



THE RETURN FROM AMERICA. A CARICATURE MADE BY PAPROCHI SOON AFTER MODJESKA'S FIRST APPEARANCE HERE IN 1876. PAPROCHI HIMSELF CARRIES THE SAFE.

Countess Grävenitz, the heroine of *A German Pompadour*. Besides Stuttgart, the Hindenburgs have been in Stockholm and Munich, and they are now at the German Legation in The Hague. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country eight years ago Baron Hindenburg was at the German Embassy in Washington for a few months.

The real Zagloba, Madame Hélène Modjeska, tells us in her *Memoirs and Impressions* which have

**The Real  
Zagloba**

just been published by the Macmillan Company, was a certain Captain

Pietrowski, whom the Modjeskas and Henryk Sienkiewicz knew in California. Like the hero who dominates the pages of *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, Captain Pietrowski was a *gourmet*, very tall and very stout, and requiring a vast amount of food to satisfy his colossal appetite.

He was a curious type, Madame Modjeska remarks. He seemed suited rather to the sixteenth or seventeenth century than to our modern era. His humour was the humour of Sir Toby Belch or Falstaff. Even his language was unusual. It was quaint, much more correct and crisp than our diluted and distorted gabble of the twentieth century. When the Modjeskas met him, he was a widower, but had lived separate from his wife long before she died. Of course, no commonplace grievance could explain the matrimonial dissensions of a man who stood as the model for Zagloba. Pietrowski and his wife separated for the reason that she adored garlic, and he doted on cheese, and neither could tolerate the taste of the other.

The portrait of Elihu Vedder appearing in our November number should have been credited to Paxton.

# THE PLAYS OF THE AUTUMN SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



VERY rosy view of the current theatre season might be derived from a study of those pages of our Sunday newspapers in which the theatre managers announce their offerings and quote the commendatory notices of newspaper reviewers. It would appear from these advertisements that to go to the theatre night after night at the present time would be to enjoy a series of adventures among masterpieces—that never before have so many great plays been set forth simultaneously on the American stage. The most widely read theatrical reviewer in New York is quoted as having stated that “as a piece of dramatic construction *The Gamblers* is perfect.” Mr. Klein’s play must, therefore, vie in ultimate artistry with *Ædipus King*, *Tartuffe*, *Minna von Barnhelm*, and *Ghosts*. A critic of recognised ability is quoted as calling *The Cub* “one of the wittiest of plays.” It must, therefore, rank at least with *The Importance of*

*Being Earnest*, if not indeed with *The School for Scandal*. *Mother* is advertised as “the play of the century”—the same century, let us remember, in which such inferior offerings as *Mid-Channel*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *The Thief*, *The Witching Hour*, and *The Servant in the House* have been set upon our stage. *Mother* must indeed be worth seeing. The press agent proceeds to describe it as “a story of uplift!” [the exclamation point is his], and to assure the reader that it “hits you right in the heart and makes the tears flow.” That sounds a little like what Stevenson called “a brutal assault on the emotions” [he was speaking of the song of “Home, Sweet Home”]; but yet a person not troubled with heart-disease might well decide to submit to the assault for the sake of the promised pleasurable flushing of the tear-ducts. *Smith* is announced as “the greatest comedy success of Mr. Drew’s career”—the same Mr. Drew, let us remember, who played Benedick at Daly’s to the Beatrice of Ada Rehan; and the critic of an even-



“THE CONCERT”—ACT I

“He is adored by a fluttering multitude of women, who pay him large sums for piano lessons.”