

Why do Women

ART has turned the table on nature; mainly in respect to the female of the species. In nature the females are set aside for very useful family matters, and most of the pageantry of life is reserved to the gentlemen. No female bird or animal has the glory of the male of its species in plumage and fur. And to make matters all the worse for the poor bird lady the cock birds are credited with most of the great songs. It is the business of the male bird, says the naturalist, to woo the female; and the lady bird's business is to perpetuate the species. Consequently the lady bird has no need of stage fineries and a beautiful voice.

Not so very long ago the male stars in the music and drama firmament out-numbered, and in most cases out-shone the female. Alas! no longer! Go through any musical, theatrical or motional paper you pick up, and the poor men seem to be getting just about as extinct as the feminine Dodo. The portraits in these two pages were selected from a number of papers and magazines more or less devoted to music and plays and movies. The result is—what you see. The woman absolutely has the stage. She is putting on the fineries, singing the songs, doing the dances, and projecting herself over the screen.

In musical compositions and writing of plays men are still in the lead. We have never had any lady Beethoven, or Shakespeare. Shall we ever? Women cheerfully advise us to "wait and see." "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny," and the ladies will rediscover for us new motifs for operas and symphonies—What?

Men still hold the lead in piano playing, in fiddling, in horn-blowing, in organ music, etc.—will they hold it? We are pointed to the late Teresa Carreno for a partial answer. But we seem to have no lady Paderewski or Ysaye. Shall we ever? Doubtful. There must be reasons why women don't play pianos and violins so well as men. Not merely of brains, or we should soon, perhaps, find the answer. Nor merely of muscle.

In conducting also, men seem to have a hopeless lead on women. Any woman conductor that ever came around these parts has been a pathetic failure. Not merely because men don't wear corsets either. There must be a temperamental reason. And we hope women never take

to conducting or music will lose as much charm as women will; and which could be worse?

Serious acting, again, seems to have some heights that women fail to reach. Now whoever hears of an emotional actor? No, it's always the emotional actress. So that great acting is not necessarily great emotional acting. There is some quality about the greatest acting that defies womanhood to reach it. Is it intellect? Voice? We give it up.

Coming to humorous

MARIE DORO'S first hit was in *Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*; most famous as *Oliver Twist*.

LAURETTE TAYLOR has kept her docile hubby, Hartley Manners, busy writing plays for her; she opens at the Liberty in N. Y. with "Out There."

WAS there ever a woman who didn't just "love" Billie Burke? One of those who can be both lovely and funny, back in a play by Klare Cummer.

RUTH ST. DENIS as an Indian Princess of Akbar, so vain that she was condemned to life sentence in the role of a peacock. And, of course, nothing will do but Ruth must make a peacock dance. Gaby Deslys, so fluffy-ruffled and snow-white that a high wind might land her for a new snow-flake. And Alice Brady comes along as Mlle. Fifl in the movies.

NOW if there is anything in the art of tearing a passion to tatters while you sing, perhaps these two little girls don't need to be told what it is. Geraldine Farrar was one of the first opera singers in the world to appear in person at the Metropolitan while her screen-play "Joan" was going on up street.

Mary Garden, in the Minneapolis Bellman, tells how she came to sing such great parts as Melisande, Louise and Thais. Born in Scotland, raised in America and brought out in Paris, she made her debut in Act III. of Louise in the Opera Comique.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, October, 1917, has five pages all about "Law of the Land," featuring Petrova, already celebrated as the Vampire. The Theatre critic says:—"An excellent picture—minus Petrova," and "she must get over the habit of hogging scenes."