ARNOLD BENNETT COMPLETES THIRD NOVEL OF TRILOGY

"These Twain" Takes Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways Through Married Troubles to Understanding

BOOKS ON THEATRE

After five or six years of patient waiting Arnold Bennett's Edwin Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways, and all the Clayhangers and Hildas of reality, make up their minds to a not altogether happy, but certainly successful married life. Their recorder has finished and published the last of his trilogy on those Five Towns folk. It is "These Twain" and, like the rest, it is published by George H. Doran, of New York. Needless to say, it makes excellent reading for the Bennettites, the lovers of hard, firm observation and satire. And it is just as interesting to those who care for one more fling at the eternal puzzle of prosaic married life. Those two angles make the worth of "These Twain."

Its story is an uneventful finishing off of the careers of Auntie Hamps and George Cannon, one more addition to the amusing anecdotage that surrounds the minor figures of "Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways," and finally the recording of a series of mild but important bickerings, rebellions, compromises and reconciliations between Clayhanger, Husband, and Hilda, Wife.

The Manchester quality of observation and satire, which is so little appreciated as typically English, makes the book a delight to the leisurely American reader. But behind it he finds his chief pleasure in the picturing of that eternal conflict of early married life which comes to couples like Clayhanger and Hilda, in whom understanding is born very slowly after disillusion.

The woman takes marriage as a safe retiring from the dangers of the world, and insists on guiding her husband's career away from any risks that may throw her into tragic "independence" again; the husband wants to find in his wife the "comforting, straightforward characteristics" of the male, but expects her to be the silent partner. The husband writhes in rebellion at living with an "opportunist"; the wife realizes her economic subjection and bitterly resents her indisposition to revolt. And the reconciliation, for so many years, is the eternal reconciliation of this eternal conflict—her kiss, "a high, bold gesture," drawing his life out of him and pouring hers in, proving that there is no difference between love and hate, containing everything, surrender, defiance, anger and tenderness.

And yet it is a reconciliation each time sundered anew. Only at the last comes a hint of some solider foundation than the high passion of love which has endured so long. It is the realization on Clayhanger's part that he must yield the things he has withheld—dictation, for instance, over such common affairs as the building of country houses—and that he must yield them in spite of the "injustice" of her asserting her own individuality. Indeed, he can see that without this injustice there would be no merit in his surrender. It makes a curious and thought-giving close to a curious and thought-giving book.

The Dramatic Museum of Columbia University has published a more scholarly set of books in four little monographs on the actor's art. Their titles speak for them: "The Art of the Actor," by Constant Coquelin, with an introduction by Henry James; "The Illusion of the First Time in Acting," by William Gillette, with an introduction by George Arliss; two papers on Mrs. Siddons, by H. C. Fleeming Jenkins, and Talma's "Reflections on Acting," with an introduction by Henry Irving. No actor and no student of acting should omit these from his library.

Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have done the American playgoer a real service by bringing together 12 of Clyde Fitch's best plays in a memorial edition. The four volumes should show many a forgetful person the really fine virtues of Fitch as impressionist, critic and something more. The plays plumb all his many moods from "Captain Jinks" and "Her Own Way" to "The City" and "The Truth."

The Drama League series, that excellent group of plays from Doubleday, Page & Co., of Garden City, L. I., which acknowledges in its title the source of much of the current interest in printed drama, has had four aditions to its list since the EVENING LEDGER first commented on its excellence. One is Bernstein's "The Thief," effective, gripping, by reason of its technical trickery, but undeniably holding a rightful place in the library of the student of dramaturgy. In quite another gallery is Hervieu's trenchant masterpiece "The Trail of the Torch." England contributes "My Lady's Dress," by Edward Knoblauch, author of "Marie-Odile." It is technical, very interesting because of the manner in which it compiles a drama on fashionable dress-making out of six one-act plays. America's share is one of our few good light comedies, Thompson Buchanan's "A Woman's Way," acted some seven years ago by Grace George and Frank Worthing. Each volume carries an introduction by some critical hand.

The same firm has just issued a couple of volumes aimed directly at the student. They are "The Masterpieces of Modern Drama," edited by John A. Pierce and Brander Mathews, and they contain some 60 of the modern world's most noted plays, presented by means of synopses linking excerpts of varying lengths. They are handled so satisfying as the printed plays themselves; but they should be useful for the man who wants to get a wide view as easily as may be. But why include De Mille's "Strongheart" and leave out "Salvation Nell"?

KNEISEL QUARTET HEARD

Two B's and Sibelius on Program Finely Rendered

A program in which Brahms and Beethoven supply three numbers and on which the great Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius, is also represented, all played with the finesse and musical insight of the Kneisel Quartet is certain to be a superb pleasure. Sibelius alone is less than familiar, yet if one were to go in for comment, the players and the two B's would exhaust the major part.

Unfortunately, mistaken generosity in seating arrangements made it impossible for the reporter to hear the Brahms quartet in A major with the unity of impression always to be desired in chamber music. That Messrs. Kneisel, Letz, Svecenski and Willeke played each his separate instrument impeccably, he can record without reserve. And judging by what followed the ensemble was probably perfect. It was in the Beethoven Quartet in G major that they appeared in all their glory. Each movement went with a glow of tone and a prosperous fulness of intelligence. The scherzo and the finale, both intricate in the rhythmic collocation of the separate instruments, brought what amounted to thunderous applause in Witherspoon Hall.

And for sheer difficulty the Allegro of Sibelius Quartet in D minor was a masterpiece. The four players were pushed to the limit of their separate capacities, but far more remarkable, far more interesting, was the matchless dovetailing involved. An audience which was unworthy, in number, of the great feast found the Kneisels at their placid and effectual pestle.

POE-LIKE FIGURE LIPPINCOTT HERO

Local Publishers Bring Out Novel With a Vital Central Character

Virginia, out of whose ken swam Amelie Rives a generation ago to flash across the literary horizon with her sensational "The Quick or the Dead," has another writer, who, if less startling, is none the less promising.

She is Sally Nelson Robins, and her initial novel, "A Man's Reach," is issued under the imprint of the firm which "discovered" Amelie Rives, J. B. Lippincott Company, of this city. There is a bit of Poe's unhappy career in the early life of her hero, Randolph Turberville, of the Poe who was not a successful student at the University of Virginia. Randolph, who inherits all the traditions of a scion of the F. F. V.'s, struggles against similar temptations of alcohol at Charlottesville. He is a lawyer, with splendid natural equipment for his calling, a passion for work and a hereditary weakness for the darkling cup that is most fatal when it is most incarnadine. But unlike the fated poet whom

> Unfortunate disaster
> Followed fast and followed faster,
> Till the dirges of his hope one burden bore
> Of Never—Nevermore

Randolph Turberville has his redemption in a typically high-bred girl of the Old Dominion.

Miss Robins' theme is by no means novel, yet she has treated the old, old story of man's redemption through woman's grace with distinction. Her characterization is firm, and the novel has remarkable structural form for a first work of fiction.

The writer who conceals her identity under the nom de plume of "Rita" (Mrs. W. Desmond Humphreys) has written an attractive love story, called "The Iron Stairs" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). This is a romance of Dartmoor, but not the Dartmoor of Eden Philpotts. Readers will like it as well as they did her much earlier novel, "Asenath of the Ford," and much better than they did "A Jilt's Journal" and "A Man of No Importance."

The central figure is a blase dilettante, a typical London man of fashion and about town. His friendship for a valet and his taste for questing into the unusual knot him in a complex situation, in which he finds himself facing a prosecution for a serious criminal offense. The valet is a well-drawn characterization of a chap who had "done his bit." He is an accomplished forger in addition to other accomplishment, such as caring for a gentleman's wardrobe. Aubrey Derringham is the presumptive heir to a new peerdom. He is eager for new sensations. He finds one in a police court under the tutelage of his "fidus Achates," the delightful gentleman's gentleman. Aubrey, the despair of his proper brother, is entangled likewise in a Cupid's bow. How both are uncomplicated—love and danger—is told in a book that keeps the reader agog from page to page. Heather o' Devonshire moors furnishes a fresh contrast against sullen prison walls in the telling.

A girl of charm, an innocent convict, a treacherous friend—these keep the movement constant. A very fetching use of quotations is found in the chapter headings, which are made with distinct appropriateness from Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol."

"Father Payne" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), despite the implication in the title, is not one of the now frequently appearing Roman Catholic novels. The title character is not a priest, but a lovable, quaint layman, who is the autocratic chief of an English literary colony. In a delightful house in picturesque Norfolk this brotherhood of writers fulfils the precept of "Nulla die sine linea," under the inspiration of the director.

"Father Payne" is not a novel, though there is a slight framework of fiction on which to append the impressions and theories of literature and life of the anonymous author. From internal evidence it is obvious that he is none other than Arthur Christopher Benson. His fluent, familiar style and his admirable matured philosophy are apparent to those who have found pleasure in both his previous books of collected essays. He has a bit of latitude not permitted to the formal essayist, through the device of having a spokesman for his opinions. These will be of general interest to the casual reader, but even more so to the literary craftsman.

For once the reviewer can do no more or better than accept the publisher's valuation of a book. It is "The Alibi," by George Allan England, hitherto known chiefly as a Socialist writer. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, say this about it:

> It's a thriller—a good old hair-raising crime story—innocent man accused of dreadful murder—beautiful, tender-hearted, loyal girl—unusually deep-dyed villain—stirring episodes—magnificent climax. Great stuff!

And they're mildly modest about it at that. It's a thriller.

In "Keeping Physically Fit" (The Macmillan Company, New York) W. J. Cromie, instructor in physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, offers practical advice to business and professional men. The book contains a routine of common-sense exercises for every member of the average American family.

Theatrical Baedeker

GARRICK—"Twin Beds," with Ray Cox. A farce by Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo, which deals with the comic adventures of people who mistake other people's apartments for their own.

ADELPHI — "Marie-Odile," with Frances Starr. An admirable Belasco production demonstrating how sweet are the uses of atrocity.

FORREST—"Around the Map," with Elsie Alder and William Norris. Good music, better acting and singing. Urban's scenery best of all.

BROAD—"Pollyanna," with Patricia Collinge, Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey. The "glad girl" of the "glad books" playing the "glad game" with sentimental thoroughness.

LYRIC—"Passing Show of 1915," with George Monroe and Marilynn Miller. A Winter Garden show of the usual type with girls, runway, music and costumes in large quantities, plus some excellent burlesque on current shows.

WALNUT—"Kilkenny," with Flake O'Hara, a play by Augustus Pitou. A romantic story of love and adventure in Ireland.

PHOTOPLAYS.

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE—"On the Firing Line With the Germans," the North American's war pictures, showing scenes during the German offensive against the Russians.

STANLEY—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "Nearly a King," with John Barrymore.

ARCADIA—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "D'Artagnan," with Orrin Johnson, and "His Hereafter," a Keystone comedy.

PALACE—All week, "The Spider," with Pauline Frederick, a Famous Player film on Paramount program. Miss Frederick is seen in a dual role.

STOCK.

AMERICAN—"The Yellow Ticket." The Arvine players in a thrilling melodrama of Russia.

KNICKERBOCKER—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The Knickerbocker players in John Fox, Jr.'s popular play.

VAUDEVILLE.

KEITH'S—McIntyre and Heath, Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler, in "Married"; Ralph Dunbar's Maryland, Josie Heather, Fairey Ball and Brown, Orth and Dooley, "Sheet" Gallagher and Irene Martin.

GRAND—"In the Orchard," Marshall Montgomery, Laney Haskell, Walton Brothers and Geer, West and Van Sichlen, Leander.

GLOBE—"The Handicapped Girls," J. C. Mack Trio, in "On the Side Street"; La France and Howland, Paul and Edith Warren, Eugenie La Blanc, Redington and Grant, the Dougherty's and Francis Lenz, in "The Second-story Man," and the Great Richards.

BURLESQUE.

DU'MONT'S—Dumont's Minstrels in burlesque of matters of current interest.

Philadelphia Woman a Candidate

BROOKLINE, Mass., Feb. 11.—Nomination papers have been filed for Dr. Augusta G. Williams as a candidate for the School Committee of this town. Doctor Williams, who is prominent here, is a graduate of Radcliffe and of the Woman's Medical School of Pennsylvania. She served on the staff of the Philadelphia Hospital before coming here.

A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., Host in N. Y.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., gave a dinner last night at their home, 2 East 89th street, later taking their guests to see "The Cohan Review of 1916," at the Astor Theatre.

ANIMATED MAGAZINE NOW ON THE SCREEN

Paramount 'Pictograph' Covers Usual Magazine Articles in Novel Way

By the Photoplay Editor

Every once in so often a terrible noise rumbles around the United States from its source at Oyster Bay. The whole country knows that T. R. is making a few remarks on preparedness or some other matter of current interest. The noise subsides and allows the C. P. (meaning Common People) to read the views of Mr. Frederick Palmer on the war. This being quite depressing Mr. C. P. turns quickly to a "comic" while Mrs. C. P. hunts rapidly for an article on the care of children. These important affairs being duly considered they join in getting full enjoyment from a Bray cartoon which hits a political question a deadly blow.

But why have to waste the energy of turning the page. Go to any picture house—the Stanley, for instance—that shows Paramount productions when they are screening a "Pictograph" or animated magazine, the new feature which is replacing the Paramount Newspictures.

We get the words spoken by Mr. Roosevelt (without all the unnecessary noise) as a leader to a short scene which illustrates these profound thoughts. Then we see a lead from Mr. Palmer's dark foreboding on war, followed by a scene which rivals the battle pictures in "The Birth of a Nation."

Then comes an amusing little bit of clever comedy to relieve our depressed feelings. Mother then gets a lecture on the care of the infant. Finally comes an animated cartoon in which "Mr. Hostile Nation," a burglar, loses the seat of his pants to "our National Defense as it ought to be," a great big bulldog, after he has put "our present National defense," a yapping pup, in his bag and chucked him over the wall.

This is just an outline of the Pictograph No. 1 and gives many an idea of the ingenuity of the company that is putting it out.

Vera Sisson's romance was the chief subject of studio talk in Los Angeles last week. It came about in this way: Not far from the Biograph studios there is a newsstand that makes a specialty of foreign papers, and her fellow players noticed that Vera was a regular customer for French journals. Then one day the little star was seen in tears that almost ruined her make-up. A fellow player, picking up the paper she let fall, saw that it was open at a page of war news. Immediately the word went round that poor Vera's sweetheart in the trenches had been either killed or wounded. When the gossip reached Miss Sisson's ears she was indignant at first, but soon she saw the humor of it, and laughingly explained that she read the newspapers to improve her French. As for the tears—they were a tribute to the heroism of a French chasseur whose story she had been reading. So she's still heart-whole and fancy free!

Marguerite Clayton, one of Essanay's leading women, made her first attempt at ice skating recently, with more or less interesting results for herself and the spectators who were fortunate enough to see the trial. The young actress has spent her entire life in the warm climate of California and really never saw ice until she came to Chicago. The novelty of walking on ice was in itself a thrilling one to her and the additional opportunity of wearing skates appealed to her. She came to Chicago just as that city was faintly responding to the ice craze sweeping westward from New York, where many of the best restaurants have skating for guests among the chief entertainment. So Miss Clayton is practicing regularly, and day by day is making fewer falls and more progress. In a week she mastered the technique of the game. Now all she needs is practice, which she is getting at every opportunity.

Constance Collier, the Morosco-Paramount star, met with an accident at the studios when a three-inch oak counter fell on her hand. The only thing that saved her hand from being smashed to a pulp was the narrow space between the ledge and the falling top. Although her hand was painfully hurt and became badly discolored, Miss Collier retained complete self-possession and did not make any display of feeling. Not so, however, with the switchboard operator, who became greatly excited and shouted wildly for help.

Wilbur H. Durborough, who took the war pictures now at the Chestnut, has developed a grouch of some magnitude since Monday. In the first place, Mr. Durborough is a native of Philadelphia, where his parents reside, and a former member of the staff of a Philadelphia morning paper. Although every newspaper in town has praised his pictures since the opening Monday, the only one which has carefully avoided mentioning the name of Durborough is the one on which he was once a salaried employe!

Second, the shell-battered, mud-encrusted, war-worn automobile in which he toured the battlefields and from which he took the German war pictures, and which was shipped from Chicago last week, has not arrived yet. It is the desire of Mr. Durborough that this rare old gasoline chariot be present in front of the Opera House during his engagement there. Mr. Durborough has to hoof it from hotel to theatre like a German infantryman on the way to Warsaw.

Dive Dates for Mahler's Symphony

Official announcement has been made that the Philadelphia Orchestra Association's long-looked-for performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony will be given at the Academy of Music on March 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Society of Friends of Music. The performance will be repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, on Sunday evening, April 9.