



A Belascan Dream From Hungary

do violence to Mother Goose—or never the feline authority was—when play's away, the cat will go to New York in search of mice. The Little Theatre decided Monday morning that distinction was the better part of "Courage."

other playhouses made up their minds to have a general house-cleaning January 11. And so there is nothing new today but write about David Beatty's newest production, "The Phantom Rival," which is now to be seen at New York theatre.

"The Concert" is one of those dramatic crosses with the audience, "by Dritschstein out of the German," it was the Magyar tourne in which János Molnár wrote "The Phantom Rival"; but, in any case, the agile playwright has transplanted action to America as he did in case of "The Concert." He has done well, and if the result isn't so delightful, it is probably because Herman Badt, who is himself a man with human nature, while Mr. Dritschstein in the nature of an in-

genious trick. The man who put the devil on the stage in play and exhibited hell as a police officer in another, has made "The Phantom Rival" a sort of laboratory specimen of the dream-psychology of his distinguished fellow countryman, Sigmund Freud.

wife who is eternally nagged by her husband dreams of a lover. He is the phantom rival" that her husband is; he is what Freud would call the "pressed wish" of her heart; and he wants to be. In sober matter of fact, young Russian, Sacher, who once loved her, left her after writing a beautiful farewell letter and who has now returned to America. In her dream he comes back to her as all the other successes had failed, that he had met her he might become before he met her hand. In the reality after dream he turns out to be none of these things, but a very commonplace man, who got himself into a soft place in the army on a trumped-up excuse of "flat foot." Thus always to

Mr. Belasco's work in "The Phantom Rival" has failed to enhance the drama of the play by some very excellent stage management and to neglect manifest duty of using a harsh prunci-knife on a good deal of the bickering dialogue between husband and wife that takes a too lengthy introduction.

The dream is, after all, the substance, there Mr. Belasco may be judged.

scenery is manifested in the canvas curtains, but music like comedians in the hall of the Van Ness mansion, the lighting, the carpeting and the draperies are another matter. A cringing boy in black evening dress tugs up and down great orange stairs, the dream fragment of the myriad

menials who serve so uselessly. Under a warm amber light from above—Mr. Belasco has as good as thrown the footlights overboard where they belong—the dream goes forward at a pace such as a passion just the right shade above reality.

The wife sees Sacher enter as a great general, as an imperial diplomat at \$16,000 tenor. As each, he avows his love, fronts the husband and plans their marriage, all in magnificent, sweeping fashion only equalled by Laura Crewe's romantic raptures as the wife when the husband drags her off into the reincarnation, a one-armed tramp. As she is about to go with him, the husband tries to strangle his rival, and the dream ends.

It has been a very fine dream full of weird whimsical high lights like the black butler and chalked faces of the attendants who light the diplomats on high way.

If Mr. Dritschstein fails as adapter in the lengthier quarrels of reality, he triumphs as both adapter and actor in the dream and the epilogue. He plays the romance of the masterful general, the supreme diplomat with that hard attitude, that command of all things amorous or mundane, which the victim of such attractions would most admire. The tempestuous tenor is a distinct comic masterpiece; the tramp, a bitter little vignette.

In the epilogue makes reality live with all the humor of everyday humanity.

In such circumstances "The Phantom Rival" becomes a novel and very entertaining comedy, with hints in it of something more.

Keith's—Vaudeville

Kitty Gordon offered a reporter \$200 last night to keep her name out of the paper. It seems that her husband was hurt in a collision between two taxicabs and the woman with him was also injured.

Unlike other newspaper men, this reporter, on hearing of the accident, bolted right into Miss Gordon's boudoir.

She was taking a nap with two little puppies. And she was angry—so were the puppies. When the reporter told her all—everything—she offered the bribe.

All this took place at Keith's, and after a failed attempt at suicide Miss Gordon changed her clothes, or at least added to what she had on, and sang a couple of songs. She was ably assisted in the act, however, by Alice Alma's Return, by Miss Helen Goff and a Mr. Hunter.

It received warm approval.

Without any fuss or feathers Marie Nordstrom played a number of dramas, sang a couple of songs and made the audience laugh and cry alternately.

Still another clever woman on the bill, Mrs. Irwin, sister of the boxer, May, made a hustling hit in "The Lady of the Lake." As Nora Larkin, an advertising woman, she showed how easy it was to land a Senator's son for her daughter. The comedy was full of laughs.

Harry Breen came out quickly and announced that he was crazy. But as his sons made the people laugh they let it go at that.

The Meyako Sisters, two wonderful girl acrobats, singers and dancers, made a deserved hit. Angelo Patricio showed that he was well acquainted with the old masters at the piano. Correlli and Gillette did some acrobatics and talked. It would be better if they confined themselves to the gymnastic work alone.

Paul Sunberg and Mlle. Renée were many miles in back of the show, which, taken as a whole, was all that one could expect from Haveman's animals performed with art.

News Notes

"His Royal Happiness," by Annie Russell in Springfield, Mass., has proved itself all that the plot made one to be.

Union says of it: "And even the acting of Annie Russell fails to redeem the four acts and five scenes from the wilderness of words and from dreariness."

When "Sliners" changes the atmosphere of Sing Sing for the pure ozone of the Gay White Way, the cast of Owen Davis' newest version of "The Village Story" turned. Here will contain Robert Edeon, case including Alice Brady, Emma Dunn, Florence Nash, Gertrude Dallas, Frances McLeod, Robert Edeon, Charles Richman, John Cromwell, Walter Walker and James Seeley.

How amusingly the managers explain their mishaps. Mr. Frohman has brought the tour of that silly business.

The cast of "The Prodigal Husband," an in order" that Mr. Drew and Alexander Carlisle may appear in a revival of "Rosemary."

Mr. Drew will play "Rosemary" at the Empire New York for two weeks, beginning January 11, and then take it to the coast and the Exposition. Sixteen years ago it was first acted at the same theatre, with Maude Adams at the part Miss Carlisle is to take.

Shakespeare having collapsed under the strain of introducing Phyllis Neilson-Terry to America, the young English woman will go into vaudeville. And of all possible companies she has chosen the fourth act of "La Tosca" and Melbourne MacDowell, who played Scarpia back in '88.

"We're talking about the dirty old earth," replied the fairies, "and we wish we could do something for it."

"Well, maybe you can," said the fairy queen, cheerfully. "Why don't you go down and clean it up?"

"We?" asked the fairies; "we clean up the earth?"

"Certainly," replied the queen; "why not?"

"But the earth is such a big job!" exclaimed the fairies.

"Big jobs are the same as little jobs," said the queen, "only they take more bravery—and more stick-ativeness! Never stop because a job sounds big!"

The fairies blinked. The queen talked as if cleaning up the earth was an everyday job—they could hardly believe their ears! But if the queen thought they could clean up the earth, why, maybe they could—at least they might try! They didn't like to disappoint her.

So they got to work, many called together all the fairies they could find and told them about cleaning up day. Then they got busy at the rest work.

Down from the clouds they floated on their mission of cleanliness. Millions and millions of fairies all dressed in snow-white clothes and floating gracefully on the breeze. You can quite imagine how pretty they looked.

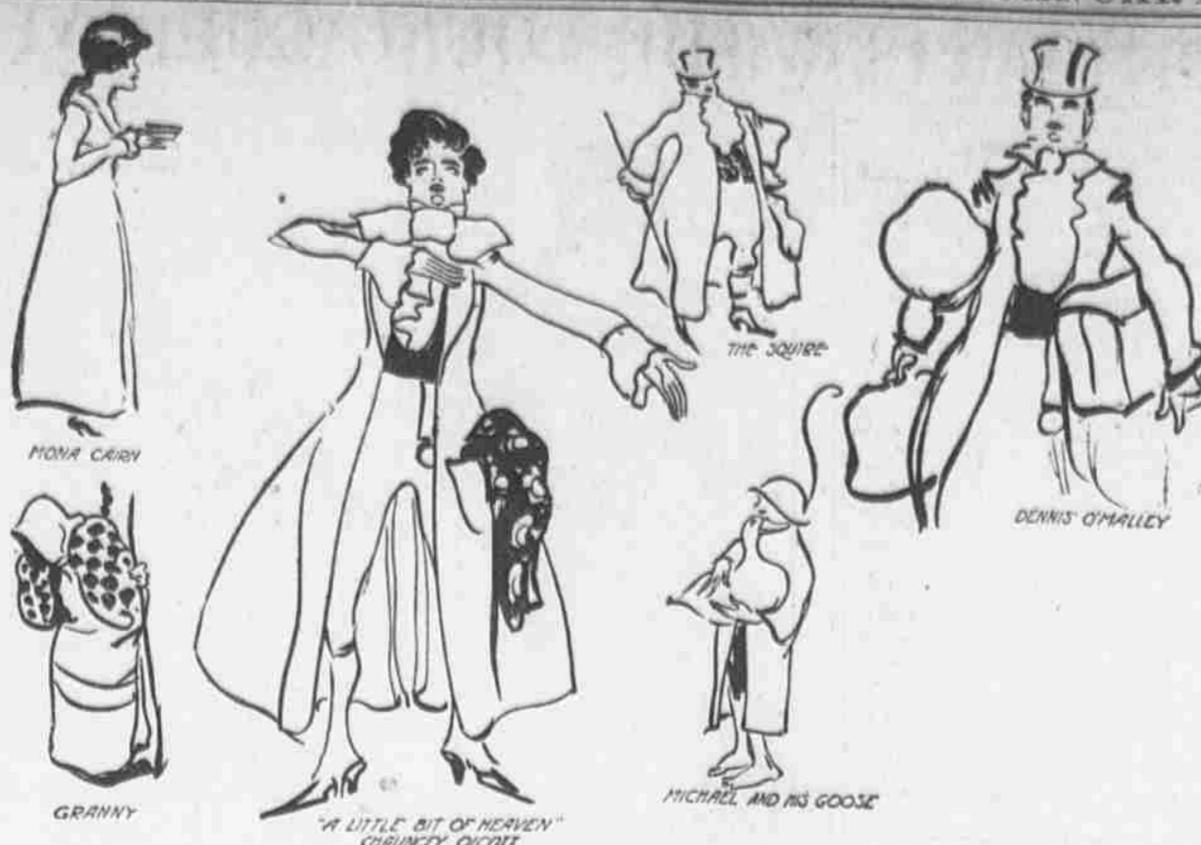
They covered the house tops, they covered the alleys. They hid the trash piles and the heaps of dirty ashes. They laid a blanket of whiteness over the dingy kitchens and they wrapped soft whiteness around the naked trees.

Oh, they were busy—those fairies!

And when the day was over the world was no longer dirty and gray; it was fresh and white and gleaming.

The stupid earth people said to each other, "Dear me, but this has been a stormy day!" You see they didn't understand about cleaning day and how the fairies had worked!

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CHAUNCEY OL'COTT, AT THE WALNUT

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Photo Plays

The picturization of Hall Caine's "The Christian," featuring Earle Williams and Edith Storey, was shown for the first time in this city yesterday afternoon at the Chestnut Street Opera House. The work is of the highest quality, and the light effects are really wonderful. They begin with a beautiful sunset over the ocean and closing with the visionary passing of angels and the shadow of a cross on the floor, caused by the moon's rays shining upon the figure of John Storm with arms outstretched. The settings, with their period furniture and decorations also call for special mention.

Earle Williams is the John Storm, a man who has determined to devote himself to humanity. His enactment of this role is strong, especially in the scenes showing the mob's demonstration against him and his teaching and again when he falls to Gloria's (Edith Storey) room and tells her he is "going to kill her body to save her soul." It is in this scene that Edith Storey as Gloria is at her best, displaying considerable emotional ability.

Others in the cast who do good work are Charles Kent, Harry Northrup, James Lackaye, Vincent Sternrold, Alberta Galan, Carlotta deFelice, Edward Kimball, Ross Tailey and James W. Morrison.

"The Christian" is the result of eight months of careful preparation, and the eight acts, taken on the Isle of Man, where the early part of the story is developed, are well presented. Credit is due Eugene Mullin for the perfected scenario and Frederick Thompson for the stage direction and the handling of the mob scenes.

ACTS "BILLY" FOR POLICE

Lieutenant Then Urges Bluecoats to Visit Tabernacle.

Police of the Germantown station were kept busy yesterday recovering cats stolen in that section. Several of the animals still are missing.

Mrs. L. P. Pratt, 509 Westview street, Germantown, complained to the police that her Persian cat, Chico, had been stolen. Two special policemen were assigned to the case and they arrested Joseph Date, 171 East Sharpnack street, in whose home the cat was found. According to the police, the man abducted the cat while removing garbage from the Pratt residence.

Mrs. Edward Cope, 2940 Wayne avenue, also reported the theft of a valuable cat. Many residents have complained to the police the last week about the disappearance of pet cats.

VALUABLE CATS STOLEN

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Lieutenant Andrew T. Hamilton, of the Belgrade and Clearfield stations, told his policemen, after roll call this morning, that "Billy" Sunday was the greatest man that ever came to Philadelphia.

Then he gave what every one agreed was a faithful impersonation of Sunday, and got a great many interested. Six of them asked how they could get seats in the tabernacle. When it was all over Magistrate Campbell, who was waiting to hear cases, gave Hamilton two hearty slaps on the back and said:

"Good boy; very good, very good."

Contemporary Club to Discuss Peace

Famous speakers will address the Contemporary Club at 8 o'clock to-night Monday night at the Belgrave-Stratford. The subject for discussion is "What Can America Do to Bring About Peace?" James M. Beck, ex-Attorney General of the United States, and Mr. Stanton Coit, lecturer and author of London, will be the speakers.

WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT

months of careful preparation, and the eight acts, taken on the Isle of Man, where the early part of the story is developed, are well presented. Credit is due Eugene Mullin for the perfected scenario and Frederick Thompson for the stage direction and the handling of the mob scenes.

In many instances, theatres have in their employ official guardians whose business it is to meet children on the streets, escort them into the amusement places, leave them there and go forth to meet the children again.

It is not necessary for the children to have the nickel for admission into most of the cheaper houses. Three cents and sometimes only two are enough. In many

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