



"The Boys of Kilkenny."

By James L. Ford.

"THE Boys of Kilkenny," produced at the Star Theatre last night, with its author, Mr. Townsend Walsh, in the principal role, is an Irish drama of what might be termed the "some all ye" school, because its scenes and situations and characters are as familiar to us as the commonest form of Celtic minstrelsy.

Its scenes are laid in that good old "song-and-dance" county from which it takes its name—a county in which the men are all built for kilkerbockers and the girls will marry anybody who is poor. The principal character in the piece is a miser of the conventional Irish type, clothed in the regular miser's costume, and addicted to the criminal practice of collecting the rents that are his lawful due. Like other misers, he has a beautiful daughter—at least the prompt book calls for beauty—and, of course, he wishes her to marry a man whom we know is a villain because he is well dressed and apparently rich.

But Mona, the daughter, loves a poor peasant who has nothing but a blue velvet coat and a blond wig to offer her, and, of course, she prefers him. This young man is addicted to vocal music, and in the third act, he sings a song of his own composition about a red rose, which serves to estrange him from the audience, and yet—so strong is love—Mona still clings to him.

It is true that in the preceding act she has become hardened to all sorts of musical torture by listening to the agonized cries of a pair of buzzards and the doleful warblings of a quartet that have smuggled themselves into the scene, disguised as haymakers. Quartets should be compelled by law to appear only in their native costume, the shiny dress suit, so that audiences may be prepared for them.

The quartet of haymakers imparted a deeper dye to their vocal sins last night by introducing imitations of those excellent domestic creatures, the cow, the rooster and the duck.

It will not surprise our readers to learn that the miser is murdered for his gold. The deed is done in the third instead of in the last of the five acts, which allows the actor-author-manager to go out to the box office and count up the house with the treasurer. Of course, the villain is the guilty one suspected of the crime. The audience remembers his song about the red rose, and no one comes to his defence. But Mona, who has a "date" with him at the shore of the lake for the next evening, refuses to believe him a robber and murderer, and vows her faith in her lover in his uncertain notes, the certain falling of a very pretty tabouren, in which she does all the talking and may therefore be called the dominant figure.

The best scene in the play is that of the murder of the old miser, and that is good because we who have been to Irish plays before know exactly what is going to happen before the actors do. The miser sends his servants to bed, puts out the candle for economy's sake and seats himself in the glare of the firelight, so that his death agonies may be seen by all, and, of course, turns his back to the red window curtains, behind which the murderers are stationed.

"Alice did not realize how greatly her absence would worry me, or she would never have stayed away as she did," said Mrs. Pierce last night. "I suppose I was foolish to become so alarmed, but we had never been separated before, and I could not believe that she was willingly away from me. I did not know what to think had happened to her, but I feared all sorts of fearful things."

"It was partly my fault, too. You see, neither of us have had an engagement for some time, and our money was running low. On Saturday night I asked Alice to see if she could get some money. I was not feeling well, and did not accompany her to the theatre, as I always have done. She tried to get the money in one place and then another. She thought I was more of more importance than I was, and remembering an old friend, Mrs. Clark, who lives in Harlem, she made up her mind to ask her for a loan."

"She reached Mrs. Clark's house safely, but it was after midnight when she got

"The Boys of Kilkenny."

there. Mrs. Clark was ill, and could not bring Alice back to the hotel and would not let her come alone. So she made her stay all night. Then, on Sunday, the weather was so bad that Mrs. Clark did not want to venture out, and asked Alice to stay until Monday.

"To prevent my being worried Mrs. Clark sent a message to me on Sunday afternoon, but when it reached the hotel I had gone out hunting for Alice, and I did not receive it. 'Call they saw the Journal this morning they had no idea that I had not received the message. But when they knew how frightened I was, Alice hurried home, and now everything is all right.'

As Mrs. Pierce told the story, Alice stood by her and added her acquiescence, and finally ejaculated: "I didn't suppose mamma would be worried. I thought she would know that I was all right."

But while Mrs. Pierce says that it was carelessness that caused the girl to stay away, the gossip on the Radio says that a little rift between the mother and daughter was the real reason. They recall the fact that when Mrs. Pierce and Alice were with Richard Mansfield it was the daughter who received such flattering press notices that Mr. Mansfield's jealousy was aroused. This, they say, not only caused Alice and her mother to leave the company, but also gave the child an exaggerated idea of her own importance.

This feeling, the gossip says, has been accentuated by Alice's engagement with Mrs. Fiske's company. Now she is the breadwinner and her mother is forced to assist upon her earnings. With this importance has come the desire, the gossip further says, to have more money for her personal use than is allowed by her mother. This story, which was industriously circulated yesterday, has caused Mrs. Pierce much annoyance.

"There is not a word of truth in it," she said. "Although we are mother and daughter, Alice and I are more like two friends."

Here and There at Other Theatres.

"Brother for Brother," a sensational melodrama from the pen of Frank Harvey, was seen for the first time in this city at the People's Theatre last night. The plot is built on familiar lines, but the piece found favor with the audience, nevertheless. It is bristling with blood-curdling stunts, and has the usual persecuted hero and the conventional, deep-eyed villain.

Horst's bright little comedy, "A Midnight Bell," held the boards of the Metropolitan. The scenes of the play are laid in the rural parts of New England, and the characters are of the quaint, fascinating country type. Laura Joyce Bell and Digby Bell play the leading parts in a most satisfactory manner.

Lillian Russell appeared at the Harlem Opera House in the light comic opera, "An American Beauty." Witty dialogue, some tuneful music, shapely girls and handsome scenery are the salient features of the opera.

"Alice did not realize how greatly her absence would worry me, or she would never have stayed away as she did," said Mrs. Pierce last night. "I suppose I was foolish to become so alarmed, but we had never been separated before, and I could not believe that she was willingly away from me. I did not know what to think had happened to her, but I feared all sorts of fearful things."

"It was partly my fault, too. You see, neither of us have had an engagement for some time, and our money was running low. On Saturday night I asked Alice to see if she could get some money. I was not feeling well, and did not accompany her to the theatre, as I always have done. She tried to get the money in one place and then another. She thought I was more of more importance than I was, and remembering an old friend, Mrs. Clark, who lives in Harlem, she made up her mind to ask her for a loan."

"She reached Mrs. Clark's house safely, but it was after midnight when she got

Edward Harrigan began a week's engagement at the Murray Hill last night in "Old Lavender," the ever-popular play depicting local life in the good old original Harrigan style. It is nearly three years since the piece was last seen in this city, and if the size of last night's audience may be taken as a criterion the handsome playhouse on Lexington avenue which he tested to its utmost capacity this week.

His daughter had not the taste for spectacles that is found in most well conducted miserly families, but perhaps her father was too mean to send her to a school of acting.

ALICE PIERCE IS SAFE.

The Little Actress for Whom the Police Were Looking Was Only Visiting Friends.

While the police were searching the city for some trace of her and while her distressed mother was going from the home of one friend to another in the hope of finding her daughter, little Alice Pierce, the child actress, whose disappearance on Saturday night caused so much wonder, was quietly spending the day with friends, so she says. Ignorant of the worry and suffering that her absence was causing her mother, the child willingly accepted the pressing invitation which they gave her. Then, when she remembered her mother, and insisted that word be sent to her, Mrs. Pierce had commenced her search for her child and the message did not reach her.

So it was that little Alice did not know of the anguish she was unconsciously causing her mother until she saw the story of the efforts being made to find her, as told in the Journal yesterday. Then she hurried back to the Victoria Hotel Annex, where Mrs. Pierce lives. There was an affecting scene as the mother, who had spent the night in anxious watching, embraced her child and nervously chided her for her thoughtlessness.

Placed Her First Last Night.

Last night Alice was early at the theatre and played her part as Abigail Dunbar, field in "Two of the D'Bertrilles" as coolly as though nothing had happened and she had never given her mother a moment's uneasiness.

"Alice did not realize how greatly her absence would worry me, or she would never have stayed away as she did," said Mrs. Pierce last night. "I suppose I was foolish to become so alarmed, but we had never been separated before, and I could not believe that she was willingly away from me. I did not know what to think had happened to her, but I feared all sorts of fearful things."

"It was partly my fault, too. You see, neither of us have had an engagement for some time, and our money was running low. On Saturday night I asked Alice to see if she could get some money. I was not feeling well, and did not accompany her to the theatre, as I always have done. She tried to get the money in one place and then another. She thought I was more of more importance than I was, and remembering an old friend, Mrs. Clark, who lives in Harlem, she made up her mind to ask her for a loan."

"She reached Mrs. Clark's house safely, but it was after midnight when she got

Here and There at Other Theatres.

There was no conventional "reception." The lovely "Lohengrin" music was not interrupted even for the sake of De Reszke's helpless victim (shall I say alleged victim?) Moreover, Nordica is an artist, and she would not have liked to see Elsa's dramatic entrance marred by an outburst of ribald applause. No—a thousand times no.

So Elsa began to sing, and Elsa began to act. Nordica understands the ways of Wagnerian heroines. She is cautious and conscientious, and thoroughly in the picture. The idea of the De Reszke contretemps was soon banished from our unworthy minds, and we were led Wagner-wards, into the delicious labyrinths of the perpetually beautiful "Lohengrin." The prima donna's voice was soft, and clear and admirably managed. It was not until she tried to scale the heights of her role that we were reminded of her limitations. It seems almost unnecessary on so very gala an occasion to be critical, but I cannot help suggesting that some of Nordica's high notes came with considerable effort, and rasped slightly. Her lovely lower and middle notes made ample amends for this, however, and then—well, she looked such a charming martyr, that she was dubbed adorable long before the first act was over.

When the first act came to an end, the "occasion" to which I have before referred had arrived. It was a large occasion, a jolly occasion, a tinkling occasion. Nordica was led to the footlights by Herr Kallsch, and presented with some white flowers. I'm not a bit botanical, so I cannot tell you what they were. They looked like calla lilies from the distance. At any rate, they were white. Up went the curtain again, and then you saw her, positively throwing the bouquet into the hands of Lilli Lehmann—poor Lilli Lehmann, who had been doomed for one hour in a hideous black gown, at one side of the stage, doing nothing at all, but doing it well. More

perfectly adequate, and the orchestra was completely interesting. The overture was given with excellent artistic light and shade—that perfect overture, foreshadowing the operatic happenings in the early Wagnerian style.

The expressions in the lobby (there is nothing in the world like the Metropolitan lobby on opera nights) were voluminous and conflicting. Nine people out of ten accepted her as a martyr. The tenth asserted that she had done very nicely on the road—and made a small fortune, in fact—and was not a subject for pity. I mention these facts simply as details in a highly entertaining picture. Nordica was undoubtedly the heroine of the occasion. Everything comes to him—and likewise to her—who waits. Nordica waited, and she was received as every prima donna—be she Emma, or Patti, or Melba—loves to be received—with ringing plaudits and rafter-shaking joy.

NORDICA AND LEHMANN IN "LOHENGRIN."

By Alan Dale.

LILLIAN NORDICA, who won the sympathy of this discriminating public by positively refusing to play in Jean de Reszke's company, had her little "occasion" last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was under the direction of Walter Damrosch, instead of Maurice Grau, but Art knows no master. It was, moreover, in German rather than in Italian, but Art laughs at mere language. Mme. Nordica was serenely triumphant, for she knew that New York was with her—New York that enjoys nothing more keenly than a nice, meaty quarrel between a couple of somedodies, with Art as the excuse. Then Nordica is an American. She has not forgotten.

There was a great big audience. The Metropolitan was packed. A quadruple circle of enthusiastic sardines hovered around the brass railing encircling the auditorium. The galleries quivered with real life. The occupants of the orchestra seats rumbled with expectation. It was for Nordica, the poor little oppressed prima donna. It was for the limpid soprano who had been worried by the malignant fool of the matinee girls. Viva Nordica! You are sure you quite understand?

Perhaps I had better say that the opera was "Lohengrin," as a matter of record. Mme. Nordica was on the flesh colored programme as Elsa—"her first appearance in opera this season." (No explanations.) Her name was followed by that of Lilli Lehmann as Ortrud, with, underneath, "her first appearance in this role in America." But Lehmann enjoyed her innings last week, and—if I may use so banal an expression—she was relegated to a back seat.

Nordica crept upon the stage shortly after 8 o'clock. She slowly and very timidly came forward to the front. Some people thought that was because she was nervous. It was because she was Nordica in the role of a latter-day martyr. She looked very young and guileless in her Elsa gown of virgin white. Her hair was fluffy and of an exquisite peroxide hue, and from it flowed a long white veil that was almost pathetic in its suggestion of maidenly clinging-ness.

There was no conventional "reception." The lovely "Lohengrin" music was not interrupted even for the sake of De Reszke's helpless victim (shall I say alleged victim?) Moreover, Nordica is an artist, and she would not have liked to see Elsa's dramatic entrance marred by an outburst of ribald applause. No—a thousand times no.

So Elsa began to sing, and Elsa began to act. Nordica understands the ways of Wagnerian heroines. She is cautious and conscientious, and thoroughly in the picture. The idea of the De Reszke contretemps was soon banished from our unworthy minds, and we were led Wagner-wards, into the delicious labyrinths of the perpetually beautiful "Lohengrin." The prima donna's voice was soft, and clear and admirably managed. It was not until she tried to scale the heights of her role that we were reminded of her limitations. It seems almost unnecessary on so very gala an occasion to be critical, but I cannot help suggesting that some of Nordica's high notes came with considerable effort, and rasped slightly. Her lovely lower and middle notes made ample amends for this, however, and then—well, she looked such a charming martyr, that she was dubbed adorable long before the first act was over.

When the first act came to an end, the "occasion" to which I have before referred had arrived. It was a large occasion, a jolly occasion, a tinkling occasion. Nordica was led to the footlights by Herr Kallsch, and presented with some white flowers. I'm not a bit botanical, so I cannot tell you what they were. They looked like calla lilies from the distance. At any rate, they were white. Up went the curtain again, and then you saw her, positively throwing the bouquet into the hands of Lilli Lehmann—poor Lilli Lehmann, who had been doomed for one hour in a hideous black gown, at one side of the stage, doing nothing at all, but doing it well. More

Here and There at Other Theatres.

perfectly adequate, and the orchestra was completely interesting. The overture was given with excellent artistic light and shade—that perfect overture, foreshadowing the operatic happenings in the early Wagnerian style.

The expressions in the lobby (there is nothing in the world like the Metropolitan lobby on opera nights) were voluminous and conflicting. Nine people out of ten accepted her as a martyr. The tenth asserted that she had done very nicely on the road—and made a small fortune, in fact—and was not a subject for pity. I mention these facts simply as details in a highly entertaining picture. Nordica was undoubtedly the heroine of the occasion. Everything comes to him—and likewise to her—who waits. Nordica waited, and she was received as every prima donna—be she Emma, or Patti, or Melba—loves to be received—with ringing plaudits and rafter-shaking joy.

Harry Atkinson at Keith's.

Harry Atkinson, the droll mimic and musician, whose work wifed a member of Albert Chevalier's company was for him many admirers, was the principal entertainer at Keith's last night, and he scored a big hit with the patrons of the Union Square Theatre. The Marco twins, direct from Koster & Bial's, duplicated their uptown hit, and burnt cork wit was supplied in plenty by Willis F. Sweetman. Views of the Seventy-first Regiment, of Troup A and of McKinley and Cleveland in the inauguration ceremonies were shown by the wonderful biograph, which appears to be a very valuable feature at this house. Arras and Alice continue to win applause for their skilful equilibristic feats, and Verano, sketch artist, drew some funny pictures while blindfolded. Others on the bill were Blackson and Fago, Howley and Doyle, Horwitz and Bowers, Boyce and Edison, the Diamond Comedy Four and the Edisons.

Olympia Burlesque Postponed.

In order to permit more rehearsals, Oscar Hammerstein has postponed the initial performance of his new burlesque and topical review, "Mrs. Bradley Barron's Ball in Greater New York," until Monday evening, March 22. A high-class vaudeville bill will be presented all this week.

Again Fannie changes her clothes, while the orchestra plays to an empty and gloomy stage, and she begins to wonder whether the manuscripts on the bass drummer's stand will hold out. This time she comes in looking very demure in a handsome black gown, with jet trimmings. Musically the song she sings is very much like the others, and the story it tells is how people think she must be very good, because she always dresses in black. This reference to her sable attire is the concluding line of each verse, as well as the first line, and the middle line. If Fannie did not generously give us an occasional glimpse of some very tasteful lingerie the effect would be quite depressing.

Yet once again cometh Fannie. Once more the orchestra has been equal to the emergency. This time Fannie is really charming. She is a little Chinese girl—alone in the streets of London—what for, Fannie doesn't say. But she is dainty and sweet and artless, quite bewitching, in fact. And she gets plenty of applause.

Fannie is to be with us for seven weeks—by kind permission of the Koster and Bial orchestra.

The British burlesquer is not the only good new feature on the Koster & Bial programme. Miss Adele Purvis-Osri does some very astonishing and graceful things with the help of a slack wire, a globe upon which she rolls about the stage, while almost outdoing Lole Fuller in the way of serpentine dancing, with jugglers' knives and balls and so forth. And there is a troupe of "Whirlwind Artists," who certainly live up to their line on the programme.

But you come to all these advantages with an exceedingly bad taste. In your mouth an account of that abominable mouth "the split," which in this case is a four-fold abomination, as there are four otherwise presentable dancing young women including in it. Kindly bar "the split," Mr. Bial.

NORDICA AND LEHMANN IN "LOHENGRIN."

By Alan Dale.

LILLIAN NORDICA, who won the sympathy of this discriminating public by positively refusing to play in Jean de Reszke's company, had her little "occasion" last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was under the direction of Walter Damrosch, instead of Maurice Grau, but Art knows no master. It was, moreover, in German rather than in Italian, but Art laughs at mere language. Mme. Nordica was serenely triumphant, for she knew that New York was with her—New York that enjoys nothing more keenly than a nice, meaty quarrel between a couple of somedodies, with Art as the excuse. Then Nordica is an American. She has not forgotten.

There was a great big audience. The Metropolitan was packed. A quadruple circle of enthusiastic sardines hovered around the brass railing encircling the auditorium. The galleries quivered with real life. The occupants of the orchestra seats rumbled with expectation. It was for Nordica, the poor little oppressed prima donna. It was for the limpid soprano who had been worried by the malignant fool of the matinee girls. Viva Nordica! You are sure you quite understand?

Perhaps I had better say that the opera was "Lohengrin," as a matter of record. Mme. Nordica was on the flesh colored programme as Elsa—"her first appearance in opera this season." (No explanations.) Her name was followed by that of Lilli Lehmann as Ortrud, with, underneath, "her first appearance in this role in America." But Lehmann enjoyed her innings last week, and—if I may use so banal an expression—she was relegated to a back seat.

Nordica crept upon the stage shortly after 8 o'clock. She slowly and very timidly came forward to the front. Some people thought that was because she was nervous. It was because she was Nordica in the role of a latter-day martyr. She looked very young and guileless in her Elsa gown of virgin white. Her hair was fluffy and of an exquisite peroxide hue, and from it flowed a long white veil that was almost pathetic in its suggestion of maidenly clinging-ness.

There was no conventional "reception." The lovely "Lohengrin" music was not interrupted even for the sake of De Reszke's helpless victim (shall I say alleged victim?) Moreover, Nordica is an artist, and she would not have liked to see Elsa's dramatic entrance marred by an outburst of ribald applause. No—a thousand times no.

So Elsa began to sing, and Elsa began to act. Nordica understands the ways of Wagnerian heroines. She is cautious and conscientious, and thoroughly in the picture. The idea of the De Reszke contretemps was soon banished from our unworthy minds, and we were led Wagner-wards, into the delicious labyrinths of the perpetually beautiful "Lohengrin." The prima donna's voice was soft, and clear and admirably managed. It was not until she tried to scale the heights of her role that we were reminded of her limitations. It seems almost unnecessary on so very gala an occasion to be critical, but I cannot help suggesting that some of Nordica's high notes came with considerable effort, and rasped slightly. Her lovely lower and middle notes made ample amends for this, however, and then—well, she looked such a charming martyr, that she was dubbed adorable long before the first act was over.

When the first act came to an end, the "occasion" to which I have before referred had arrived. It was a large occasion, a jolly occasion, a tinkling occasion. Nordica was led to the footlights by Herr Kallsch, and presented with some white flowers. I'm not a bit botanical, so I cannot tell you what they were. They looked like calla lilies from the distance. At any rate, they were white. Up went the curtain again, and then you saw her, positively throwing the bouquet into the hands of Lilli Lehmann—poor Lilli Lehmann, who had been doomed for one hour in a hideous black gown, at one side of the stage, doing nothing at all, but doing it well. More

Here and There at Other Theatres.

perfectly adequate, and the orchestra was completely interesting. The overture was given with excellent artistic light and shade—that perfect overture, foreshadowing the operatic happenings in the early Wagnerian style.

The expressions in the lobby (there is nothing in the world like the Metropolitan lobby on opera nights) were voluminous and conflicting. Nine people out of ten accepted her as a martyr. The tenth asserted that she had done very nicely on the road—and made a small fortune, in fact—and was not a subject for pity. I mention these facts simply as details in a highly entertaining picture. Nordica was undoubtedly the heroine of the occasion. Everything comes to him—and likewise to her—who waits. Nordica waited, and she was received as every prima donna—be she Emma, or Patti, or Melba—loves to be received—with ringing plaudits and rafter-shaking joy.

Harry Atkinson at Keith's.

Harry Atkinson, the droll mimic and musician, whose work wifed a member of Albert Chevalier's company was for him many admirers, was the principal entertainer at Keith's last night, and he scored a big hit with the patrons of the Union Square Theatre. The Marco twins, direct from Koster & Bial's, duplicated their uptown hit, and burnt cork wit was supplied in plenty by Willis F. Sweetman. Views of the Seventy-first Regiment, of Troup A and of McKinley and Cleveland in the inauguration ceremonies were shown by the wonderful biograph, which appears to be a very valuable feature at this house. Arras and Alice continue to win applause for their skilful equilibristic feats, and Verano, sketch artist, drew some funny pictures while blindfolded. Others on the bill were Blackson and Fago, Howley and Doyle, Horwitz and Bowers, Boyce and Edison, the Diamond Comedy Four and the Edisons.

Olympia Burlesque Postponed.

In order to permit more rehearsals, Oscar Hammerstein has postponed the initial performance of his new burlesque and topical review, "Mrs. Bradley Barron's Ball in Greater New York," until Monday evening, March 22. A high-class vaudeville bill will be presented all this week.

Again Fannie changes her clothes, while the orchestra plays to an empty and gloomy stage, and she begins to wonder whether the manuscripts on the bass drummer's stand will hold out. This time she comes in looking very demure in a handsome black gown, with jet trimmings. Musically the song she sings is very much like the others, and the story it tells is how people think she must be very good, because she always dresses in black. This reference to her sable attire is the concluding line of each verse, as well as the first line, and the middle line. If Fannie did not generously give us an occasional glimpse of some very tasteful lingerie the effect would be quite depressing.

Yet once again cometh Fannie. Once more the orchestra has been equal to the emergency. This time Fannie is really charming. She is a little Chinese girl—alone in the streets of London—what for, Fannie doesn't say. But she is dainty and sweet and artless, quite bewitching, in fact. And she gets plenty of applause.

Fannie is to be with us for seven weeks—by kind permission of the Koster and Bial orchestra.

The British burlesquer is not the only good new feature on the Koster & Bial programme. Miss Adele Purvis-Osri does some very astonishing and graceful things with the help of a slack wire, a globe upon which she rolls about the stage, while almost outdoing Lole Fuller in the way of serpentine dancing, with jugglers' knives and balls and so forth. And there is a troupe of "Whirlwind Artists," who certainly live up to their line on the programme.

But you come to all these advantages with an exceedingly bad taste. In your mouth an account of that abominable mouth "the split," which in this case is a four-fold abomination, as there are four otherwise presentable dancing young women including in it. Kindly bar "the split," Mr. Bial.

NORDICA AND LEHMANN IN "LOHENGRIN."

By Alan Dale.

LILLIAN NORDICA, who won the sympathy of this discriminating public by positively refusing to play in Jean de Reszke's company, had her little "occasion" last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was under the direction of Walter Damrosch, instead of Maurice Grau, but Art knows no master. It was, moreover, in German rather than in Italian, but Art laughs at mere language. Mme. Nordica was serenely triumphant, for she knew that New York was with her—New York that enjoys nothing more keenly than a nice, meaty quarrel between a couple of somedodies, with Art as the excuse. Then Nordica is an American. She has not forgotten.

There was a great big audience. The Metropolitan was packed. A quadruple circle of enthusiastic sardines hovered around the brass railing encircling the auditorium. The galleries quivered with real life. The occupants of the orchestra seats rumbled with expectation. It was for Nordica, the poor little oppressed prima donna. It was for the limpid soprano who had been worried by the malignant fool of the matinee girls. Viva Nordica! You are sure you quite understand?

Perhaps I had better say that the opera was "Lohengrin," as a matter of record. Mme. Nordica was on the flesh colored programme as Elsa—"her first appearance in opera this season." (No explanations.) Her name was followed by that of Lilli Lehmann as Ortrud, with, underneath, "her first appearance in this role in America." But Lehmann enjoyed her innings last week, and—if I may use so banal an expression—she was relegated to a back seat.

Nordica crept upon the stage shortly after 8 o'clock. She slowly and very timidly came forward to the front. Some people thought that was because she was nervous. It was because she was Nordica in the role of a latter-day martyr. She looked very young and guileless in her Elsa gown of virgin white. Her hair was fluffy and of an exquisite peroxide hue, and from it flowed a long white veil that was almost pathetic in its suggestion of maidenly clinging-ness.

There was no conventional "reception." The lovely "Lohengrin" music was not interrupted even for the sake of De Reszke's helpless victim (shall I say alleged victim?) Moreover, Nordica is an artist, and she would not have liked to see Elsa's dramatic entrance marred by an outburst of ribald applause. No—a thousand times no.

So Elsa began to sing, and Elsa began to act. Nordica understands the ways of Wagnerian heroines. She is cautious and conscientious, and thoroughly in the picture. The idea of the De Reszke contretemps was soon banished from our unworthy minds, and we were led Wagner-wards, into the delicious labyrinths of the perpetually beautiful "Lohengrin." The prima donna's voice was soft, and clear and admirably managed. It was not until she tried to scale the heights of her role that we were reminded of her limitations. It seems almost unnecessary on so very gala an occasion to be critical, but I cannot help suggesting that some of Nordica's high notes came with considerable effort, and rasped slightly. Her lovely lower and middle notes made ample amends for this, however, and then—well, she looked such a charming martyr, that she was dubbed adorable long before the first act was over.

When the first act came to an end, the "occasion" to which I have before referred had arrived. It was a large occasion, a jolly occasion, a tinkling occasion. Nordica was led to the footlights by Herr Kallsch, and presented with some white flowers. I'm not a bit botanical, so I cannot tell you what they were. They looked like calla lilies from the distance. At any rate, they were white. Up went the curtain again, and then you saw her, positively throwing the bouquet into the hands of Lilli Lehmann—poor Lilli Lehmann, who had been doomed for one hour in a hideous black gown, at one side of the stage, doing nothing at all, but doing it well. More

Here and There at Other Theatres.

perfectly adequate, and the orchestra was completely interesting. The overture was given with excellent artistic light and shade—that perfect overture, foreshadowing the operatic happenings in the early Wagnerian style.

The expressions in the lobby (there is nothing in the world like the Metropolitan lobby on opera nights) were voluminous and conflicting. Nine people out of ten accepted her as a martyr. The tenth asserted that she had done very nicely on the road—and made a small fortune, in fact—and was not a subject for pity. I mention these facts simply as details in a highly entertaining picture. Nordica was undoubtedly the heroine of the occasion. Everything comes to him—and likewise to her—who waits. Nordica waited, and she was received as every prima donna—be she Emma, or Patti, or Melba—loves to be received—with ringing plaudits and rafter-shaking joy.

Harry Atkinson at Keith's.

Harry Atkinson, the droll mimic and musician, whose work wifed a member of Albert Chevalier's company was for him many admirers, was the principal entertainer at Keith's last night, and he scored a big hit with the patrons of the Union Square Theatre. The Marco twins, direct from Koster & Bial's, duplicated their uptown hit, and burnt cork wit was supplied in plenty by Willis F. Sweetman. Views of the Seventy-first Regiment, of Troup A and of McKinley and Cleveland in the inauguration ceremonies were shown by the wonderful biograph, which appears to be a very valuable feature at this house. Arras and Alice continue to win applause for their skilful equilibristic feats, and Verano, sketch artist, drew some funny pictures while blindfolded. Others on the bill were Blackson and Fago, Howley and Doyle, Horwitz and Bowers, Boyce and Edison, the Diamond Comedy Four and the Edisons.

Olympia Burlesque Postponed.

In order to permit more rehearsals, Oscar Hammerstein has postponed the initial performance of his new burlesque and topical review, "Mrs. Bradley Barron's Ball in Greater New York," until Monday evening, March 22. A high-class vaudeville bill will be presented all this week.

Again Fannie changes her clothes, while the orchestra plays to an empty and gloomy stage, and she begins to wonder whether the manuscripts on the bass drummer's stand will hold out. This time she comes in looking very demure in a handsome black gown, with jet trimmings. Musically the song she sings is very much like the others, and the story it tells is how people think she must be very good, because she always dresses in black. This reference to her sable attire is the concluding line of each verse, as well as the first line, and the middle line. If Fannie did not generously give us an occasional glimpse of some very tasteful lingerie the effect would be quite depressing.

Yet once again cometh Fannie. Once more the orchestra has been equal to the emergency. This time Fannie is really charming. She is a little Chinese girl—alone in the streets of London—what for, Fannie doesn't say. But she is dainty and sweet and artless, quite bewitching, in fact. And she gets plenty of applause.

Fannie is to be with us for seven weeks—by kind permission of the Koster and Bial orchestra.

The British burlesquer is not the only good new feature on the Koster & Bial programme. Miss Adele Purvis-Osri does some very astonishing and graceful things with the help of a slack wire, a globe upon which she rolls about the stage, while almost outdoing Lole Fuller in the way of serpentine dancing, with jugglers' knives and balls and so forth. And there is a troupe of "Whirlwind Artists," who certainly live up to their line on the programme.

But you come to all these advantages with an exceedingly bad taste. In your mouth an account of that abominable mouth "the split," which in this case is a four-fold abomination, as there are four otherwise presentable dancing young women including in it. Kindly bar "the split," Mr. Bial.

Fannie Leslie at Koster & Bial's.

By Curtis Dunham.

THIS is principally to inform you that Fannie Leslie is here again. It is something like two years since Fannie last favored us with a glimpse of her abundant charms. She is still charming—and abundant. Upon the occasion of Fannie's other visit to these shores there was no memorable scramble on the part of non-connoisseurs to declare her great. Now, however, McCannell, the greatest connoisseur of them all, declares, on the Koster & Bial posters, that Fannie is undeniably great. They are very fine posters, and far be it from me to deny their authority, particularly as the audience took very kindly to Fannie.

This young woman, as you are aware, hails from London, the home of music halls and the nobility. It is to Fannie's credit that, whereas she is a most distinguished representative of the London music halls, she brings with her no responsibilities with respect to the nobility. Having addressed herself to the great British public in a sincere and painstaking manner for a number of years, she has taken on many of the characteristics of that constituency: she is solid and satisfying. It is quite easy to understand how the simple-minded, bovine-tempered and "Bovril" nourished average Britcher should believe in Fannie as he believes in the Four o'clock, and that he should find her at once the prettiest, the wittiest and the most side-splitting burlesquer that ever "came down the pike." But if the Koster & Bial orchestra did not happen to be composed of the most industrious musicians in the world the long waits between Fannie's several numbers would certainly prove disastrous.

Last night there were three of these waits, with a total of four numbers—too many waits and too many numbers. Fannie's first appearance is of a bright orange color, but in a Napoleon. And she sings too many verses about "A Woman's War." If all women's ways were as engaging as Fannie's it would be different; but as it is, considerable ammunition is wasted. It is not a brilliant song. Fannie next appears as a gentleman's valet, she says, though her dress is that of a dandified groom. This time she tells about her love troubles below stairs. She looks very engaging as she does it, but there have been better songs sung at Koster & Bial's, and elsewhere.

Again Fannie changes her clothes, while the orchestra plays to an empty and gloomy stage, and she begins to wonder whether the manuscripts on the bass drummer's stand will hold out. This time she comes in looking very demure in a handsome black gown, with jet trimmings. Musically the song she sings is very much like the others, and the story it tells is how people think she must be very good, because she always dresses in black. This reference to her sable attire is the concluding line of each verse, as well as the first line, and the middle line. If Fannie did not generously give us an occasional glimpse of some very tasteful lingerie the effect would be quite depressing.

Yet once again cometh Fannie. Once more the orchestra has been equal to the emergency. This time Fannie is really charming. She is a little Chinese girl—alone in the streets of London—what for, Fannie doesn't say. But she is dainty and sweet and artless, quite bewitching, in fact. And she gets plenty of applause.

Fannie is to be with us for seven weeks—by kind permission of the Koster and Bial orchestra.

The British burlesquer is not the only good new feature on the Koster & Bial programme. Miss Adele Purvis-Osri does some very astonishing and graceful things with the help of a slack wire, a globe upon which she rolls about the stage, while almost outdoing Lole Fuller in the way of serpentine dancing, with jugglers' knives and balls and so forth. And there is a troupe of "Whirlwind Artists," who certainly live up to their line on the programme.

But you come to all these advantages with an exceedingly bad taste. In your mouth an account of that abominable mouth "the split," which in this case is a four-fold abomination, as there are four otherwise presentable dancing young women including in it. Kindly bar "the split," Mr. Bial.

Harry Atkinson at Keith's.

Harry Atkinson, the droll mimic and musician, whose work wifed a member of Albert Chevalier's company was for him many admirers, was the principal entertainer at Keith's last night, and he scored a big hit with the patrons of the Union Square Theatre. The Marco twins, direct from Koster & Bial's, duplicated their uptown hit, and burnt cork wit was supplied in plenty by Willis F. Sweetman. Views of the Seventy-first Regiment, of Troup A and of McKinley and Cleveland in the inauguration ceremonies were shown by the wonderful biograph, which appears to be a very valuable feature at this house. Arras and Alice continue to win applause for their skilful equilibristic feats, and Verano, sketch artist, drew some funny pictures while blindfolded. Others on the bill were Blackson and Fago, Howley and Doyle, Horwitz and Bowers, Boyce and Edison, the Diamond Comedy Four and the Edisons.

Olympia Burlesque Postponed.

In order to permit more rehearsals, Oscar Hammerstein has postponed the initial performance of his new burlesque and topical review, "Mrs. Bradley Barron's Ball in Greater New York," until Monday evening, March 22. A high-class vaudeville bill will be presented all this week.

AMY BUSBY TO BE MARRIED.

The pretty actress, who was the leading lady in Gillette's "Secret Service" company, is reported to be engaged to wed a wealthy Philadelphia. She has retired from the stage to prepare for the ceremony, which will take place in the Spring.

Again Fannie changes her clothes, while the orchestra plays to an empty and gloomy stage, and she begins to wonder whether the manuscripts on the bass drummer's stand will hold out. This time she comes in looking very demure in a handsome black gown, with jet trimmings. Musically the song she sings is very much like the others, and the story it tells is how people think she must be very good, because she always dresses in black