

THOSE VERSATILE VEILLERS, PLAYER AND PLAY-WRITER

Husband and Wife, But They Don't Always Agree on Details, and Sometimes Margaret Wycherly Wins Out Argumentatively

CLASSIFYING artistic partnerships is not so easy as it looks. Most players, for instance, are aware that Laurette Taylor is Mrs. J. Hartley Manners, and that this popular actress fits nicely into dramas of her husband's making.

life. I had an instinctive feeling, however, that my Rosalie struck the right note and I was more than flattered when the authoritative Mr. Irwin informed me that my actions and vocal inflections established the proper atmosphere.

"You see," she explained, "a spiritualistic Rosalie was known to the fiction world before my husband moved her into the drama. The name was Will Irwin's. In a series of tales that have become rather widely read, Mr. Irwin described the doings of a medium of stirring cleverness. For some years he has been an expert in mystical research, and his exposure of mystical sessions was thorough and authoritative. It is true that after prolonged investigation of the subject he confessed to me that in the midst of much charity and intrigue there were a few points about spiritualism which he could not explain. But in the trick he used to do, he was in the main the basis of his 'miracles' was trick. Armed with his equipment, he evoked his Rosalie, and Mr. Veiller conceived the idea of building a play about her. The cleavage feature was due to Mr. Irwin's."



MARGARET WYCHERLY BAYARD VEILLER

Irwin, but his contribution to "The Thirteenth Chair" herewith ends. There is not a single word of the plot machinery of my husband's play derived from Mr. Irwin. Furthermore," she interpolated, "there are some features of it that are not even Bayard's, but mine.

"When the piece was completed Mr. Veiller wanted me to depict a younger Rosalie and a no one rather more eccentrically perky. You will take away the humanity of the play by such methods," I told him. "In a trick drama like this, whose basis and development are grounded in sheer artifice, the note of sincerity is intensely precious. If the audience is to believe for the moment that all the wonderful happenings of 'The Thirteenth Chair' are real, then they must credit its principal personage, I should like my Rosalie to resemble many an old woman encountered on a busy metropolitan street. I don't want her to seem incredible or bizarre, but, on the other hand, almost commonplace in appearance—above all, natural. Let me try the role my way 'in the road.'" If the concept misses fire, then I'll realize that you were right and I will act accordingly.

"After some persuasion he agreed to the experiment. I presented my own Rosalie, brother Will Irwin's not Bayard's. For the three hours' traffic of the stage the spectator accepts the remarkable incidents of 'The Thirteenth Chair,' and I can't help feeling that this mental attitude prevails, because Rosalie La Grange seems not a phenomenon, but a possibility. In saying this don't internet me as vain over my powers of perception. Set me down rather as an apostle of realism and appreciative of its value even in a melodrama where conscious theatricism predominates.

"Have I studied mediums and their 'trances'?" she echoed. "The question has a familiar ring, but I suspect that my answer may surprise you. I have no first-hand knowledge of spiritualism whatever. I never saw a clairvoyant 'in action' in my

After some valuable experience in stock I decided to follow my ambitions. I wanted to exploit the exotics and the strange, to write occult poetic dramas of William Butler Yeats, the Irish playwright, now justly famous. The admirable Irish plays from the Abbey Theatre were unheard of in America. They have now become the vogue of Yeats with their art here but my venture preceded theirs by several seasons.

"Browsing one day about a San Francisco book store, my early stock training was galloped in California—a volume of Yeats's works caught my eye. I was soon entranced by the delicate and touching love-letters of 'The Countess Cathleen' and some of the other plays. I burned to produce them, and eventually Bayard and I, with slender capital, took the plunge. We did 'Cathleen,' which to my mind, still marks the crest of Yeats's art: 'The Land of the Dead' and 'Kathleen Ni Houlihan.' My roles did not live to the use of diaphanous. They have now become the vogue of Yeats with their art here but my venture preceded theirs by several seasons.

"No," she continued, "I never came to Philadelphia with the Irish plays. In fact, until the present visit, I have appeared in an important part in but one other production, and that was at the Metropolitan. It was 'The Thirteenth Chair'—once upon a time James J. Corbett took an artistic hitch-hike to New York in a dramatization of Bernard Shaw's amusing novel, 'Candide Byron's Profession.' I played the heroine in that curiously funny play, which I thought was, although not conspicuously profitable, financially. We had a week's run at the Walnut Street Theatre here.

"It is since those days that Mr. Veiller has invaded the province of playwriting. Only today, in fact, is the second of his works in which I have appeared. The other one was 'The Fight.' Jane Cowd and Helen Ware were featured when his 'Within the Law' was produced, and I had no other share in an artistic hitch-hike. An earlier play of his that has always been a favorite of mine. Indeed, I sometimes regard that play as the best work he has done. It was a little ahead of its time, I now believe. 'I like to see it have a chance today. So you see,' she said, 'that although Bayard and I are both in theatrical harness, we have not always been a team. My moments are his, and he is toward the poetic drama, that fragile, unprofitable domain. I was pleasing myself when I acted in New York in a special production of Sophocles's 'Edipus Rex,' and the director of Maxey Joseph's 'The Thirteenth Chair'—the play which Bayard and I were also delighted to play Light in 'The Bluebird' in New York's New Theatre, as the present Century was then called, and last summer I went on the theatrical circuit, playing 'Fanny' in a tent, the Shylock of Eric Blind! That was a harder test than you may imagine. The exact wording of the quality of 'money' speech had a trick of slipping from me and when the school girls with their classroom copies of 'The Merchant of Venice' would sit in the first row and remorselessly check off any lapses from the text, facing a rapt audience on Broadway seemed by contrast the climax of comfort.

"Now you realize," she said, "that it's useless to ask me, 'I think Philadelphia, I am a little getting acquainted with it. They tell me that there are some lovely auto rides to be taken here. What about motoring about the upper Wissahickon?'—no auto is permitted there."

"Philadelphia, indeed?" exclaimed the accented actress. "But, do you know," she added, "I think that's quite an admirable rule after all. There's something quaint and appealing about the notion. It has been a long time since I have been here."

"So has Margaret Wycherly," reflected the departing interviewer.

Notable Recitals Slated

Arthur Judson announces four recitals by eminent artists at the Academy of Music during the coming season. Ervin Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, will appear on Saturday afternoon, October 27; Alma Gluck, soprano, will give a recital on March 15; Florence Hinkle Mrs. Herbert Witherston and Herbert Witherston will give a joint recital on January 24; and Josef Hofmann will make his annual appearance in recital on March 29.

PEN-CRAFTSMAN AND IMPRESARIO



When Somerset Maugham is not busy writing some satirical comedy like 'Our Better,' coming to the Broad, he likes a general interest with Producer John D. Williams. The engraving discloses them on their favorite set.

LADIES OF THE PHOTOPLAY IN LIGHTER VEIN



Margaret Mayo, author of "Polly of the Circus," at the Stanley all next week, is found in her country home and her dog.

Margaret Mayo, whose celluloid self will enlighten the Strand's screen, retreats to the chill mountains to avoid California heat.

HISTORIC BIJOU WILL REOPEN ITS PORTALS

The house where continuous vaudeville was born in Philadelphia, namely the Bijou, Eighth street above Race, will open for its twenty-eighth season next Monday. Many stars now famous on the musical comedy and dramatic stages made their first bows to Philadelphians at the Bijou. It was here that we first came to know Weber and Fields, the Four Cohans, including the famous George M. Cohan, and Health, Sam Bernard, the Rogers Brothers, 'Cissie Loftis' and a score of others, who subsequently shone in glory on Broadway.

But why bother to caption this golden-haired young woman? For every one knows Mary Pickford. Her latest picture, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," is the forth-coming bill of the Arcadia and Palace.

THEATRICAL BAEDEKER FOR THE COMING WEEK

BROAD - "Our Beters," with Chrystal Hume, Rose Coghlan, Fritz Williams, Leonora Harris, Mortimer Weiden. Comedy by Somerset Maugham, illustrating the motto, "If at first you don't succeed, climb, climb again," with reference to title-hunting. Opening, Monday night.

The Wanderer

By WILLIAM A. PAGE

Chapter IV GAAZ had been so cold and hard as he stood before Jethro. Surely no one would ever have suspected that those two men who faced each other with anger in their hearts and grim intensity in their faces were really brothers. The one of them, a tall, sturdy, broad-shouldered man, with iron arms bare to the shoulder, showing muscles of steel, and the other seemed but a man over twenty, with the slender, lithe frame of an athlete.

"What do you mean?" asked Jethro, his eyes fixed on the taller of the two men. "Where do you come from?" "I am from the village of Huldah," answered GAAZ. "I have traveled in the sun to bring the barley to you before the holy day. Father and I have traveled long and hard, but you have kept me waiting for so long, and I am hungry. You must give me something to eat. My brother and I are tired and I must go to rest. You will not let us starve, will you?"

"You are tired, I am sure," said Jethro, "but you must wait until I have had my dinner. You will not let us starve, will you?" "I am hungry," said GAAZ. "I have traveled long and hard, but you have kept me waiting for so long, and I am hungry. You must give me something to eat. My brother and I are tired and I must go to rest. You will not let us starve, will you?"

PHILA. ORCHESTRA ABANDONS CHORUS

Gives Up Vocal Work Because of War, But Promises a Splendid Season

Perhaps at no time in the history of America has music made such a profound appeal as in this year of war, and it is a comforting thought to those who have labored long in its behalf to know that the people are turning to music now for comfort and solace. The eighteenth year of the Philadelphia orchestra promises, therefore, to continue in interest, and in a way to excel all others, for it enters upon the forthcoming season on a finer and fuller basis than ever before.

Huldah Counsel Jethro Against Willfulness