

A ROYAL ALEXANDRA

SATURDAY MATINEE ONLY

"A DIVINE COMEDY OF THE SLUMS"

HARRISON GREY FISKE
PRESENTS

MRS. FISKE

AND THE MANHATTAN COMPANY IN

SALVATION NELL

A PLAY IN 3 ACTS BY

EDWARD SHELDON

PRICES, 50c. to \$2.00.

NEXT WEEK---MATS. THUR. SAT.

RETURN OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF THE OLYDE FITCH COMEDIES

GIRLS

THE ORIGINAL
225 TIMES AT
DALY'S THEATRE
(NEW YORK) PRODUCTION



AGNES CAMERON, WHO WILL BE SEEN AS MARION WAYNE IN "FALSE FRIENDS" AT THE MAJESTIC.

KIPLING A SATIRIST DEALS IN PARADOX

Declares Writers Must Die Before
They Live—Their Works the
Property of Anybody and
Everybody Except Au-
thors Themselves.

Rudyard Kipling has turned satirist; and the following scathing utterances of the great British author should be read by every writer. He says:

If you go no further back than the book of Job you will find that letters, like the art of printing, was born perfect. Some professions, law and medicine, for example, are still in a state of evolution, inasmuch as an expert in them seems to be quite sure that he can win a case, or cure a cold. On the other hand, the calling of letters carries with it the disabilities from which these professions are free.

When an eminent lawyer or physician is once dead, he is always dead. His ghost does not continue to practice in the law courts or the operating theatre. Now, it cannot have escaped your attention that a writer often does not begin to live till he has been dead for some time. In certain notorious cases the longer he has been dead the more alive he is, and the more acute

is his competition against the living.

Confiscates His Property.
I do not ask you to imagine the feelings of a barrister exposed to the competition of all the dead lord chancellors that ever sat on the woolsack, each delivering judgment on any conceivable case at sixpence per judgment, paper bound. I only ask you to allow that what lawyers call the "dead hand"—in this case with a pen in it—lies heavy on the calling of letters.

In other callings of life there exists a convention that what a man has made shall be his own and his children's after him. With regard to letters, the world decides that after a very short time all that a writer may have created shall be taken from him, and shall become the property of anybody and everybody except the original maker. This may be right. It may be more important that men should be helped to think that they should be helped to live.

But those on whom this righteousness is executed find it difficult to establish a family on letters. Sometimes they find it difficult to feed one. That letters should be exempted from the law of continuous ownership seems to constitute another handicap on the calling. Most men are bound by oath, or organization, or their natural instinct, not to work for nothing.

Pays for Leave to Work.
When his demon urges a man of letters to work he may do so without any regard to wages or the sentiments of his fellow-workers. This may be incontinence or inspiration. Whichever it is, we must face the fact, and its consequences, that at any moment a man of letters may choose to pay, not only with his skin, but in cash and credit, for leave to do his work—to say the thing he desires to say. This is, perhaps, not fair to himself or his fellows, but it is a law of his being, and

as such constitutes yet another handicap.

There is a legend in Philistia—a pharisaical legend—that those who follow letters are disorderly minded, unstable of habit, and so peculiarly open to misfortune. Now, since the Philistines originate very little that has not been put into their minds by the Scribes, it is possible that men of letters writing about men of letters have themselves to thank in some measure for this unkind judgment. Every man in trouble naturally cries that there is no sorrow like his sorrow, but not all men, not all men's friends, nor all men's enemies can draw the world's attention to that complaint. Writers have been their own interpreters in this respect—not always to their own advantage. It does not square with experience that any class of men has pre-eminence over any other class in the zeal and perseverance with which its members go about to compose their own ruin.

Is it not more reasonable to hold that the triple handicap I have mentioned, and not so much individual folly, is responsible for the high per-

centage of casualties among men of letters? Men perpetually measured against the great works of the past; men debarr'd by law from full possession of their own works in the present; men driven from within to work whether their world desires that work or not; such men must always enjoy the privilege accorded to minorities.

They must suffer. Much of this suffering is inevitable, but some of it the fund, by which your good help can reach and alleviate as few other institutions can. It has had over a century's experience of all the chances and misfortunes that can overtake men and women. Its work is done, as we would desire it to be done in our own case, with silence and discretion, and for that very reason it is difficult as the report says, to bring home the value of the work to the public.

Perhaps this is not the only case where the public is difficult to persuade. Few people seriously believe that the public success or failure of any work has necessarily any bearing upon its real value. If it had, the public would be as gods, knowing good and evil. It is difficult to find a true test; but suppose that men and women at large could be compelled to remember, and to honestly what writers of their time had most directly influenced their inner lives.

The answer might be unflattering to such of us as think that we make our shape thought. We should come across a thousand instances of good work—faithful, loving and inspired work—already forgotten, and always unacknowledged, except by the very few it was destined to reach. We might also discover cases where the blessed canons of art would seem to have recoiled upon themselves—puzzling cases where the apparently flagrant poetaster had turned a man from destruction quite as effectively as an angel with a flaming sword; cases where a piece of unthinking buffoonery had steadied a man thru the ten vital minutes of a rank melodrama had helped to lift some poor soul to humility or sacrifice or strength that he knew not he possessed.

I am making no excuse for mediocrity. I only say it is possible that if the full record of unacknowledged instances were revealed, we might end by believing that in the kingdom of letters also there is neither first nor last. Mercifully that record will never be submitted. But we, the first matter of whose work, great or small, must be the human heart, we are craftsmen, we know where we ourselves have been helped in insight, sympathy or suggestion by the work of our fellow-craftsmen. For the same reason we can trace the influence of their work on the lips and in the mind of unsuspecting men and women the world over. The writer is supposed to love the writer not more than the potter loves the potter, yet in every thing that touches the mysteries and the perils of the craft, all writers are one.

Penalty For His Failure.
By virtue of the burdens which press on us all equally when we stand upright, we know what weight a brother must endure when he falls. We know how much of his soul may live in the sunshine; how much it must step apart to be master or servant to shadows. It is not beyond our comprehension that the powers which a man has long controlled in honor may turn against him—so that Frankenstein is hurried out of the same world by his own monster. Truly by our good lights Frankenstein may not be much of a magician, and the monster may be a very shallow monster, but we are too near to judge the artist. We are just near enough to try to help the man.

We, of all people, are too near to judge our fellows; and, in case we should forget this, we have the revised and reversed verdicts of our ancestors upon the literary favorites to teach us to walk humbly with our neighbors and with ourselves. There is good reason why we should walk humbly, since our calling demands of its followers nothing more than the stringing together of words and phrases, under perpetual guarantee that the overwhelming bulk of their labors shall perish in the hour of birth. It exacts as the price of their lost labors only all their heart, and body, and soul, and mind, and strength, and the few and uncertain rewards which it offers outside the joy of working are carefully tempered with vanity and vexation of spirit.

His Words Governed Men.
Yet we may recall that our letters and letters only, have proceeded, since history began, those



HENRIK IBSEN, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR, AS HE APPEARED TO A LEADING CARTOONIST.—(See inside comic page for sketch.)

PRINCESS WEEK COMMENCING 15 WEDNESDAY—SATURDAY MATINEES

S. S. and LEE SHUBERT, Inc., Proudly Present in all its Unabridged Entirety, the Crowning Achievement of Augustus Thomas, the World's Master Dramatist.

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THE GREATEST SUCCESS THE STAGE HAS EVER KNOWN

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"The Witching Hour" Begins where Other Plays Leave Off. It is in a Class by Itself THE TELEPATHIC TRIUMPH OF THE CENTURY.

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ONE COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 22 WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY WEEK ONLY

THE TRIUMPH OF HIS CAREER

LOUIS JAMES IBSEN'S MASTERPIECE IN PEER GYNT

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S ORIGINAL MAMMOTH PRODUCTION EDWARD GREIG'S MUSIC BY AN AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA 50 PEOPLE CHORUS—BALLET AUXILIARIES

BOX OFFICE OPENS FOR SALE OF SEATS ON THURSDAY, MARCH 18th.

words which have governed men singly or in mass—those phrases by which the world has striven to live—for which the world has sometimes been content to die. After all, the phrase—the naked phrase—is the power which makes or unmakes the kingdoms and the glories. We cannot forestall in the multitude about us whose words are destined to survive, to rule, to delight, to persuade, or accuse those that come after. We hope that some will so survive.

All we are sure of now is that among the many men and women who have followed letters in this high hope a certain number have been overcome by evil chances, accidents and misfortunes which, but for the mere whim of time and fortune, might have come to any one of us.

FUNNY FITCH COMEDY "GIRLS" COMES BACK

Will be Seen on It's Return Visit at the Royal Alexandra, Week of March 22nd.

"Girls" which was seen here earlier in the season, will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra week of March 22. It is the fiftieth play from the pen of Clyde Fitch. Whatever Mr. Fitch's faults may be, lack of observation is not one of them. He goes thru life with his eyes open; his mind must be a stored note-book of impressions. His men and women are not farcical caricatures of the same old things, saying the same old words, trotting out the same old package of tricks. They do things, they say things which reflect the life around us, and in a thousand little ways until Mr. Fitch's drama with actualities. Thus the surface texture of a Fitch play is always impressing and delightful. It seems fresh when his "Girls" modestly retire to the chair respectively, settling down for folding bed, couch and the Morris slumber, there is a sudden thumping in the steam pipes—a little thing, but how painfully real to every flat-dweller in the audience.

Mr. Fitch sends one of the girls out for provisions. A titter runs thru the audience as the packages are undone. Then there are the hatpins in the matchbox and the electionist who sings, "Love Me and the World Is Mine." The only song for her to sing in the one and only way to sing it, and the silly married woman blocked in the pursuit of her husband by one of those office cats that have a real catch on the underside of the apparent lock, giving up the attempt to solve the puzzle, and climbing over the gate with the comical awkwardness of the sex aware of their ankles. Most of us have seen a woman climb a gate, and smile at it in the play. These are but a few of the little touches of realism and familiarity with the fair sex that the playwright has introduced in the comedy of "Girls." All these acts are said to sparkle and glisten with many more, and it is just these little touches that endeared the play to the New York public for 25 performances, and which is bound to catch the theatre-goers of Toronto on its return visit.

LOGIC.
No cat they say has two tails.
What of that?
But there's always one tail on a cat.
If no cat has two tails on his back.
And one cat has one tail.
Think of that.
Why, one cat has three tails.
Must be more than one cat.
One cat has more than one cat.
Don't you know.
K. G. M.

SHEA'S THEATRE

MATINEE DAILY 25c WEEK OF MARCH 15 EVENINGS 25c and 50c

First Appearance in Toronto of

ALICE LLOYD

England's Greatest Artiste.
MME. THERESA RENZ
World's Greatest Equestrienne.

SAM WILLIAMS
"That's All"

Fred BOND & Fremont BENTON

In "Handkerchief No. 15."

CHASSINO
The Shadowgraphist.

BETH STONE
The Topsy Turvy Dancer.

THE KINETOGRAPH
All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

THE ELINORE SISTERS

"It was a Good Show—But."

Book on Swimming.
The forthcoming publication in April of Text Book on Swimming, by T. M. Sheffield of Toronto, and Hamilton Swimming Clubs, deals exhaustively with the teaching of the art of flotation, with the first of its kind in Canada and it is the first of its kind in the world of the aquatic world. Being written from 15 years' experience in competition and association with the world's champions—Great Britain, America, Canada and Sweden.

It is well gotten up, with illustrations of Canada's progress. Judging from the subscriptions and demand for books received by the publishers, the public seem greatly interested in the coming issue. (Toronto: McLeod & Goodchild; 50c and \$1.00.)

CORRECTS A STATEMENT.
Editor Sunday World: Permit me, thru the medium of your paper, to correct a statement made by H. G. M., in the Sunday World, that no practical gentlemen claims that no practical support was given the orchestra idea broached by me last year. That is incorrect. H. G. M. evidently does not know that the orchestra idea was taken up in an advance state of the school year and on that account it was decided to defer it until this year, when a good attendance was assured. Is not that tantamount to practical support? There are many members to-day of the orchestra who can corroborate me. H. G. M. should be better informed when making a public statement. J. N. Huggins, Toronto University.

The end of the 18th century showed the greatest activity in the matter of theatre building in Europe, and cities vied with each other in erecting the most beautiful and palatial houses. That of San Carlo at Naples, La Scala at Milan and La Fenice at Venice were regarded as the finest in Europe.

Edward Allen, a great rival of Burbage, built the Fortune Theatre in London between White Cross-street and Gutter Lane. Its total cost, including the site, was \$6,415.20. It stood until 1619. It was the first theatre in England to be square.

At the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign there were 14 theatres in London.

NEXT COLE & JOHNSON AT THE WEEK "THE RED MOON" GRAND