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IRISH NATIONALIST LEADERS IN NEW YORK ENJOY IRISH DRAMAS

Have Adopted the Drama to Satisfy Craving for Real Emotional Joy.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—Some people are content to take their daily dose of propaganda from the newspapers; others prefer it in stronger and more intoxicating form. The Irish Nationalist leaders in New York evidently believe in catering to all tastes and this season they have adopted the drama as a means of satisfying the craving of their following for a real emotional jag. An Irish company has presented a number of plays here this season, and reports this week are to the effect that several more are in prospect during the coming winter. These plays differ from the Irish dramas made familiar to Canadian audiences by Chauncey Olcott, the "Maushla," and the "Barry of Ballymore," type which were popular when the golden harp on an emerald ground was still considered the emblem for March the seventh.

The new Irish drama in New York is distinctly of the green, white and orange variety. "The Dawn of Ireland," which was presented at the Lexington Theatre recently, is a fair sample. Its theme is the fidelity of anything but armed force in the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, and in it parallels are drawn between characters of the production and leaders of the Sinn Féin movement. The "hero" is one Dan, who is supposed to portray De Valera. In the first act he is represented as a very peaceful person with a firm belief in Parliamentary methods, but gradually he is persuaded by the other characters of the play that a combination of shouting and shooting is a perfectly proper method of obtaining anything one happens to want. In each succeeding act Dan becomes more bloodthirsty and the acting more frenzied and thus is the "dawn" of Ireland revealed to the patrons of the Sinn Féin drama.

New York witnessed another Irish play this week. The scene was in front of the Capital Theatre, the city's largest moving picture house, and the plot had to do with the destruction of a Union Jack. Both scene and plot were objected to by Philip T. Case, formerly Major Case of the United States Marines Corps, and now manager of the Capital. When a number of Sinn Féin sympathisers tore down a British flag which had been placed among the emblems of the other Allied nations as Armistice Week decorations in front of the theatre, Mr. Case, who had fought side by side with Canadian and Old Country troops in France, very naturally resented it. After astonishing and totally extinguishing the ardor of one Sinn Féin by bashing him upon the nose, the Capital manager personally hung out another British flag. Act two came on the following day when the adherents of De Valera returned and pulled down the second flag. Then Mr. Case hung up another and this time had it firmly sewed to the flags of the other Allies which formed the decoration. Third act—The Great Mob Scene. A hundred or more fanatics assembled and started a demonstration before the theatre, threatening reprisals. Mr. Case, who up to this point had been determined to show that he, and not De Valera, was running the Capital, called the police and the crowd dispersed after a few night sticks had come into contact with a few skulls. But the following day Mr. Case, capitulated, removing all flags except the United States emblem. However, no change was made in the programme which included several patriotic British films, and during the early part of the week when the manager maintained his right to run his own business, the Capital had a record patronage, which may be taken as an indication that the Irish drama as presented in New York just now is having little or no effect upon the average sane, level-headed American.

The New York dramatic critic as a rule is an outspoken sort of a person. If he doesn't like a show he is apt to say so, and moreover he is apt to say in very unmistakable language. When a production is "panned" in New York it is done with reckless abandon and the panning is accomplished by means of a rapid fire of verbal bullets that perhaps make bright reading for the public, but must be extremely melancholy reading for the promoters of the show. Among the quartette of new productions offered in New York this

week is "The Mandarin," an adaptation by Herman Bernstein of a psychological piece written by Paul Frank, of Vienna. It would appear to be merely a rather morbid presentation of the fancied adventures of a neuroathetic Don Juan and it met with strong disapproval from those whose profession is theatre-going. Here are a few of the shots which were aimed at it in the heavy barrage of newspaper criticism which bars its advance to success:

"Billed as a play of another world, 'The Mandarin' seems likely to receive a better welcome there than here."

"The lights did as much performing as any of the cast."

"Brandon Tynan played the Baron with heavy rings under his eyes and such tricks as looking goggle-eyed at the footlights."

"There was a good deal of talk about a sanatorium and, at about ten of the p.m. you rather wished you were resting in one comfortably, by your lonesome, instead of meeting the inmates at a theatre."

"Most of the neurologists in town were present and seemed to have a jolly time."

The critics also turned a cold shoulder to "Heartbreak House," the George Bernard Shaw play which had its first stage presentation under the auspices of the Theatre Guild here this week. While not nearly so severe in their comment as in the case of "The Mandarin," the majority appear to have found the performance dull, and the opinion is expressed that it is much better in book form than as spoken drama. Though being available between covers for several years and is probably familiar to all of the more fervent admirers of Shaw in Canada, if Shaw's war writings have left any such "Heartbreak House" was long in reaching the stage. The author prohibited performance in London on the ground that the theatre during the war was in no condition to present such a play, and the autocratic Mr. Shaw also forced the Theatre Guild, which had first planned to present the play early in October, to change its plans because he did not believe his piece should be given before the United States elections. How anything under Heaven, even a play by George Bernard Shaw, could have affected the result of the United States elections is a mystery. In his preface Shaw informs those who seek the meaning of the play that "Heartbreak House" portrays the "cultured, leisured Europe before the war." The characters represent business life and its dishonesties and social life and its mendacities. By deed and implication Shaw displays them as a headless, futile, lazy lot of time-servers, faithless to themselves and to each other, and implies that they can be spiritually reborn only by a bolt from Heaven. To those who share the secret of Shaw's idea, the play is understandable, but to those in the audience who have not the benefit of this inside information it must seem merely a conversational mystery. It is probably the "talkiest" of the Shaw plays and its verbosity, possibly not so noticeable in reading, is amplified considerably in the stage form. The flashes of Shaw brilliance are only of sporadic appearance, and much tedious and sometimes almost meaningless talk must be listened to in order to get them. I fact, in the latter part of the second act this was so apparent that even the members of the very excellent company were affected by it and they mumbled and rushed their lines in their eagerness to pass the dull spot before the audience lost interest. Summarized briefly, "Heartbreak House" is a very large amount of talk, about 30 per cent of which is brilliant, and the remainder futile, and a small amount of action, with one farcical interlude, achieved by means of the serio-comic burlesque.

"Algar," the musical extravaganza which opened at the Century Theatre this week, seems likely to prove one of the season's hits. It is an Anglo-French achievement. It was imported from London, where it was a big success; it is founded on the French of Michel Carro and Andre Bardo; its staging is by English experts; its star is French—Mlle. Alice Delysia, originally of Paris, but for several years past a London favorite; its chief comedian is Lupino Lane, of London; and its costumes are by

Poitet. And these all are deserving of credit for the success which greeted its first presentation in New York. Although to Mlle. Delysia is accorded the biggest share. In two ways does she differ from the type of French comedienne familiar to audiences in Canada and the United States. She has a really fine voice, and she is no petite. She is quite the contrary. She has grace and charm, however, and a back even more suited to the present-day style of stage costume than Kitty Gordon's. "Algar" is Oriental of course. There is a harem densely populated with gorgeous and beautiful wives, a rich Moore, a handsome intruder, jealousy, a dungeon, an elopement, and a reconciliation. It is extravagantly staged.

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proceeds he carried in a basket on his arm, about six pounds of red millet. His sons, he said, had gone somewhere north, where he didn't know. At home were his wife and his sons' wives and their seven children. Mixed with leaves and clover he figured that his purchase of millet would last several days. "After that we die," he said. The Chinese peasant takes his hunger smilingly as he does everything. Despondency is remarkably rare.

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Has Tried Them Has Faith in Them

ERNEST SMITH TALKS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Quebec Man, Grateful for the Benefit He Has Received, Pays Tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Grand Pabon, West Que., Nov. 22. (Special.)—Mr. Ernest Smith, a highly respected resident here, is one of the many who have abiding faith in Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for sick kidneys.

"I suffered from my kidneys," Mr. Smith says, "and I read that Dodd's Kidney Pills were good, so I tried them. They have helped me so much that I will continue to use them when my kidneys trouble me."

The kidneys require constant attention if good health is to be maintained and serious disease ward off. The kidneys perform a most important work in the human system. They strain all the impurities, all the seeds of disease, out of the blood. When they are weak and unable to do their work the system clogs and sickness is the inevitable result.

Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills are not the best remedy for weak, disordered or diseased kidneys.

CROOKSTON
 A number from our village and vicinity attended the concert held at Ivanhoe on Friday evening.