, Tony Sullivan, Horace Whitaker, J. N. Roseland, J. A. Nugent, James Yates, C. H. Beardsley, H. A. Smith, J. H. Purcell, Blanche Deyo, May Bouton, Amy Dale, Frankie Douglas, Burleigh Murray, Gertrude Gibbens, Violet Handy, Florence Averell, Helen St. John, Leila Smith, Vivian Rushmore, Lois Fennell, Avita Sanchez, Viola Vallori, Misses Barrell, Alain, O'Donnell, Capron, Lorena, Bennett, Windsor, Ashland, West, Cullom, Boley, Mansfield, Warner, Crandall, Leonard, D'Arville, Raymond and Fisher.

This play closed for one week, reopening at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, on December 10, 1906, for 25 additional performances.

On April 1, 1907, it returned to Daly's Theatre, New York, for a three weeks' engagement.

The Love Letter (23 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Victorien Sardou, adapted from the French by Ferdinand Gottschalk. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 9, 1906. Cast:

Virginia Harned, William Courtenay, Albert Gran, W. J. Ferguson, Percy Lyndal, Sydney Stirling, Charles Quinn, Charles Colvens, Raymond Gager, Maxfield Moree, William Goodwin, Eleanor Moretti, Mary Stockwell, Lillian Paige and Mary Cecil.

Cape Cod Folks (24 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Earl W. Mayo. Produced at the Academy of Music, New York, October 15, 1906. Cast:

Earle Brown, Charles Mackay, E. J. Ratcliffe, J. O. Le Brasse, George Richards, John D. O'Hara, William Barrows, Samuel Coit, Harry Montgomery, W. H. St. James, W. S. Thomas, Sarah Perry, Bessie Barriscale, Lizzie Conway, Carolyn Lee, Anna Wheaton, Gordon Morrison, Chester Pullman and Alma Morrison.

Clarice (79 perf.)—Comedy drama in four acts by William Gillette. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 16, 1906. Cast:

William Gillette, Marie Doro, Lucille La Verne, Frank Burbeck, Adelaide Prince, Francis Carlyle, Stokes Sullivan, Goro Kodama and S. Mura. Settings by Ernest Gros. Gowns by Mrs. Osborn.

Sam Houston (22 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Clay Clement, John McGovern and Jesse Edson. Produced by Clay Clement at the Garden Theatre, New York, October 16, 1906. Cast:

Clay Clement, Albert C. Henderson, A. S. Byron, Gerald King, Warren McLean, E. J. McGuire, G. P. Goettsche, George A. Weller, Herbert L. Waterous, William L. Visscher, O. M. Dunn, Wm. F. Clifton, John P. Wade, Sam C. Hunt, R. B. Theodore, George Tracy, W. F. Johnson, Ernest C. Warde, Harry G. Bates, Harry Cone, Azeck Evens, Kathleen Kerrigan, Margaret Evans, Marie Gaylord, Marie Taylor, Viola Carlstedt, Mary Markham, Stella Markham, Mabel Stanton, Jane Waterous, Isabelle Lamon, Hazel Follis, Gertrude Tyson, Hazel Brun and Miss Lefferts.

The Three of Us (227 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, October 17, 1906. Cast:

Carlotta Nillson, Frederic Truesdell, Henry Kolker, John Westley, Stanley Dark, Robert B. Kegerreis, Master George Clarke, John Prescott, Eva Vincent and Jane Peyton. Staged by George Foster Platt. Settings by P. Dodd Ackerman.

The Measure of a Man (15 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Cora Maynard. Produced by Daniel V. Arthur and J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr., at Weber's Theatre, New York, October 20, 1906. Cast:

E. M. Holland, Percy Haswell, Mortimer Weldon, Robert Drouet, Herbert Yost, James H. Bradbury, George Holland, E. F. Gilpin, Scott Siggins, Richard Warner, Harry Gwynette, Andrew Buckley, Cyril Vezina, Katherine Bell, Lillian Newman and Mary Hall.

Cymbeline (32 perf.)—Play by William Shakespeare. Revived by Frank Vernon at the Astor Theatre, New York, October 22, 1906. Cast:

Viola Allen (Imogen), Henry J. Hadfield (Cymbeline), Sidney Herbert (Cloten), Jefferson Winter (Leonatus Posthumus), C. Leslie Allen (Belarius), Fuller Mellish (Pisanio), Alison Skipworth (Queen), J. H. Gilmour (Iachimo), Douglas Gerard, Frederick Rolland, G. D. Winn, Lionel Hogarth, Leopold Lane, C. H. Bates, George Sheldon, William Fiske, R. M. Dolliver, Morgan Thorpe, Myron Calice, Burke Clark, William Davis, P. C. Hartigan, Margaret Montrose and Ivia Benton. Settings by Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

The first New York production of "Cymbeline" was at the John Street Theatre, December 28, 1767. Miss Cheer was Imogen and Adam Allyn was Cymbeline.

Eileen Asthore (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Theodore Burt Sayre, founded on the old song "Eileen Alannah, Eileen Asthore." Produced by Augustus Pitou at the New York Theatre, New York, October 22, 1906. Cast:

Chauncey Olcott, George A. Lessey, Richard J. Dillon, Arthur Jarrett, Daniel Jarrett, Charles Ogle, John Dunne, William Walters, George Brennan, Ned Reardon, Quincey C. Bass, Jr., Florence Lester, Mildred Beverly, Willa Keys, Gertrude D. Stanley and Olive McVine.

The House of Mirth (14 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edith Wharton and Clyde Fitch dramatized from Mrs. Wharton's novel.

Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, October 22, 1906. Cast:

Fay Davis, Charles Bryant, Albert Bruning, Lumsden Hare, Charles Lane, Frank Dekum, Grant Mitchell, Alan Allen, Duncan Harris, Alex. Brunn, Hubert Neville, Katherine Stewart, Olive Oliver, Jane Laurel, Isabel Richards, Florence Earle, Mrs. Hartley, Emily Wakeman and Alice Putnam. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Frank Platzter.

The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer (187 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander. Interpolated songs by Kenneth S. Clark, Jerome D. Kern, West, Jerome and Schwartz. Produced by Charles Frohman at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 22, 1906. Cast:

Sam Bernard, Georgia Caine, Edwin Nicander, Percy Ames, Ivar Anderson, A. G. Krantz, Charles Kenyon, Dwight Williams, John Ardizzone, Armand Cortes, Milo Joyce, William Sleek, D. dePont, Charles Burrows, Arthur Wood, Victor Le Roy, Chris O'Hara, William Jarratt, Eugene Maurice, Josephine Kirkwood, Kathryn Hutchinson, Marion Garson, Edith Whitney, Helen Morrison, Mattie Rivenberg, Jane Hall, Molly McGrath, Edna Hixon, Josephine Angela, Rae Irvin, Lillian Seville, Grace Walsh, Flossie Hope and Carrie Bowman. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Ernest Gros.

"The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" was a play written around the character Mr. Bernard created in "The Girl from Kay's."

The Shulamite (25 perf.)—Play in three acts by Claude Askew and Edward Knoblauch, adapted from the novel of the same name. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 29, 1906. Cast:

Lena Ashwell, John Blair, Edward R. Mawson, George Le Guere, Maude Granger and Beryl Mercer. Staged by J. C. Huffman.

This was the New York debut of Lena Ashwell and Beryl Mercer.

Caesar and Cleopatra (49 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, October 30, 1906. Cast:

Johnston Forbes-Robertson (Caesar), Gertrude Elliott (Cleopatra), Charles Vaughn, Vernon Steele, Adeline Bourne, Charles Langley, S. T. Pearce, Sidney Carlisle, Halliwell Hobbes, Percy Rhodes, Ian Robertson, Walter Ringham, W. Pilling, Frank Ridley, Dorothy Paget, Esme Hubbard, J. Herbert Beaumont, A. Hylton Allen, Charles Bibby and Frank Bickley. Settings by T. Ryan, J. McCleary and Joseph Harker.

This was the first New York production of "Caesar and Cleopatra."

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 509, and "Best Plays of 1924-1925," page 570.

The Love Route (47 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edward Peple. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Lincoln Square Theatre, New York, October 30, 1906. Cast:

Guy Standing, George Woodward, Herbert Ayling, R. B. Mitchell, Elmer Booth, F. G. Hearn, Sumner Gard and J. Lanol. Staged by J. C. Huffman.

The Blue Moon (76 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Harold Ellis. Lyrics by Percy Greenbank and Paul A. N. Ru-

bens. Music by Howard Talbot and Paul A. N. Rubens. Interpolated numbers by Addison Burkhardt and Gus Edwards. Produced by the Shubert Theatrical Company at the Casino Theatre, New York, November 3, 1906. Cast:

James T. Powers, Clara Palmer, Grace La Rue, Ethel Jackson, La Petite Adelaide, Templar Saxe, Dick Temple, Phil Ryley, Edward M. Favor, Arthur Donaldson, Louis Franklin, Arthur Bell, Joseph West, Edith Sinclair, Kathryn Robinson, Lillian Leon, Marjorie Nevin, Lucy Jane Johnstone, Ada Gordon, Donald Archer, Richard Knollenberg, Max Sharpe, O. W. Risley, John Kuester, Clarence Satchell, Lillian Rice, Angie Weimers, Virginia Cameron, Blanche Wilmot, Gertrude Barnes and Lillian Boardman. Staged by Frank Smithson. Settings by Ernest Albert, Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

Brigadier Gerard (16 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Arthur Conan Doyle. Produced by Charles Dillingham in arrangement with Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, November 5, 1906. Cast:

Kyrle Bellew, Ida Conquest, Elsie Ferguson, A. G. Poulton, Henry Harmon, Hayward Ginn, Guy Nichols, Frank Connor, Menifce Johnstone, Sidney C. Mather, Thomas W. Davis, George Lestocq, Kenrick Hall, Del de Louis, Cyril Young, Paul Scardon, George S. Stevens, Lawrence Smith, Colvin Kavanagh, A. W. Neuendorf, Daniel Francis and Frank Pierce. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros. Costumes by Dazian.

The New Dominion (8 perf.)—Comedy by Clay Clement. Produced by Clay Clement at the Garden Theatre, New York, November 5, 1906. Cast:

Clay Clement, Orson M. Dunn, Albert C. Henderson, Ernest C. Warde, John P. Wade, Mabel Stanton, Doris Mitchell, Gertrude O'Malley and Kathleen Kerrigan.

Mrs. Wilson, That's All (51 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George V. Hobart. Produced by May Irwin at the Bijou Theatre, New York, November 5, 1906. Cast:

May Irwin, Adolph Jackson, John E. Hazzard, Lillian Dix, Victor Cassmore, Mary K. Taylor, May Donohue, C. Russell Sage, Madelon Temple, J. Early Hughes, Ben Roth, Herbert Burton, Willie Gray, Henry Hoster, Eleanor Kendall, Kate Gotthold, Tilley Monroe, Dorothy Baines and Maude Forrest.

On November 19, 1906, the title of this play was changed to "Mrs. Wilson-Andrews."

Pippa Passes (9 perf., matinees only. Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays)—Drama by Robert Browning. Musical setting by William Furst. Produced by Henry Miller at the Majestic Theatre, New York, November 12, 1906. Cast:

Mrs. Le Moyné, Mabel Taliaferro, William Beach, T. A. Shannon, Robert Cummings, Henry B. Walthall, William J. Butler, T. H. Roberts, Carroll J. Barry, Charles Gotthold, Eleonora Leigh, Harrison Hunter, Gavin Young, Ernst Wilkes, Pauline Potter, Laura Moore and Ray Beveridge. Staged by Henry Miller. Settings by Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes. Costumes by Van Horn.

The Daughters of Men (59 perf.)—Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Astor Theatre, New York, November 19, 1906. Cast:

Orrin Johnson, Effie Shannon, Herbert Kelcey, Lynn Pratt, George Parsons, Edwin Braudt, Ralph Deimore, Carl Ahrendt, E. W. Morrison, George W. Deyo, Joseph Adel-

man, J. H. Howland, Dorothy Donnelly, Grace Filkins, Kate McLaurin and Frank Brownlee.

The New York Idea (66 perf.)—Play in four acts by Langdon Mitchell. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Lyric Theatre, New York, November 19, 1906. Cast:

Philip Phillimore.....	Charles Harbury	Brooks.....	George Harcourt
Mrs. Phillimore.....	Ida Vernon	Benson.....	Belle Bohn
Rev. Mathew Phillimore..	Dudley Clinton	Sir Cates-Darby.....	George Arliss
Grace Phillimore.....	Emily Stevens	John Karslake.....	John Mason
Miss Heneage.....	Blanche Weaver	Nogam.....	Dudley Digges
William Sudley.....	William B. Mack	Tim Fiddler.....	Robert V. Ferguson
Mrs. Vida Phillimore.....	Marion Lea	Thomas.....	Richard Clarke
	Mrs. Cynthia Karslake.....		Mrs. Fiske

Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske and Mrs. Fiske.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 559.

Sir Anthony (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Savoy Theatre, New York, November 19, 1906. Cast:

William Norris, Helen Lowell, Maud Crichton, Olive Wyndham, Herbert Standing, Verner Clarges, Joseph Tuohy, Alice Belmore Cliffe and Edna Bruna.

Susan in Search of a Husband (14 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Eugene W. Presbrey, adapted from a story by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Liberty Theatre, New York, November 20, 1906. Cast:

Eleanor Robson, H. B. Warner, Ernest Mainwaring, Reuben Fax, A. G. Andrews, Isabel Irving, Ada Dwyer and Essex Dane.

This was followed by:

A Tenement Tragedy—Play in one act by Clotilde Graves. Cast:

Eleanor Robson, H. B. Warner, Frederic De Belleville, Ada Dwyer, Emily Rigl and Thomas Graham.

Mamselle Sallie (24 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced by the John C. Fisher Company at the Grand Opera House, New York, November 26, 1906. Cast:

Katie Barry, John Slavin, George E. Mack, Florence Quinn, Agnes Finley, Wm. P. Carleton, Jr., Sydney de Grey, Jack Henderson, Della Niven, Jos. Monahan, Harry St. Clair, George W. Wilson, Olive Roberts, Pauline Winters, Monte Blair, Gertrude Scott, Virginia Calvert, Eleanor Rose, Adelaide Arnold, Mabel Morris, Beatrice de Ruelle, Rose Doyle, Lucille Losee, Octavie Hague and Rita Walker. Staged by Charles H. Jones.

Moved to the New York Theatre, New York, December 3, 1906.

The Parisian Model (179 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Max Hoffman. Interpolated numbers by Vincent Bryan, Christine, Cobb and Edwards. Produced by Frank McKee, President of the Interstate

Amusement Company, under the personal direction of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 27, 1906.

Cast:

Anna Held, Edith Daniell, Grace Leigh, Eunice Drake, Adelaide Orton, Phyllis Grey, Janet Burton, Estelle Christy, Ada St. Clair, Dorothy Waldron, Mabel Spencer, Edouard Durand, Truly Shattuck, F. Stanton Heck, Charles A. Bigelow, Ethel Gilmore, Madlyn Summers, James H. Bradbury, Henry Leoni, Adele Carson, Mabella Baker, Gertrude Hoffman, G. B. Scott, Charles Hessong, W. J. Ford, John Abbott, William James, C. M. Books, John Roche, Carl Morgan, Lew Quinn, Earle Reynolds, Bertha Mack, May Leslie, Marjorie Bonner, Libbie Diamond, Julia Eastman, Jessie Howe, Gertrude Thayer, Edith Warner, Dorothy Bertrand, Miss G. Conklin, Miss L. Marion, Miss E. Marsh, Miss C. Rodgers and Mr. MacKinley. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by Ernest Albert. Costumes by Mrs. Caroline Siedle and Landolf, Paris.

The play returned to this theatre on January 6, 1908, for an additional 21 performances, at which time Otis Harlan joined the company and was featured in imitations of Harry Lauder.

The Rose of the Rancho (240 perf.)—Play in three acts by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, November 27, 1906.

Cast:

Frances Starr, Charles Richman, A. Hamilton Revelle, Frank Losee, William Elliott, John W. Cope, Wayne Arey, J. Harry Benrimo, Frank Westerton, Norbert Cills, Candido Yllera, Fernin Ruiz, Frank De Felice, Richard S. Conover, Gilmore Scott, Salvatore Zito, Vincent De Pascale, Julio Grau, Francesco Recchio, Regino Lopez, Virgilio Arriaza, C. A. Burnett, Leonardo Piza Lopez, Marta Melean, Grace Gayler Clark, Jane Cowl, Catherine Tower, Atalanta Nicolaides, Maria Davis, Regina Weil and Louise Coleman. Staged by David Belasco. Settings by Ernest Gros and Wilfred Buckland. Costumes by Albertine Randall Wheelan. Special music composed by William Furst.

This play closed for the season on June 29, 1907, and reopened at the same theatre on August 31, 1907, for an additional 87 performances. On December 30, 1907, it began a run of 32 performances at the Academy of Music, New York.

Pioneer Days (288 perf. Matinee daily)—Spectacular drama in three scenes by Carroll Fleming. Music by Manuel Klein. Produced by Shubert and Anderson at the New York Hippodrome, New York, November 28, 1906. Cast:

W. H. Clark, J. P. Coombs, John G. Sparks, George Holland, Sam Baker, Phil Gilpin, Jiggs Donohue, Tom Trimlets, Jim Thompson, Wyatt Barnes, James Gabriel, J. Artressi, James Balno, Abe Aronson, John Fleming, James Ashburn, George Melville, Jack Warren, James Adams, Clyde Powers, J. Hanson, W. Harris, A. Romeo, Harry Dale, D. J. McCaffrey, Charles Ravel, H. J. Siegfried, H. E. Cluett, Frank Melville, Eva MacKenzie and a band of Sioux Indians from the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota. Staged by Edward P. Temple. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

This was followed by "Circus Events" in which appeared Power's Elephants, Herzog's Performing Stallions, Eight Flying Jordans, The Rowlands, The Seven Dollar Troupe, The Four Holloways, The Curzon Sisters and "Little Hip," Smallest Elephant in the World. Frank Melville, Equestrian Director.

The performance concluded with:

Neptune's Daughter—Operatic extravaganza in three scenes. Book and lyrics by Manuel Klein and Edward P. Temple. Original scenario by H. L. Bowdoin. Music by Manuel Klein. Cast:

J. Parker Coombs, Rose La Harte, John G. Sparks, Sam Baker, Angelo Barbara, Harry Dale, Agnes Williamson, Leila Romer, Albertine Glennon, Vincent Romeo, Jr., W. H. Clarke, Margaret Townsend, Edwin A. Clarke, Marie Louise Gribbin and Marceline. Staged by Edward P. Temple. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin. Costumes by Alfredo Edel of Paris, Castel-Bert and Frances M. Ziebarth. Water effects invented by H. L. Bowdoin. Ballet Master, Vincenzo Romeo.

The following circus acts appeared in the production during its run: The Dunedin Troupe, The Four Karolys, Prof. Webb's Troupe of Performing Seals, Marceline, The Four Baltus, Hassan Ben Ali's Bedouin Arabs, The Niards, The Bedinis, The Patty-Franks and the Schenck-Marvelly Troupe.

It was in "Neptune's Daughter" that for the first time the Hippodrome show girls disappeared into the water.

The Belle of Mayfair (140 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Charles H. E. Brookfield and Cosmo Hamilton. Music by Leslie Stuart. Produced by Thomas W. Ryley at Daly's Theatre, New York, December 3, 1906. Cast:

Irene Bentley, Christie MacDonald, Bessie Clayton, Harry B. Burcher, Jack Gardner, Ignacio Martinetti, Valeska Suratt, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Richard F. Carroll, J. Louis Mintz, Cyril Offage, J. Costellanos, Frank W. Shea, W. Freeman, Honore French, Jennie Opie, Annabelle Whitford, May Hobson, Eleanor Pendleton, Margaret Rutledge, Hattie Forsythe, Stella Beardsley, Clare Cascelles, Elizabeth Whitney, Rose Beatrice Winter, Florence Gardener, Eula Mannering, Palmyre Monnett, Alice Knowlton, Myrtle Lawton, Dorothy Hutchinson, Edith Barr, Effie Wheeler, Ethel Davis, Grace Russell, Ethel Vivian, Roselle Esposit, Pierre Young, Harry Husk, Walter Grover, William Griffin, Arthur Nestor, Richard Davis, Caroline Lee, Lillian Earle, Beatrix Tuite-Dalton, Edward Burns, Joseph Paesons, Bessie Penn, Maude Robinson, Maud Falkland, Sadie Miner, Alice Tallant and Florence Saville.

The Girl Who Has Everything (48 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Liberty Theatre, New York, December 4, 1906. Cast:

Eleanor Robson, H. B. Warner, Earle Brown, Reuben Fax, Ada Dwyer, Sara McVicker, Master Donald Gallaher, Isabel Irving, Ruth Abbott Wells, Kathryn Fraille and Josephine Mack. Staged by the author.

The Man of the Hour (479 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer at the Savoy Theatre, New York, December 4, 1906. Cast:

Alwyn Bennett.....	Frederick Perry	Richard Roberts.....	Bennett Southard
Chas. Wainwright.....	James E. Wilson	Henry Williams.....	Mark J. Cody
Scott R. Gibbs.....	John Flood	Arthur Payne.....	Basil West
Richard Horrigan.....	Frank MacViears	Office Boy.....	Robert A. Lothian
James Phelan.....	George Fawcett	Dallas Wainwright.....	Lillian Kemble
Judge Newman.....	Charles Stedman	Cynthia Garrison.....	Diva Marolda
Henry Thompson.....	Geoffrey C. Stein	Perry Carter Wainwright	
William Ingram.....	William Richards		Douglas Fairbanks
	Mrs. Bennett...Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh		

Settings by H. Robert Law.

The Light Eternal (16 perf.)—Play by Martin V. Merle. Produced by The Neill Amusement Company at the Majestic Theatre, New York, December 10, 1906. Cast:

Edward Mackay, James Neill, Edith Chapman, John Miesen, Jack Crotty, Mabel Bert, Marie Allen, Sheridan Block, Malcolm Williams, Mabel Duffy, Charles Mylott, W. A. Dolan and Edith Wylie.

Low Dockstader's Minstrels (26 perf.)—Minstrel show in two acts. Produced by Low Dockstader at the New York Theatre, New York, December 17, 1906. Cast:

Low Dockstader, Eddie Leonard, Neil O'Brien, John King, Johnny Dove, John Foley, Willie Foley, James Doyle, Tommy Hyde, John Daly, Manuel Romain, Eddie Mumford, J. B. Bradley, Newton See, H. S. Whitney, Wilson Miller, Mr. Driscoll, Reese V. Prosser, Gra. F. Weller, James Barrodi, John Dale, John Pierce, Harry Nieman, Joe Egan, Harry Duball, Jack Girard, James Monahan, John Schroeder, George Faust, William Gordon, A. Gordon, Arthur Pierce and John Neff. Harry M. Morse, Interlocutor. E. V. Cupero, Musical Director. Staged by Low Dockstader.

The Law and the Man (54 perf.)—Wilton Lackaye's dramatization of Victor Hugo's novel "Les Misérables." Produced by William A. Brady at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, December 20, 1906. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye, Jeffreys Lewis, Melbourne MacDowell, Thomas Parker, D. Ito, Miss Kaste, Frederick Esmelton, Ethel Quimby, Ada Long, James Mortimer, Agnes Savage, Josephine Sherwood, F. Pollard, Arthur Foster, John Beck, Edwin Holland, Percy Johns, Joseph Chaillee, Louise Everts, Gretchen Hartman, Thomas F. Fallon, Sara Sanderson, William Lamp, B. Miller, Ralph Lansing, Claudia Carson, Fanny Reynolds, Tilden Mercer, William Naughton, George Ward, Harry Lane, John D. O'Hara, Jewell Power and Richard Remmek. Staged by Wilton Lackaye.

The Double Life (12 perf.)—Drama by Rinehart Roberts (Mary Roberts Rinehart). Produced by L. S. Sire at the Bijou Theatre, New York, December 24, 1906. Cast:

Henri de Vries, Sarah Truax, Robert Ober, Sibyl Klein, Dorothy Drake, William Hazeltine, Harry Dodd, Thomas Quinn, Scott Siggins, Edward Mack, Harry Brennan, Charles Mason, Helen Gurney and Kizzie Masters. Staged by Henri de Vries.

Dream City (102 perf.)—Extravaganza in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Edgar Smith. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Joe Weber at Weber's Theatre, New York, December 24, 1906. Cast:

Joe Weber, Otis Harlan, Maurice Farkoa, William T. Hodge, Cecilia Loftus, Lillian Blauvelt, Madelyn Marshall, W. L. Romaine, Lores Grimm, Major Johnson, Ernest Wood, W. Douglas Stevenson, James McCormack, Will Lodella, David Abrahms, Cora Tracy, Billy Norton, Lois Ewell, Lillian De Lee, Ella Tate and Frank Belcher. Staged by Al. Holbrook. Musical director, Louis F. Gottschalk.

A burlesque of "Lohengrin" called "The Magic Knight" was incorporated in the above production. Libretto by Edgar Smith. Music by Victor Herbert. Maurice Farkoa appeared as Lohengrin and Lillian Blauvelt as Elsa.

The Student King (40 perf.)—Light opera. Book and lyrics by Frederic Ranken and Stanislaus Stange. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, New York, December 25, 1906. Cast:

Lina Abarbanell, Henry Coote, Alexander Clark, Frank Hayes, Thomas C. Leary, Dorothy Buscher, Detmar Poppen, James E. Feeny, J. R. Phillips, Percy Parsons,

Albert Pellaton, Eva Fallon, Rowena La Barre, Flavia Arcaro, Lenora Watson, Ellanore Brooks and Georgie Brooks. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Walter Burridge.

Brewster's Millions (163 perf.)—Play in four acts by Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley, dramatized from George Barr McCutcheon's story. Produced by Thompson and Dundy at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, December 31, 1906. Cast:

George Spelvin, Edward Abeles, Sumner Gard, Joseph Woodburn, Willard Howe, George Probert, Emily Lytton, Gaston Bell, Jack Devereaux, George Clare, Olive Murray, Nestor Lennon, Josephine Park, Mary Ryan, Leslie Bassett, Albert Sackett, Arthur Morris, Cecile Breton, Roy Prosser, Willie Frank, Eugene Redding, Amy Summers, George Wright, William Rawson, Walter Clifton, Darl MacBoyle, Joseph Turpin, Martin Hoag, Albert Sperry and John Hodge. Staged by Frederic Thompson and Winchell Smith. Settings by Ernest Albert and Frederic Thompson.

Moved to the Hudson Theatre, New York, February 25, 1907.

During the run Eda Bruna replaced Amy Summers.

This is George Spelvin's first appearance on the stage. He was Winchell Smith's favorite actor and entirely fictitious. Following the success of this play the Spelvin name appeared in the cast of nearly all the productions with which Mr. Smith was associated. It was his pet superstition.

Caught in the Rain (161 perf.)—Farce in three acts by William Collier and Grant Stewart. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, December 31, 1906. Cast:

William Collier, George Nash, John Saville, Wallace Eddinger, Grant Stewart, Joseph Kaufman, Alan Allen, Thomas Beauregard, Thomas Martin, Charles Poore, Duncan Harris, John Adam, Thomas Lennon, Nanette Comstock, Jane Laurel, Louise Drew and Helena Collier Garrick.

Matilda (17 perf.)—Farce in three acts by I. N. Morris. Music by George H. Gartlan. Lyrics by Everett Ruskay. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Lincoln Square Theatre, New York, December 31, 1906. Cast:

Alfred Hickman, Amy Ricard, Charles Lane, Lionel Walsh, Joseph Tuohy, Edwin Middleton, Robert Newcombe, J. Homer Hunt, Frederick C. Patterson, Clara Thompson, Katherine Emmet and Maude Fulton.

The Road to Yesterday (216 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Beulah Marie Dix and E. G. Sutherland. Music composed by Melville Ellis. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, December 31, 1906. Cast:

White Whittlesey, Robert Dempster, Wright Kramer, F. Owen Baxter, Minnie Dupree, Helen Ware, Miriam Nesbit, Alice Gale, Julia Blanc, Agnes Everett, Charles Martin, W. S. Martin, Selmar Romaine and F. K. Brown. Staged by J. C. Huffman.

This play moved to the Lyric Theatre, New York, on April 15, 1907.

Princess Beggar (40 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Libretto by Edward Paulton. Music by Alfred G. Robyn. Produced at the Casino Theatre, New York, January 7, 1907. Cast:

Paula Edwardes, Eddie Garvie, Bertram Wallis, Jas. G. Reaney, Ernest Graham, Harry MacDonough, Stanley L. Forde, D. J. Flanagan, Cecilia Rhoda, Adele Barker, Suzanne Boyd, Mildred Cooke, Mabelle Courtney, Ella Rock, Genevieve Fenwick, Theresa Powers, Evelyn Mitchell, Ursula Thompson, Edith Fraser, Daisy Fuguet, J. W. Murphy and Edward Stone. Staged by Frank Smithson.

The Straight Road (40 perf.)—Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Astor Theatre, New York, January 7, 1907. Cast:

Blanche Walsh, Dorothy Dorr, Louise Closser Hale, Helen Lowell, Cornelia M. Flood, Jessie Ralph, Ethlyn Clemens, Charles Dalton, Howard Estabrook, George F. Demarest, William Travers and William Wadsworth. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Alexander Corbett, Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

The Truth (34 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, January 7, 1907. Cast:

Warder.....	William J. Kelly	Milliner's Employee.....	Fred Harrison
Roland.....	William B. Mack	Eve Lindon.....	Mrs. Sam Sothern
Lindon.....	George Spink	Laura Fraser.....	Elene Foster
Butler.....	Hodgson Taylor	Mrs. Crespigny.....	Zelda Sears
	Becky Warder.....	Clara Bloodgood	

Staged by Clyde Fitch.

This play moved to the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on January 29, 1907.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 526.

The Mimic and the Maid (2 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Allen Lowe. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced by The Herman Oppenheimer Company, Inc., at the Bijou Theatre, New York, January 11, 1907. Cast:

Gus Weinburg, Maurice Darcy, Harry B. Watson, George Ober, George Richards, Fred J. Waelder, Thomas W. Lane, Janet Melville, Evie Stetson, Alice Kraft Bentson, Dorothy Russell, Doris Goodwin, Hattie Palmer, Elife Rue, Rose Leslie, Vaughan Sargeant, Virginia Tyler Hudson, Kathryn Montague, Ray Gilmore, Emily Ward, Lillian Berrian, Jane Murray and Margaret Berrian. Staged by Tom Collins.

Salomy Jane (122 perf.)—Play in four acts by Paul Armstrong, based upon Bret Harte's story "Salomy Jane's Kiss." Produced by Liebler and Company at the Liberty Theatre, New York, January 19, 1907. Cast:

Eleanor Robson, H. B. Warner, Reuben Fax, Ralph Delmore, Holbrook Blinn, Earl Browne, Henry Harmon, Stephen Wright, James Seeley, Horace Vinton, Master Donald Gallaher, Ada Dwyer, Frances Golden Fuller and Ruth Abbott Wells. Staged by Hugh Ford. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

This play began an engagement of 33 additional performances on September 2, 1907, at the Academy of Music, New York.

Beginning February 27, 1907, Miss Robson revived "Merely Mary Ann" at the Wednesday matinees.

The Aero Club (22 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Criterion Theatre, New York, January 28, 1907. Cast:

Lulu Glaser, Fritz Williams, Marion Abbott, Olive Wyndham, James H. Bradbury, Samuel Coit, William Herbert, Frank E. Lamb, Edmund Lawrence, William Sampson,

Ada Gilman, Harry Odlin, John J. Pierson, Anna Johnson, Orme Caldera, John F. Ward and Lizzie Conway. Staged by Herbert Gresham.

The Belle of London Town (16 perf.)—Musical comedy in four acts. Book by Stanislaus Stange. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Lincoln Square Theatre, New York, January 28, 1907. Cast:

Camille D'Arville, Kathleen Clifford, Joseph Frohoff, Giorgio Majeroni, Karl Stall, Orville Harrold, Hal Pearson, Arthur D. Wood, Herman Steinman, Ruth Peebles, Edmund Stanley, Beile Thorne, Hortense Mazurette, Hilda Hollins and Frank Farrington. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

Ellen Terry—Charles Frohman presented Ellen Terry and her company for a three weeks' engagement at the Empire Theatre, New York, beginning January 28, 1907. The plays presented were:

Captain Brassbound's Conversion (14 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Cast:

Lady Cecily-Waynflete.....	Ellen Terry	Marzo.....	Tom Paulton
Sir Howard Hallam.....	Rudge Harding	Sidi El Assif.....	David Powell
Capt. Brassbound.....	James Carew	The Cadi of Kintafi.....	Geo. Barran
Rev. Leslie Rankin.....	George Ingleton	Osman.....	O. P. Heggie
Felix Drinkwater.....	George Elton	Hassan.....	James Ferguson
Redbrook.....	Frederick Lloyd	Capt. Kearney, U.S.N.....	W. T. Lovell
Johnson.....	John Macfarlane	American Blue Jacket.....	John Hood

This was the first New York production of the above play.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 560.

The Good Hope (8 perf.)—Play in four acts by Christopher St. John, from the Dutch of Hermann Heijermans. Cast:

Ellen Terry, James Carew, David Powell, Suzanne Sheldon, George Elton, Tom Paulton, Rudge Harding, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, George Ingleton, Maud Stuart, John Macfarlane, W. T. Lovell, Janet Lindsay, James Ferguson, John Hood, Miss M. St. John and Edith Craig.

This was followed by:

Nance Oldfield—Play in one act by Charles Reade. Cast:

Ellen Terry, Rudge Harding, O. P. Heggie and Maud Stuart.

For revival of "The Good Hope" see "The Best Plays of 1927-1928," page 433.

O. P. Heggie and Beatrice Forbes-Robertson made their New York debuts with this company.

Ellen Terry and James Carew were married while on this tour of America, March 22, 1907.

The Little Michus (29 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Book by A. Vanloo and G. Duval. English version by Henry Hamilton. Music by Andre Messager. Produced by J. C. Duff at the Garden Theatre, New York, January 31, 1907. Cast:

George Graves, Alice Judson, Ruth Julian, Elita Proctor Otis, May Tunison, Ruth Baine, William C. Weedon, George Fortesque, Ernest Lambart, Harold Crane, Sarony Lambart, Flavia Arcaro, May Griffiths, Lillian Grey, Mabel Cox, Ethel Mostyn, Violet Zell, Frances du Barry, Emily Wellington, Zelta Saunders, Lotta Parker, Harriett du Barry, Ethel Dudley and Nora Sarony. Musical Director, Augustus Barratt.

The Girl and the Governor (26 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by S. M. Brenner. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced by The Jefferson De Angelis Opera Company (Management of Frank McKee) at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, February 4, 1907. Cast:

Jefferson De Angelis, Estelle Wentworth, Joe C. Miron, Ritchie Ling, Andrew Bogart, Arthur Barry, Roland Carter, Frank Holmes, Russell Lennon, Anna Boyd, Victoria Stuart, Myrtle Gilbert, Loraine Bernard, Lillian Rhodes, Marion Chase and Veva Morton. Staged by Jefferson De Angelis.

The Rose of Alhambra (26 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Book and lyrics by Charles Emerson Cook. Music by Lucius Hosmer. Produced by Opera Comique Company at the Majestic Theatre, New York, February 4, 1907. Cast:

Agnes Cain Brown, Eddie Heron, Greta Risley, Ley Vernon, Louis Casavant, Owen Westford, Isabelle Winloche, Henry Norman, Lillian Hudson, Augustino Baci, W. L. Thorne, Frank M. Kelly, George Eaton Collins, Joseph Little, William James, Betty Ohls, Hazel Neason, Alma Osborne, Tessie Bunchu, Margaret Warren, Elizabeth Anglin, Lydia Dumpere and Burdella Patterson. Staged by Charles Emerson Cook. Settings by Frank E. Gates, E. A. Morange, Homer Emens and Edward G. Unitt.

All-of-a-Sudden Peggy (34 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Ernest Denny. Produced by Maurice Campbell at the Bijou Theatre, New York, February 11, 1907. Cast:

Henrietta Crosman, Ernest Stallard, Frank Gillmore, J. R. Crauford, Addison Pitt, C. A. Chandos, John Marble, Kate Meek, Jane Marbury, Ann Warrington and Ida Waterman. Staged by Maurice Campbell.

Genesee of the Hills (26 perf.)—Play by Marah Ellis Ryan and McPherson Turnbull, dramatized from Marah Ellis Ryan's "Told in the Hills." Produced by The Will J. Block Amusement Company at the Astor Theatre, New York, February 11, 1907. Cast:

Robert Drouet, Doris Mitchell, Louise Galloway, Menifée Johnstone, Chrystal Herne, David Thompson, Edward Ellis, Lynn Pratt, William Courtleigh, Joseph Shaughnessy, Scott Siggins, Harrison Armstrong, Charles L. Finkler, Ulric Kenrade, Dal North, Harry W. Reid, Frank Byrne, Frank C. Le Rendu, Walter R. Seymour, Frank Sheridan, Clint G. Ford, Robert Tansey, Chester Kenrade, S. E. Clarkson, Charles Conley, William O'Day, John Meehan and Charles Wright. Staged by Hugh Ford.

The Reckoning (73 perf.)—Drama in three acts by Arthur Schnitzler. Produced at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, February 12, 1907. Cast:

Katherine Grey, John Dean, Robert Conness, Phyllis Rankin, Albert Bruning, Sarah McVickar and George Trader.

This play was revived by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, for 24 performances beginning January 13, 1908. Cast:

Katherine Grey, John S. Robertson, Robert Conness, Amy Ricard, Walter D. Greene, Sarah McVickar and George Farren.

At this time it was preceded by:

The Literary Sense—Play in one act from the German of Arthur Schnitzler by Charles Harvey Genung. Cast:

Robert Conness, Walter D. Greene and Amy Ricard.

The White Hen (94 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Roderic C. Penfield. Music by Gustav Kerker. Lyrics by Roderic C. Penfield and Paul West. Produced at the Casino Theatre, New York, February 16, 1907. Cast:

Louis Mann, R. C. Herz, Louise Gunning, Lotta Faust, Robert Michaelis, Otis Sheridan, William F. Carroll, Carrie E. Perkins, Leona Stephens, Beatrice Bertrand, Dessa Gibson, Hattie Lorraine and Elsa Reinhart. Staged by Julian Mitchell.

The Tattooed Man (59 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book by Harry B. Smith and A. N. C. Fowler. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Criterion Theatre, New York, February 18, 1907. Cast:

Frank Daniels, May Vokes, W. P. Carleton, Harry Clarke, Nace Bonville, George O'Donnell, Gilbert Clayton, Charles Drew, Herbert Waterous, Harold Russell, Sallie Fisher, Gertie Carlisle, Maida Athens, Edna Richardson, Jessie Richmond, Almeda Potter, Lottie Vernon, Gertrude Doremus, Josephine Karlin, Jane Rogers, Leila Benton, Gene Cole, Reina Swift, Mabel Croft, Daisy De Vere, May Field, Edna Birch, Bessie Holbrook, Jessie Carr, Vesta Field, Claudia Clark, Misses Lloyd, Wilson, Everett, Baker, Quinby, Bernard, Williams, Roche and Major. Staged by Julian Mitchell.

In the Bishop's Carriage (8 perf.)—Play in four acts by Channing Pollock, adapted from the novel by Miriam Michelson. Produced at the Grand Opera House, New York, February 25, 1907. Cast:

Jessie Busley, Byron Douglas, Sam Reed, Malcolm Bradley, James Keane, Aubrey Beattie, Earnest C. Joy, Harry Ford, John T. Dillon, Francis Aiken, Harry Chapman, Robert Evans, Jermyn Fuller, Hector Marvin, Rose Eyttinge, Kate Jepson, Mary Faber, Lavinia Shannon, Jane Fielding and Caroline Morette.

On Parole (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Louis Evan Shipman. Produced by Henry Miller at the Majestic Theatre, New York, February 25, 1907. Cast:

Charlotte Walker, Vincent Serrano, Frank E. Aiken, Francis X. Conlan, Howard Pembroke, Frederick Forrester, Alethea Luce, Helen Graham, Thomas P. Jackson, Scott Cooper, Fay Wheeler, Morgan Coman and Frederick Nicholls.

Ben Greet Repertory—Mr. Greet and his company presented a series of revivals at the Garden Theatre, New York, beginning March 4, 1907. The plays presented were: William Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Julius Caesar," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Twelfth Night"; "Masks and Faces" by Charles Reade and T. Taylor and "Everyman." The company included:

Ben Greet, Agnes Scott, Sybil Thorndike, Olive Nible, Lucia Cole, Julia Perkins, Frederick Sargent, Percy Waram, Milton Rosmer, Sydney Greenstreet, Joseph Honor, Frank McEntee, Redmond Flood, St. Clair Bayfield, Eugene Cleves, John Danne, G.

Bregle Hare, Fritz Leiber, Russell Thorndike, George Vivian, Sr., George Vivian, Jr., John O'Brien, William Harding, Allen Leiber, Henry Fearing and Daisy Robinson.

The Mills of the Gods (48 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced by The Will J. Block Amusement Company at the Astor Theatre, New York, March 4, 1907. Cast:

Robert Drouet, Florence Rockwell, Edgar Selwyn, Harrison Armstrong, Frank Sheridan, William Humphrey, Charles Lane, Scott Siggins, David Thompson, Joseph Tuohy, Harry W. Reid, S. E. Clarkson, David North, Harry Hannon, Toby Lyons, Louise Closser Hale, Queenie Phillips, Alice Martin and Doris Mitchell. Staged by the author and Frederick Perry.

On April 1, 1907, this play moved to the Manhattan Theatre, New York.

Widower's Houses (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, March 7, 1907. Cast:

Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Henry Kolker, Frank Davis, William F. Hawtrey, Harold Williams and Adelyn Wesley.

This was the first production in America of "Widower's Houses" and was played at special matinees on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

Mrs. Warren's Profession (25 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Bernard Shaw. Revived by The S. W. Gumpertz Amusement Company at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, March 9, 1907. Cast:

Sir George Crofts.....E. J. Ratcliffe	Frank Gardner.....Walter Thomas
Mr. Praed.....Dodson Mitchell	Vivie Warren.....Cathrine Countiss
Rev. Sam'l Gardner.....John Findlay	Mrs. Warren.....Mary Shaw

Staged by Winchell Smith.

For first production of this play see page 496.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 612, and "Best Plays of 1921-1922," page 516.

The Spoilers (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rex Beach and James MacArthur, dramatized from the novel. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the New York Theatre, New York, March 11, 1907. Cast:

Ralph Stuart, Harriet Worthington, George Osbourne, Campbell Gollan, Edmund Elton, Dudley Farnworth, Louis Delmore, Axel Brunn, Harry Burkhardt, W. F. Ryan, Walter Dickinson, R. F. Sullivan, Del De Louis, Emerson Mack, Frank Russell, George K. Henery, Charles Kennedy, Francis Brandon, Richard Walter, R. F. Sullivan, Franklin Pierce, H. B. Charles, S. F. Richards, Harry Clinton, R. F. Williams, S. A. Moseley, Powers McKee, Delmar Blair, Evelyn Vaughan, Alice Murrell and Gladys Hanson. Settings by Homer Emens, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

Gladys Hanson made her debut in this play.

Ermete Novelli—Signori Paradossi and Consigli with Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., presented Ermete Novelli in a series of plays at the Lyric Theatre, New York, for four weeks beginning March 18, 1907. The plays presented were: "Papa Lebonnard," a comedy in

four acts by Jean Aicard; "King Lear," tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare; "The Merchant of Venice," comedy in four acts by William Shakespeare; "Louis XI," drama in five acts by Casimir Delavigne; "La Morte Civile" (The Outlaw), drama in four acts by Paolo Giacometti; "Il Burbero Benefico" (The Beneficent Bear), comedy in three acts by Carlo Goldoni; "Othello," tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare; "Alleluia" (Alleluja), drama in three acts by Marco Praga; "Oedipus Rex," classic tragedy by Sophocles, free adaptation in three acts by Franco Liberata; "Hamlet," tragedy in six acts by William Shakespeare; "Povera Gente" (Poor People), drama in three acts by Franco Liberata founded on a story by Theodore Dostoevsky; "The Taming of the Shrew," comedy by William Shakespeare, abridged to four acts by Ermete Novelli; "Kean, on Desordre et Genie" (Kean, or Disorder and Genius), comedy in five acts by Alexandre Dumas; "Mia Moglie Non Ha Chic" (My Wife Is Not Stylish), comedy in three acts by Bernard and Vallabreque; "Un Curioso Accidente" (A Curious Accident), comedy by Carlo Goldoni; "Il Ratto Sabine" (The Seizure of the Sabines), comedy in four acts by von Moser and von Schonthan (adapted by Augustin Daly and called "A Night Off"); and "Papa Martin" by Cormon and Grange.

The company included:

Ermete Novelli, Olga Giannini, L. Ferrati, E. Rossi, A. Betrone, E. Piamonti, O. Galeotti, G. Dal-Cortivo, E. Servolini, F. Bernini, A. Aristo, V. Servolini, G. Fossi, R. Dehhi, V. Bartolotti, E. Balzani, N. Pescatori, E. Sanipoli, M. Fantoni, E. Barracchi and R. Fantini.

This was Signor Novelli's first appearance in New York.

Signori Paradossi and Consigli and Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., presented Ermete Novelli in a series of plays at the Lyric Theatre, New York, for two weeks beginning December 2, 1907. The plays presented were: "Othello" by Shakespeare, "Papa Lebonnard" by Jean Aicard, "The Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare, "The Outlaw" by Paolo Giacometti, "Louis XI" by Casimir Delavigne, "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare, "The Beneficent Bear" by Carlo Goldoni, "Nero" by Pietro Cossa, "Our Boys" by Henry J. Byron, "King Lear" by William Shakespeare, "The Royal Box" by Charles Coghlan and "Macbeth" by William Shakespeare. The company included:

Ermete Novelli, O. Giannini, L. Rossi, L. Pescatori, L. Ferrati, E. Piamonti, E. Barracchi, A. Betrone, V. Servolini, R. Fantini, G. Dal-Cortivo, N. Pescatori, G. Fossi, G. Almirante, O. Galeotti, M. Fantoni, E. Sanipoli, A. Aristo, F. Bernini and V. Bartolotti.

"The Outlaw" (La Morte Civile) was first presented in New York by T. Salvini at Booth's Theatre, April 16, 1883.

"Louis XI" was first presented in New York at Laura Keene's

Theatre, September 7, 1858, with C. W. Couldock in the title role.

"Nero" was first presented in New York at Niblo's Gardens, October 20, 1890, with Wilton Lackaye in the title role. This was a version of Ernest Erkstein's novel by Max Freeman.

"Our Boys" was first presented in New York by Augustin Daly at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, September 18, 1875, with James Lewis in the role played by Signor Novelli.

"The Royal Box" was first presented in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, December 21, 1897, with Charles Coghlan in the role played by Signor Novelli. This was Mr. Coghlan's version of the play "Kean" by Alexandre Dumas.

The Silver Box (20 perf.)—Play in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, March 18, 1907. Cast:

Ethel Barrymore, Hattie Russell, Harry Redding, Eugene Jepson, William Sampson, William Evans, Anita Rothe, Bruce McKae, Fanny L. Burt, James Kearney, Forrest Robinson, Mary Nash, Dorothy Scherer, Helen Mooney, Soldene Powell, Louis Eagan, M. B. Pollock, Harry Barker and John Adolfi. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Frank Platzer.

For revival of this play, see "Best Plays of 1927-1928," page 493.

The Grand Mogul (40 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Frank Pixley. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, March 25, 1907. Cast:

Frank Moulan, Elsa Ryan, Maud Lillian Berri, John Dunsmore, George Moore, W. H. Maacart, Sager Midgley, J. R. Williams, A. Seymour Brown, Eugene Moulan, J. V. Tullar, Edith St. Clair, Laura Clement, Pauline Thorne, Norine Williams, Babe Stanley, Daisy Green, Margaret Emerson, Evelyn Carleton, Lillian Sterling, Mae Gunderman, Aimee Williams, Helen Bertrand, Isabelle Strange, Edith Williams and Lucy Harrison. Staged by Herbert Gresham.

The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott (24 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Leo Ditrichstein and Percival Pollard. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Astor Theatre, New York, April 1, 1907. Cast: Leo Ditrichstein, Dorothy Dorr, Charles Cherry, Neil Moran, William Hawtrey, Fred R. Gurke, John Arthur, Kenyon Bishop, Julia Taylor and Ruth Chester. Settings by Alexander Corbett.

The Land of Nod (17 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by Frank R. Adams and Will M. Hough. Rearranged by George V. Hobart. Music by Joseph E. Howard. Interpolated numbers by Joseph Hart. During the second act an operatic skit entitled "The Song Birds" was introduced. This had lyrics by George V. Hobart and music by Victor Herbert. It was originally performed at a Lamb's Club Gambol. Produced by The Will J. Block Amusement Co. at the New York Theatre, New York, April 1, 1907. Cast:

Mabel Barrison, Joseph E. Howard, Carrie DeMar, Know Wilson, Emily Hoff, Helen Bertram, William Selery, Gus C. Weinburg, Neil McNeil, Henry Gibson, Walter

Blair, William Burrell, Notty Lyberopoulo, Percy Smith, Fred McGurk, Mary Rhodes, George Blair, Hazel Templeton, Arthur Wright, Molly Prince, Henry Clair, Louis Berri, Lona Zytell, John Harper, Laura Castle, Frank Adams, Powdy Moran, Grace Millard, Frank Demers and Peggy O'Neil.

A Marriage of Reason (14 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by J. Hartley Manners, founded on Mrs. Arthur Kennard's novel "The Second Lady Delcombe." Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 1, 1907. Cast:

Kyrle Bellew, Fannie Ward, Conway Tearle, Julia Dean, Margaret Fuller, Maude Ream Stover, Mrs. Minnie Storey, Frederic De Belleville, Master Richard Storey, J. K. Adams, R. L. Smith and C. Russell Sage. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Settings by Ernest Gros and Richard Marston.

The Lilac Room (4 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Marie Dix. Produced by Amelia Bingham at Weber's Theatre, New York, April 3, 1907. Cast:

Amelia Bingham, Charles P. Hammond, Herbert MacKenzie, Joseph Mann, Harold de Becker, Frederick Powell, Charles Butler, L. E. Weed, Rosalie Dupre, Madelaine Powell, Jessie Glendinning and Gertrude Augarde. Staged by Miss Bingham.

This play was withdrawn because of a dispute between the authors and Miss Bingham.

The Boys of Company "B" (96 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Rida Johnson Young. Song in the first act by Sadie Clark, song in the second act by Percival T. Moore. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, April 8, 1907. Cast:

Arnold Daly, Frances Ring, Joseph E. Whiting, Alfred Kappeler, Verner Clarges, Morgan Coman, Howard Estabrook, Charles Arthur, Percival T. Moore, W. Elmer Booth, Robert McWade, Roy Fairchild, Richard Garrick, F. P. Cahill, Mack Sennett, Jennie A. Eustace, Florence Nash, Gretchen Dale, Messrs. Barrett, Morgan, Mann, Campbell, Boyce, Carroll, Fleming, Kelly, Lawrence, Myers, Mack and Van Rensselaer. Staged by Arnold Daly.

John Barrymore replaced Arnold Daly beginning May 27, 1907. Florence Nash's first New York appearance.

The Orchid (178 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by James T. Tanner and Joseph W. Herbert. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, April 8, 1907. Cast:

Eddie Foy, Trixie Friganza, Amelia Stone, Laura Guerite, Maud Fulton, Jean Newcombe, Irene Franklin, Melville Ellis, Alfred Hickman, George C. Boniface, Jr., Jos. W. Herbert, William Rock, Barrington Foote, Grace Studiford, Marietta di' Dio, Uria Rottger, Estelle Coffin, Margaretta Masi, Charlotte Corbett, Mabel Weeks, Veronique Banner, Arthur Warren, Marc Ducharme, J. C. Newell, William Moore, R. L. McAndrews, George Pullman, Misses A. Ford, F. Royce Elton, Calvert, Pouts, Holmes, Merrilles, M. Ford, Foster, Franklin, Fairfax, Barthold, Brennan, Doherty, DeNourie, Weldon, E. Royce, Leslie, Cameron, Clayton, Snyder, Archer, Beckwith, Melles, Jarrett, Creagh and Kingdon, Messrs. Neilson, Brady, Lyman, King, Kirtland, Smith, McCann, Rose, Carpenter, Beem and Toland. Staged by Frank Smithson. Dances arranged by William Rock.

This play moved to the Casino Theatre, New York, September 2, 1907.

Beginning March 2, 1908, "The Orchid" played 16 performances at the Academy of Music, New York.

During the engagement, La Petite Adelaide in "Dance of the Orchid" was added to the cast.

Comtesse Coquette (76 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Roberto Bracco, translated by Dirce St. Cyr and Grace Isabel Colbron. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, April 12, 1907. Cast: Alla Nazimova, Guy Standing, Arthur Forrest, Marie Allen, Ernest A. Elton and Rex Stovell. Settings by Ernest Gros. Madame Nazimova's gowns designed by Mlle. Frederica de Wolfe.

This play closed for the season on June 15, 1907, and reopened at the same theatre on September 2, 1907, for an additional 25 performances. At that time, H. Reeves-Smith, Walter Hampden, Cyril Young and Arthur Earle replaced Guy Standing, Arthur Forrest, Ernest A. Elton and Rex Stovell respectively.

Divorcons (54 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Victorien Sardou and Emile de Najac. Adapted from the French by Margaret Mayo. Revived by William A. Brady at Wallack's Theatre, New York, April 15, 1907. Cast:

M. des Prunelles.....	Frank Worthing	Jamarot.....	Richard Wilson
M. de Gratinac.....	Robert T. Haines	Cyprienne.....	Grace George
M. Clavynac.....	A. H. Stuart	Josepha.....	Laura Lemmers
M. Bafourlin.....	Charles Stanley	Mme. De Brionne.....	Ruth Benson
Bastien.....	Edward Fielding	Mme. De Valfontaine	Evelyn Carter Carrington
Joseph.....	Max Freeman	Mlle. De Lusigan.....	Justine Cutting

Staged by Frank Hatch. Settings by H. Robert Law.

After an engagement in London, this company reopened at the New Lyceum Theatre, New York, August 15, 1907, for an additional 29 performances.

See page 411.

Arnold Daly Players—Mr. Daly produced three one act plays at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, matinees April 30, May 7, 14 and 21, 1907. The plays presented were:

The Flag Station by Charles A. Kenyon. Cast:

Arnold Daly, Frances Ring and Richard Garrick.

The Lemonade Boy by Gladys Unger. Cast:

Arnold Daly, Roy Fairchild, Percival T. Moore, Lucile Watson and Florence Nash.

The Monkey's Paw. Adapted by Louis N. Parker from a story by W. W. Jacobs. Cast:

Arnold Daly, Adelaide Fitzallen, Morgan Coman, Verner Clarges and Percival T. Moore.

The Primrose Path (16 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Bayard Veiller, suggested by incidents in one of the earlier novels of Lucas

Malet. Produced by Bayard Veiller at the Majestic Theatre, New York, May 6, 1907. Cast:

Margaret Wycherly, Caroline Harris, John Kloville, Sheldon Lewis, Robert Jackson, Minette Barrett, Ralph Lewis, Charles Reigel, Edna Barbour, Sarah Whiteford, Dolly Chester, Vera Irving, Helen Ashton, Mabel Duffy and Phoebe Creighton. Staged by Ferdinand Gottschalk and Charles Sinclair.

The Builders (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Marion Fairfax. Produced by The Tully Marshall Company at the Astor Theatre, New York, May 20, 1907. Cast:

Tully Marshall, Marion Fairfax, Margaret Ellsworth, Milano C. Tilden, Harry Mainhall, William Ingersoll, Charles Dow Clark, John J. Collins, Theodore Morris, Willard Robertson, Albert Meyer, Master Richard Cubitt, Henry J. West, John Fenton, Amelia Gardner, William McVay, Richard Lyle and Mortimer Fox.

Fascinating Flora (113 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by R. H. Burnside and Joseph W. Herbert. Music by Gustav Kerker. Interpolated numbers by Mills and Scott, O'Dea and Kern, Lenox and Sutton, Harrison and Sloane, Kemble and Keith, and Paul West. Produced by Burnside and Comstock, Inc., at the Casino Theatre, New York, May 20, 1907. Cast:

Adele Ritchie, Ada Lewis, Louis Harrison, Fred Bond, James E. Sullivan, Arthur Stanford, Charles Jackson, Edward M. Favor, Edward Craven, J. S. Kinslow, Ella Snyder, Kathleen Clifford, Fremont Benton, Misses Leslie, Montague, Rivenburg, Cobb, Griffith, Mercer, LeRoy, Dagwell, Danton, Whiteford, Murray, Davis, Linyard, Wheeling, Carlisle, Chase, Messrs. Dealy, Sullivan, Lutz, Conner, Carlyle, Cousins, Kirkwood and Dutson. Staged by R. H. Burnside. Dances arranged by Jack Mason. Costumes by Caroline Seidle. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

SEASON OF 1907-1908

The Maid and the Millionaire (72 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book, lyrics and music by Frederic Chapin. Produced by Mortimer M. Theise at the Madison Square Garden Roof, New York, June 22, 1907. Cast:

Fred Wyckoff, Henry Linkey, Charles Burke, John C. Hart, Lily Hart, Ed Morton, Albert Davis, Toma Hanlon, Maude Alice Kelley, Mildred Morton and Lilla Brennan.

Ziegfeld Follies of 1907 (70 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts and thirteen scenes. Words by Harry B. Smith. Music and lyrics by Selden, Furth, Bryan, Ingraham, Goetz, Cobb, Edwards, Gaston, Jerome, Schwartz, Silvio Hein and Matt Woodward. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Jardin De Paris (New York Roof), New York, July 8, 1907. Cast:

Harry Watson, Jr., Frank Mayne, James Manley, Dave Abrams, Lillian Lee, John Kennedy, David Lewis, Adele Carson, Madlyn Summers, Helen Broderick, Grace La Rue, George Bickell, Charles J. Ross, Emma Carus, Dan Baker, Florence Tempest, Marion Sunshine, Grace Leigh, Sherwood Alston, Edith Moyer, Mabel Spencer, C. M. Brooks, Willie Torpey, Stacia Leslie, Natalie de Lonton, May Emery, Roma Snyder, Edna Snyder, Pauline Thorne, May Leslie, W. H. Powers, Angie Weimer, Prince Tokio and Mlle. Dazie. Principals directed by Herbert Gresham. Ensemble numbers staged by Julian Mitchell, Joe Smith and John O'Neil. Costumes by W. H. Matthews, Jr. and Mme. E. S. Freisinger. Settings by Peter V. Griffin, T. Bernard McDonald and John H. Young.

Special features were added weekly.

Moved to the Liberty Theatre, New York, August 24, 1907.

The Time, the Place and the Girl (32 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Will M. Hough and Frank Adams. Lyrics and music by Joseph E. Howard. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, August 5, 1907. Cast:

Arthur Deagon, Violet McMillen, William Ricciardi, Harriet Burt, Elene Foster, John C. Rowe, George Ebner, James Norval, Barney McConnell, George Anderson, Hubert Hornsby, Clyde Hunnewell, George Johnson, William O'Day, Albertine Marr, Violet English, Eleanor Rose, Berkeley Perrin, Gertrude O'Conner, Victoria Stuart, Sylvia Evelyn, Mattie Vance, Effie Hamilton, Alice Chase, Josephine Howard, Lillian Brown, Theresa Powers, Virginia Richmond, Camille LaVilla, Nellie DeForest, Ethel Cantor, Nan Pomery, Bertha Peck, Fannie Bradshaw, Ruth Polo, Blanche Cosley, Minnie Carruthers, Grace Lane, Lillian Gilman, Barney McGee, Larry Deagon, Henry Alderson, Joseph Simpson, Harry Willard, Joseph Visarge, Guy Primeau and Richard McCullum. Staged by Ned Wayburn and Arthur Evans. Costumes by Will R. Barnes.

The Shoo-Fly Regiment (15 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Bob Cole. Lyrics by James W. Johnson. Music by J. Rosamond Johnson. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, August 6, 1907. Cast:

Arthur Talbot, Arthur Ray, Frank De Lyons, Nettie Glenn, Henry Gant, Elizabeth Williams, Fannie Wise, Andrew Tribble, J. T. Porter, Wesley Jenkins, Sam Lucas, Bob Cole, J. Rosamond Johnson, Mollie Dill, Anna Cook Pankey, Theodore Pankey, William Phelps and Herbert Amos.

The Alaskan (29 perf.)—Comic opera in a prologue and two acts by Joseph Blethen and Max Figman. Lyrics by Joseph Blethen. Music by Harry Girard. Produced by John Cort at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, August 12, 1907. Cast:

Harry Girard, Edward Martindell, Teddy Webb, Harold Vizard, William Fables, M. V. L. Smith, John Wheeler, Agnes Cain Brown, Anne Adair, Amy Leicester, Jessie Brown, Florence Paulin, Pearl Girard, Alice Loasby, Eloise Reed, Lillian Norton, Genevieve Reed, Daisy Lucas, Ellen Tate, Daisy Johnstone, Marie Goodner, Ethel Little, Reta Kent, Geraldine Cook, Ida Gabrielle, Pearl Gabrielle, Bertha Perl, Mae Murray, Ellen Dompierre, Vivienne Fraser, Mazie Hartford, Anna Hudson, Lela Williams, Marjory Ganes, Pauline Turner, Messrs. Derbyshire, Bretland, Thatcher, Wheeler, Reed, Forest, Dolliver, Loomis, Abbott, Jones, Huddleston, Silverman, Kalich, Ludwig, Little, Rough, Sharp and Bagge. Staged by Max Figman. Dances arranged by Joseph C. Smith.

A Yankee Tourist (103 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts based on "The Galloper" by Richard Harding Davis. Lyrics by Wallace Irwin. Music by Alfred G. Robyn, William Jerome and Jean Schwartz. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Astor Theatre, New York, August 12, 1907. Cast:

Raymond Hitchcock, Harry West, Wallace Beery, Phillips Smalley, Herbert Cawthorn, E. R. Phillips, Harry Lane, E. Percy Parsons, M. W. Rale, Flora Zabelle, Susie Forrester Cawthorn, Eva Fallon, Mabel Breen, Frederick Corbin, Helen Hale, W. M. Cheesman, Fred Johnston, Murray D'Arcy, O. J. Van Asse, Victor Clarke, Herman Ruepke, Clara Noelke, Misses Marshall, Moyles, Atkinson, Doddridge, Honehan, Coulon, Meyers, Spencer, Adams, Allen, Newell, Lang, Chase, Desmond, Messrs. Oden, Supraner, Murphy, Freeland, Davis, Lawrence and Drew. Staged by George Marion.

On November 4, 1907, Wallace Beery replaced Raymond Hitchcock.

See page 507 for "The Galloper."

The Lady from Lane's (47 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst. Music by Gustav Kerker. Produced by Broadhurst and Currie at the Lyric Theatre, New York, August 19, 1907. Cast:

Thomas Wise, Robert Peyton Carter, Percy Bronson, Walter Percival, Lionel Walsh, William Barrows, Frank Kelley, Ida Hawley, Georgie Lawrence, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Trully Shattuck, John Brander, Frank Unger, Marie Barry, Margaret Fealey, Myrtle Lawton, Mabel Shepherd, Georgia Snyder, Polly Stanley, Gertrude Taylor, Mary Harris, Edith Williams, Virginia Laurance, Irene Chandler, Georgie Sage, Florence Westervelt, Edna Clark, Helen Courtney, Beula Montroise, Irene Love, Anna Hall, Julie Newell, Alice Packard, Lucille Parrish, Edith Sladden, Dorothy Watson, Eleanor Russell, Charles Melville, Arthur Lichty, Charles Wedlake, Frank Williams, Harold Russell, John Meagher, Joseph Wells and J. W. Murphy. Staged by Thomas Wise. Musical numbers directed by Lewis Hooper. Settings by D. Frank Dodge, Frank Gates and E. A. Morange. Costumes by Mlle. Frederica DeWolfe and Mood.

This play moved to the Casino Theatre, New York, September 19, 1907.

When Knights Were Bold (100 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Charles Marlowe. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, August 20, 1907. Cast:

Francis Wilson, George Irving, Augustin Duncan, Clarence Handyside, Campbell Gollan, Victor Benoit, Joseph Allen, Pauline Frederick, Edna Bruns, Ruth Barry, Margaret Gordon, Adelaide Wilson, Florence Edney, Elsa Garret and Joseph C. Robinson. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

On October 14, 1907, this play moved to the Hackett Theatre, New York, until November 18, 1907, when it returned to the Garrick Theatre, New York, for the final week.

The Dairymaids (86 perf.)—Musical play in two acts by A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge. Music by Paul A. Rubens and Frank A. Tours. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, August 26, 1907. Cast:

Ruby Ray, George Gregory, Langford Kirby, Donald Hall, Eugene O'Rourke, Clarence Lutz, John Laughlin, Julia Sanderson, Bessie DeVoe, Thelma Ray, Emily Francis, Flossie Hope, Huntley Wright, Hazel Neason, Beatrice McKay, Florence Wilson, Frieda Weigold, Edna Dodsworth, Wilma Wood, Claudia Clarke, May Gerson, Connie Culpepper, Rose Leslie, Hatty Lorraine, Maude LeRoy, Enid Gibson, Grace Lindsay, Lillian LeRoy, Ray Gilmore, Maud Thomas, Dorothy Gibson, Minna Martrit and Isabelle Meyers. Dances arranged by Ad. Newberger. Settings by Ernest Gros.

The Round Up (155 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Edmund Day. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, August 26, 1907. Cast:

Maelyn Arbuckle, Orme Caldara, Wright Kramer, Joseph M. Lothian, Elmer Grandin, H. S. Northrup, Charles Abbe, S. L. Richardson, Jacques Martin, Harold Hartsell, John J. Pierson, "Texas" Cooper, Fulton Russell, Florence Rockwell, Marie Taylor, Julia Dean, Charles Aldridge, Jack Thorne, George Rose, Jim Ashburn, Gus Thomas and Bob Swain. Staged by Joseph Brooks, Herbert Gresham and Lawrence Marston.

This play moved to the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 21, 1907.

On August 31, 1908, it returned to New York and played at the Academy of Music for five weeks.

For revival see "Best Plays of 1931-1932," page 490.

Classmates (102 perf.)—Play in four acts by William C. de Mille and Margaret Turnbull. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, August 29, 1907. Cast:

Frank McIntyre, Sydney Ainsworth, Wallace Eddinger, E. M. Dresser, Macey Harlam, George W. Barnum, Maude Granger, Marjorie Wood, J. H. Hall, Millicent McLaughlin, Ernest Wilkes, Helen Dahl, Flora Juliet Bowley and Robert Edeson. Staged by George W. Barnum. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

The Other House (20 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Harry and Edward Paulton. Produced by the Shubert Theatrical Company at the Majestic Theatre, New York, August 30, 1907. Cast:

Richard Golden, Katherine Florence, Gertrude Swiggett, Adelaide Manola, Martin G. Brown, William Humphreys, Sarah McVicker, Jack Dean, Edwin Mordant, John Hughes, Ruth Allen and William Lawrence.

My Wife (129 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Michael Morton from the French of Messrs. Gavault and Charvay. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, August 31, 1907. Cast:

John Drew, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Walter Soderling, Morton Selten, Albert Roccardi, Mario Majeroni, Axel Bruun, Herbert Budd, Rex McDougall, E. Soldene Powell, Frank Goldsmith, L. C. Howard, Billie Burke, Dorothy Tennant, Ida Greeley Smith, Hope Latham. Mrs. Kate Pattison-Selton and May Galyer. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

Anna Karenina (47 perf.)—Drama in five acts founded on Tolstoi's novel "Anna Karenina" by Edmond Guiraud. Adapted by Thomas Wm. Broadhurst. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, September 2, 1907. Cast:

Virginia Harned (Anna Karenina), John Mason (Alexis Karenin), Robert Warwick (Vronsky), Albert Gran, Del De Lewis, George Riddell, William Conklin, Bertram Grassby, H. W. Collins, Colin Varrey, J. S. Simpson, Frank Davis, John E. Mackin, Elliott Dexter, Paul McCarthy, George Perry, Oscar Lauman, Robert Robbins, Marie Curtis, Ann Warrington, Harriet Broadhurst, Maye Louise Aigen, Foster Williams, Genevieve Reynolds, Mabel Hart, Lillian Taylor, Henry Cowan, and Mary Dudley Davis. Staged by J. C. Huffman. Settings by H. Robert Law.

This play moved to the Majestic Theatre, New York, September 30, 1907.

The Ranger (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Charles Frohman at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 2, 1907. Cast:

Dustin Farnum, Mary Boland, Roberto Deschon, Beatrice Prentice, Bernice Yerrance, Mathilde Deschon, Florence Auer, Frank Nelson, George K. Henery, Charles Lane, Sam D. Merrill, Edward Dillon, Wallace McCutcheon, John Adolphi, Antonio Navarro, Frank Burbeck, Jane Marbury, Alexander King, Jr., Henry Keller, Fermin Ruiz, Frank R. Montgomery, John E. Webster, and Enrique Escribans. Staged by Augustus Thomas. Settings by Walter Burrigide, Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Rogers Brothers in Panama (71 perf.)—Musical play in three acts by Sylvester Maguire and Aaron Hoffman. Lyrics by Edward Madden. Music by Max Hoffman. Produced by Klaw

and Erlanger at the Broadway Theatre, New York, September 2, 1907. Cast:

Gus Rogers, Max Rogers, Alfred Hickman, Walter Ware, George Lydecker, Robinson Newbold, Joseph Kane, James A. Bliss, Bert Ewing, Frank Connors, Philip Leigh, Marion Stanley, Avita Sanchez, Marion Mosby, Lottie Greenwood, Flo and May Hengier. Staged by Ben Teal. Dances arranged by Pat Rooney.

This play moved to the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 21, 1907.

The Movers (23 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Martha Morton. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hackett Theatre, New York, September 3, 1907. Cast:

W. J. Ferguson, Vincent Serrano, Malcolm Duncan, Joseph Kilgour, Robert Conness, Edward See, Ida Waterman, Desiree Lazard, Mary Leslie Cahill, Stanhope Wheatcroft, Abner H. Symmons, Myra Brooks, Nellie Thorne, Lawrence Eddinger and Dorothy Donnelly.

Personal (38 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Eugene Presbrey. Produced by Weber and Fields at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 3, 1903. Cast:

William Collier, Laura Palmer, Nanette Comstock, George Nash, Grace Thorn, Marion Abbott, Jane Peyton, Brigham Royce, Jack Saville, Louise Allen, Brandon Hurst, Herbert Ayling, Wallace McCutcheon, Louise Compton, Cathryn Cooper, Mary Alden, Brinsley Printie, Charles Swain and Paul Housten.

The Man on the Case (21 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Grace Livingston Furniss. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, September 4, 1907. Cast:

Jameson Lee Finney, Elsie Leslie, Charles Lamb, Neil Moran, Robert Tesseman, Fred W. Peters, Chester W. Beecroft, William Herbert, Mary Hampton, Jeanette Ferrall, Josephine Brown and Ellen Day.

The Thief (281 perf.)—Drama in three acts by Henri Bernstein, adapted from the French by Haddon Chambers. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, September 9, 1907. Cast:

Richard Voysin.....	Kyrle Bellew	Fernand Lagardes.....	Leonard Ide
Raymond Lagardes.....	Herbert Percy	Servant.....	Hollister Pratt
M. Zambault.....	Sidney Herbert	Isabelle Lagardes.....	Edith Ostlere
	Marie-Louise Voysin...	Margaret Illington	

Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest M. Gros. Gowns by The Mrs. Osborn Company.

"The Thief" was played for two weeks beginning September 3, 1908, at the Empire Theatre, New York, with Bruce McRae, Edward R. Mawson, Cecil Owen and Isabel Richards replacing Kyrle Bellew, Herbert Percy, Hollister Pratt and Edith Ostlere respectively.

For revivals see page 453 of "Best Plays of 1909-1919," and page 512 of "Best Plays of 1926-1927."

Lola from Berlin (35 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics and music by William Jerome and Jean

Schwartz. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Liberty Theatre, New York, September 16, 1907. Cast:

Lulu Glaser, George Le Guere, Minnette Barrett, Walter Pennington, Dodson Mitchell, Florence Lester, Lillian Spencer, Wallace Owen, Jack Standing, Lavinia Shannon, William Glaser, R. C. Herz, Vinnie Bradcome, Edith Warner, Bessie Carrette, Lulu Martell, Gladys Zell, Katherine Daly, Billee Florence, Geraldine Malone, May Willard, Jackson Carlyle, Homer Potts, Howard W. James, Henry B. Winslow, Arthur Bell, W. J. Reardon, J. D. Miller and Al. S. Darling. Staged by Al. Holbrook. Settings by John Young. Costumes by F. Richard Anderson.

The Spell (16 perf.)—Drama in three acts by Samuel Shipman. Produced by Theise and Liebler at the Majestic Theatre, New York, September 16, 1907. Cast:

David Kessler, Ida Conquest, Walter D. Greene, Charles Dickson, George Staley, Ralph J. Locke, George Leonard, E. Freeman, H. M. Bailey, Muriel Hope and Emily Rigl.

Beginning May 11, 1908, "The Spell" played a week's engagement at the Thalia Theatre, New York.

This was the debut on the English-speaking stage of David Kessler, a noted Jewish actor of the New York Yiddish theatres. "The Spell" was written for him by Samuel Shipman and was the latter's first play to reach Broadway.

Virginius (22 perf.)—Tragedy in five acts by J. Sheridan Knowles. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, September 16, 1907. Cast:

James O'Neill (Virginius), Charles D. Herman (Caius Claudius), Charles Dalton (Appius Claudius), Miss Franklyn Lynch (Virginia), Josephine Morse (Servia), Norman Hackett, Wadsworth Harris, Warren Conlan, James O'Neill, Jr., Joseph Slaytor, Frank Hilton, James Dennison, William Hopper, Joseph M. Bergin, Thomas Barry, Henry King, Jerome Storm, Frank Proctor, Edward Norris and Kate Fletcher.

This play was first seen in New York at the Anthony Street Theatre on September 25, 1820. Robert Campbell Maywood was "Virginius" and Mrs. Barnes, "Virginia."

The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl (24 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Richard Carle. Music by H. L. Heartz. Produced by Charles Marks at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 23, 1907. Cast:

Bertha Mills, John E. Hazzard, Maym Kelso, Adele Rowland, John W. Ransone, Annie Yeamans, Walter Lawrence, Harry Stone, Jacques Kruger, May Boley, Sylvain Langlois, James Hunter, Tony Sullivan, Nat Kolb, Hughie Flaherty, Victor Bozart, Oscar Jones, James Russell, F. S. Scholl, Rita Stanwood, Ethell Daggett, Marjorie Gerald, Evelyn Meredith, Bertha May, Minnie Mason, Marion Vose, Miss H. Williams, Nellie Fallon, Marie Sydney, Peggy Merritt, Jewell Meredith, May Barrell, Edith Kimball, Dot Cloudman and Josie Magee. Staged by Richard Carle. Settings by Oliver P. Bernard.

The Struggle Everlasting (20 perf.)—Modern morality play in a prologue and three acts by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hackett Theatre, New York, September 26, 1907. Cast:

Florence Roberts, Arthur Byron, R. A. Roberts, Robert Peyton Carter, Joseph Rawley, Clay Boyd, E. W. Morrison, C. Jay Williams, Isabelle Garrison, Daniel Morris, Minna

Adelman, Joseph Adelman, Francis Sedgwick, Franklin Roberts, Edwin Holt, De Witt Jennings and Selina Fetter Royle.

The Evangelist (19 perf.)—Tragi-comedy in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 30, 1907. Cast:

Howard Kyle, Dorothy Thomas, W. H. Crompton, Edgar Baume, Charles Fulton, Conway Tearle, Cecil Rose, Ivan F. Simpson, W. J. Constantine, Charles W. Butler, Fred Thorne, Frederick Powell, Edith Taliaferro, Nina Herbert, Maggie Holloway Fischer, Mrs. Felix Morris, Gertrude Augarde, Willette Kershaw and May Davenport Seymour. Staged by William Seymour.

The Girl Behind the Counter (260 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Leedham Bantock and Arthur Anderson. Music by Howard Talbot. Lyrics by Arthur Anderson. American adaptation by Edgar Smith. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., and Lew Fields at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, October 1, 1907. Cast:

Lew Fields, Connie Ediss, May Naudain, Louise Dresser, Lotta Faust, Topsy Siegrist, Edith Ethel McBride, Lottie Fremont, Denman Maley, Joseph Ratliff, George Beban, Ignacio Martinetti, Vernon Castle, "Patsy" Mitchell, Hubert Neville, Beatrice Liddell, Ada Robertson, Dorothy Marlowe, Louise Hawman, Seppie McNeil, Elizabeth Hawman, Vincent Cooper, Elsa Reinhardt, Claire Casseles, Helen Turner, Mae Allen, Marion Whitney, Nan Brennan, Viola Hopkins, Mildred Gibson, Julia Mills, Jane Grant, Frances Harris, Ruth Humphries, Helen Scott, Winifred Vaughan, Ida Dorgee, Anna C. Wilson, Reina Swift, Lillian Raymond, Ethel Millard, Bettine Le Fevre, Madge Robertson, Stella Bowe, Molly Mack, Lillian Devere, Daisy Carson, Josephine Harriman, Erminie Clark, Jack Strause, J. J. Young, Joseph Torpey, Richard Fanning, Sebastian Cassie, Charles Mitchell, Radford D'Orsay, John Rheinhardt, J. J. McDonald and A. Van Sant. Staged by Julian Mitchell and J. C. Huffman. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

The Gay White Way (105 perf.)—Musical review in three acts. Book by Sydney Rosenfeld and J. Clarence Harvey. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Casino Theatre, New York, October 7, 1907. Cast:

Jefferson De Angelis, Alexander Carr, Blanche Ring, Frank Doane, Melville Ellis, Post and Russell, Joseph Redmond, Joseph Herbert, Jr., Joseph Carey, J. Heron Miller, R. P. Galinde, Maud Raymond, Laura Guerite, Elgie Bowen, Katherine Bell, Gertrude Moyer, Daisy Greene, Estelle Christy, Louise De Rigney, Harriet Forsythe, Harriet Merritt, Maude Stanley, Bessie Friganza and Edward Cutler. Staged by R. H. Burnside. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

Hip! Hip! Hooray! (64 perf.)—Musical review in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Edgar Smith. Music by Gus Edwards. Produced by Joe Weber at Weber's Theatre, New York, October 10, 1907. Cast:

Joe Weber, Dick Bernard, Harry Tighe, Tom Lewis, William Gould, Howard Estabrook, W. Douglas Stevenson, Walter Paschel, Ernest Wood, Joe Burry, Max Scheck, William J. Tuite, Beatrice Learwood, Fay Tincher, Martha Bright, Georgia Howard, Dorothy Bertrand, Susie Pitt, Nathalie Porter, Eleanor Rose, Raymond St. Elmo, Ella Smythe, Amelia Stone, Valeska Suratt and Bessie Clayton. Staged by Julian Mitchell.

Beginning November 23, 1907, a burlesque of "The Thief" with Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton was added to the review

The Silver Girl (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edward Peple. Produced by Frank McKee at Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 14, 1907. Cast:

George Fawcett, Charles L. Warren, Edwin Nicander, Louise Galloway, Jane Oaker, Lillian Albertson, George Nash, Norman Tharp, Harry Lillford and A. Goodson. Staged by Gustav von Seyffertitz.

The Step-sister (14 perf.)—Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 14, 1907. Cast:

Bruce McRae, Frederic de Belleville, C. Leslie Allen, John Findlay, Ralph Delmore, George Wright, Chrystal Herne, Grace Filkins, Mathilde Cottrelly, Dorothy Dorr, Gertrude Doremus, Anna Johnston and Helen Graham. Staged by Charles Klein. Settings by Homer Emens.

Arnold Daly Repertory—Beginning October 15, 1907, and continuing through December 10, 1907, Arnold Daly presented himself and his company and Madame Hanako, the Japanese tragedienne, and her company in a series of one act plays. Mr. Daly's company appeared in: "The Shirkers" by C. M. S. McLellan; "Washington's First Defeat" by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger; "How He Lied to Her Husband" by George Bernard Shaw; "The Van Dycke" by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, adapted from the French of Eugene F. Perinque; "After the Opera" by Gladys Unger, adapted from the French of Ducquois and Reinbrach; "The Flag Station" by Charles A. Kenyon; "Kathleen ni Houlihan" by William Butler Yeats and "The Hour Glass" by William Butler Yeats. Madame Hanako's company appeared in: "A Japanese Lady," "The Jashiwara," "The Spy of the Government," "A Japanese Ophelia" and "A Japanese Doll." The Daly company included:

Arnold Daly, Holbrook Blinn, Helen Ware, Margaret Wycherly, Annie Yeaman, Miriam Chapman and Mattie Ferguson.

These plays were followed on December 11, 1907, by a revival of:

Candida (30 perf.)—Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Cast:

Eugene Marchbanks.....Arnold Daly	Candida.....Margaret Wycherly
Mr. Burgess.....Herbert Standing	Rev. Morell.....Holbrook Blinn
Proserpine.....Helen Ware	Lexy Mill.....Harold M. Cheshire

A Grand Army Man (149 perf.)—Play in four acts by David Belasco, Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. Produced by David Belasco at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, October 16, 1907. Cast:

David Warfield, Howard Hall, Reuben Fax, George Woodward, James Lackaye, Stephen Maley, Tony Bevan, Thomas Gilbert, William Elliott, Taylor Holmes, John V. Daly, Henry F. Stone, Antoinette Perry, Marie Bates, Amy Stone, Veda McEvers, Louise Coleman and Jane Cowl. Staged by David Belasco. Settings by Ernest Gros and Wilfred Buckland. Costumes by Albertine Randall Wheelan.

Beginning February 24, 1908, Mr. Belasco revived "The Music Master" except on Saturday evenings, when "A Grand Army Man" was played. The season closed May 2, 1908.

The Hoyden (58 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by Cosmo Hamilton, adapted from "La Soeur" by Tristan Bernard. Music by Paul Rubens. Produced by Charles Dillingham in association with Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, October 19, 1907. Cast:

Elsie Janis, Samuel Reed, Arthur Stanford, Robert Lett, Armand Kaliz, Lionel Walsh, Robert Ward, Larry Ward, Annie Esmond, Kathryn Hutchinson, Isabel D'Armond, Nellie Beaumont, La Noveta, Ella Rock, Elsie Steele, Eleanor Pendleton, Harry Depp, Mabel Croft, Clara Pitt, May Emory, Gertrude Douglas, Lotie Vernon, Jane Rogers, Leila Benton, Evelyn Mitchell and Rita Pierson. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Homer Emens.

Shortly after "The Hoyden" opened it was entirely rewritten and new lyrics and music by John Golden, Robert Hood Bowers and Henry Blossom were added. Robert Lett, Armand Kaliz and Rita Pierson withdrew from the cast and the following were added: Joseph Cawthorne, Sydney Jarvis, Edgar Halstead, Marjorie Norton, Mae Murray, Bena Hoffman, Daisy Johnstone, Dorothy Webb, Edith Livingstone, Minnie Whitmore, Pauline Walden, Libbian Diamond, Lillian McMillan, Florence Major, Della Dolvan, Bertha Morrell, Jane Archer, Ellen Beckwith, Laura Wentworth, W. C. Wood, May Chapin, J. M. Colonsanti, J. Robb, S. M. Burbank, E. W. Bosher, J. Brady, W. Toland, F. R. Fenn, L. Beck, J. Rose and L. Harkins.

The Top o' th' World (156 perf.)—Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by Mark E. Swan. Lyrics by James O'Dea. Music by Manuel Klein and Anne Caldwell. Produced by J. M. Allison at the Majestic Theatre, New York, October 19, 1907. Cast:

Russell Bassett, Roger Dolan, Kathleen Clifford, Bessie Franklin, Harry Fairleigh, John McVeigh, Annia Laughlin, Fred Bailey, Ralph Austin, Arthur Hill, Blanche Wayne, Helene Montrose, George Majeroni, Mary Mooney, Carolyn Barber, George W. Monroe, Bobbie Nolan, Jane Quirk, Florrie Royce, Virginia Calvert, Elsie Gilbert, Anna Ford, Daisy Virginia, Harry Ali, Rudolph Allen, John Gibbons, Sam Diamond, Julian Alfred, Fred Steinman, Artie Pratt, George Campbell, Wellington Cross, Benjamin Tieman, Robert Merriman, Dixie Kirtland, Carl Taxwood, Simeon Tomars, Jud Brady, Jean Barnette, Madora Williams, Aida Klein, Dorothy Honey, Vivian Danvers, Mabel Mordaunt, Ida Mordaunt, Grace Whiteley, Margaret DeBohmer, Virginia Guest, Ruth Hartman, Alice Mark, Edith Newman, Jane Ward, Nettie Uart, Nell Adams, Susanne Boyd, Henriette Hebert, Tempe Evans, Helen Demond, Lucille Monroe, Marjorie Jordan, Nita Dermond, Dorothy Cooper and Jane Loras. Staged by Frank Smithson. Dances arranged by William Rock and Luigi Albertieri. Settings by Platzer and Dodge. Costumes by Archie Gunn.

This play moved to the Casino Theatre, New York, February 3, 1908.

The Merry Widow (416 perf.)—Operetta in three acts. Book by Victor Leon and Leo Stein. Music by Franz Lehar. English lyrics by Adrian Ross. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, October 21, 1907. Cast:

Donald Brian (Prince Danilo), Ethel Jackson (Sonia), R. E. Graham, Lois Ewell, William C. Weedon, Walter C. Wilson, Charles Meakins, Harry Hyde, Margaret Dalrymple, F. J. McCarthy, Frances Cameron, Fred Frear, Blanche Rice, Harry Meyers, Ralph Whiting, Gerald Lane, Nicholas Szabo, Eva Bennett, Aurora Piatt, Pauline Winters, Jean Ward, Marion Armstrong, Clara Tichenor, Portia Belma, Bernice Harte,

Sophie Witt, Walda Marjanovich, Alekx Hursau, Koszta Kolarszky, Cira Lozarne, Creole Creagh, Emuil Demetorad, Misses Murray, Davees, Duryea, Witt, Corwin, Wadham and Schiebl, Messrs. Alberti, Livingston, Cassidy, Whiting, Holt, Hastings, Meyer, Lane, Smith, Miller, Doyle, Hamilton, Bauer, Boone, Ransome, Taylor, Von Calish, Ellinger, Fisher and Manchester. Staged by George Marion. Musical director, Louis F. Gottschalk.

After Miss Jackson retired from the cast, Sonia was played by the following:

Beginning March 18, 1908, Lois Ewell.

Beginning April 13, 1908, Lina Abarbanell.

Beginning June 22, 1908, Rosemary Glosz.

Beginning August 31, 1908, Georgia Caine.

Beginning September 28, 1908, Ruby Dale.

Beginning October 5, 1908, Georgia Caine.

Charles Meakins replaced Donald Brian beginning August 25, 1908.

Sappho and Phaon (7 perf.)—Poetic tragedy in three acts by Percy MacKaye. Incidental music by Professor A. A. Stanley. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 21, 1907. Cast:

Bertha Kalich (Sappho), Henry Kolker (Phaon), Fred Eric, Lucius Henderson, Gladys Hulette, R. M. Dolliver, Hazel Mackaye, Jessie F. Glendinning and Adele Block. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange. Costumes by Percy Anderson.

Artie (22 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by George Ade. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 28, 1907. Cast:

Lawrence Wheat, Hale Norcross, Frank Craven, Joseph Brennan, Joseph M. Sparks, Louis R. Grisel, William Harrigan, Thomas H. Wilson, Sidney Irving, James A. Leahy, Frederick Wallace, Daniel Corse, Herbert Cole, James Stewart, J. W. Cunningham, George A. Cameron, Albert Johnson, Jesse Keppler, Serrano Vincenzo, Vira Stowe, Rose Beaudet, Claire Kulp, Virginia Milton, Grace Fisher, Lily Griffith Barbour, Faye Stewart and Gwendolyn Valentine. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Homer Emens.

Miss Pocahontas (16 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by R. A. Barnet and R. M. Baker. Music by Dan J. Sullivan, Augustus Barratt and Carl Willimore. Produced by R. L. Giffen at the Lyric Theatre, New York, October 28, 1907. Cast:

Walter Jones, George LeSoir, Neil McNeil, Harold Crane, George Fox, John Peachey, Nathan Rees, Edith Miller, J. E. Scott, Daniel Hall, Frank Hunter, C. Vandiver, Blanche Deyo, Anna McNabb, Violet Zell, Emilie Wellington, Lottie Parker, Loraine Bernard, Marie Terry, Lester Allen and Marie Dupuis.

The Right of Way (34 perf.)—Drama in five scenes by Eugene W. Presbrey, founded on Sir Gilbert Parker's novel of the same name. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 4, 1907. Cast:

Guy Standing, Theodore Roberts, May Buckley, Van Dusen Phillips, J. H. Howland, E. Y. Backus, Edson R. Miles, Joseph Tuohy, Alice Lannon, Martin Sabine, Philip J. Lafen, Averill Harris, Kelso Henderson, Lionell Willis, Frank English, Marcus

Wilder, Paula Gloy, George F. De Vere, Henry Wenman, Alex Kearney, Mignon Beranger, Louis La Bey and Henry J. Hadfield. Settings by Homer Emens and Richard Marston.

The Coming of Mrs. Patrick (13 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, November 6, 1907. Cast:

Laura Nelson Hall, Melville Stewart, James L. Carhart, Walter Thomas, Forrest Winant, Charles Douville Coburn, George H. Wiseman, Elizabeth Stewart, Millicent Evans, Minette Barrett, Perla Landers and Lillie Eldridge.

The Christian Pilgrim (14 perf.)—Play by James MacArthur adapted from John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Music by William Furst. Produced by Henry B. Harris and Maurice Campbell at the Liberty Theatre, New York, November 11, 1907. Cast:

Henrietta Crosman (Pilgrim), Tyrone Power (Beelzebub), Addison Pitt, Minna Adleman, Edward Mackay, Clara Osmond, Messrs. Pearce, Lawrence and Meiser, Misses Adams, Noble and Gilmore. Staged by Maurice Campbell.

Tom Jones (65 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Book by Robert Courtneidge and A. M. Thompson, founded on Henry Fielding's story. Lyrics by Charles H. Taylor. Music by Edward German. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Astor Theatre, New York, November 11, 1907. Cast:

Van Rensselaer Wheeler (Tom Jones), Louise Gunning (Sophia), William Norris, Gertrude Quinlan, Albert Pellaton, Vaughan Trevor, Henry Norman, John Bunny, Bernard Gorcey, Henry Turpin, E. P. Foster, E. W. Bowman, E. A. Clark, Percy Parsons, E. J. Oden, Banning Willis, Whitlock Davis, John Frolisch, T. D. Crittenden, Charles Kingsland, John Hassan, Laura Butler, Evelyn Smith, Florence Burdett, Marjorie Fairbanks, Odette Bordaux, Louise Meyers, Alice Weeks, Lucy Tonge, Anna Hall, Misses Norton, Hall, Lang, Aubrey, Bownes, Carroll, Crantzell, Von de Muehlen, Peters, J. Standish, Stoner, Vernon, Weeks, Blanchard, Curtis, Leslie, Rankin, Smith and M. Standish, Messrs. Fay, Fougerard, Pearson, Kearns, Supraner, Edwardes, Hammond, Fenton and Terry. Staged by Robert Courtneidge and Edward German. Settings by Walter Burridge.

The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary (56 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Anne Warner. Produced by L. S. Sire at the Garden Theatre, New York, November 12, 1907. Cast:

May Robson, Nora O'Brien, George A. Stevenson, Nina Saville, Harry Cowley, David Proctor, Frances Herblin, Jack Storey, Grace Parks Fiske, Harry Jones, William Levis, George F. Hall, Eva Bingham and Margaret Drew.

This was May Robson's debut as a star.

This play moved to the Madison Square Theatre, December 16, 1907.

The Witching Hour, Nov. 18, 1907. See page 271.

The Girls of Holland (15 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Book and lyrics by Stanislaus Stange. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Lyric Theatre, New York, November 18, 1907. Cast:

Harry Macdonough, Edward M. Tavor, Pacie Ripple, George Callahan, Harry Fairleigh, Henry Vogel, Karl Stall, Vera Michelena, Carrie Perkins, Mary Nash, Ellen Tate, Erla Rottger, Louise Montague and Leoro Stephens. Staged by Al. Holbrook.

The Morals of Marcus (44 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by William J. Locke. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, November 18, 1907. Cast:

Marie Doro, C. Aubrey Smith, Ivo Dawson, Forrest Robinson, William Evans, Alexander King, Jr., Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Mrs. Kate Meek, Leonore Palmer, Mrs. J. P. West, Alice Gale, Alice Neal, Ethel Morrey and Eda Bruna.

Dr. Wake's Patient (1 special matinee)—Comedy in four acts by W. Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord. Produced by Daniel Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 19, 1907. Cast:

Bruce McRae, Charles Walcott, Alexander F. Frank, W. Gayer Mackay, Clarence Handyside, Edward Elsner, Gunnis Davis, L. C. Howard, Rex McDougal, Grace Elliston, Annie Esmond, Edith Ostlere, Effie Germon, Rosa Cooke, May Galyer and Margaret Gordon.

The Auto Race (312 perf., matinee daily)—Musical spectacle in three acts by Manuel Klein and Edward P. Temple. Music by Manuel Klein. Produced by Shubert and Anderson at the Hippodrome, New York, November 25, 1907. Cast:

Marceline, Rose La Harte, Edwin A. Clarke, Marie Louise Gribbin, H. Shaw, William H. Clark, John Norman, J. Parker Coombs, John G. Sparks, Otto Fenn, H. Dale, H. S. Cluett, Sam Baker, L. Blumenthal, J. Carrol, Abe Aronson, D. Sheehan, J. Warren, Leo Brunswick and E. Vary.

This was followed by "The Four Seasons" featuring Margaret Townsend as "The Ice Maiden." The performance concluded with "Circus Events" which featured:

Marcel and Rene Philippart; Daisy Hodgini, Europe's Greatest Rider; The Five Cliftons; The Seven Grunathos; The Six Bonesettis; The Mirza Golem Troupe of Persian Gymnasts and Acrobats; Hagenbeck's Troupe of Twelve Performing Elephants; Charles Ravel, James R. Adams, James Balno, Nat Harris, Frank Hanson, George Holland, Clyde Powers and Angelo Romeo. Staged by Edward P. Temple. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin. Frank Melville, Equestrian Director.

On January 13, 1908, "The Battle of Port Arthur," a spectacle in two scenes by Owen Davis with music by Manuel Klein was added and the following were added to the cast of "Circus Events":

Professor Edward Wulff's Performing Horses, Madame Maude Wulff and the Dancing Horse, Furius, The Three Friends and Millie Spellman's Bears.

On February 17, 1908, "Lady Gay's Garden Party" replaced "The Auto Race." Added to the company at this time were:

The Bedinis Equestriennes; The Carmen Troupe; The Teddy Trio; Ledgetts' Equestriennes; The Heras Family; The Okabe Troupe; Zula, the Living Bullet and Onaip, The Hindu Mystery.

O'Neill of Derry (33 perf.)—Drama in four acts by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced by Augustus Pitou at the Liberty Theatre, New York, November 25, 1907. Cast:

Chauncey Olcott, Leonard Shepherd, George A. Lessey, Edwin Carewe, Arthur Jarrett, Daniel Jarrett, John Dunne, Ned Reardon, Nelson Riley, Quincy C. Bass, Jr., Charles Howard, Jerome Hayes, Anna Wilks, Henry Newton, George Brennan, Martin Haydon, William Jones, Rose Curry, Mildred Beverly, Maggie Fielding and Alice Farrell. Musical Director, Gus Salzer. First Violinist, B. T. Glasser.

Edwin Carewe became a well-known motion picture director.

The Toymaker of Nuremberg (24 perf.)—Play in three acts by Austin Strong. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 25, 1907. Cast:

Archibald Rosamund, William Bechtel, Leo Herbert White, Edward Morrissey, Carl Ahrendt, Frank Sheridan, Consuelo Bailey, Grant Mitchell, W. J. Ferguson, Mathilde Cottrelly, Frank Wunderlice, Rosa Cooke, Harrison Armstrong, Master Raymond Hackett, Misses Hackett, Farrington, Svendsen and Marie and Messrs. Redstone, Lehinne, Daly, Bell and Cuyler. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Raymond Hackett made his debut in this play.

The Lancers (12 perf.)—Play in three acts by Rida Johnson Young and J. Hartley Manners adapted from the German of von Moser and von Schonthan. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., by arrangement with the executors of the estate of Augustin Daly, at Daly's Theatre, New York, December 3, 1907. Cast:

Cecilia Loftus, Lawrence D'Orsay, Phoebe Coyne, Grace Fisher, Eileen Anglin, Suzanne Rusholme, Doris Cameron, Maud Rowland, Arthur R. Lawrence, Ben Field, Cecil Sully, Fred Tyler, Hubert Harben, A. H. Vanburen, Henry Cote, Bertram Allen, George Hollis, Cyril Chadwick, Roma Thorne, Margaret Cobb, Jane Brown, Theresa Bryant, Ethel Peyton and J. Stapleton Kent.

Augustin Daly produced his own adaptation of this play at Daly's Theatre, New York, November 10, 1881, under the title "The Passing Regiment."

The Talk of New York (157 perf.)—Musical play in four acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by Cohan and Harris at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, December 3, 1907. Cast:

Victor Moore, Jack Gardner, Stanley H. Forde, Joe Smith Marba, John Conroy, Lorena Atwood, Emma Littlefield, Nella Bergen, Saidie Harris, Gertie Vanderbilt, Rosie Green, Harry Gwynette, William Thompson, Maurice Elliott, A. J. Thornton and William Leyle. Staged by Mr. Cohan. Settings by John Young, Edward G. Unitt and Wicks. Costumes by Richard Anderson.

The Warrens of Virginia (190 perf.)—Play in four acts by William C. de Mille. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, New York, December 3, 1907. Cast:

Gen. Warren.....	Frank Keenan	Gen. Harding.....	DeWitt Jennings
Mrs. Warren.....	Emma Dunn	Gen. Carr.....	E. Allen Martin
Agatha, their daughter.....	Charlotte Walker	Lieut. Burton.....	Charles D. Waldron
Arthur, their son.....	Cecil B. de Mille	Blake.....	Raymond L. Bond
Bob, their son.....	Master Richard Story	Zack Biggs.....	Frederick Watson
Betty, their daughter.....	Mary Pickford	Billy Peavy.....	Willard Robertson
Molly Hatton.....	Isabel Waldron	Tom Dabney.....	Ralph Kellard
Gen. Griffin.....	William McVay	Sapho.....	Mrs. Chas. G. Craig
	Corporal DePeyster..	Stanhope Wheatcroft	

Staged by David Belasco.

Mary Pickford made her New York debut in this play.

Moved to the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, May 4, 1908.

A Knight for a Day (176 perf.)—Musical farce in two acts. Book and lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced by B. C. Whitney at Wallack's Theatre, New York, December 16, 1907. Cast:

Sallie Fisher, May Vokes, John Slavin, Lottie Kendall, Percy Bronson, Gavin Harris, Will F. Carleton, May Bennett, Bobbie Roberts, Josie Sylvester, Marcel Lamb, Phyllis Gordon, Georgie Snyder, May Roche, Hazel Templeton, Jane Cook, Lilia Lorraine, Harry De Banks, George Headley, Carl Nortii, Harry Quinlan, Harry Loomis, Otto Goffney, Gus Thomas, Sherman Wade, Bonnie Bunyca, Lillian Piper, Alice Knowlton, Evelyn Smith, Frances Le Clair, Virginia Adams, Blanche La Masney, Claire Bourne, Lee De Bold, Arthur Cardinal and Harold Reynolds. Staged by Gus Sohlike.

The Secret Orchard (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Channing Pollock, adapted from the novel of the same name by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Produced by Hunter, Bradford and Reid at the Lyric Theatre, New York, December 16, 1907. Cast:

William Courtenay, Josephine Victor, Frank C. Bangs, Gertrude Augarde, Frank E. Lamb, Adelaide Prince, Edward R. Mawson, Olive May, Henrietta Vaders, F. Newton Lindo, Burke Clarke and Harry McAuliffe.

This play moved to the Astor Theatre, New York, December 30, 1907.

John Gladye's Honour (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, December 23, 1907. Cast:

James K. Hackett, William Sauter, George M. Graham, David Glassford, Walter D. Greene, Lawrence Eddinger, T. C. Diers, Frank W. Hunter, Olive Oliver, Ida Waterman, Beatrice Beckley, Irene Moore and Miss Darragh.

Polly of the Circus (160 perf.)—Play in three acts and two tableaux by Margaret Mayo. Produced by Frederic Thompson at the Liberty Theatre, New York, December 23, 1907. Cast:

Mabel Taliaferro, Malcolm Williams, J. B. Hollis, Herbert Ayling, James Cherry, Guy Nichols, John Findlay, Joseph Brennan, J. W. Benson, Mathilde Weffing, W. Burton James, Edith Wild, Desiree Lazard, Mattie Ferguson and Jennie Weathersby. The Circus Artists were Madame Barlow, High School and Menage Riding Act, Peter Barlow and his Equine Paradox, Miss Elsie St. Leon, Queen of Equestriennes, the Famous St. Leon Family of European Acrobats; Alfred St. Leon, Mrs. Ida St. Leon, Miss Aloisie, Miss Ida Jennie and Master George, Mlle. Paula, Trapeze Artist, Harry Nelson and Francois Kenebel, Clowns. Staged by Winchell Smith. Settings by Frederic Thompson.

Her Sister (61 perf.)—Play in three acts by Clyde Fitch and Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, December 25, 1907. Cast:

Ethel Barrymore, Fanny Addison Pitt, Lucile Watson, Desmond Kelley, Louise Drew, Anita Rothe, Charles Hammond, Lumsden Hare, Rockcliffe P. Fellows and Arthur Byron. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Frank Platzer.

Under the Greenwood Tree (44 perf.)—Play in four acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced by Maxine Elliott at the Garrick Theatre, New York, December 25, 1907. Cast:

Maxine Elliott, Charles Cherry, Arthur Claremont, W. J. Yeldham, H. T. Stevens, Felix Edwardes, Dallas Cairns, Charles Wellesley, Miss H. M. Fraser, Mary Jerrold and Ada Kingsley.

Dallas Cairns replaced Charles Cherry due to the latter's illness and Eric Maturin took over Mr. Cairns' role.

The Comet (56 perf.)—Play in three acts by Owen Johnson. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, December 30, 1907. Cast:

Madame Alla Nazimova, Dodson Mitchell, Brandon Tynan, Florence Fisher, Mrs. Jacques Martin and Robert Coleman. Settings by H. R. Law.

This was the first play written by Owen Johnson.

Miss Hook of Holland (119 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Paul A. Rubens and Austen Hurgon. Music and lyrics by Paul A. Rubens. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, December 31, 1907. Cast:

Christie McDonald, Tom Wise, Georgia Caine, Bertram Wallis, Glen White, John McCloskey, Will West, Richard L. Lee, Tom Collins, William B. Wood, Catherine Cooper, Marion Little, Eleanor Mansfield and Florence Nash. Staged by T. Reynolds. Settings by Edward G. Unitt and Wickes. Costumes by Dazian.

The Merry Widow Burlesque (156 perf.)—Burlesque in three acts. Book by George V. Hobart. Original music by Franz Lehár, by permission of Henry W. Savage. Produced by Joe Weber at Weber's Music Hall, New York, January 2, 1908. Cast:

Albert Hart, Charles J. Ross (the Prince), Peter F. Dailey, Joe Weber, W. Douglas Stevenson, Max Sheck, Robert Dunlap, Major Crique, Carl Gordon, Lulu Glaser (the Widow), Mabel Fenton, Bessie Clayton, Kitty Wheaton, Ruby Lewis, Edna Chase, Gladys Zell, Ethel Donaldson, Loretta McDonald, Selma Mantel, Beatrice Learwood, Edna Mayo, Martha Bright, Nathalie Dagwell, Nina Collins, Eunice Mackay, Violet Jewell, Ida Doerge, Helen Willis, Agnes Dasmár, Edna Dodswoth, Edith Villa, Letitia Gordon, Lillian Fitzgerald, Violet Zell, Vonnie Hoyt, Irene Howley, Minerva Walton, Lynn D'Arcy, Florence Wilson and Maud Kent. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young.

Funabashi (32 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Irvin S. Cobb. Lyrics by Safford Waters, Paul West, Carolyn Wells, Wallace Irwin, Rose and Snyder. Music by Safford Waters. Produced by Thomas W. Riley at the Casino Theatre, New York, January 6, 1908. Cast:

Joseph Miron, Walter Percival, Alice Fischer, Vera Michelena, Percy Ames, William Rock, Maude Fulton, Margaret Rutledge, Charles Butler, D. W. Merket, W. S. Freeman, Harry Husk, Margaret Calvert, George S. McCone, Sam Burns, Rose Winter, Madge Melborne, Jeanette Horton, Lillian Carlcton, May Faulkner, Belle Ashlyn, Eleanor Pendleton, Margaret Cobb, C. W. Emerson, W. W. Benedict, F. W. Holmes, R. A. Holsted, J. F. McDonough, R. F. Cushing, William Cohan, O. H. McCartney, DeG. Robinson, Robert Buchannan, Aimee Berry, Grace Emmons, Ethel Lawrence, Jean Ward, Ione Montgomery, Grace Conklin, Florence Jennings, Grace Russell, Alice Gray, Trudie Hatch, Billie Sterrett, Reba Kent, Beatrix Doane, Helen Howell, Edna Merrill, Kitty Walden, May Reid, Helen Heilman, Lillian McMillan, Madeline Rellis, Bertha Carlisle, Violet Von Nichols, Katherine Peters and Adelaide Rankin. Staged by A. M. Holbrook. Settings by E. G. Unitt, Homer Emens, Young Brothers and Boss.

The House of a Thousand Candles (14 perf.)—Melodrama in four acts by George Middleton, dramatized from Meredith Nicholson's novel of the same name. Produced by James K. Hackett at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 6, 1908. Cast:

E. M. Holland, Frank E. Aiken, Stephen Grattan, William Hazeltine, George M. Graham, Lewis Fielder, J. H. Todd, Fred A. Sullivan, Edna Conroy, Mary Elizabeth Forbes and Mabel Roebuck. Staged by James K. Hackett.

The Jesters (53 perf.)—Poetic drama in four acts by Miguel Zamacois, translated from the French by John Raphael. Produced

by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, January 15, 1908. Cast:

Maude Adams, Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly, Consuelo Bailey, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Fred Tyler, William Lewers, Edwin Holt, E. W. Morrison, Frederic Eric, George Henry Trader, T. C. Valentine, Wallace Jackson, Frederick Santley, William H. Claire and L. B. Carleton. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros. Costumes by Dazian.

Society and the Bulldog (17 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced by Paul Armstrong at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 18, 1908. Cast:

William Farnum, Elita Proctor Otis, Alfred Hickman, Catherine Proctor, Thomas B. Findlay, Charles Lindholm, Wells Edward Knibloe, William Mack, Winthrop Chamberlain, Marshall Farnum, Arthur J. Price, Chauncey E. Ward, Harry M. Smith, Leslie Mayo, Olive White, Mignon Oxer, Bessie Hunter Hight, Florence St. Leonard, Molly Brady, Robert B. Ferguson and Hale Hamilton. Staged by the author.

Irene Wycherley (39 perf.)—Play in three acts by Anthony P. Wharton. Produced by Liebler and Company at the Astor Theatre, New York, January 20, 1908. Cast:

Viola Allen, Edwin Arden, Walter Hampden, Grant Stewart, John Glendinning, Hodgson Taylor, Ffolliot Paget, Nellie Thorne, Selene Johnson, Dorothy Hammond, May Whitty, Lillian Shirley and Mrs. Sam Sothern.

Lonesome Town (88 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by Judson D. Brusie. Music by J. A. Raynes. Produced by Kolb and Dill at the New Circle Theatre, New York, January 20, 1908. Cast: C. William Kolb, Max M. Dill, Ben T. Dillon, Robert G. Pitkin, Wilmer Bentley, George Wright, Sr., Arthur Van, Maude Lambart, Georgia O'Ramey, Edna Dorman, Irma Croft and Charles McGaffney.

Twenty Days in the Shade (64 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Hennequin and Veber, adapted by Paul M. Potter. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, January 20, 1908. Cast:

Richard Bennett, Charles Dickson, Dallas Welford, Frank Burbeck, Ernest Lawford, Edwin Nicander, Hallen Mostyn, Jeffreys Lewis, Grace Heyer, Vira Stowe, Fannie Hartz and Pauline Frederick. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Beginning February 18, 1908, The Irish National Theatre Company of Dublin presented as a curtain raiser:

A Pot of Broth (7 perf.)—One act comedy by W. B. Yeats. Cast:

W. G. Fay, F. J. Fay and Bridget O'Dempsey.

On February 24, 1908, "A Pot of Broth" was replaced by

The Rising of the Moon (24 perf.)—Play in one act by Lady Gregory. Cast:

Ballad Singer.....	W. G. Fay	Policeman B.....	Dudley Digges
Sergeant.....	F. J. Fay	Policeman X.....	J. M. Kerrigan

This was the first appearance in New York of the Irish Players, and the first production here of "The Rising of the Moon."

For other productions of "The Rising of the Moon" see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 458 and 494.

J. M. Kerrigan made his New York debut in this play.

A Waltz Dream (111 perf.)—Operetta in three acts. Book by Felix Doermann and Leopold Jacobson, based on a story by Hans Mueller in "Book of Adventures." English book and lyrics by Joseph W. Herbert. Music by Oscar Strauss. Produced by The Inter-State Amusement Co., Inc. (Frank McKee, President), at the Broadway Theatre, New York, January 27, 1908. Cast:

Charles A. Bigelow, Magda Dahl, Joseph W. Herbert, Edward Johnson, Harry Fairleigh, Maym Kelso, Bruce Smith, Joseph Carey, Sophie Brandt, Josie Sadler and Geraldine Malone. Viennese Orchestra: Sophie Brandt, Josie Sadler, Louisa Valentine, Camille Toulmin, Geraldine Bruce, Irma Schueler. Donna Garcia, Mrs. Paul Philipp, Anna Kessler, May Sheinert, Geraldine Malone, Rosie Geiger and Julia Geiger. Alternate Sopranis: Miss Romani and Miss Chase. Alternate Alti: Miss Richardson and Miss Harrington. Alternate Tenor: Harry Fairleigh. Alternate Baritone: Edward Wilson. Musical Director: Arthur Weld. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Settings by Homer Emens. Costumes by F. Richard Anderson.

Shortly after the opening the two leading players, Magda Dahl and Edward Johnson, were replaced by Vera Michelina and Frank Rushworth.

The Soul Kiss (122 perf.)—Musical entertainment in two acts and eleven scenes. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Maurice Levi, Paul Lincke, Burkhardt, Hirsch and Woodward. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the New York Theatre, New York, January 28, 1908. Cast:

Adeline Genee, Mortimer H. Weldon, Amelia Rose, Florence Holbrook, Almeda Potter, Albert Froom, Marguerite Lane, Jane Hall, Ralph C. Herz, Eva Francis, Freda Linyard, Elphye Snowden, Daisy Rudd, May Willard, Florence Walton, Barney Bernard, Stella Tracey, Cecil Lean, Edith Whitney, Grace Rankin, Hattie Forsyth, Marian Hartman, Florence Ardell, Dos Howard, Madeleine Anderton, Billy Norton, Clara De Beers, Ethelyn Wilmot, May Harris, Irene Blair, Elaine Gordon, Francesca Gordon, Mae Bevan, Mac Doherty, Margaret Vingut, Gretta Gleason, Dorothy Furniss, Lee Harrison, Harry Stone, Mildred Fay, Mildred De Beers, Cecil Sully, Henry Bergman, Homer Potter and R. A. Allen. Staged by Herbert Gresham and Julian Mitchell. Settings by John Young, Ernest Albert, Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange. Costumes by F. Richard Anderson and Pancaud of Paris. Aerial Evolutions arranged by Herr H. Schultz. Musical Director, Max Schmidt. Mlle. Adeline Genee presented four divertissements arranged by Mons. Alexander Genee. Music by Cuthbert Clark. Costumes by Wilhelm. Her "Dancing Girls from The Empire Theatre, London" were: Emily Peters (Première), Belle Logan, Kitty Underdale, Millie Peers, Emily Nash, Florrie Bacon, Laurie Hart, Ada Rockwell, Florence Burke and Miss Benton.

This was Mlle. Genee's first appearance in New York.

Bandanna Land (89 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by J. A. Shipp and Alex Rogers. Music by Will Marion Cook. Produced by F. Ray Comstock at the Majestic Theatre, New York, February 3, 1908. Cast:

Bert A. Williams, George W. Walker, Alex. Rogers, Abbie Mitchell Cook, Hattie McIntosh, Bertha Clarke, Aida Overton Walker, Charles H. Moore, Maggie Davis, Bessie Vaughan, Ida Day, Bessie Brady, Marguerite Ward, Katie Jones, Lottie Williams, R. Henri Strange, Mord Allen, James E. Lightfoot, Sterling Rex, John Leubrie Hill, Ada Rex, Lloyd G. Gibbs, George Catlin, James M. Thomas, Matt Housley, H. B. Guillaume, Angelo Housley, Charles Hall, Arthur Payne, L. H. Saulsbury, J. P. Reed,

G. Henry Tapley, Frank H. Williams, W. H. Chappelle, Ada Vaughan, Henry Troy, J. A. Shipp and Lavinia Rogers. Staged by the authors. Musical numbers staged by Ada Overton Walker.

Fifty Miles from Boston (32 perf.)—Play with music in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by Cohan and Harris at the Garrick Theatre, New York, February 3, 1908. Cast:

Edna Wallace Hopper, Laurence Wheat, James H. Bradbury, George Parsons, James C. Marlowe, Richard Nesmith, Master Lores Grimm, John Westley, Slim Pulen, Russell Pincus, Frank Bouman, Laura Harris, Charles Cartwell, Mrs. Louise Rial, Emma Janvier, Hazel Lowry, Alice Parks Warren, Elizabeth Young, Nellie Young, Beatrice Harris, Evelyn Meridith, Jewel Meridith, Madalin Frank, Flossie Martin, Sylvia Clarke, Ethel Vivian, Bertha Arnold, Dot Courtney, Lester Templeton, John Edwards, Lawrence Dowd, John Meehan, William Sissons, Kent Ebersal, John Harrington, Stanley Fields, E. Paul Souther and Ernest Sharrock. Staged by George M. Cohan. Settings by Ernest Albert and Young Brothers & Boss Co.

Olga Nethersole Repertory—Louis Nethersole presented Miss Nethersole and her company in a series of plays at Daly's Theatre, New York, for three weeks beginning February 8, 1908. The plays presented were: "The Awakening" adapted by Sydney Grundy from Paul Hervieu's "Le Reveil"; "Adrienne Lecouvreur" by Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouve, adapted by Olga Nethersole; "The Enigma" by Paul Hervieu; "I Pagliacci" by Charles H. E. Brookfield with incidental music from the opera of the same name by Ruggiero Leoncavallo; "Carmen" adapted from Prosper Mérimée's novel by Henry Hamilton, incidental music arranged and Carmen's song composed by Frank A. Howson; "Sapho" by Clyde Fitch; "Magda" by Hermann Sudermann; "Camille" by Alexandre Dumas and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" by Arthur Wing Pinero. The company included:

Olga Nethersole, Frank Mills, Charles A. Stevenson, George Ingleton, Lawrence Grant, Robert Bolder, A. T. Hendon, Stephen Packham, Katherine Stewart, Molly Pearson, Adeline Bourne, Laura Hansen, Emiline Carder, Langhorne Burton, Lionel Belmore, E. C. Ashley, Frank Pulford, Gerald Smith, B. A. Monks, Robert Tansey, Slaine Mills, Lizzie Hudson Collier, Mary Relph, Madge Field, Edith Elliotte, Constance Raymond, Alexander Frank, Jack Standing, Jack Claire and Ralph Morris. Plays staged by Olga Nethersole.

It is interesting to note that "Adrienne Lecouvreur" was written for Rachel who included it in her repertory on her first American appearance, giving it for her third performance, September 6, 1855, at New York's Manhattan Theatre. Mme. Modjeska made her New York debut in this role at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, December 22, 1877, as did Sarah Bernhardt at Booth's Theatre, November 8, 1880.

Electra (9 perf.)—Drama in one scene. Hugo von Hoffmannstahl's version of Sophocles' tragedy, translated by Arthur Symons. Revived at the Garden Theatre, New York, February 11, 1908. Cast:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Electra), Mrs. Beerbohm Tree (Clytemnestra), Stella Patrick Campbell (Chrysothemis), Ben Webster (Orestes), Charles Dalton (Aegisthus), Edgar

Kent, J. Malcolm Dunn, Alan Campbell, Henry Merrill, Doris Digby, Florence Wells, William Gurney, Muriel Curtis, Janet Gardiner, Margaret Watson, Edyth Seymour, Grace Illingsworth and Eda Heineman.

Preceded by:

The Flower of Yamato—16th century Japanese play translated by Vicomte Robert D'Humiere. Cast:

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Ben Webster, Charles Dalton, Edgar Kent, Margaret Watson and Henry Merrill.

This was Mrs. Campbell's first appearance as "Electra," and the first performance of Arthur Symons' translation.

The first New York performance of "Electra" in English was given at the Lyceum Theatre, March 11, 1889, by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 513 and 621, "Best Plays of 1926-1927," page 15, "Best Plays of 1927-1928," page 463, "Best Plays of 1930-1931," page 472, and "Best Plays of 1931-1932," page 461.

The Worth of a Woman (21 perf.)—Play in four acts by David Graham Phillips. Produced by Walter N. Lawrence at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, February 12, 1908. Cast:

Katherine Grey, Frank Young, Harriet Sheldon, Henry Hall, Albert Brown, George Farren, Jane Peyton and Robert Warwick.

This was David Graham Phillip's first play.

The Honor of the Family (104 perf.)—Play in four acts by Emile Fabre, dramatized from Balzac's "La Rabouilleuse." Adapted by Paul M. Potter. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre, New York, February 17, 1908. Cast:

Col. Philippe Bridau.....	Otis Skinner	Captain Renard.....	Harry Barfoot
Jean-Jacques Rouget.....	A. G. Andrews	Ors'Anto.....	Alfred Hudson, Jr.
Commandant Max Gilet.....	Francis Carlyle	Kouski.....	Harry Burkhardt
Joseph Bridau.....	Harry Burkhardt	Flora Brazier.....	Percy Haswell
Borniche.....	Russell Craufurd	Madame Bridau.....	Sarah Padden
Gen. Carpentier.....	Walter F. Scott	Commandant Mignonnet	Joseph Wheelock, Sr.
Captain Potel.....	Frederick Sargent		
	La Vedie.....		Rosalie Dupre

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 653, and "Best Plays of 1926-1927," page 445.

Henry Ludlowe—Messrs. Hazelton and North presented Henry Ludlowe in two plays at the Bijou Theatre, New York, for two weeks beginning February 17, 1908. The plays were

The Merchant of Venice (8 perf.)—Play by William Shakespeare.

Richard III (8 perf.)—Play by William Shakespeare.

The company included:

Henry Ludlowe (Duke of Gloucester, Shylock), Mark Price (Antonio, King Henry VI), Arthur Forrest (Bassanio, Duke of Buckingham), Keith Wakeman (Portia, Lady Anne), Josephine Morse (Nerissa, Queen Elizabeth), Felice Morris (Jessica, Prince of Wales), Sheridan Block, J. E. Ludwig, Ernest C. Warde, Edward Lewers, T. F. Mulligan, Charles Harbury, Bernard B. Mullen, Frederick Nicholls, H. G. Tebbutt, Harry McDonough, Vinnie Burns, Harry Coles, Sydney Booth, C. H. Willson, Eva Benton and Sheffry Turner.

Henry Ludlowe was a former Philadelphia dramatic teacher. He acquired several Richard Mansfield productions and after a season on the road made his New York debut in the above plays.

Nearly a Hero (116 perf.)—Musical farce in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith. Lyrics and music by Edw. B. Claypoole, Will Heelan and Seymour Furth. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Casino Theatre, New York, February 24, 1908. Cast: Sam Bernard, Ethel Levey, Ada Lewis, Zelta Sears, Elizabeth Brice, Sam Edwards, Robert Paton Gibbs, Burrell Barbaretto, Edgar Norton, Franklyn Roberts, R. Franklyn, Louis Helie, Neva Aymar, Daisy Greene, Virginia Marshall, Lillian Harris, Vaughn Sargent, Maxine Revillion, Susan Pitt, Dorothy Watson, Albertine Sargent, Doris Cameron, Marian Alexander, Ethel Laurence, Miss Carr, Rita Lancaster, Dorothy Lancaster, Alice Knowlton, Jane Brown, Adelaide Lehr, Edith Gervan, Alice Eis, Ethel Wheeler, Edith Warner, Josephine Kernell, Nancy Poole, Katherine Robertson, Violet Moore, W. F. Fair, W. A. Hungerford, Louis Austin, Fred Gray, Cyril Chadwick, William Davis, Victor LeRoy, Samuel Lindsay, W. Slick and Richard J. Kirkwood. Staged by George Marion and J. C. Huffman. Dances staged by William Rock. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin and Edward G. Unitt.

During the run of this play, Nora Bayes and Florence Gerald replaced Ethel Levey and Zelta Sears, respectively.

Paid in Full (167 perf.)—Play in four acts by Eugene Walter. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Astor Theatre, New York, February 25, 1908. Cast:

Joseph Brooks.....	Tully Marshall	Mrs. Harris.....	Hattie Russell
James Smith.....	Ben Johnson	Beth Harris.....	Oza Waldrop
Capt. Williams.....	Frank Sheridan	Sato.....	John Arthur
	Emma Brooks.....		Lillian Albertson

Staged by Collin Kemper.

The Easterner (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, March 2, 1908. Cast:

Nat C. Goodwin, Edna Goodrich, Neil O'Brien, Walter E. Hitchcock, Wallace McCutcheon, Jr., Hale Hamilton, Henry Bergman, Bud Woodthorpe, John Ahlberg, Justina Wayne, Diva Marolda, Rene Kelley and Lucile LaVerne. Staged by the author.

Father and the Boys (88 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by George Ade. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, March 2, 1908. Cast:

William H. Crane, Margaret Dale, Forrest Orr, Robert MacKay, Fred W. Sidney, Percy Brooke, Dan Collyer, Scott Dailey, Gabriel Ravenelle, Harry Dodd, Edward Donnelly, Mary Faber, Ivy Troutman, Marguerite St. John, Amelia Mayborn and Adele Clarke. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

Mme. Vera F. Komisarzhovsky Repertory—Mme. Komisarzhovsky and her company presented a repertory of plays at Daly's Theatre, New York, for three weeks beginning March 2,

1908. The plays presented were: "A Doll's House" by Henrik Ibsen, "The Fires of St. John" by Hermann Sudermann, "The Battle of the Butterflies" by Hermann Sudermann, "A Child of Nature" by A. N. Ostrovsky, "The Children of the Sun" by Maxim Gorky, "The Dowerless Bride" by A. N. Ostrovsky, "The Master Builder" by Henrik Ibsen, "Sister Beatrice" by Maurice Maeterlinck and "The Miracle of St. Anthony" by Maurice Maeterlinck. The company included:

Mme. Vera F. Komisarzhevsky, Nicholas Orloff, A. N. Feona, K. V. Bravich, Mme. E. L. Shilovsky, Mme. O. P. Narbekov, Mme. N. N. Tukalevsky, S. Kiroff, A. P. Nelidov, Mme. S. A. Basina, Mme. V. O. Tizenhausen, A. I. Zakushnyak and D. I. Grusinsky.

The Village Lawyer (17 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Will M. Cressy and James Clarence Harvey. Produced by The Shubert Theatrical Company at the Garden Theatre, New York, March 2, 1908. Cast:

Will M. Cressy, Blanche Dayne, Wilson Reynolds, Hale Norcross, Irma La Pierre, John Fenton, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, "Happy Jack" Gardner, Frances Wright, Charles Willard, Myra C. Brooke, Richard Webster, Frank L. Davis, Lowell B. Drew, Douglas J. Wood, W. Thornton Simpson, Leo St. Elmo and Jack A. Henry.

The Rector's Garden (7 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Byron Ongley. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Bijou Theatre, New York, March 3, 1908. Cast:

Dustin Farnum, Grace Elliston, R. A. Roberts, Thomas B. Findlay, Charles Abbott, Eileen Erroll, Ina Hammer, Frank Darien, William Courtenay, Madeline Louis, Edward N. Ellis, Emily Marion, Alice Keife, A. H. Simmons and Zena Keife. Staged by the author.

Toddles (16 perf.)—Farcical comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch, adapted from the French of Tristan Bernard and Andre Godfernaux. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, March 16, 1908. Cast:

John Barrymore, Pauline Frederick, Sadie Martinot, Jeffreys Lewis, Oswald Yorke, A. Hylton Allen, Arthur Elliott, Louis Massen, Charles Walcott, Harry Lilford, Armand Cortez, J. T. Chaille, J. R. Crawford, Frederick Lyon, J. Browning, Isabel Richards, Louise Reed, Olive Temple, Virginia Smith and Grace Hadsell. Staged by William Seymour and Clyde Fitch.

Bluffs (12 perf.)—Farce in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at the Bijou Theatre, New York, March 19, 1908. Cast:

Leo Ditrichstein, Eugene Redding, G. M. Beldon, Madeline Sorel, Pauline Duffield, Frank Wunderlee, Nina Herbert, Georgie Lawrence, Kenyon Bishop, Fred Bond, Alfred Kappeler, Lovell Taylor and Fola La Follette.

This play was subsequently played under the title "Sham Battles."

Girls (64 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at Daly's Theatre, New York, March 23, 1908. Cast:

Laura Nelson Hall, Ruth Maycliffe, Amy Ricard, Zelta Sears, Fanchon Campbell, Charles Cherry, Herbert Standing, Leslie Kenyon, John S. Marble, Frederick Esmelton, Harry MacFayden and Edward Morrissey. Staged by the author. Settings by H. Robert Law.

A program note stated, "The author wishes to acknowledge an indebtedness to a play by Hugo Holtz."

The play was revived for one week at Hackett's Theatre, New York, February 8, 1909, at which time Florence Reed and J. Cumberland replaced Laura Nelson Hall and Leslie Kenyon.

The Servant in the House (80 perf.)—Play in five acts by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced by Henry Miller at the Savoy Theatre, New York, March 23, 1908. Cast:

James Ponsonby	Makeshyfte, D.D.	Auntie.....	Edith Wynne	Matthison
	Arthur Lewis	Mary.....	Mabel Moore	
The Reverend William Smythe		Robert Smith.....	Tyrone Power	
	Charles Dalton	Rogers.....	Galwey Herbert	
	Manson.....	Walter Hampden		

Settings by H. Robert Law.

Beginning October 19, 1908, this play returned to the Savoy Theatre for an additional 48 performances. The cast was the same except that Edmund Rann Kennedy and Ben Field replaced Charles Dalton and Galwey Herbert respectively.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," page 628, "Best Plays of 1920-1921," page 446, and "Best Plays of 1924-1925," page 567.

The Royal Mounted (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Cecil B. and William C. de Mille. Produced by Samuel Claggett at the Garrick Theatre, New York, April 6, 1908. Cast:

Cyril Scott, Charles B. Wells, Charles Lamb, Clara Blandick, Duane Wagar, Harry Powell, Griffith Evans, Ethel Wright, Arthur Kenneth, Brigham Royce, Elwood Bostwick, George Archibald and Charles Lane. Staged by Cecil B. de Mille and Cyril Scott.

The Wolf (81 perf.)—Melodrama in three acts by Eugene Walter. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., at the Bijou Theatre, New York, April 18, 1908. Cast:

William Courtenay, Thomas Findlay, Ida Conquest, Sheridan Block, Walter Hale and George Probert. Staged by J. C. Huffman. Settings by Robert Law.

On April 27, 1908, this play moved to the Lyric Theatre, New York.

The Flower of the Ranch (16 perf.)—Play with music in three acts by Joseph E. Howard. Lyrics and music by Joseph E. Howard. Produced by the Joseph E. Howard Amusement Co., Inc., at the Majestic Theatre, New York, April 20, 1908. Cast:

Joseph E. Howard, Mabel Barrison, Ike Oliver, Frederick Rogers, J. P. McSweeney, Frederick Knight, Edward Hume, A. A. Klein, William Betts, Severin De Deyn, Forrest Doolittle, Alma Youlin, Mart Lorenz, John Todd, Earl Stanley, Katherine Torney, Verna Miller, Leona Remington, Ruth Addington, Ella Brandle and La Petite Adelaide.

The Luck of MacGregor (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edward Vroom. Produced by Edward Vroom at the Garden Theatre, April 20, 1908. Cast:

Edward Vroom, Henry Norman, William Walcott, Wm. F. Haddock, Henry Duggan, Frederick Guest, Ira T. Moore, George Burleigh, Harry G. Hockey, E. B. Henley, William Wray, Margaret Sayres, John Morgan and Katherine Mulkins. Staged by the author.

The Yankee Prince (28 perf.)—Musical play by George M. Cohan. Produced by Cohan and Harris at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, April 20, 1908. Cast:

George M. Cohan, Jerry J. Cohan, Helen F. Cohan, Josephine Cohan, Jack Gardner, Frank Hollins, Tom Lewis, Sam J. Ryan, J. Jiquel Lanoe, Robert Emmett Lennon, Estelle Wentworth, Stella Hammerstein, William Leyle, Donald Crisp, Arthur Engel, John Jarrott, Dore Rogers, Lila Rhodes, Aline Bartlett, Clara Whiteford, Beatrice Whiteford, Mamie Gilbert, Ethel Fairbanks, Vinie Danvers, Mammie Gildea, Vivian Densmore, Helen Gardner, Edna Marsh, Amelia Linden, Rose Walden, Daisy Thompson, Eleanore Richmond, Messrs. O'Keefe, Blackford, Leonard, Hovey, Cody, Klendon, Deagon, Cushing, Fried, Gilmore, McCartney, Loomis, Turpie and Murphy. Staged by Mr. Cohan. March and Drill arranged by James Gorman.

The Merry-Go-Round (97 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith. Lyrics by Paul West. Music by Gus Edwards. Produced by the Circle Production Company at the Circle Theatre (Gus Edwards' Music Hall), New York, April 25, 1908. Cast:

James J. Morton, Mabel Hite, Bobby North, Ignacio Martinetti, Melville Stewart, Jonathan Keefe, James B. Carson, George McKay, John Cantwell, May Hopkins, Arthur Morrison, William Sissons, William Sadler, Jim Kane, Vernon Milton, Mr. Gibbs, Dorothy Jardon, Louise Carter, Rita Perkins, Mable Russell, Edna Belmont, Ethel Southgate, Lillian Rice and Angie Weimers. Staged by George Marion. Chorus numbers arranged by Joe C. Smith.

Papa Lebonnard (31 perf.)—Play by Jean Aicard. Translated from the French by Iva Merlyn and C. A. De Lima. Adapted and arranged by Kate Jordan. Produced by L. S. Sire at the Bijou Theatre, New York, April 28, 1908. Cast:

Henry E. Dixey, Helen Tracy, Marie Nordstrom, James Spottswood, Pauline Duffield, Eugene Ormondé, Frank E. Aiken, Edna Conroy and Scott Siggins.

The Gay Musician (21 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edward Siedle and Charles Campbell. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced by John P. Slocum for The Amusement Producing Company, Inc., at Wallack's Theatre, New York, May 18, 1908. Cast:

Amelia Stone, Walter Percival, Edward Martindel, Charles Wellesley, Joseph C. Miron, Charles Campbell, L. R. Lefferson, Thomas W. Faber, Eugene Herbert, Thomas B. McCormick, A. L. Whitman, Sophie Brandt, Olga Von Hatzfeld, Dollie Eads, Katherine Howland, Florence Lindley, Francesca Le Clair, Gabrielle Bacot, Jean Erickson, Martha George, Katherine Moran, Gertrude Williams, Lorie Sprague, Gertrude Gibbons, Jacqueline Murphy, Gertrude Thurston, Margaret Von Keese, F. W. Turner, Roy Torrey, George Coburn and A. Strizck. Settings by James Fox, John H. Young and Ernest Albert.

Mary's Lamb (16 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Adapted from the French farce "Mme. Mongodin," by Richard

Carle. Music and lyrics by Mr. Carle. Produced by Mr. Carle at the New York Theatre, New York, May 25, 1908. Cast:

Richard Carle, Elita Proctor Otis, John B. Park, Frank H. Belcher, Ray Youngman, Harry Montgomery, Abbott Adams, Henrietta Lee, Edith St. Clair, Berta Mills, Winifred Gilrairie, Marion Mills, Carmen Espinoza, Rita Stanwood, Evelyn Richman, Walter Paschal, Howard Hall, Paul Souther, Mary Doe and Herman Noble. Staged by Richard Carle.

SEASON OF 1908-1909

Three Twins (288 perf.)—Musical play in two acts by Charles Dickson adapted from Mrs. R. Pacheco's farce "Incog." Lyrics by Otto A. Hauerbach. Music by Carl Hoschna. Produced by Joseph M. Gaites at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, June 15, 1908. Cast:

Bessie McCoy, Clifton Crawford, Joseph Allen, Stella Tracy, Joseph Kaufman, Willard Curtiss, Tom McMahon, W. J. McCarthy, Zella Adams, Marjorie Cogan, Richard Taber, Lillian Lawson, Anna Boyd, Jessica Berg, Theresa Powers, Clara Stanton, Blanche Wilson, Blanche Lamasney, Ethel Fawcette, Florrie Madison, Alice Packard, Daisy Appel, Mauri Madison, Helen Burnett, Rae Dixon, Helen Desmond, Virginia Steinhardt, Jessica Stoner, Florence Blake, Anna Ford, Dolly Dorsey, Lanier DeWolf, Viola Grant, Mona Trieste, Ida Adams, Marie Leonard, Hattie de Von, Elsie Gilbert, Dolly Filley, Irene McLaughlin, Eva Mull, George Mansfield, Walter Jenkins, Harry Collins, Ernest Geyer, W. J. Ford, S. Sommerville, C. McKinley and Charles Fitz. Staged by Gus Sohke.

On the night of December 22, 1908, the Herald Square Theatre was damaged by fire. The run of the play was halted until January 18, 1909, when it reopened at the Majestic Theatre.

Ziegfeld Follies of 1908 (120 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts. Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Maurice Levi. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Jardin de Paris, New York, June 15, 1908. Cast:

Lucy Weston, Barney Bernard, Nora Bayes, Bessie Green, Daisy Vanderbilt, Grace Leigh, Grace La Rue, Harry Watson, George Bickel, Arthur Deagon, Elphye Snowden, Eva Francis, May Mackenzie, William Powers, Seymour Brown, William Schrode, Billie Reeves, M'le Dazie, Lillian Lee, Lee Harrison, Alfred Froome, Annabelle Whitford, May Leslie, Elsie Hamilton, Florence Walton, Daisy Clark, Florence Mackenzie, Ruby Lewis, Mae Murray, Marjorie Bonner, Evelyn Carlton, Beatrice Learwood, Rosie Greene, Gertie Vanderbilt, the Misses Daniels, Paul, V. Powers, M. Leslie, Vernon, Washburn, Clark, West, V. Burro and Westbrook and the Messrs. Bergman, Hessong, De Ball, Books, Abbott and Royer. Principals directed by Herbert Gresham. Ensemble numbers staged by Julian Mitchell.

Rosie Greene is the mother of Mitzi Greene.

Moved to the New York Theatre, September 7, 1908.

Ski-Hi (25 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book, lyrics and music by Charles Alphin. Produced by the N. I. M. and A. Co. at the Madison Square Garden Roof Theatre, New York, June 20, 1908. Cast:

William Conley, Harry Short, Joseph Carey, Frank Kelley, Thomas Fortune, George Powers, Charles McGee, George Elliott, Harry Adams, William Smith, William Grant, Lottie Kendall, Adella Baker and Gertrude Black. Chorus numbers and dances staged by Robert A. Marks.

The Mimic World (92 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts and seven scenes. Book by Edgar Smith. Lyrics by Edward Madden and Addison Burkhardt. Music by Ben M. Jerome and Seymour Furth. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert and Lew Fields at the Casino Theatre, New York, July 9, 1908. Cast:

Walter Lawrence, Harry Corson Clark, William Bonelli, Will West, Arthur McWaters, Seymour Felix, Sam Collins, Sam Sidman, Charles Sharp, Roy Atwell, Frank Mayne, Dave Lewis, Bert Von Klein, Charles King, Jack Loughlin, Bert French, William Moore, Louis Franklin, Frank Thomas, George Pierce, Jack Gordon, Joe Hadley, Irene Bentley, Grace Tyson, Lotta Faust, George W. Monroe, Doris Cameron, Ada Gordon, Marjorie Cortland, Vernon Castle, Gladys Caire, Nellie King, Grace Shannon, Gladys Moore, Mazie King, Theresa Bercien and the Misses L. Franklin, E. Franklin, P. Franklin, V. Earl and H. Pillard. Staged by J. C. Huffman. Musical numbers staged by Ned Wayburn.

Cohan and Harris Minstrels (24 perf.)—Produced at the New York Theatre, New York, August 3, 1908. Cast:

Headed by: George Evans, Eddie Leonard, Julian Eltinge, Waterbury Brothers, Rice and Prevost, George Thatcher, John King, George W. Lewis, F. McGinniss, W. Freeze, L. Freeze, Joe Le Strange, W. Brazil, Harry M. Morse and Ernest Tenney.

The Girl Question (32 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by William M. Hough and F. R. Adams. Music by Joseph E. Howard. Produced by the Askin-Singer Co. at Wallack's Theatre, New York, August 3, 1908. Cast:

Isabel D'Armond, Dan Bruce, Edwin Maynard, Georgie Drew Mendum, Junie McCree, George Morgan, Jack Henderson, Helen Royton, Carl H. George, Harry Hanlon, Lester Brown, Lew Fuller, William Davis, J. D. Miller and Helen Broderick. Staged by George H. Marion. Settings by John H. Young.

The Traveling Salesman (280 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by James Forbes. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Liberty Theatre, New York, August 10, 1908. Cast:

Mrs. Babbitt.....	Sarah McVicker	Perce Gill.....	Edward M. Dresser
Luella Ann Dawson		Beth Elliott.....	Gertrude Coghlan
	Frances Golden Fuller	Franklyn Royce.....	Percival T. Moore
Mrs. William Henry Dawson		Martin Drury.....	William Beach
	Maud B. Sinclair	A Conductor.....	Ike Loewenthal
William Henry Dawson, Jr.	John Tansy	Bob Blake.....	Frank J. McIntyre
Bibb Crabb.....	R. C. Turner	Ted Watts.....	Arthur Shaw
William Henry Dawson, Sr.		Julius.....	H. D. Blakemore
	Edward Ellis	John Kimball.....	Edward Ellis
	Ben Cobb.....		Nicholas Burnham

Staged by the author. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

Moved to the Gaiety Theatre, September 7, 1908.

The Man from Home, Aug. 17, 1908. See page 303.

The Devil (175 perf.)—Play in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Translated and adapted by Alexander Konta and William Trowbridge Larned. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Belasco Theatre, New York, August 18, 1908. Cast:

The Devil.....	George Arliss	Sandor Tatray.....	Hamilton Revelle
Laszlo Voross.....	Herbert Budd	Andre.....	J. Palmer Collins
Jolan (Mme. Voross).....	Grace Elliston	Servant.....	C. P. Zell
Vilma.....	Emily Stevens	Fanny.....	Mrs. George Arliss

Guests at the Voross reception: Leonore Halstead, Sophie Ulrich, Elizabeth Marshall,

Dawsey McNaughton, Catherine Morley, Berkeley Madox, John Mack, B. S. Printie, Joseph E. Logan, James Bernard and G. M. Barth.
Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske.

This play, having already attracted considerable attention in Europe, was received in New York as something of a sensation due largely to the circumstance of its production by two leading managers on the same date. The play was not copyrighted in the United States and each manager purchased "Rights" from the author or his agent all in good faith.

"Mr. Arliss' interpretation was subtle, persuasive and he injected into the role sardonic humor and lightness of touch. Mr. Stevens played the role on broadly comic lines."

The Devil (87 perf.)—Play in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Adapted by Oliver Herford. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, New York, August 18, 1908. Cast:

The Devil (Dr. Miller).....	Edwin Stevens	Karl Mahler.....	Paul McAllister
Olga Hofmann.....	Dorothy Dorr	Mimi.....	Marion Lorne
Herman Hofmann.....	Frank Monroe	Mme. Zanden.....	Nan Lewald
Elsa Berg.....	Marguerite Snow	Mme. Reineke.....	Jane Murray
Mme. Schleswig.....	Theodosia de Cappet	Heinrich.....	W. Chrystie Miller
Herr Grosse.....	Henry Clark	Herr Besser.....	Arthur Hoyt
Mme. Lassen.....	Tiny Marshall	Manservant.....	Franklin Bixby

Staged by Robert Milton. Settings by Walter Burridge.

On November 2, 1908, Henry Dixey, who had been playing the role in Chicago, replaced Mr. Stevens, who took the play on tour. Other changes in the company at this time were: Harry Hilliard, John D. Griffith, Marie Nordstrom, Hardee Kirkland, Blanche Rice, Loise Taber, Maude Gambles and Preston Crews in place of Paul McAllister, W. Chrystie Miller, Dorothy Dorr, Frank Monroe, Nan Lewald, Theodosia de Cappet (later to become Theda Bara of screen fame), Tiny Marshall and Arthur Hoyt respectively.

All for a Girl (33 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer at the Bijou Theatre, New York, August 22, 1908. Cast:

Douglas Fairbanks, Robert A. Fischer, Percy Plunkett, John E. Brennan, Samuel M. Forrest, Emil De Varney, W. J. Constantine, Carlos Constantine, Ernest Mack, Adelaide Manola, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, Jane Corcoran, Ruth Shepley, Florence Robertson and Margaret Kenmare. Staged by William A. Brady.

This was Ruth Shepley's New York debut.

The Call of the North (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Broadhurst founded on Stewart Edward White's story "Conjuror's House." Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, August 24, 1908. Cast:

Robert Edeson, De Witt C. Jennings, Thomas McGrath, Francis Byrne, Lawrence Edginger, David Torrence, Robert Peyton Carter, Macey Harlem, Grant Mitchell, Burke Clarke, James B. Garfield, M. W. Chambers, Marjorie Wood, Olive Oliver, Beatrice Prentice and Helen Dahl. Staged by Robert Edeson. Settings by Joseph A. Physioc.

Love Watches (172 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by R. De Flers and G. Caillavet adapted by Gladys Unger. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, August 27, 1908. Cast:

Count Andre De Juvigny.....Cyril Keightley	Lucie de Morfontaine.....Maude Odell
Ernest Augarde.....Ernest Lawford	Marquise de Juvigny.....Kate Meek
The Abbe Merlin.....W. H. Crompton	Charlotte Bernier.....Louise Drew
Mons. Carteret.....Stanley Dark	Baroness de St. Ermin.....Isabel West
Germain.....Horace H. Porter	Christine.....Ida Greeley-Smith
François.....William Claire	Solange.....Annie Bradley
Chauffeur.....William Edgar	Rose.....Laura Clement
Jacqueline.....Billie Burke	Louise.....Maud S. Love
	Maid.....Charlotte Shelby

Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Algeria (48 perf.)—Musical play in two acts by Victor Herbert and Glen MacDonough. Produced by Frank McKee at the Broadway Theatre, New York, August 31, 1908. Cast:

Ida Brooks Hunt, William Pruette, George Leon Moore, Harriet Burt, George Marion, Ernest Lambart, Florence Nash, Eugene P. Arnold, Joseph Carey, May Willard, Grace Rankin, Katherine Howland, Madge Richardson, Carolyn Barber, Jans Grover, William Cameron, Richard M. Dolliver, Franklin Foster, Helen Broderick, the Misses Benyusuf, Desmond, Breen, Lang, Meyers, Valliere, Lawrence, Dupont, Baldwin, Warren Race, Clarke, Leidy, Angela, Bennett, Perry, Mack, Ware, Parker, Kendal, Gordon, Vinegut, Donelson, Burpee, Madden, Grover, Hanson, Arnold, Cuppia and Peters and the Messrs. Carey, Goeble, Corse, Kern, Walsh, Reinhard, Kline, Groves, Maxwell, D'Angelo and Rome. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Ernest Albert.

After several revisions this play was again produced September 20, 1909, under the title "The Rose of Algeria." See page 400 of "Best Plays of 1909-1919."

The Mollusc (96 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, September 1, 1908. Cast:

Miss Roberts..Beatrice Forbes Robertson	Tom Kemp.....Joseph Coyne
Mrs. Baxter.....Alexandra Carlisle	Mr. Baxter.....Forrest Robinson

Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

Preceded by:

The Likes O' Me (33 perf.)—An episode in one act by Wilfred T. Coleby. Cast:

Doris Keane, Maud S. Love, Master George Clarke, W. H. Gilmore and Dudley Digges. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Frank Platzer.

On September 29, 1908, **Mrs. Peckham's Carouse** (63 perf.), a one act play by George Ade, was substituted for "The Likes O' Me." Cast:

May Irwin, De Witt C. Jennings, Frank Connor, Mary K. Taylor, W. H. Gilmore and Dudley Digges. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Frank Platzer.

"Mrs. Peckham's Carouse" was revived at the Cohan Theatre, New York, April 21, 1913. See page 500 of "Best Plays of 1909-1919."

Sir Charles Wyndham's London Company played "The Mollusc"

for two weeks at the Empire Theatre, New York, beginning June 7, 1909. Cast:

Miss Roberts.....	Beatrice Waldegrave	Tom Kemp.....	Charles Wyndham
Mrs. Baxter.....	Mary Moore	Mr. Baxter.....	Sam Sothern

The Regeneration (39 perf.)—Play in four acts by Owen Kildare and Walter Hackett. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Wallack Theatre, New York, September 1, 1908. Cast:

Edwin Arden, Arnold Daly, Roy Fairchild, Edward Heron, William Harrigan, George Leach, Charles Haynes, Harold M. Cheshire, R. W. Tucker, John Harrington, Jessie Izett, Helen Ware, Mary Frances Boyce, Janet Beecher, Mathilde Deshon and Rose Allin. Staged by Arnold Daly.

The Girls of Gottenburg (103 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts by George Grossmith, Jr., and L. E. Berman. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 2, 1908. Cast:

James Blakeley, Lionel Mackinder, John E. Hazzard, Ross Clifford, Ernest Cossart, Warwick Wellington, Overton Moyle, Ridgwell Cullum, Henry Vincent, Wallace McCutcheon, Edward Garvie, Sarony Lambert, R. R. Neill, Theodore Walters, Guy Maingy, Herman Brand, May Naudain, Edith Kelly, Hazel Neason, Louise Dresser, Grace Riopel, Ethel Vivian, Mabel Hollins, Clara Pitt, Molly McGrath, Mary Lee, Adelaide Kornau, Louise Brunelle, Grace Walsh, Esther Robinson, Gertie Millar and the Messrs. Grant and Leech. Staged by J. A. E. Malone.

Diana of Dobson's (17 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Cicely Hamilton. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Savoy Theatre, New York, September 5, 1908. Cast:

Carlotta Nillson, Beatrice Moreland, Mildred Morris, Jane Lloyd, Katherine Kappell, Florence Edney, Ffolliott Paget, Frederick Beane, Millicent McLaughlin, Harrison Carter, Richard Bennett, May Galyer and Louis Massen. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Frank Platzer.

Sporting Days (448 perf., matinee daily)—Spectacular musical production made by the Messrs. Shubert and Anderson at The New York Hippodrome, New York, September 5, 1908. Cast:

J. Parker Coombs, Edwin A. Clark, George Mordecai, Marie Tyler, William H. Clarke, George Melville, Harry Dale, Marceline, Nat W. Harris, George Holland, Charles Ravel, Nanette Flack, Adrian Bellvue, Sam Baker, Harry E. Cluett, Urolin Edwards, Jack C. Warren, John Fleming, Herbert Mansfield, Ella Smyth, Margaret Townsend, Oscar Lowande, Paul Sandor's Dog Circus, Eight Brazilian Equestrians, The Riegoes, The Poncherrys, The Kierston-Mariettas, The Three Dimons and J. Donohue.

Fluffy Ruffles (48 perf.)—Musical play in three acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics by Wallace Irwin. Music by W. T. Francis, Jerome D. Kern and Leigh and Potter. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, September 7, 1908. Cast:

Hattie Williams, John Bunny, Bert Leslie, Jack Gardner, Fletcher Norton, Edouard Durand, Charles T. Burrows, Victor Hyde, Frank Lewis, Victor Le Roy, William Quirk, Roy Dennison, Lida McMillan, Nellie Butler, Helena Frederick, Adele Rowland, Florence Martin, Nettie Hyde, Bessie Clifford, Evelyn Richman, Mattie O'Brien, Violet Heming, Elsie Drews, Hazel Jocelyn, Jane Hall, Florence Averill, Mabel Mercer, Ethel Filmore, Madge Melbourne, Eithel Kelly, Helen Morrison, Edward O'Connor, Josephine Drake and George Grossmith, Jr. Staged by Ben Teal. Settings by Hugo Buruch, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

First New York appearance of Violet Heming.

Glorious Betsy (24 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Rida Johnson Young. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert by arrangement with James K. Hackett at the Lyric Theatre, New York, September 7, 1908. Cast:

Mary Mannering, Helen Macbeth, Maude Turner Gordon, Gertrude Clemens, Clara Lester, George W. Howard, Claude Brooke, Herbert Carr, Charles Clary, Edward Trevor, Addison Pitt, Harrison Ford, Harry Driscole, Edward Langford, Thomas David, Clarence Williams, James A. Dickson, Henry Handy and Augustine Lewis. Staged by J. C. Huffman. Settings by H. Robert Law.

Wildfire (64 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart. Produced by Joseph Brooks at the Liberty Theatre, New York, September 7, 1908. Cast:

Lillian Russell, Thurston Hall, John D. O'Hara, Franklyn Roberts, Joseph Tuohy, Frank Sheridan, Sydney Booth, Gilbert Douglas, Ernest Truex, Will Archie, T. Hayes Hunter, Ellen Mortimer, Mary Elizabeth Forbes and Annie Buckley. Staged by Lawrence Marston. Settings by T. B. McDonald.

Jack Straw (112 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 14, 1908. Cast:

John Drew, Edgar L. Davenport, Frank Goldsmith, Mario Majeroni, Frederick Tyler, Edwin Nicander, E. Soldene Powell, Rose Coghlan, Mary Boland, Adelaide Prince, Kate Kimball and Grace Henderson. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Edward G. Unitt and Wickes.

School Days (32 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Book by Aaron Hoffman. Lyrics by Edward Gardenier and Vincent Bryan. Music by Gus Edwards. Produced at the Circle Theatre, New York, September 14, 1908. Cast:

Milfred Berrick, Daniel Murphy, Gypsy Mooney, Ethel Wayne, Jeannette Alpine, Gregory Kelly, John Hines, Isador Rabino, Berenice Faye, Joe Keno, Agnes Lynn, Ethlyn Wilmont, Jesse Keppler, Janet Priest, Nat Baker, Harry Siedel, Herman Timberg, Harry Evans, Hazel Cox, Carolyn Waide and Loraine Lester. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

The Prisoner of Zenda—Romantic play by Edward Rose, based on the novel by Anthony Hope. Revived at the Hackett Theatre, New York, September 21, 1908. Cast:

James K. Hackett (Rudolph), Brigham Royce, Arthur Hoops, Guy Coombs, William Eville, J. E. Davidson, Dorothy Hammack, Carl Ahrendt, J. Gordon Edwards, T. C. Diers, J. Claneay Mathew, W. H. Gerard, John Dugan, J. E. R. Keller, Edward Langford, George E. Angus, Emery Page, S. E. Williams, George Girard, Grant Clarke, J. P. Desmuke, Edward Regan, Mabel Roebuck, Nina Morris, Alison Skipworth, Virginia Davis, Margaret Slavin, Margaret Gallagher, Helen Hancock and Van De Graft.

Mr. Hackett and his company remained at this theatre four weeks. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was played during the first three weeks and alternated with a revival of "The Crisis" the fourth week. In this Mr. Hackett played the role he created when the play received its first production at Wallack's Theatre, November 17, 1902. See page 422.

The first New York production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" was at the Lyceum Theatre, September 4, 1895. E. H. Sothern was

Marcelle (68 perf.)—Operetta in two acts by Pixley and Luders. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Casino Theatre, New York, October 1, 1908. Cast:

Louise Gunning, Jess Dandy, Frank Rushworth, Henry Norman, Herbert Cawthorne, George Boniface, Jr., Lawrence Wheat, Robert O'Connor, David Bennett, George Lyman, Edward Reed, Edith Girvan, Elsa Ryan, Marion Ford, Leona Anderson, Nettie Black, Florence Arkell, Margarite MacDonald, Mae Rollins, Nan Pankhurst, Eileen Kearney, Mae Allen, Louise Tozier, Della Connor, Irene Spencer, Bessie Carrette, Bessie Skeer, Bertha Pearl, Lucille Jardon and Ollie Stewart. Staged by Frank Smithson.

Agnes (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by George Cameron. Produced at the Majestic Theatre, New York, October 5, 1908. Cast:

Nance O'Neil, Nellie Malcolm, John A. Mieson, Grace Goodall, Mrs. Adeline Stanhope Wheatcroft, Cuyler Hastings, Percy Ames, Sam Hardy, Mrs. Clara Bracy, James A. Leahy, Robert Drouet, Margaret Bloodgood, Paul Scardon, Winifred Voorhees and Herbert Fortier. Staged by McKee Rankin. Settings by Fraser.

The American Idea (64 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced by Cohan and Harris at the New York Theatre, New York, October 5, 1908. Cast:

George Beban, Robert Daily, Walter Le Roy, Gilbert Gregory, Hugh Mack, Richard Tabor, Harold Forbes, Harold Gordon, Richard Tobin, Trixie Friganza, Stella Hammerstein, Carrie Bowman, Lola Merrill, Edith MacBride, Rosie Green, Gertie Vanderbilt, the Misses Hartford, Alexander, Martin, Monroe, Harries, Coyle, Barron, Martrit, Snyder, Brooks, Hartman, Lee, Wilson, F. Martyn, Newell, Troutman, Hay, B. Friganza, Courtney, Watson, McNowen, Ford, Le Roy, Earl, E. Ross, F. Ross, Glasson, Hilton, Gilbert and Whiteford, the Messrs. Avery, Lorraine, Conway, Shields, Monte, Shattick, Waite, Stevens, Lasher, Doyle, Fink, Day, Levallin, McCormick and Rawley. Settings by John Young, Unitt and Wickes.

Myself—Bettina (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced by Maxine Elliott at Daly's Theatre, New York, October 5, 1908. Cast:

Maxine Elliott, Viola Fortescue, Lois Frances Clark, Suzanne Perry, Gertrude Berkeley, Thomas J. Kelly, Grant Mitchell, Eric Maturin and Julian L'Estrange. Staged by Rachel Crothers.

His Wife's Family (15 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George Egerton. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Wallack Theatre, New York, October 6, 1908. Cast:

Edwin Arden, Arnold Daly, William Harrigan, Edward Harrigan, Eugene Ormonde, Doris Keane, Janet Beecher and Mathilde Deshon. Staged by Arnold Daly. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Golden Butterfly (48 perf.)—Comic opera in three acts. Libretto by Harry B. Smith. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced by Charles Bradley at the Broadway Theatre, New York, October 12, 1908. Cast:

Grace Van Studdiford, Leonora Novasio, Marion Woods, Charles Purcell, Louis Cassavant, Louis Harrison, Frank Benor, Walter Jenkins, A. Hanschman, Carl Gordon, Walter Percival, Alice Hills, W. J. McCarthy, Gene Luneska, Gladys Coleman, Charles W. Butler, Robert G. Williams, Louise Garrett, Florence Topham, June Bonnell and Harriet Allen. Staged by A. M. Holbrook.

Pierre of the Plains (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edgar Selwyn taken from Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and His People."

Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, October 12, 1908. Cast:

Edgar Selwyn, Elsie Ferguson, Scott Siggins, George Schaeffer, Grace Cleveland, Paul Dickey, Richard Sterling, Joseph Adelman, Harrison Armstrong, Clifford Stork, Walter Craven, Fred Turner and Edward Sherman.

The Man Who Stood Still (61 perf.)—Play in four acts by Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced by William A. Brady at the Circle Theatre, New York, October 15, 1908. Cast:

Louis Mann, Edith Browning, Madame Mathilde Cottrelly, Robert A. Fischer, James Vincent, Emily Ann Wellman, P. S. Barrett, H. A. La Motte, Geoffrey Stein, Lillian Sinnott, Frank Julian, Gladys Malvern, Corinne Malvern, Herman Marum and Nat Daniels. Staged by William A. Brady. Settings by H. Robert Law.

Samson (152 perf.)—Play in four acts by Henri Bernstein Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, October 19, 1908. Cast:

Honore, the Marquis D'Andeline	Jean.....	Bennett Kilpack
Frederick De Belleville	Josef.....	Emmett Whitney
Max D'Andeline, his son..	Zambo.....	C. Maclean Savage
Jerome Le Govain.....	Anne-Marie.....	Constance Collier
Maurice Brachard.....	Francoise D'Andeline..	Marie Wainwright
Henri Deveaux.....	Elsie Vernet.....	Pauline Frederick
Marcel De Fontenay.....	Clotilde.....	Kathryn Keyes

Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Little Nemo (111 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith based on Winsor McCay's cartoons. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, October 20, 1908. Cast:

Master Gabriel (Little Nemo), Joseph Cawthorn, Billy B. Van, Harry Kelly, W. W. Black, A. H. Hendricks, Dave Abrams, Louis Hart, Sim Collins, Edward B. Kramer, Louis F. Barnes, Florence Tempest, Aimee Ehrlich, Albertine Benson, Elphye Snowden, Rose Beaumont, Madeline Marshall, Mildred Manning and Sunshine Ijames. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Settings by Young Brothers and Boss, Ernest Albert and John Young.

The Great Question (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Frederick Paulding. Produced by A. L. Wilbur at the Majestic Theatre, New York, October 26, 1908. Cast:

Jessie Bonstelle, A. H. Stuart, Bessie Lea Lestina, Inez Plumer, Julius McVicker, Mark Kent, J. Malcolm Dunn, Homer Miles, Mahlon Hamilton, Royal Tracy, Mabel Carruthers, Alice Donovan, Violette Kimball, Foster Hackett and J. H. Siehler. Staged by the author. Settings by A. W. Street.

The Boys and Betty (112 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced by Daniel V. Arthur at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 2, 1908. Cast:

Marie Cahill, E. J. De Varney, James B. Carson, Edgar Norton, Macy Harlam, John E. Keller, Clara Palmer, Annabelle Gordon, Claudia Rogers, Anna Ford, Blanche Wilmot, Bonnie Maud, Eugene Cowles, Edgar Atchison-Ely, Anna Mooney, Camille Buehler, Phoebe Loubet, Florence Holmes, Mary Mooney, Harry Morey, Marguerite Binford, A. E. Luzzi, George Deane, Arthur Garner, Jessie Elliott, Florence Ravel, Evelyn Radcliffe, Louise Shelly, Carrie Miller, Fanny Boutelle, Gertrude Barnard, Marie Mayo, Lorie Sprague, Bessie Cottrell, Tempe Evans, Grace Harper, Agnes Ormonde, Josephine Montague and Sadie Henderson. Staged by George Marion. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

Dr. Benedict.....	Edwin Brewster	Old Mary.....	Mary Maddern
Baxter.....	Robert Evans	Sal.....	Merle Maddern
Bob.....	Frank De Gez	Rosie Hubbell.....	May Barton
Pete.....	Jesse Keppler	Mame Marsh.....	Elsie Romayne
Nell Sanders.....	Mrs. Fiske	Mrs. Baxter.....	Gilda Varsi
Myrle Odell.....	Hope Latham	Mamie.....	Corinne Ford
	Jennie.....	Constance Abbott	

Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske and Mrs. Fiske. Settings by Frank Dodge and Ernest Gros.

The Patriot (160 perf.)—Farce in three acts by J. Hartley Manners and William Collier. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 23, 1908. Cast:

William Collier, John Saville, Wallace Worsley, Frank Westerton, Thomas Martin, Thomas Beauregard, John B. Adam, "Buster" Collier, M. E. Kelly, Helen Hale, Helena Collier-Garrick, Paula Marr, Margaret Warren, Rex MacDougall, Reginald Mason, Max Esberg, James Merrill, Annie Esmond and Helena Byrne. Staged by William Collier. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

The Stronger Sex (48 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by John Valentine. Produced by Wagenhals and Kemper at Weber's Theatre, New York, November 23, 1908. Cast:

Annie Russell, Oswald Yorke, Robert Drouet, Frank Peters, Alma Kruger, Helen Tracy, Cecelia Radclyffe, Ina Korke, Louise DeRigny, Nora Krumm, Mabel Freyear, Agnes Wadley, Adelaide Barrett, Caroline Wright, Dore Davidson, William Wadsworth, James Du Sang, Elwyn Eaton and W. A. Lincoln. Staged by Collin Kemper.

The Blue Mouse (232 perf.)—Farcical comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch from the German of Alexander Engel and Julius Horst. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, November 30, 1908. Cast:

Mabel Barrison, Harry Conor, Mrs. Rosa Cooke, Jameson Lee Finney, Jane Laurel, Charles Dickson, Alfred Hickman, John Emerson, Newton Merrill, Clinton Maynard, Franklin Hurlleigh, Elizabeth Ariaans, Leonora Oakford, M. A. Alexander, H. F. Koser, T. M. S. Robinson, James Conley, Otto Schrader, Leslie Mayo, Elizabeth Kinna, Maude Stanley, Florence Cable, Charlie Courtland, Florence Douglass, Elizabeth Gardner, Lois Stowe, Thomas Jafolla, W. Scott, Edgar Thomas and W. Sharp. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Law.

Moved to the Maxine Elliott Theatre, May 3, 1909.

During the run Mrs. Rosa Cooke was replaced by Zelda Sears, who in turn was replaced by Lucille La Verne.

Miss Innocence (176 perf.)—Musical entertainment. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the New York Theatre, New York, November 30, 1908. Cast:

Anna Held, Charles A. Bigelow, Emma Janvier, Edith Decker, Edith St. Clair, Lawrence D'Orsay, Leo Mars, Robert Payton Gibbs, F. Stanton Heck, Maurice Hege-man, Millie Baker, Edna Chase, Shirley Kellogg, Mary Anderson, Edna Birch, James Clyde, Pierre Roudil, Dudley Oatman, Ernest Wood, Peter Swift, Alfred Fairbrother, Lionel Lozier, James S. Brush, Charles Barry, Alfred Rhinehardt, William Gammage, Faico, Madlyn J. Summers, John A. Young, Elise Hamilton, Lillian Lorraine, Eva Francis, Anna C. Wilson, Marion Whitney, Grace Rankin, Vida Whitmore, Virginia Marshall, May Hopkins, Lottie Vernon, Mae Paul, Daisy Rudd, Ruby Lewis, Dorothy Follis, Gladys Zell, Florence Walton, Blanche West, Erminie Clark, James Barry and the Misses Davies, Jewell, Mantell, M. Gillmore, Hoyt, Learwood and MacDonald. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Settings by T. B. McDonald.

The Prima Donna (72 perf.)—Comic opera in two acts by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. Produced by Charles Dilling-

ham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, November 30, 1908.

Cast:

Fritzi Scheff, St. Clair Bayfield, William J. Harcourt, William Raymond, Donald Hall, Martin Haydon, George W. MacNamara, Robert E. Clark, W. J. Ferguson, James E. Sullivan, Phil Branson, Herbert Ayling, Armand Cortes, Peter Canova, Josephine Bartlett, Gwendolyn Valentine, Grace Delmar, Renee Dyris, La Noveta, Ruth Holt Boucault, Blanche Morrison, Catherine Stewart, Margaret Ross, Gertrude Doremus, Virginia Reed and Marguerite May. Staged by Fred G. Latham.

The Winterfeast (16 perf.)—Play in five acts by Charles Rann Kennedy. Special music by William Furst. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, November 30, 1908. Cast:

Robert Cummings, Frank Mills, Walter Hampden, Arthur Lewis, Ben Field, Edith Wynne Matthison and Gladys Wynne.

Mary Jane's Pa (89 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Edith Ellis. Produced by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, New York, December 3, 1908. Cast:

Henry E. Dixey, Emmet King, Morgan Coman, Hardee Kirkland, John Junior, Horace Newman, Edward Chapman, Frank Bixby, Augustin Daly Wilkes, Anne Sutherland, Marjorie Wood, Gretchen Hartman, Maud Earle and Alice Gilmore.

During the week of February 1, 1909, this company played in Brooklyn, N. Y., at the Grand Opera House, returning to the Garden Theatre, New York, on February 8, 1909, and continuing through February 27, 1909. No matinees were played during the week of February 8th as "Lincoln at the White House" gave a matinee every day. See page 511.

The Pied Piper (52 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Austin Strong and R. H. Burnside. Music by Manuel Klein. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Majestic Theatre, New York, December 3, 1908. Cast:

De Wolf Hopper, Marguerite Clark, William Cameron, D. L. Baker, W. L. Romaine, Bert Devlin, John Phillips, Edward Heron, Grace Cameron, Ada Deaves, Frank Laddis, Bonnie Farley, Lillian Thatcher, Elda Curry, Mabel Mordaunt and Warren Fabian. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

The Queen of the Moulin Rouge (160 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Paul M. Potter. Lyrics by Vincent Bryan. Music by John T. Hall. Produced by Thomas W. Ryley at the Circle Theatre, New York, December 7, 1908. Cast:

Flora Parker, Carter De Haven, Richard F. Carroll, A. A. Campbell, Frank Sherlock, Jeanette Horton, Elizabeth Whitney, Hattie Forsythe, May Maloney, Eileen Kearney, Edward M. Favor, Fred Rivenhall, Berta Mills, Veola Adams, Louise Alexander, Juliette Dika, George Anderson, Edward Wilson, Fletcher Norton, T. De Vassey, George Wharnock, Doris Cameron, Eleanor Thorne, Odette Auber, Patricia Collinge, Reginald De Veulle, Frank X. Bushman, Harry Humphreys, P. H. Riblet and Russell Price.

Frank X. Bushman later became known as Francis X. Bushman, one of the first matinee idols of the screen.

The Battle (144 perf.)—Play in four acts by Cleveland Moffett. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Savoy Theatre, New York, December 21, 1908. Cast:

Wilton Lackaye, H. B. Warner, E. M. Holland, Gerald Griffin, Charles Abbe, Milner Pollock, Josephine Victor, Elsie Ferguson, Olive McVine and Emily Wurster. Staged by Hugh Ford. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

Peggy Machree (40 perf.)—Comedy with music by Patric Bidwell. Produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, December 21, 1908. Cast:

Joseph O'Mara, Percy F. Leach, Marc MacDermott, Marcus Moriarty, John D. O'Hara, Dan Fitzgerald, Arthur Wynn, Fred A. Cordes, C. P. Waters, Ed. Cahill, Adrienne Augarde, Corah Adams, Belle Daube, Jennie Lamont, Katherine Moran, Jean Waters, Stella Baker and Miriam Cordes. Staged by Percy F. Leach.

Mr. Hamlet of Broadway (54 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith. Lyrics by Edward Madden. Music by Ben M. Jerome. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Casino Theatre, New York, December 23, 1908. Cast:

Eddie Foy, George A. Schiller, Oscar Ragland, John H. Pratt, Charles Holton, Harry Madison, James F. Cook, R. H. Strong, William Morgan, William Rees, Jud. Brady, Laura Guerite, Maude Raymond, Mabelle Baker, Daphne Pollard, Helen Covell, Mabelle Strom, Grace Sheridan, Martha Dean, Helene Davis, Marie Du Pree, Octavia Hague, Vera Maxwell, Harry Simpson, Valentine Holman, Mabelle Pratt, Isabel Seaton, Violet Van Nichols and Violet Reed. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

What Every Woman Knows (198 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by James M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, December 23, 1908. Cast:

John Shand.....	Richard Bennett	Alick Wylie.....	R. Payton Carter
Comtesse De La Briere....	Ffolliott Paget	James Wylie.....	Fred Tyler
Lady Sybil Lazenby.....	Beatrice Agnew	David Wylie.....	David Torrence
Maggie Wylie.....	Maude Adams	Mr. Venables.....	Lumsden Hare
First Elector.....	James L. Carhart	Maid.....	Lillian Spencer
Third Elector.....	W. H. Gilmore	Second Elector.....	Wallace Jackson

This play was revived April 13, 1926, by William A. Brady at the Bijou Theatre, New York. Helen Hayes played Maggie Wylie and Lumsden Hare played his original role. See "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 583.

The Chaperon (62 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Marion Fairfax. Produced at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, December 30, 1908. Cast:

Maxine Elliott, Ada Gilman, Oza Waldrop, J. R. Crawford, Alice Wilson, Suzanne Perry, Rene Kelley, Georgia O'Ramey, Theodore M. Morris, William Harrigan, Albert Mayer, Julian L'Estrange, Mrs. Louise Rial, Thomas Thorne, Grant Mitchell and Mahlon Hamilton. Staged by Felix Edwardes.

An International Marriage (16 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst. Produced by Currie and Gray at the Weber Theatre, New York, January 4, 1909. Cast:

Digby Bell, William J. Kelley, Cuyler Hastings, John Sainpolis, Albert Perry, John Daly Murphy, Fred W. Peters, Charles N. Greene, Edward Jack, Christine Norman, Florence Huntington, Amelia Mayborn, Florence Robertson and Gertrude Dalton. Staged by the author.

The Barber of New Orleans (27 perf.)—Play in four acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced by William Faversham at Daly's Theatre, New York, January 15, 1909. Cast:

William Faversham, H. Cooper Cliffe, Lionel Belmore, Percy C. Waram, Harry Redding, Burton Churchill, Morton Selton, Frank A. Lyon, Frank Bendtsen, Leonie Flugrath, Charles Harbury, Julie Opp, Alice Belmore, Olive Oliver, Gertrude Adgarde, John May, Pickering Brown and John Douglass. Staged by William Faversham.

The Vampire (24 perf.)—Play in three acts by Edgar Allan Wolf and George Sylvester Viereck. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Hackett Theatre, New York, January 18, 1909
Cast:

Warner Oland, Louise Dempsey, Mark Smith, John E. Kellerd, Katherine Florence, John Westley, Richard Baker and George Pauncefort. Staged by Albert Cowles.

The Easiest Way (157 perf.)—Play in four acts by Eugene Walter. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, January 19, 1909. Cast:

Frances Starr, Edward H. Robins, Joseph Kilgour, William Sampson, Laura Nelson Hall and Emma Dunn. Staged by David Belasco.

See page 1 of "Best Plays of 1909-1919."

Kassa (65 perf.)—Play in three acts by John Luther Long. Produced by Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Liberty Theatre, New York, January 23, 1909. Cast:

Mrs. Leslie Carter, Charles A. Millward, Robert Cummings, Harry Weaver, Thomas V. Morrison, Charles Mason, Charles Pitt, William E. Shay, Eugene Ormande, Edward Langford, L. W. Keller, Charles Hayne, Eleanor Morretti, Margaret Campbell, Virginia Milton, H. C. Potter, Ella Day, Florence Malone, Doris Hardy, Ella Bee Cross, Martha Lewis, Merle Gail, Sallie Akers, Emma Reeves, Martin Hurley, James Pearl, Thomas Oakley, Daniel O'Hare, Louise Day, Harriet Sterling and Little Vivian Tobin.

The Dawn of a Tomorrow (152 perf.)—Play in three acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Produced by Liebler and Co. at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 25, 1909. Cast:

Eleanor Robson, Fuller Mellish, Aubrey Boucicault, Fred W. Sidney, George Farren, Wallace Erskine, Alan Pollock, Henry Stanford, Walter Dickinson, Roy Fairchild, Claude Brooke, Arthur Barry, Frank Daniels, Jr., Ernest C. Joy, Ernest H. Wallace, Henry Forrest, Lionel Hogarth, James B. Marryatt, Charles Dowd, Caroline Kenyon, Carrie Merrilees, Ada Dwyer, Susanne Lee and Marion Shelby. Staged by Hugh Ford. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

Kitty Grey (48 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts adapted by J. Smyth Pigott from Messrs. Mars and Hennequin's "Les Fétards." Music by Augustus Barratt, Howard Talbot and Lionel Monckton. Produced by Charles Frohman at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, January 25, 1909. Cast:

G. P. Huntley, Julia Sanderson, Glory Pearce, F. Pope Stamper, Charles Angelo, Frank Perfit, Percy Corray, Robert Corray, Francis Gaillard, Percival Knight, Valli Valli, Eva Kelly, Barbara Huntley, Mabel Sealby, Gladys Desmond, Millicent Forsyth, Ethel Forsyth, Barbara Dunbar, Mabel D'Estere and Dorothea Temple. Staged by Austin Hurgon.

A Stubborn Cinderella (88 perf.)—Musical play in three acts. Book by Hough and Adams. Music by Joseph E. Howard. Produced by Mort H. Singer at the Broadway Theatre, New York, January 25, 1909. Cast:

John Barrymore, Sallie Fisher, Charles Prince, Robert Harrington, Dorothy Brenner, Alice Dovey, Alan Brooks, Don Merrifield, Charles Rankin, John Wheeler, Ben Turbett, Charles Wedlake, Clarence Lutz, James C. Marlowe, Helen Salinger, Frank Magin, the Misses Adams, Baker, Boswell, Carleton, Cecil, Cummings, Deskaw, Downing, Edwards, Everette, Feltes, Francis, Gilbert, Harrington, Harris, Horlock, Houck, Hubbard, Lockwood, Merrill, Miller, Moon, A. Notter, H. Notter, O'Day, Qty, Porterfield, Rodriquez, Shaw, Stephenson, Stone, Stoy, Vose, Webb, White and Young and the Messrs. Damarel, Diamond, Gates, Hamilton, Headley, Hutchins, Lansky, Lasher, Lutz, Merrill, McDermott, McKitteridge, Murray, Sampson, Wood and Yorkshire. Staged by George Marion.

The Fair Co-ed (136 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by George Ade. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, February 1, 1909. Cast:

Elsie Janis, Arthur Stanford, Sydney Jarvis, Edgar Halstead, H. David Todd, Lionel Walsh, James Reaney, Donald McLaren, Harry Clarke, Leavitt James, Stewart Belknap, Inez Bauer, Constance Eastman, Marion Mills, Elsie Steele, Ella Rock, Bertha Morrelle, Bena Hoffman, Josie Karlin, Effie Wheeler, Leila Benton, Clara Eckstrom, Louise Donovan, May Fields, Lillian Nicholson, Florence Major, Bessie Holbrook, Fanny Robertson, Daisy Johnstone, Janette D'Arville, Bella Desmond, Birdice MacLaughlin, E. Mae Davis and Bessie Skeer. Staged by Fred G. Latham. Dances arranged by William Rock.

Moved to the Criterion Theatre, New York, April 26, 1909.

The Girl from Rector's (184 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Paul M. Potter from the French of Pierre Veber. Produced at Weber's Theatre, New York, February 1, 1909. Cast:

Violet Dale, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, J. W. Ashley, William Burress, Dallas Wolford, Elita Proctor Otis, Nena Blake, Nella Webb, Herbert Carr, Max Freeman, John Daly Murphy, Mildred McNeill, Isabel O'Madigan, Florence M. Constantine, Helena H. Constantine, Evelyn F. Constantine and Walter B. Gresham. Staged by Max Freeman.

The Third Degree (168 perf.)—Play in four acts by Charles Klein. Produced by Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, February 1, 1909. Cast:

Richard Brewster.....	Edmund Breese	Howard Jeffries.....	John Flood
Howard Jeffries, Jr.....	Wallace Eddinger	Captain Clinton.....	Ralph Delmore
Robert Underwood.....	Francis Byrne	Dr. Bernstein.....	George Barnum
Det. Sergt. Maloney.....	Alfred Moore	Mr. Bennington.....	Walter Craven
Elevator Attendant.....	William Wray	Officer.....	Henry Brown
Servant at Brewster's.....	William Wray	Jones.....	Verner Clarges
Mrs. Howard Jeffries.....	Grace Filkins	Annie Jeffries.....	Helen Ware

Staged by the author. Settings by Joseph Physioc.

The New Lady Bantock (40 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by Joseph Brooks at Wallack's Theatre, New York, February 8, 1909. Cast:

Fannie Ward, John W. Dean, Charles Cartwright, Terese Deagle, Margaret Fuller, Frank Jackson, Harold De Becker, Perdita Hudspeth, Leila Repton, Margaret Grey, T. J. McGrane, Robert McWade, Jr., Mabel Norton, Mabel Earle Graham, Stella Maltravers, Edna May Oliver, Marie Messner and Sylphie Radcliffe. Staged by Charles Cartwright.

Havana (272 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book by George Grossmith, Jr., and Graham Hill. Revised by James T. Powers. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and George Arthurs. Music by

Leslie Stuart. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert at the Casino Theatre, New York, February 11, 1909. Cast:

James T. Powers, Harold Vizard, Edith Decker, Eva Davenport, Ernest Lambart, Clara Palmer, Geraldine Malone, Edith Kelly, Daisy Green, Viola Kellogg, Mabel Weeks, Agnes Faulkner, William Pruette, Joseph Phillips, William Phillips, Percy Ames, Bertram Grassby, Ernest Hare, Ted Sullivan, Glen Conner, Joseph Galton, Eugene Roder, Milburry Ryder, Little Lillie Feuhrer, Master Robbie Feuhrer, Harry Sulkin, Caroline Green, Dolly Filly, Erminie Clark, Elsa Croxton, Cecelia Mayo, Irene Hawley, Julia Mills, Emily Monti, B. Ryan, Gladys Alexander, Freda Braun, Helen Broderick, Marion Hartman, Vi Gerrard, Alfred Gerrard, Irwin Harding, Jack Wellekin, Harold Nelson, Jack Brese, Harold Watson, Arthur McSorley, George Allison, Jean Roeder, Arthur Whitman, Jack Leonard, Harry MacDonough, Jr., Philip Haring, Albert Massour, George Skillman, Alexander Groves, Elsie Raymond, Adelaide Rossmi, Suzette Gordon, Isabelle Daintry, Mildred Bright, Lorraine Bright, Mary Murrilo, Patsy O'Connor, Libbey Diamond, Mona Sartoris, Hazel Williams, Dorothy Sayce, Ruth Elton, Irma Dixon, Jeane McPherson, Isabel Cannar, Sylvia Loti, Miss Holmes, Mildred Dupree and Natalie Harvey. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Settings by Arthur Voegtlin.

The Goddess of Reason (48 perf.)—Play in five acts by Mary Johnston. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at Daly's Theatre, New York, February 15, 1909. Cast:

Julia Marlowe, Louise Wolf, White Whittlesey, Wilson Melrose, Jean Roberts, Vincent Sternroyd, Theodore Hamilton, Alexander Calvert, Sydney Greenstreet, Lawrence Eyre, Hubert Osborn, Lestrangle Millman, Alice Warren, Alfred Paget, Frederick A. Thompson, Edith Lemmert, Elizabeth Baker, Olive Temple, Payson Graham, Ruth Blake, Margaret McElroy, Nelle Angus and Bernadine Risse. Staged by J. C. Huffman. Settings by H. Robert Law.

This Woman and This Man (24 perf.)—Play in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, February 22, 1909. Cast:

Carlotta Nillson, Frank Currier, Milton Sills, John Tansey, Howard Kyle and Eva Vincent. Staged by George Foster Platt.

A Woman's Way (112 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced by William A. Brady at the Hackett Theatre, New York, February 22, 1909. Cast:

Grace George, Frank Worthing, Frederick Esmelton, Ruth Benson, Jewel Power, Charles Stanley, Dorothy Tennant, Henry Miller, Jr., Reginald Carrington, Edward Fielding, Evelyn Carrington, Robert Warwick, Mary Fermier and Gardner Burton. Staged by William A. Brady. Settings by H. Robert Law.

For the matinee, February 25, 1909, Miss George and her company appeared in a revival of "Divorcons." See pages 411 and 539.

Meyer & Son (16 perf.)—Play in three acts by Thomas Addison. Produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, March 1, 1909. Cast:

William Humphrey, Franklin Richie, H. G. Carlton, George C. Staley, Charles Morrison, Richard Allen, Kenneth Hill, William C. Arnold, Irene Moore, Ethel Browning, Henrietta Lee, Marion Shirley and Kate Griffiths. Staged by Edward E. Rose.

The Richest Girl (24 perf.)—Play in four acts by Paul Gavault and Michael Morton. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, March 1, 1909. Cast:

Marie Doro, Louis Massen, Orrin Johnson, Frederic Eric, Frank Burbeck, Anne Meredith, Fred Tiden, Ethel Morrey, Elsa Maxwell, Harrison Carter, George Gaul,

Harry Melick, George K. Rolland and Hollister Pratt. Staged by William Seymour. Settings by Ernest Gros.

Elsa Maxwell is now internationally famous as a "party giver."

A Woman of Impulse (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Louis Anspacher. Produced by the Boyne Co. at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, March 1, 1909. Cast:

Cuyler Hastings, Charles Wyngate, Douglas J. Wood, Frank E. Aiken, Charles Rowan, Charles Wells, Kathryn Kidder, Jane Marbury, Virginia Buchanan, Josephine Morse, Katherine Emmett, Theresa Williams, Arthur Hurley, L. V. Townsend, Joe Robinson Haywood and John Bevis. Staged by Robert Milton.

Disengaged (1 special matinee)—Comedy in three acts by Henry James. Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, March 11, 1909. Cast:

J. R. Crauford, Louise Closser Hale, Selene Johnson, Alfred Hickman, Frank Gillmore, Renee Woodson, Dorothy Donnelly, Lumsden Hare, and Alma Poey. Staged by Fritz Williams.

The Bachelor (56 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, March 15, 1909. Cast:

Charles Cherry, Richard Sterling, Ralph Morgan, Charles Laite, Ruth Maycliffe, Christine Blessing and Janet Beecher. Staged by Clyde Fitch. Settings by Arthur Law.

Votes for Women (16 perf.)—Play in three acts by Elizabeth Robins. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, March 15, 1909. Cast:

Mary Shaw, Carrie Lee Stoyte, Frank Hodge, Ashley Miller, Kathryn Browne, Charles J. B. Bell, J. Wilberforce-Lee, Edna West, Helen Strickland, Martin Alsop, Grace Griswold, Clare Weldon, Reginald Barlow, Crosman Sedley-Brown, Alice Washburn, Gertrude Augarde, Clive Windsor, Pauline Seymour, Frank Stone, Robert Wessells, Charles James, W. J. Gross, W. T. Kitts, John Morrissey, Edward Le Duc, Blanche Seymour, W. D. Stone, Mabel Vann, Ada Allen, Pearl C. Seward, Lucille Allen Walker, Albert Reed, May Anderson, Caroline Morrison, Blanche Livingstone, W. C. Tucker, Laurinne Santley, Kate Bruce, Thomas M. Reynolds, Blanche Lawrence, Jack O'Brien and Stephen Shary. Staged by Oscar Eagle.

The Return of Eve (29 perf.)—Fantasy in three acts by Lee Wilson Dodd. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, March 17, 1909. Cast:

Bertha Galland, Maude Turner Gordon, Fanchon Campbell, Kate Rolla, Eleanor Lawson, Lester Lonergan, Frank Losee, Richard Buhler, Kara Kiliani, Lenore Halstead, Nora Donar, Ruth Simmons, Dodson Mitchell, Willis Martin, Edward Warner, Hugh Smith and Patrick Wallace. Staged by Edith Ellis. Settings by H. Robert Law.

An Englishman's Home (40 perf.)—Play in three acts by "an English Patriot" (Major Guy Du Maurier). Produced by Charles Frohman at the Criterion Theatre, New York, March 22, 1909. Cast:

William Hawtrey, Edgar Norton, Master George Clarke, George M. Graham, Dallas Anderson, Nellie Thorne, Nellie Malcolm, Dorothy Fraleigh, Ernest Stallard, Lawrence Grant, Thomas Mills, Frank Shannon, J. H. Benrimo, Adolph Neuendorf, Joseph Adelman, Otto Meyer, F. Percival Stevens, Algernon Eden and Cyrus D. Wood.

The Newlyweds and Their Baby (40 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts founded on the cartoons by George McManus. Book by Aaron Hoffman and Paul West. Lyrics by Paul West and Seymour Brown. Music by Nat D. Ayer and John W. Bratton. Produced by The Leffler-Bratton Co. at the Majestic Theatre, New York, March 22, 1909. Cast:

William Clifton, James E. Rosen, Fletcher Norton, Irving Brooks, George P. Murphy, Tom Hadaway, Ruby Ray, Flavia Arcaro, Carrie Reynolds, Alfred Grady, Harry Murphy, Minnie Higgins, Nancy Neville, Marguerite Florence, Leona Remington, Enid Gibson, Elfay White, Stella La Belle, Maeola Stockdale, Irene Hastings, Irene Von Mueller, Jennie Lipman, May Wesley, Helen La Velle, Millie Wood, Florence Campbell, Mella Drouet, Leslie Greer, Florence Florence, Alma Harding, Hazel Earl, May Green, Trixie Warren, Sue Vollmer, Bessie Hale, Minnie Hoffman, Agnes Richter and Irene Gardner. Staged by Frank Smithson. Settings by P. Dodd Ackerman.

A Fool There Was (93 perf.)—Play in three acts by Porter Emerson Browne. Produced by Frederic Thompson at the Liberty Theatre, New York, March 24, 1909. Cast:

The Husband.....	Robert Hilliard	The Wife.....	Nannette Comstock
Ship's Captain.....	Edwin Barbour	The Child.....	Emily Wurster
The Sister.....	Edna Conroy	The Friend.....	William Courtleigh
The Secretary.....	S. K. Walker	Butler.....	George Clare
Ship's Doctor.....	R. J. Barker	Messenger.....	L. R. Johnson
Deck Steward.....	Fred Nicolls	The Woman.....	Katherine Kaelred
First Passenger.....	Arthur Row	The Voice.....	George Spelvin
Second Passenger.....	C. Coleman	Young Pharmalee.....	Howard Hull
Ship's Passengers:	Eleanor Carlyle, Ida Desmond, Janet Pierce, Ethel Bell, Frances Barber, Alfred Wendel, James Rowe, John Bascombe, William Connolly, Herbert Williams, W. Coleman, Ted Clare, Albert R. Richman, Victor Johns, Frank Brody, Wallace Sharpe, Seymour Lawrence, Fred Gibler, Frank Taylor Boy, Mrs. Carlyle, Amy Retar, Helen Taylor, Mae Clark, Miss Eugene Martin, Grace Noble and Phyliss Carrington		
Deck Stewards:	John Guirand, Ed Mallon and Louis Palmer		
Sailors:	Thomas King and Charles Seivert		
Petty Officer:	Harry H. Hart		
	Staged by George Marion. Settings by T. Bernard McDonald, Edward G. Unitt, Young Brothers & Boss and Wickes.		

Sham (65 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris. Produced by Maurice Campbell at Wallack's Theatre, New York, March 27, 1909. Cast:

Henrietta Crosman, Ida Waterman, Marguerite St. John, Amelia Mayborn, Charles Walcot, Bernice Golden, Gertrude Clemens, Augusta B. Scott, Paul Dickey, Homer Miles, Frank E. Jamison, Edouard Durand and Jack Mahony. Staged by Maurice Campbell.

The Conflict (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Maurice V. Samuels "founded on the central conception of Balzac's 'The Magic Skin' of which, however, it does not purport to be a dramatization." Produced by Paul H. Liebler at the Garden Theatre, New York, March 29, 1909. Cast:

Robert Drouet, Sheldon Lewis, Harry E. de Lasaux, Harry Leighton, Edmund W. Lyons, Helen Robertson, Florence Lester, Helen Beresford and Romaine Fielding. Staged by Ira Hards. Settings by Frank E. Gates and E. A. Morange.

The Beauty Spot (137 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Book by Joseph W. Herbert. Music by Reginald De Koven. Produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, April 10, 1909. Cast:

Jefferson De Angelis, Marguerite Clark, Alfred De Ball, W. H. Denny, George MacFarlane, Frank Doane, Harry Tebbutt, Francis Tyler, Morgan Williams, Frank Kelly, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Smith, Viola Gillette, Jean Newcombe, Isabel De Armonde, Arline La Cross, Muriel Harmon, Ellen Beckwith, Susie Pitt, Grace Walton, Elizabeth Brandell, Estelle Baldwin, Grace Benedict, Bertha Blake, Eileen Kearney, Lillian Wiggins and Alice Lazar. Staged by Frank Smithson. Settings by H. Robert Law, Edward G. Unitt and Wickes. Dances arranged by Julian Alfred.

The Climax (240 perf.)—Play in three acts by Edward Locke. Incidental music by Joseph Carl Breil. Produced by Joseph Weber at Weber's Theatre, New York, April 12, 1909. Cast:

Luigi Golfanti.....Albert Bruning Adelina von Hagen.....Leona Watson
Pietro Golfanti.....Effingham A. Pinto John Raymond.....William Lewers

For the first two weeks of its engagement "The Climax" played matinees only, four each week.

Moved to Daly's Theatre, New York, April 26, 1909.

Returned to Weber's Theatre, New York, July 12, 1909.

For revivals see "Best Plays of 1909-1919," pages 419 and 650, "Best Plays of 1925-1926," page 599, and "Best Plays of 1932-1933," page 502.

Going Some (96 perf.)—Comedy in four acts by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Belasco Theatre, New York, April 12, 1909. Cast:

Lawrence Wheat, Walter Jones, Herbert Corthell, C. W. West, T. J. Karrigan, Muriel Starr, Oza Waldrop, Laura Lemmers, George K. Henery, E. L. Fernandez, Aug. Glassmeir, George Leach, W. Tammany Young, Crosby Little, Hugh Cameron and William Harrigan. Staged by Paul Armstrong and J. C. Huffman.

Moved to the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, June 21, 1909.

The Happy Marriage (24 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, April 12, 1909. Cast:

Doris Keane, Edwin Arden, Albert Hackett, Milton Sills, Frank Gheen, Grace Goodall, May Donahue, C. A. Chandos and Dudley Digges. Staged by the author.

The House Next Door (88 perf.)—Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners adapted from the German. Produced by Cohan and Harris at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, April 12, 1909. Cast:

J. E. Dodson, Ruth Chester, William J. Kelley, Mabel Roebuck, A. T. Hendon, W. H. Sams, Thomas Findlay, Eleanore Moretti, Regan Hughton, Fania Marinoff, Charles Dieam and Herbert Standing. Staged by Felix Edwardes.

The Mascot (32 perf.)—Opera in three acts by Edmond Audran. Revived by Klaw and Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, April 12, 1909. Cast:

Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Zabelle, Estelle Wentworth, Henry Cooté, Edward M. Favor, Edgar Atchinson Ely, Bruce Smith, Arthur Thalasso, Pony Moore, Marie Louise Miller, Marguerite Loveridge, Inez Girard, George Pullman, Clarence Coldren, Nita Manson, Alice Marrenner, Flora Crosbie, Geraldine Bruce, Greta Gleason and Bee Wentworth. Staged by Herbert Gresham.

The first New York production of "The Mascot" was at the Bijou Opera House, May 5, 1881.

The Gay Life (8 perf.)—Play in three acts by Roy L. McCardell. Produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 19, 1909. Cast:

Marie Haynes, Byron Marsh, R. J. Moy, William Wadsworth, Consuelo Bailey, Schuyler Ladd, Bertram Marburgh, John Kloville, Katherine De Barry, Helen Hancock, Violette Kimball, Thomas Thorne, Frank Currier, Charles Kennedy, A. S. Byron, Robert Craig, Richard Clarke, Lester Allen, V. R. Townsend, James L. Campbell, Frank Deroin, William Robertson, Lillian Dix, Mabel Stoughton, Sallie McRee, Josie Williams, Carl Hemman and Mickey Finn. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske.

The Writing on the Wall (32 perf.)—Play in four acts by William J. Hurlbut. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, April 26, 1909. Cast:

Olga Nethersole, William Morris, J. R. Wallace, Florence Huntington, Ben Johnson, Robert T. Haines, Frank Craven, Beverly Sitgreaves, John Bickford and Constance Raymond. Staged by Walter N. Lawrence. Settings by Ernest Albert.

The Candy Shop (56 perf.)—Musical play in two acts. Libretto by George V. Hobart. Lyrics and music by John L. Golden. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, April 27, 1909. Cast:

Charles Angelo, Leslie Gaze, Maude Fulton, Frank Lalor, Bliss Milford, William Rock, Louise Dresser, Florence Morrison, Annie Yeaman, Malcolm Williams, Kinzie Higgins, Eva Francis, Edmund Lawrence, Ida Adams, Esther Brunette, Angie Weimer, Lillian Rice, Jane Grant, Elba Warren, Jessie Crane, Irene George, Genevieve Reed, Mazona Don, Delia Foster, Jeanne Crane, Stella Hansen, Hazel Adele, Elizabeth Grant, Blanche Rabbitt, Helen Tiffany, Josephine Angela, Olive Montague, Estelle Perry, Nellie Allen, Harriet Leidy, Norma Thomas, Virginia Calvert, Ethel Millard, Olivia Depp, Alice Keese, Dorothy Gibson, Kathryn Reynolds, Gertrude Duffy, Hazel Sullivan, Gertrude Carmer, Jeannette Miller, Lillian Hausen, Dorothy Bristol, Mabel Moreheart, R. C. Bosch, Le Moyne Cox, Victor Royal, Charles Lloyd, H. Harrington, John Straker, Irving S. Carpenter, Louis Strangard, Ralph Patterson, E. T. H. Bromley, R. H. Lewis, J. E. Cockayne, Edward Traver, P. McCarthy, Mona Trieste and Eloise Reed. Dances arranged by William Rock. Staged by Fred G. Latham. Settings by Homer Emens and John H. Young.

The Incubus (2 special matinees)—Play in three acts by Eugene Brieux. Translated by Laurence Irving. Produced at the Hackett Theatre April 27 and April 30, 1909. Cast:

Laurence Irving, A. Field-Fisher, Thomas Williams, John Crisp, Jr., J. P. Winter, Bertha Bartlett, Beatrice Lett, Margaret Weston and Mabel Hackney (Mrs. Laurence Irving).

This play was revived by the Messrs. Shubert at the Comedy Theatre, New York, January 3, 1910, under the title of "The Affinity." See page 408 of "Best Plays of 1909-1919."

The Great John Ganton (40 perf.)—Play in four acts by J. Hartley Manners dramatized from Arthur J. Eddy's story. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Lyric Theatre, New York, May 3, 1909. Cast:

George Fawcett, Esther Lyons, Mona Rank, A. H. Van Buren, Jack Webster, Edward Emery, Frederick Burton, Lucius Henderson, W. H. Sadler, H. Frederick Millerton, Laurette Taylor, R. H. Breese, Charles Gay, Jack Barnes, Jack Leslie, Jane Peyton, Josephine Brown, Malvina Longfellow and Catherine Hearn. Staged by Lucius Henderson. Settings by H. Robert Law.

The Red Moon (32 perf.)—Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Bob Cole. Music by A. Rosamond Johnson. Produced by A. L. Wilbur at the Majestic Theatre, New York, May 3, 1909. Cast:

Bob Cole, Rosamond Johnson, Henry Grant, Sam Lucas, Wesley Jenkins, Benny Jones, Elizabeth Williams, Mollie Dill, Andrew Tribble, Fanny Wise, Arthur Talbot, Theodore Pankey, Abbie Mitchell, Marie Young, Frank Brown, Edgar Connor, Leona Marshall, Daisy Brown, Mayme Butler, Lulu Coleman, Bessie Simms, Bessie Tribble, Tillie Smith, Blanche Deas, Bessie Oliver, Pearl Taylor, Pauline Hackney, Marjorie Sipp, Mattie Harris, Zennie Hunter, Rebecca Allen, Frank De Lyons, William E. Phelps, Herbert Sutton, Lewis Mitchell, Robert Young, Nelson Tunsell, Harry Watson, Samuel Craig, William Hill, Marion Potter and Lottie Gee.

The Man from Mexico (64 perf.)—Farce in three acts by H. A. Du Souchet from the French of Gondinet and Bisson. Revived by Charles Frohman at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 10, 1909. Cast:

William Collier, J. G. Saville, Reginald Mason, Dan Mason, Rex MacDougall, James Fallen, M. L. Hackert, Thomas Beauregard, Thomas Martin, John Adam, Helena Collier Garrick, Gladys Claire, Desmond Kelly and Paula Marr. Staged by William Collier.

The first New York production of "The Man from Mexico" was at Hoyt's Theatre, April 19, 1897. William Collier played the same role as in the above.

The Midnight Sons (257 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Glen MacDonough. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced by Lew Fields at the Broadway Theatre, New York, May 22, 1909. Cast:

George A. Schiller, Joseph M. Ratliff, Harry Fisher, Denman Maley, Fritz Williams, Lotta Faust, Norma Brown, Linden Beckwith, George Monroe, Lillian Lee, Taylor Holmes, Vernon Castle, Blanche Sherwood, Gladys Moore, Maybelle Meeker, Berchard Dickerson, Johnnie Hines, Nan J. Brennan, Florence Cable, Blanche Ring, Elizabeth Hawman, Louise Hawman, Beatrice Liddell, Dorothy Marlowe, Seppie McNeil, Ada Robertson and Mollie McGrath. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

The Game of Love (16 perf.)—Play in four acts by Federico Mariani. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, May 24, 1909. Cast:

Forester Hackett, Fred W. Strong, E. J. Ratcliffe, Sheldon Lewis, Josephine Lovett, Florence Lester, Gertrude Berkeley, William Norton, H. E. De Lasaux and Charles D. Herman. Staged by the author.

The Boy and the Girl (24 perf.)—Musical comedy in two acts. Lyrics by Richard Carle and M. E. Rourke. Music by Richard Carle and H. L. Hertz. Produced at the Aerial Gardens on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, May 31, 1909. Cast:

Marie Dressler, Barney Bernard, Edward M. FAVOR, Burell Barberetto, Toby Lyons, Eugene Moulán, Felix Fantus, Hugh Fay, Harriet Standon, Marion Garson, Florence Averell, Sophia Ralph, Vivian Rushmore, Mabel Howell, Claudia Clarke, Nedra Gage, Helen St. John, Audrey Munson, Edith Thorne, Marie Savage, May Williard, Myrtle Wellington, Ida Crawford, Hazel Campbell, Frankie Hill, Frances Ramsey, B. Clarice, Ruth Van, Mattie Crofts, the Messrs. Lancaster, McShane, Richardson, W. Smith, J. Smith, Graham, Schultz and Schumann-Heink. Music numbers and ensembles staged by Gus Sohke. Play staged by Charles Marks.

The Narrow Path (8 perf.)—Play in three acts by John Montague. Produced at the Hackett Theatre, New York, May 31, 1909.

Cast:

Ida Conquest, Consuelo Baily, Georgia Lawrence, Marion Ballou, Dorothy Rossmore, Frederick Perry, George Parsons and Joseph Dailey.

Ziegfeld Follies of 1909 (64 perf.)—Musical revue in two acts. Words and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Maurice Levi. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Jardin De Paris, New York, June 14, 1909. Cast:

Annabelle Whitford, Elise Hamilton, Marion Whitney, William Bonelli, Lillian Lorraine, William Powers, William Oatman, David Abrams, Robert Burns, Arthur Hill, Arthur Deagon, Arline Boley, Maurice Hegemen, Billie Reeves, William Schrode, Albert Froome, Nora Bayes, Bessie Clayton, Anna C. Wilson, J. Youngs, A. Oatman, W. Johnson, Arthur Swift, Jack Norworth, Harry Kelly, Sophie Tucker, Arthur Hill, C. Woodward, Joseph Schrode, Charles Schrode, Charles Abbott, W. Hessong, Silvers and Milliken, Gertie Vanderbilt, Virginia Marshall, Marjorie Bonner, Lottie Vernon, Amy Webb, Eunice Mackey, Rosie Green, Messrs. Montrose, Welsh and Mealey, Miss McMahon, Edna Chase and Mae Murray. Staged by Julian Mitchell.

Eva Tanguay joined the company July 12, 1909.

THE DECADE'S TOLL

People of outstanding prominence connected with the theatre who died during the period covered by this record:

	<i>Born</i>	<i>Died</i>
Albaugh, John W., Sen.	1848	Feb. 11, 1909
Aldrich, Louis	1844	June 17, 1901
Bandmann, Daniel	1840	Nov. 23, 1905
Bangs, Frank C.	1834	June 12, 1908
Barrett, Wilson	1847	July 22, 1904
Barrymore, Maurice	1848	Mar. 26, 1905
Bennett, Johnstone	1870	Apr. 14, 1906
Bloodgood, Clara	1870	Dec. 5, 1907
Carte, Richard D'Oyly	1845	Apr. 3, 1901
Cayvan, Georgie	1858	Nov. 19, 1906
Clarke, John Sleeper	1834	Sept. 24, 1899
Conreid, Heinrich	1855	Apr. 27, 1909
Coquelin, Benoit Constant	1841	Jan. 27, 1909
Dailey, Pete	1863	May 23, 1908
Daly, Dan	1858	Mar. 26, 1904
Davenport, Jean (Mrs. Lander)	1829	Aug. 3, 1903
Davis, Jessie Bartlett	1861	May 14, 1905
Edouin, Willie	1846	Apr. 14, 1908
Ethel, Agnes	1853	May 26, 1903
Farren, Nellie	1846	Apr. 28, 1904
Farren, William	1826	Sept. 26, 1908
Fawcett, Owen	1839	Feb. 21, 1904
Florence, Mrs. W. J.	1831	Feb. 18, 1906
Gilbert, Mrs. G. H.	1822	Dec. 2, 1904
Grau, Maurice	1851	Mar. 13, 1907
Harte, Bret	1840	May 5, 1902
Haworth, Joseph	1855	Aug. 28, 1903
Howard, Bronson	1843	Aug. 4, 1908
Hoyt, Charles H.	1860	Nov. 20, 1900
Ibsen, Henrik	1828	May 23, 1906
Irving, Sir Henry	1838	Oct. 13, 1905
Janauschek, Madame	1830	Nov. 28, 1904

Jefferson, Joe	1829	Apr. 22, 1905
La Shelle, Kirke	1863	May 16, 1905
Le Moyne, W. J.	1831	Nov. 6, 1905
Logan, Olive	1839	Apr. 27, 1909
Mansfield, Richard	1857	Aug. 30, 1907
Modjeska, Helena	1845	Apr. 8, 1909
Morris, Felix	1845	Jan. 13, 1900
Morrison, Lewis	1845	Aug. 18, 1906
Neilson, Ada	1846	Jan. 25, 1905
Palmer, A. M.	1839	Mar. 7, 1905
Reed, Roland	1852	Mar. 30, 1901
Ristori, Adelaide	1822	Oct. 9, 1906
Robson, Stuart	1836	Apr. 29, 1903
Rogers, Gus	1869	Oct. 19, 1908
Russell, Sol Smith	1848	Apr. 28, 1902
Sardou, Victorien	1831	Nov. 8, 1908
Shubert, Sam	1875	May 12, 1905
Stoddart, J. H.	1827	Dec. 9, 1907
Sullivan, Sir Arthur	1842	Nov. 22, 1900
Synge, J. M.	1871	Mar. 24, 1909
Taber, Robert	1866	Mar. 8, 1904
Tearle, Osmond	1852	Sept. 7, 1901
Thompson, Lydia	1836	Nov. 17, 1908
Toole, John L.	1830	July 30, 1906
Wilde, Oscar	1856	Nov. 30, 1900
Yeamans, Jennie	1862	Nov. 28, 1906

PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS

"For the original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners."—The Will of Joseph Pulitzer, dated April 16, 1904.

In 1929 the advisory board, which, according to the terms of the will, "shall have the power in its discretion to suspend or to change any subject or subjects . . . if in the judgment of the board such suspension, changes or substitutions shall be conducive to the public good," decided to eliminate from the above paragraph relating to the prize-winning play the words "in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners."

The committee awards to date have been:

- 1917-18—Why Marry? by Jesse Lynch Williams
- 1918-19—None
- 1919-20—Beyond the Horizon, by Eugene O'Neill
- 1920-21—Miss Lulu Bett, by Zona Gale
- 1921-22—Anna Christie, by Eugene O'Neill
- 1922-23—Icebound, by Owen Davis
- 1923-24—Hell-bent fer Heaven, by Hatcher Hughes
- 1924-25—They Knew What They Wanted, by Sidney Howard
- 1925-26—Craig's Wife, by George Kelly
- 1926-27—In Abraham's Bosom, by Paul Green
- 1927-28—Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill
- 1928-29—Street Scene, by Elmer Rice
- 1929-30—The Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly
- 1930-31—Alison's House, by Susan Glaspell
- 1931-32—Of Thee I Sing, by George S. Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind, Ira and George Gershwin
- 1932-33—Both Your Houses, by Maxwell Anderson
- 1933-34—Men in White, by Sidney Kingsley
- 1934-35—The Old Maid, by Zoe Akins
- 1935-36—Idiot's Delight, by Robert E. Sherwood
- 1936-37—You Can't Take It with You, by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman
- 1937-38—Our Town, by Thornton Wilder
- 1938-39—Abe Lincoln in Illinois, by Robert E. Sherwood
- 1939-40—The Time of Your Life, by William Saroyan
- 1940-41—There Shall Be No Night, by Robert E. Sherwood
- 1941-42—No award.

PREVIOUS VOLUMES OF BEST PLAYS

Plays chosen to represent the theatre seasons from 1909 to 1941 are as follows:

1909-1919

"The Easiest Way," by Eugene Walter. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," by Harry James Smith. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Disraeli," by Louis N. Parker. Published by Dodd, Mead and Co., New York.

"Romance," by Edward Sheldon. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate," by George M. Cohan. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, as a novel by Earl Derr Biggers; as a play by Samuel French, New York.

"On Trial," by Elmer Reizenstein. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Unchastened Woman," by Louis Kaufman Anspacher. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe, Inc., New York.

"Good Gracious Annabelle," by Clare Kummer. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Why Marry?" by Jesse Lynch Williams. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"John Ferguson," by St. John Ervine. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

1919-1920

"Abraham Lincoln," by John Drinkwater. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

"Clarence," by Booth Tarkington. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene G. O'Neill. Published by Boni & Liveright, Inc., New York.

"Déclassée," by Zoe Akins. Published by Liveright, Inc., New York.

"The Famous Mrs. Fair," by James Forbes. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Jest," by Sem Benelli. (American adaptation by Edward Sheldon.)

"Jane Clegg," by St. John Ervine. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Mamma's Affair," by Rachel Barton Butler. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Wedding Bells," by Salisbury Field. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Adam and Eva," by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. Published by Samuel French, New York.

1920-1921

"Deburau," adapted from the French of Sacha Guitry by H. Granville Barker. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The First Year," by Frank Craven. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Enter Madame," by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Green Goddess," by William Archer. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

"Liliom," by Ferenc Molnar. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Mary Rose," by James M. Barrie. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Nice People," by Rachel Crothers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Bad Man," by Porter Emerson Browne. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Emperor Jones," by Eugene G. O'Neill. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Skin Game," by John Galsworthy. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

1921-1922

"Anna Christie," by Eugene G. O'Neill. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"Dulcy," by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"He Who Gets Slapped," adapted from the Russian of Leonid Andreyev by Gregory Zilboorg. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"Six Cylinder Love," by William Anthony McGuire.

"The Hero," by Gilbert Emery.

"The Dover Road," by Alan Alexander Milne. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Ambush," by Arthur Richman.

"The Circle," by William Somerset Maugham.

"The Nest," by Paul Gerald and Grace George.

1922-1923

"Rain," by John Colton and Clemence Randolph. Published by Liveright, Inc., New York.

"Loyalties," by John Galsworthy. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Icebound," by Owen Davis. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"You and I," by Philip Barry. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"The Fool," by Channing Pollock. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"Merton of the Movies," by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, based on the novel of the same name by Harry Leon Wilson.

"Why Not?" by Jesse Lynch Williams. Published by Walter H. Baker Co., Boston.

"The Old Soak," by Don Marquis. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

"R.U.R.," by Karel Capek. Translated by Paul Selver. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company.

"Mary the 3d," by Rachel Crothers. Published by Brentano's, New York.

1923-1924

"The Swan," translated from the Hungarian of Ferenc Molnar by Melville Baker. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Show-off," by George Kelly. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"The Changelings," by Lee Wilson Dodd. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

"Chicken Feed," by Guy Bolton. Published by Samuel French,

New York and London.

"Sun-Up," by Lula Vollmer. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"Beggar on Horseback," by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Tarnish," by Gilbert Emery. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"The Goose Hangs High," by Lewis Beach. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"Hell-bent fer Heaven," by Hatcher Hughes. Published by Harper Bros., New York.

1924-1925

"What Price Glory?" by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

"They Knew What They Wanted," by Sidney Howard. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

"Desire Under the Elms," by Eugene G. O'Neill. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Firebrand," by Edwin Justus Mayer. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Dancing Mothers," by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding.

"Mrs. Partridge Presents," by Mary Kennedy and Ruth Warren. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Fall Guy," by James Gleason and George Abbott. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Youngest," by Philip Barry. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"M'nick," by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

"Wild Birds," by Dan Totheroh. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

1925-1926

"Craig's Wife," by George Kelly. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"The Great God Brown," by Eugene G. O'Neill. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Green Hat," by Michael Arlen.

"The Dybbuk," by S. Ansky, Henry G. Alsberg-Winifred Katzin translation. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Enemy," by Channing Pollock. Published by Brentano's,

New York.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," by Frederick Lonsdale. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Bride of the Lamb," by William Hurlbut. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Wisdom Tooth," by Marc Connelly. Published by George H. Doran & Company, New York.

"The Butter and Egg Man," by George Kaufman. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"Young Woodley," by John Van Druten. Published by Simon and Schuster, New York.

1926-1927

"Broadway," by Philip Dunning and George Abbott. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York.

"Saturday's Children," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Longmans, Green & Company, New York.

"Chicago," by Maurine Watkins. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York.

"The Constant Wife," by William Somerset Maugham. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York.

"The Play's the Thing," by Ferenc Molnar and P. G. Wodehouse. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"The Road to Rome," by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Silver Cord," by Sidney Howard. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Cradle Song," translated from the Spanish of G. Martinez Sierra by John Garrett Underhill. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

"Daisy Mayme," by George Kelly. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"In Abraham's Bosom," by Paul Green. Published by Robert M. McBride & Company, New York.

1927-1928

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene G. O'Neill. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York.

"The Royal Family," by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York.

"Burlesque," by George Manker Watters. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York.

"Coquette," by George Abbott and Ann Bridgers. Published by Longmans, Green & Company, New York, London, Toronto.

"Behold the Bridegroom," by George Kelly. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"Porgy," by DuBose Heyward. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York.

"Paris Bound," by Philip Barry. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Escape," by John Galsworthy. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Racket," by Bartlett Cormack. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Plough and the Stars," by Sean O'Casey. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

1928-1929

"Street Scene," by Elmer Rice. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Journey's End," by R. C. Sherriff. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"Wings Over Europe," by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. Published by Covici-Friede, New York.

"Holiday," by Philip Barry. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Published by Covici-Friede, New York.

"Let Us Be Gay," by Rachel Crothers. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Machinal," by Sophie Treadwell.

"Little Accident," by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell.

"Gypsy," by Maxwell Anderson.

"The Kingdom of God," by G. Martinez Sierra; English version by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

1929-1930

"The Green Pastures," by Marc Connelly (adapted from "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun," by Roark Bradford). Published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York.

"The Criminal Code," by Martin Flavin. Published by Horace Liveright, New York.

"Berkeley Square," by John Balderston. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"Strictly Dishonorable," by Preston Sturges. Published by Horace Liveright, New York.

"The First Mrs. Fraser," by St. John Ervine. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Last Mile," by John Wexley. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"June Moon," by Ring W. Lardner and George S. Kaufman. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Michael and Mary," by A. A. Milne. Published by Chatto & Windus, London.

"Death Takes a Holiday," by Walter Ferris (adapted from the Italian of Alberto Casella). Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Rebound," by Donald Ogden Stewart. Published by Samuel French, New York.

1930-1931

"Elizabeth the Queen," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow," by Philip Barry. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Once in a Lifetime," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Published by Farrar and Rinehart, New York.

"Green Grow the Lilacs," by Lynn Riggs. Published by Samuel French, New York and London.

"As Husbands Go," by Rachel Crothers. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Alison's House," by Susan Glaspell. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Five-Star Final," by Louis Weitzenkorn. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Overture," by William Bolitho. Published by Simon & Schuster, New York.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolf Besier. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"Grand Hotel," adapted from the German of Vicki Baum by W. A. Drake.

1931-1932

"Of Thee I Sing," by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin. Published by Alfred Knopf, New York.

"Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill. Published by Horace Liveright, Inc., New York.

"Reunion in Vienna," by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Published

by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The House of Connelly," by Paul Green. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Animal Kingdom," by Philip Barry. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Left Bank," by Elmer Rice. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Another Language," by Rose Franken. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Brief Moment," by S. N. Behrman. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, New York.

"The Devil Passes," by Benn W. Levy. Published by Martin Secker, London.

"Cynara," by H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore-Browne. Published by Samuel French, New York.

1932-1933

"Both Your Houses," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Dinner at Eight," by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York.

"When Ladies Meet," by Rachel Crothers. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Design for Living," by Noel Coward. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York.

"Biography," by S. N. Behrman. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York.

"Alien Corn," by Sidney Howard. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Late Christopher Bean," adapted from the French of René Fauchois by Sidney Howard. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"We, the People," by Elmer Rice. Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York.

"Pigeons and People," by George M. Cohan.

"One Sunday Afternoon," by James Hagan. Published by Samuel French, New York.

1933-1934

"Mary of Scotland," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y.

"Men in White," by Sidney Kingsley. Published by Covici, Phillips & Co., New York.

"Dodsworth," by Sinclair Lewis and Sidney Howard. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

"Ah, Wilderness," by Eugene O'Neill. Published by Random House, New York.

"They Shall Not Die," by John Wexley. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

"Her Master's Voice," by Clare Kummer. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"No More Ladies," by A. E. Thomas.

"Wednesday's Child," by Leopold Atlas. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"The Shining Hour," by Keith Winter. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York.

"The Green Bay Tree," by Mordaunt Shairp. Published by Baker International Play Bureau, Boston, Mass.

1934-1935

"The Children's Hour," by Lillian Hellman. Published by Alfred Knopf, New York.

"Valley Forge," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Anderson House, Washington, D. C. Distributed by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"The Petrified Forest," by Robert Sherwood. Published by Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Old Maid," by Zoe Akins. Published by D. Appleton-Century Co., New York.

"Accent on Youth," by Samson Raphaelson. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"Merrily We Roll Along," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Published by Random House, New York.

"Awake and Sing," by Clifford Odets. Published by Random House, New York.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife," by Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly.

"Lost Horizons," by John Hayden.

"The Distaff Side," by John Van Druten. Published by Alfred Knopf, New York.

1935-1936

"Winterset," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Anderson House, Washington, D. C.

"Idiot's Delight," by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"End of Summer," by S. N. Behrman. Published by Random House, New York.

"First Lady," by Katharine Dayton and George S. Kaufman. Published by Random House, New York.

"Victoria Regina," by Laurence Housman. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York and London.

"Boy Meets Girl," by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Published by Random House, New York.

"Dead End," by Sidney Kingsley. Published by Random House, New York.

"Call It a Day," by Dodie Smith. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York and London.

"Ethan Frome," by Owen Davis and Donald Davis. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Pride and Prejudice," by Helen Jerome. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York.

1936-1937

"High Tor," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Anderson House, Washington, D. C.

"You Can't Take It with You," by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York.

"Johnny Johnson," by Paul Green. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York.

"Daughters of Atreus," by Robert Turney. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

"Stage Door," by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York.

"The Women," by Clare Boothe. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"St. Helena," by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York and London.

"Yes, My Darling Daughter," by Mark Reed. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York.

"Excursion," by Victor Wolfson. Published by Random House, New York.

"Tovarich," by Jacques Deval and Robert E. Sherwood. Published by Random House, New York.

1937-1938

"Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck. Published by Covici-Friede, New York.

"Our town," by Thornton Wilder. Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York.

"Shadow and Substance," by Paul Vincent Carroll. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"On Borrowed Time," by Paul Osborn. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

"The Star-Wagon," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Anderson House, Washington, D. C. Distributed by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"Susan and God," by Rachel Crothers. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Prologue to Glory," by E. P. Conkle. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Amphitryon 38," by S. N. Behrman. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Golden Boy," by Clifford Odets. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"What a Life," by Clifford Goldsmith. Published by Dramatists Play Service, Inc., New York.

1938-1939

"Abe Lincoln in Illinois," by Robert E. Sherwood. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and Charles Scribner's Sons, Ltd. London.

"The Little Foxes," by Lillian Hellman. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Rocket to the Moon," by Clifford Odets. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"The American Way," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"No Time for Comedy," by S. N. Behrman. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"The Philadelphia Story," by Philip Barry. Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York.

"The White Steed," by Paul Vincent Carroll. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Here Come the Clowns," by Philip Barry. Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York.

"Family Portrait," by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowen. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Kiss the Boys Good-bye," by Clare Boothe. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

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"There Shall Be No Night," by Robert E. Sherwood. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Key Largo," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Anderson House, Washington, D. C.

"The World We Make," by Sidney Kingsley.

"Life with Father," by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

"The Man Who Came to Dinner," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"The Male Animal," by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent. Published by Random House, Inc., New York, and MacMillan Co., Canada.

"The Time of Your Life," by William Saroyan. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.

"Skylark," by Samson Raphaelson. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Margin for Error," by Clare Boothe. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Morning's at Seven," by Paul Osborn. Published by Samuel French, New York.

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"Native Son," by Paul Green and Richard Wright. Published by Harper & Bros., New York.

"Watch on the Rhine," by Lillian Hellman. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"The Corn Is Green," by Emlyn Williams. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Lady in the Dark," by Moss Hart. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Arsenic and Old Lace," by Joseph Kesselring. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"My Sister Eileen," by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Flight to the West," by Elmer Rice. Published by Coward, McCann, Inc., New York.

"Claudia," by Rose Franken Maloney. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York and Toronto.

"Mr. and Mrs. North," by Owen Davis. Published by Samuel French, New York.

"George Washington Slept Here," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

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"In Time to Come," by Howard Koch and John Huston. Published by Dramatists' Play Service, New York.

"The Moon is Down," by John Steinbeck. Published by The Viking Press, New York.

"Blithe Spirit," by Noel Coward. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York.

"Junior Miss," by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Candle in the Wind," by Maxwell Anderson. Published by Anderson House, Washington, D. C. Distributed by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"Letters to Lucerne," by Fritz Rotter and Allen Vincent. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York.

"Jason," by Samson Raphaelson. Published by Random House, Inc., New York.

"Angel Street," by Patrick Hamilton. Published by Constable & Co., Ltd., London, under the title "Gaslight."

"Uncle Harry," by Thomas Job. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York.

"Hope for a Harvest," by Sophie Treadwell. Published by Samuel French, Inc., New York.

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