

The Matinee Girl

By Margaret Bell

A Forecast.

MANY and varied will be the new productions which the theatrical centre of America will launch forth this season. A press sheet sent out from the offices of the late Henry B. Harris quoted that the coming season would mark the greatest number of failures ever known on this continent. The reason given was the increasing number of theatres, there being one hundred and fifty in New York alone, and the gradual elimination of the star, an adaptation from the English system.

William A. Brady, perhaps the most energetic of all the large producing managers, will have forty companies and only two stars, Grace George and Robert Mantell. "Bought and Paid For," Brady's newest success, will go forth to week runs and one-night stands in three or four companies. In his new theatre on 48th Street, New York, Brady will produce "Just Like John," a new play, which, if failure dooms to a season's tramping from one theatre to another, will be succeeded by "Little Miss Brown," a new humorous play by Philip Bartholomae. He will also produce "Little Women," with his daughter, Alice Brady, as Meg. It is a noticeable difference between Brady's productions this season and Charles Frohman's, that Brady's are American, and Frohman's, with one exception—"The Model," by Gus Thomas—all foreign.

John Drew, the popular matinee idol and evening dress exponent, is billed to

headed by Montgomery and Stone, Elsie Janis and Harry Bulger. And Franz Lehar, who gave us the sinuous strains of the Merry Widow waltz, has written another operetta called "Eva," who is a factory girl.

Great mystery surrounds the Shuberts. They promise many surprises in which "the play's the thing" and not the star. One of these "things" is an importation from London, a wondrous find, written by a young woman called Miss K. G. Sowerby, originally for her own amusement, but finally for the amusement of the theatre-going public, the writer gradually having overcome her modesty in accepting royalties. Strange how these "own amusement" plays fall into the hands of producing managers. This one is called "Rutherford and Son." An excellent cast has been chosen to produce "Julius Caesar"; William Faversham will play Antony, Fuller Mellish, Caesar, Tyrone Power, Brutus, and Frank Keenan, Cassius.

The Lieblers have a novelty, the leading character in which is the Empress of China. The name of the novelty is "The Daughter of Heaven," the authors are Pierre Lati and Judith Gautier. And while we are talking of novelties, think of one which calls for five leading women! That energetic wizard, Ames, who was manager of the New Theatre, and who now is the head of the Little Theatre in New York, has gone over to Australia for this extraordinary bundle of manuscript, which bears the name of "Anatol." He is also to produce "The Great Adventure," which is the stage name for Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive."

Failures there may be, but one might try a long shot on the successes which are bound to come from this imposing list of new productions.

Some Stage Superstitions.

"Of course all nice people are superstitious," is the periodical remark of one of my best pals, who, though not directly connected with the theatre, seems to have absorbed that much of its atmosphere.

When Marie Doro was in Canada last spring, I happened to be back on the stage at a rehearsal one day. In the middle of the last speech, Marie broke off suddenly and said they had finished. Nobody questioned her, the stage manager placed the characters for the first of the play, and the rehearsal began again. On enquiring from "la petite Marie" why she had not finished her lines, I learned that it is the zenith of bad luck to say the last word of the play at rehearsal.

There is no whistling in the dressing rooms when Frances Starr and her company occupy them.

Nor may one peep through the curtain to see if the first-night house is satisfactory in size and brilliance. Coy Billie Burke is one of the especial devotees of this superstition.

"My dear child, please do not sit there. Climb on the dressing table, the sink or anything, but not on the table." It was Margaret Anglin who was speaking. Every chair in the dressing room was occupied, and Miss Anglin needed the rest of the space for changing her costume for the next act.

Ethel Barrymore, despite her languor and long gowns, sometimes walks along Yonge or St. Catherine Streets. If there chance to be a ladder reaching from an upstairs window to the street, Ethel will walk out in the slush of the street rather than pass under it.

If a member of Mary Mannering's company is so out of date as to travel with a round-topped trunk, he is promptly requested to relieve himself of it. That, above all else, in this charming actress' eyes, is an omen of ill-luck.

And Christie MacDonald is in tears if she breaks a mirror. Possibly she has smashed a whole dressing table reflection recently, for "Prow," the feline pride of her heart is dead, and Christie's press agent is sending pathetic stories abroad as to her purchase of a \$500 coffin for it.



ETHEL BARRYMORE

Whose Pet Superstition Concerning Stepladders is Strange—Since She is Fairly Near the Top.

appear in an adaptation from the French of Caillavet and De Flers, called "Papa." Quite a deviation for the immaculate John, I should suggest. Frohman's newest star, John Mason, is to have for his starring vehicle, Bernstein's newest play, "The Attack," while golden-haired Billie Burke will pirouette through three or four acts as a musical comedy girl who marries a lord, called "Mind-the-Paint Girl," by Pinero. Rumour has it that Bernstein is busy on a new play for Ethel Barrymore. Let us hope it will be more suited to Ethel's languid style of acting than her last three or four plays have been. Another golden-haired actress whom the electrics announce as Mrs. Leslie Carter may leave the Belasco ranks and join the Frohman forces in "Bella Donna." And Hattie Williams is to return to musical comedy, in a conglomeration of song and dance turns called "The Girl From Montmartre."

That young fellow, Edward Sheldon, seems to be coming right to the fore in playwriting ever since Mrs. Fiske produced his "Salvation Nell" four seasons ago. After disposing of his latest effort, "Egypt," to Margaret Anglin, in which she plays the part of a gypsy, he is hustling to finish one for Mrs. Fiske.

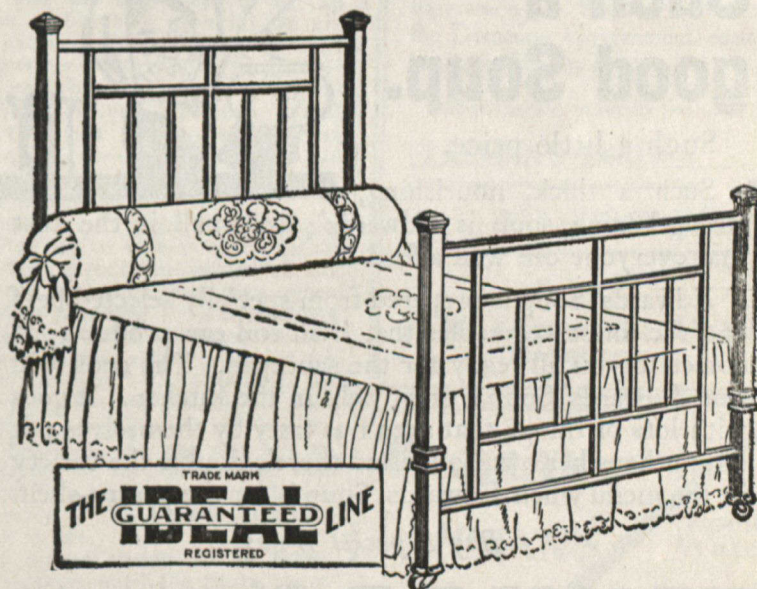
Those who are interested in the musical comedy of the boards will be interested to learn that the greatest bill in that style of entertainment will be

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