

BEERBOHM TREE COMING TO GIVE SHAKESPEARE

Sir Herbert Announces Plan at End of Lecture on "Our Betters."

FESTIVAL IN THE CENTURY

Clever Talk and Bits of Acting Applauded by Audience of Prominent New Yorkers.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the London actor-manager, put in a little more than an hour of his eighth and last day in New York giving a lecture on "Our Betters" at the Hudson Theatre yesterday afternoon.

Robert Erskine Kelly, director of the league, had just put a rising vote of thanks for the talk when Sir Herbert said: "I want to take this opportunity for saying goodbye to my friends, who have been so kind to me during my short stay in New York."

"And now I know," he said, as he gestured his farewell. To the representatives of the press Sir Herbert had no further word of enlightenment as to his plans. "You heard what was said. That is all I can say at present," he replied.

Warning Against Snobbery. "Our Betters," according to Sir Herbert, are merely ourselves. And as for ourselves we are but creatures of habit in mind and in body.

"It is easy enough," he said, "to have the courage of one's own beliefs, but the power to fulfill one's self is the greatest thing in the world." He said the world was on the threshold of a new and higher sociology, a "spiritual science" he called it. Even the conceptions of what is the right kind of education, he said, were tottering. Graduates of our universities—many of them—were mere "devotees of good form."

Sir Herbert Displays His Art. Thereupon Sir Herbert duplicated his not so serious blunder for the benefit of the audience. He stood as he delivered the lines of Falstaff in Hamlet's voice. Then, dropping into the chair beside the table on the stage, the actor lapsed into the voice of Falstaff, beginning with the well known, "To be or not to be," accompanied by the "bibulous outburst of Shakespeare's roasting hero."

"Freckles" in 8th Avenue. Dramatization Has a New York Production at Grand Opera House. The Lumberlost was named that because a man once lost his way among its virgin aisles and starved before he found his way out again.

Ruth Gray, though set down in the midst of a wild lumber camp in a white silk dress of airy lightness, managed to give a pretty fair imitation of an "Angel" in a part somewhat bare of angelic qualities. Milton Nobles, Jr., in the title role, acquitted himself with an Irish abandon that was pleasing, in spite of the handicaps he had to buck against.

The piece is scheduled to run for a week when the Grand Opera House will probably return to its policy of giving recognized Broadway successes at popular prices.

SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS" Percy Lyndal as Sir Lucius O'Trigger and George Giddens as Bob Acres.



AT THE VARIETIES

Dolle Dainert Makes Debut at Fifth Avenue.

Paris Idol Disappointing

Lillian Lorraine, in Her First Appearance at the Victoria, Shows Handsome Gowns.

Five feathers give the outward appearance of fine birds, but the aphorism is only too exact when the failure to live up to the gorgeousness of the exterior is discovered.

Miss Dainert, truth to tell, fails to be either strikingly pleasing or strikingly displeasing. She is one of that vast army of "betwixt and between."

Lillian Lorraine made her vaudeville debut in New York yesterday at Hammerstein's Victoria. She charmed and delighted the audience with her charming and attractive feature of her appearance.

Olga Petrova in her varied repertory of characterizations is the central feature of the programme at B. F. Keith's Union Square Theatre for the current week.

The monologist, James Thornton, is another of the leading lights of the variety stage whose name is printed on the weekly programme.

For the remainder of its numbers the bill presents Leona Thurber and Harry Madison in "On a Sleeping Tour," Ella Bradna and Fred Durick in a novel act from the circus ring.

As the best proof in the world that the old things are the best, the current bill at B. F. Keith's Colonial Theatre might be put in evidence.

Chains of this sort are not the kind that bind us to the theatre. Richard Wilson, Oliver Wyndham, Betty Mason, Desmond Kelly, Percy Mason, Edward Boyce, Shelly Hull, Ruth Frost, Howard Mason, Robert Fisher, Miranda Mason, Thomas Whiffen.

scenes, particularly appreciated by some of those who know it best. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent again dance as very good dancers to-day can, and Bird Millman fills in the most listless-downy fashion along that elusive quantity, the lightness.

For the remainder of the bill there are Gus Edwards's Kid Kabaret, Lynch and Zeller, Dorothy Keaton, McDevitt, Kelly and Irene Lacey, the Four Athletics, Conroy and Le Maire and Linden Beckwith.

"CHAINS" DISAPPOINTS

Drama Founded on English Play Does Not Take Itself Seriously.

A play that requests the serious attention of an audience during four acts given to the solution of a problem, only to throw its problem out on the rubbish heap during the last minute or so of the action, is not one that calls for serious consideration afterward.

What satisfaction there may have been in the original play, "Chains," by Eliza Follen Baker, only those who saw it performed in England during the last season may know.

And that is the end. The man is chained for good and all. A pathetic and sympathetic piece of work from a young woman who was telling, in part, her own story. If the play had value at all it was for the spirit and feeling its author put into it and not for its theme alone.

The formula for America, however, is a certain amount of comic relief and a happy ending, together with the substitute of "dollars" for "pounds," "New York" for "London," and "bowery slang" for its nearest English equivalent.

Shelly Hull, who played the part that turned out to be so inconsequent, looked thoroughly inconsequent from the first. In spite of his lines the fact that he should have an ambition was unbelievable all through.

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"THE RIVALS"

Old English Comedy Company Revives Favorite Play.

PIECE GRACEFULLY SET

But Is Not Acted with Finish Nor Studied with Care.

In the case of one of those plays that have won their way to the eminence of being called "classics" audiences grow fussy—it is inevitable—in their demand for perfection from actors and players, but when a work has great charm it is impossible not to want to see that charm revealed, otherwise—since the work is familiar to every one—why revive it?

After a first performance such as that of "The Rivals" given at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre last night by the Old English Comedy Company, it is unusually hard to know what to say of it. The players seemed not sufficiently prepared. They did not know their lines well enough to convey any feeling of confidence, and that, particularly in the case of a play so well known to its hearers, is trying.

Of all the members of the Old English Comedy Company the one who enters into the spirit of the plays best is Annie Russell herself. Although she has neither the fire nor vitality of many players who have preceded her as Lydia Languish, she has a mellowness and a rhythmic grace which give her a great deal of charm.

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TWO EXHIBITS AT THE CAT SHOW.



MRS. HERBERT SHIPMAN WITH LALL.

QUAKERESS FANCY FREE

Mrs. Brayton's Cat Denies Reported Engagement.

DON IS JUST A FRIEND

Equal Mice for Tabbies and Toms Uppermost in Her Thoughts.

"Well, if I ever!" mewed Quakeress, the beautiful cat owned by Mrs. George B. Brayton, of Brighton, Mass., when The Tribune reporter stepped up to her sumptuous cushioned case in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel yesterday to congratulate her on her announced engagement to Don Dia, Mrs. Brayton's English silver chinchilla.

"You are the sixty-ninth person who has congratulated me to-day, and I don't know when anything has so rubbed my fur the wrong way. Yes, it is all a mistake—just one of those silly rumors that get started, no one knows how. Don and I are good friends, but, dear me, I wouldn't think of accepting his paw if he offered it, and I'm sure he only thinks of me as a kennel comrade. Why, only last week he snarled at me over a fishbone."

"Do, please, deny the report of the betrothal, won't you?" Quakeress pursued, anxiously. "Such stories are extremely embarrassing to a modest young cat like me. I haven't been able to put since I first heard, this morning, how the story had come out in the papers that Don and I were engaged and that the event was to be celebrated at a party here this afternoon. Bless you! This is merely a quiet gathering of the aristocracy of silver catdom, to show the public how beautiful we are. I find it very interesting to meet my cat friends, but, dear me, I wouldn't give a flint of my tail for Don Dia or any of the rest of the boys, except as friends."

Quakeress adjusted her fluff ruff with a dexterous touch of her pink tongue and gazed thoughtfully at the reporter. "Mew!" she said. "What is this talk about woman suffrage that I hear since coming to New York? Does it mean equal roles for Tabbies and Toms? Because if it does I'm for it. I've been thinking for a good while that the Toms have the best of it in this world. It would be fine to work for a cause like that—much nobler than getting engaged and such silly nonsense; don't you think so?"

Don Dia wouldn't utter a mew about the report of the betrothal when first approached, but finally he yawned. "I'm not sure it wouldn't be the part of gentlemen to deny it, would it? I don't think much of matrimony, but—oh, mew, mew! Go talk to the lady."

When assured that Quakeress had denied the report, Don Dia felt so good that he grinned a Cheshire cat grin and made a playful dash at the catnip ball in his case. "Quakeress is a charming young thing," he purred. "I've watched her grow up from a kitten, and the grace of that beautiful ball of catdom when she chases her own tail is beyond my power to express. But my feeling for her, like hers for me, is that of a friend—nothing more."

The exhibit of the American Silver Society was the largest of single colored cats ever held in America. An unusual feature of the show is that it is judged by two societies, the Cat Fanciers' Association and the American Cat Association. Champion Malkin, a female owned by Mrs. J. C. Mitchell, was declared to be the best cat in the show under the Cat Fanciers' Association rules; under the American Cat Association rules Mam'selle Genee was declared to be the best; thus there was satisfaction to spare for all concerned, and nobody but a very jealous cat could have found fault with the ruling.

Other notable cats which carried off prizes were Crown Stripes, a short haired black and gray, owned by Mrs. R. P. Brooke, and Jack Winter, King Winter's son, a friendly silver striped cat that cats ever held in America. An unusual house, Romeo has the finest eyes in the show, and he knows it, for he opens them very wide when he looks at you and then rolls them a little, which other cats never do.

SULZER PLAYS SPHINX TO PAYROLL PATRIOTS

Host of Job Hunters Greet Him Upon His Return from Washington.

MUM ON SERVICE BOARD

Governor-Elect Gives Up Duties at Capitol—May Meet Wilson at Dinner To-night.

Governor-elect William Sulzer, who left Washington for good and came home to prepare himself to take up the duties of ruler of New York State in Albany January 1, was emphatic yesterday in asserting that he did not intend to discuss Albany matters for publication until he had actually been sworn in as Governor.

The Governor-elect spent most of the day at his law office, seeing a host of favor seekers. He would not say whether he would have any further appointments to give out before January 1. One of the most important offices that he will have to fill at present will be that of legal



LITTLE MISS BONNIE BROOK HOLDING CROWN STRIPES.

FORM A LITERARY "TRUST"

Many Well Known Writers in Authors' League.

The corporators do not say so, but there are certain circumstances in the incorporation of the "Authors' League of America," granted yesterday by Justice McCall, which might easily suggest a literary trust. The purposes set forth in the application for a certificate of incorporation are: "To procure adequate copyright legislation, both international and domestic; to protect the rights of all authors, whether engaged in literary, dramatic, artistic or musical composition, and to advise and assist all such authors voluntarily in the disposal of their productions."

There will be a council of thirty-six members, who will divide the members into classes and also will read and pass on the writings of the authors. The classes as at present constituted are: Class "A," Ellen Glasgow, Carolyn Wells, Gellert Burgess, Harvey O'Higgins, A. E. Thomas, Cleveland Moffett, Milton Royce, Charles Rann Kennedy and Hamilton Garland; Class "B," Gertrude Atherton, Rachel Crothers, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Will Irwin, Meredith Nicholson, Jesse Lynch Williams, Walter P. Eaton, Robert Grant, Winston Churchill and Will Fayne; Class "C," Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ida M. Tarbell, George Barr McCutcheon, Rupert Hughes, Rex Beach, Arthur C. Train, Owen Johnson, William M. Sloane, Louis Joseph Vance and Ellis Parker Butler.

"THE DRONE" AT WASHINGTON

First American Performance Reveals an Irish "Bunty."

Washington, Dec. 16.—"The Drone," a comedy by Rutherford Mayne, was produced at the Belasco Theatre in this city to-night, under the direction of W. A. Brady, with a cast of Irish actors and actresses. This was the first American performance of "The Drone," and to many the resemblance in atmosphere between it and "Bunty Pulls the Strings" was striking. Some called it an Irish "Bunty." The piece, which introduced to America Whitford Kane, a character actor of Irish origin, who appeared to-night as a sagacious but kindly old scamp, willing to do anything in the world but earn his living, will be given in New York early in January.

In the audience were Justice Pitney, of the Supreme Court; Secretary Knox, Secretary Meyer, Speaker Clark, Senators Hoke Smith, Chilton and Watson, Mrs. Truxton Beale and Rudolph Forster, Secretary to the President.

SAM HOWE AT THE COLUMBIA.

Sam Howe's "Live Wire" show has captured the Columbia audiences, if the reception given to it last night is a criterion. "Klismie," as he calls it, is full of snap and ginger, and the stage settings are way above the average burlesque productions, with the costumes as strong rivals for favor. Of course the house was crowded, but the lovers of burlesque will have to go far to find anything that can excel the current production at the popular little theatre.

"THE RED PETTICOAT" MOVES.

"The Red Petticoat," with Helen Lowell as its stellar attraction, changed its place of abode last night, when it moved from Daly's Theatre to the Broadway. It was given in its new home with the same players who have made it successful further downtown. Several additions to the chorus were the only changes made. The larger stage of the Broadway permitting a more elaborate production, it is planned to continue the engagement at "The Red Petticoat" at the Broadway indefinitely.

WITTPENN AGAIN AT DESK

Mayor of Jersey City Recovers from Wreck Injuries.

Mayor H. Otto Wittpenn of Jersey City was in his office yesterday for the first time in several weeks. He has been laid up by injuries he received four weeks ago returning from a Maine woods hunting trip on a New York, New Haven & Hartford train.

Many city employes and politicians welcomed him at the City Hall. He will go to Trenton to-day and call on Governor Wilson.