



THIS is a typical scene in a new blood-curdling melodrama written around "Tiger Rose" and the Northwest Mounted Police. New York must have raw meat along with its little theatres. The Canadian Northwest is supposed to furnish a good deal of the raw stuff. Willard Mack is the originator of this one. David Belasco is the producer. Consequently it is—successful.

Father Thibault: "Yes, dear, I will do what I can."  
Rose: "Vera good, then tell Michael Devlin you will put the curse of Church on him if he do not let my man go."

Father Thibault: "What?"

Devlin: "What's all this?"

Rose: "The curse of the Church is vera bad! I will be Christian girl for Father Thibault. Then, if you tak him away, Father Thibault will give you the curse."

Hector: "Well, so help me God."

Father Thibault: "No! no! my dear child—you do not understand. Michael cannot let him go—not even for all you promise could we ask him to do this."

Rose: "You think I let him go uow wizout me? Oh, you don't know Rose Bocion so good—no, where he shall go I shall go!"

Hector: "You mean to say, Rose, that in spite of anything we can say to you that you'd leave us all

and go away with this man that you've only known a few weeks, whether you're married or not? You mean to tell me you'll go away with him?"

Rose: "What I say, I do!"

Father Thibault: "And if I do this, will you go to a good Father I will send you to, go to school, and Church, stop swearing and learn something of your soul's salvation? Will you do this?"

Rose: "Oh, sure as hell I will!"

And there's plenty more.

## Now Will We Be Good?

ONE-HALF of the world, says Mr. Isaacson, in the Theatre Magazine, have been content to swallow the tradition that only a small and select group of persons were able to grasp the supposed intricacies of great music. They have steered clear of the concert halls and the opera houses as they would from a class in trigonometry or the Greek classics. They have shivered at the icy bitterness of the writers of music, and despite the one-time latent intuition that they really enjoyed fine music, have gradually become attached to the notion that they don't. They have concluded unconsciously that inasmuch as they cannot afford the time nor the effort to enter a long novitiate in the mysteries, histories, theories and practices of musical lore, that they will never know, and they had better forget it.

With more or less guilty feeling they have then gone back to their cabarets, vaudeville theatres, musical comedies and revues, to revel in the unblushing enjoyment of Irving Berlin, Wolfie Gilbert, and their set. While this very exclusive and highly intellectual band of "music-lovers" continued to refrigerate the world in general with the good masters, and to sneer most loudly at the truck and rubbish which the lower level enjoy.

I call a halt to this practice of ignorance. All unconsciously the whole erroneous system is being altered. Where a few years ago, there were but a handful of artists in this country, and a mere scattering of musical events—to-day every little city has its season of music, by worth-while performers. Where but a few thousand made up the music-going public, it is to-day over two million. Music schools and teachers are turning out hundreds of thousands of fairly trained amateurs and professionals. The phonograph and the player-piano are making musicians of us all.

## Picturize Gilbert and Sullivan?

AND now somebody rises to suggest that the Gilbert and Sullivan operas be put on the film. Anyway, after an interview with De Wolf Hopper, as recorded in Everybody's, Lillian Montanye says to the comedian:

"Do you think the Gilbert and Sullivan operas will be revived, and will you take your former parts if they are?"

"Yes, to both questions," he said—"or, at least, I hope so."

"So do I," I agreed, thinking gleefully of his inimitable performance in "The Mikado." "What a pity these operas couldn't be filmed!"

"Perhaps they could," he smiled. "At least, I should not be surprised at some enterprising Motion Picture producer attempting it, nor at their way of going about it. Since my work in pictures and the funny things I experienced, nothing could surprise me again."

"As I said, it's results that count. In the first part of my talk I said some nonsensical things about the making of pictures, but I have told you what I think of the finished pictures and what I see in them. You see, I happen to have an abnormal sense of humor, and if there's anything funny I see it and, of course, have to tell it, so I couldn't refrain from talking a little about the funny side of picture-making."

And who would expect De Wolf Hopper to do anything else? It is said that humor is close kin to pity—that the smile is close to the tear. If we can't laugh with people, we can't weep with them. Humor is human—it helps people to get together and to get on together. And in that way De Wolf Hopper and others who make us smile do quite as much toward relieving the tragedy of life as the preachers and reformers.

This will be the last word in dehorned art, if it ever happens. A Gilbert and Sullivan opera without the music would be as good as a rose without color or an angel without wings.

## A Heavy Pudding

RECENTLY the sergeants of a certain battery in France sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum pudding.

"Seems mighty hard," remarked the Sergeant-Major as he vainly tried to stick his fork in it. "Have you boiled us a cannon ball?"

"Or the regimental football?" asked another.

"Where did you get the flour from?" questioned the Sergeant-Major again, still struggling vainly.

"Where from?" the cook retorted. "From Store No. 5, of course."

"You did?" roared the Quartermaster Sergeant. "Then, hang you, you've made the pudding with Portland cement!"—Irish World.

## According to How You Feel

(Concluded from page 13.)

### The Cattle in the Stall

I hold no place of high import

In hall or thronging mart.

One of the little ones of earth,

I do my humble part.

With pail and fork and stable broom,

When winter shadows fall,

In common tasks I tend for Him,

The cattle in the stall.

For since of old a stable knew

That wondrous Baby's birth,

Methinks He loves the cattle best

Of all the beasts of earth.

Their mild eyes gazed upon Him there,

They heard His first faint call,

And so I love to tend for Him

The cattle in the stall.

I love the knotted dark along

The heavy rough-hewn roof—

I love the rustle of the straw

Beneath the shifted hoof—

The woven chorus of content

That glides from wall to wall—

But most I love for His dear sake

The cattle in the stall.

A mystery hovers on this night,

This Christmas of the year;

Their quiet gaze beholds in awe

The miracle draw near:

The Little Child is born again

His spell is over all—

Oh, proud am I to tend for Him

The cattle in the stall!

NINA MOORE JAMIESON.

