

indefinite, left no doubt of a disaster. On the 3rd of May, when the Cortes met, Señor Salmeron, the republican leader, demanded an explanation, and declared that it would be necessary to establish the responsibility attaching to the existing government. Sagasta replied by appealing to the house to subordinate partisanship to patriotism. Communication between Madrid and Manila had ended on the previous day, when Dewey cut the cable of which Augustin had refused him the use.

In America, meanwhile, there was intense suspense, in the absence of definite news. Dewey's success was

not doubted, but no one dreamed that it could have been won without serious loss. Not until May 4 did the commodore send the McCullough speeding off to Hong Kong, the nearest cable station, with despatches for the Navy Department; and on the 7th the country was thrilled by his laconic announcement of his magnificent and bloodless victory.

Five more weeks were to pass before a detailed story of the battle was received. By that time an army was on its way across the Pacific to reap for America the fruit of the fleet's great achievement of the 1st of May.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANCE OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC ART.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT,

Dramatic Critic of the London Daily Telegraph.

THE WELL KNOWN ENGLISH CRITIC OUTLINES THE PAST AND PRESENT RELATIONS OF THE BRITISH AND THE AMERICAN STAGE, AND INSTITUTES COMPARISONS THAT ARE NOT TO THE DISADVANTAGE OF THE LATTER.

"UNTIL at last the old man was beaten by the boy." I see before me a picture of an oldster and a youngster finishing a game of chess or draughts. The youth is triumphant; his senior is scratching his head and is evidently depressed. Underneath this homely scene is printed a distich of which I quote the last line. I remember the picture well, and it seems to me fairly to illustrate the present relative condition of English and American art. We cannot shut our eyes or blind ourselves to the facts. Without a doubt, the complete American companies brought over to England in recent years by Augustin Daly and Charles Frohman have made a profound impression on the playgoing public. Already I hear a grumbling note of discontent, a very pronounced cry of chauvinism, a wail that everything American is praised, that foreign artists

receive not only excessive praise, but a kind of bounty money. Already they are endeavoring to hack at the roots of that goodly tree Free Trade in dramatic art, which I saw planted as a mere sapling amidst flouts and jeers nearly forty years ago.

On all questions of dramatic art, I was ever a free trader. From my earliest years of office I resented the cry that "these foreigners who take the bread out of the mouths of English artists should be put down with a strong hand." About the year 1860 it was heresy to praise, even to recognize, the actor who was not English born or bred. The theatrical journals, such as the *Era* and the *Sunday Times*, dared not encourage free trade at that time for fear of offending their subscribers and advertisers; and the daily papers, as a rule, took very little interest in the matter one way or another, for,

save with such men as John Oxenford and a few others, what is now called dramatic criticism was mere commonplace reporting, and no one dreamed of noticing a play until a day or so after it was produced.

The youthful enthusiasm for the cultivation of foreign art in this country, and the desire to welcome to England the best actors in the world, were fanned by several earnest lovers of the drama whose names I can readily recall. Prominently among them I should place Charles Mathews, the inimitable comedian, who has acted in Paris and in French as well as he acted at home in English; Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist and amateur actor, who knew the continental theaters by heart, and was a free trader heart and soul; Herman Merivale, dramatist again and accomplished scholar; Walter Pollock and Sir Frederick Leighton; John Clayton, the actor; and last, but certainly not least, my old friend J. W. Clark, now the Registrar of the University of Cambridge.

But it is one thing to be enthusiastic and quite another to get that enthusiasm heard and recognized. That labor at the outset fell to my old friend, Joseph Knight, and your humble servant. We certainly got more kicks than halfpence. In fact, the kicks deprived us of the chance of picking up the halfpence, for (I speak for myself now) I was turned off paper after paper because I was a free trader in dramatic art and would not run down a foreigner because he was a foreigner, or belittle an American because he or she was not born under the sound of Bow Bells. Some of us were determined not to handicap art. And what has been the result? In the course of thirty or forty years, instead of hissing French actors out of our so called legitimate playhouses or banishing them to the St. James' on penalty of death, we have welcomed to London on two occasions the whole of the Comédie Française, and seen the best French actors and ac-

tresses of the last half century. We have seen Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and Duse from Italy; Devrient and Barnay and the Saxe Meiningen players from Germany, and the famous Dutch players.

So far as America was concerned, the success of American art in the early days was the success of the individual, not of ensemble or harmony of style, or symmetry of production, which, as we see it now in America, is as good, if not better, than the Comédie Française thirty years ago and the Bancroft production at the old Prince of Wales' Theater, when Robertson joined the free traders and established a school of his own, sneered at as the "teacup and saucer school"; but, for all that, the cups and the saucers were of exquisite china, and the tea came from the same country.

But I will come now to the individual actors or actresses who forced themselves to the front amidst much avowed opposition and unpopularity. I am not old enough to remember the days of Junius Brutus Booth, who opposed Edmund Kean or Forrest or the Wallacks. The first strong individual success that I can recall was that of Miss Bateman in the character of *Leah the Forsaken* at the Adelphi Theater in the days of Benjamin Webster. She had played before when a child with her sister as one of the "Bateman children," infant prodigies, no doubt, at the St. James' Theater, but I never saw them. In all probability I was at school, an infant myself, but certainly not a prodigy.

Before Miss Bateman arrived with "Leah" as adapted by Augustin Daly and touched up by John Oxenford, the critic of the *Times*, we had seen Edward Askew Sothorn as *Lord Dundreary* in "Our American Cousin," his great success in America. But Sothorn was an Englishman, not an American. He made his first appearance and failure at the Weymouth Theater, and his success as *Dundreary* was one of the most extraordinary "flukes" on record. But Miss Bateman's success as *Leah*, strik-

ing as it was and deserved also, was not obtained without infinite trouble and labor. Old Colonel Bateman was a showman of showmen, a Barnum in his way, and his children he idolized, thinking and saying that they were all Rachels and Ristoris and Favarts and Dejazets rolled into one. The press had to be worked in favor of the young and beautiful American actress, who was well trained, effective, and knew the business of the stage. So old Colonel Bateman got hold of one of Charles Kean's advance note trumpeters, one Dr. Joy, who bored the editors of newspapers to death with his *réclames* and paragraphs, and eventually got his way.

After Miss Bateman came Joseph Jefferson—also to the Adelphi—with his exquisite performance of *Rip Van Winkle* in Washington Irving's romance, perhaps the most beautiful individual performance that has added laurels to American art. Some of the youngsters look at me now in staring astonishment and say, "It could not be better than poor Fred Leslie's *Rip*," but indeed it was. They could not be mentioned in the same week. Jefferson's *Rip* is one of the greatest creations I have ever seen, and I have seen most of the best actors and actresses in the world during the last forty years. John E. Owens—once more at the Adelphi—with his dialect play and "apple sass," came before his time. Had Bret Harte written "*Sue*" at that time it would probably have failed, actors and actresses and all, as completely as Owens did, for dialect plays were an abomination to the English ear. Another American actress failed at the Haymarket as completely as John E. Owens had failed at the Adelphi. I refer to Janauschek, a magnificent artist. She played "*Medea*" and other plays to empty benches, but her art I am not likely to forget.

Then came a pause in the incursion of strong individual artists to this country from America. We liked John Brougham and George Jordan at the

Lyceum well enough in the Fechter days. We were very fond of poor Billy Florence and his clever wife, but after them the strongest individual success that I can recall was that of Charles Thorne at the Gaiety in a play by Boucicault adapted from "*La Tentation*" of Octave Feuillet and called "*Led Astray*." He was a splendid, virile actor, with a fine presence, and assumed quite the French style. We most of us praised Charles Thorne highly, and were told afterwards that his countrymen did not think so highly of him as **we** did. But when he got home they changed their minds, and their eyes were opened to his conspicuous merits.

From time to time we have welcomed other American favorites who sparkled and disappeared, notably Raymond, Dixey, and Nat Goodwin. But the first compact American company founded on the old and, in many respects, very valuable stock company system was that organized by Augustin Daly, who possesses, as it seems to me, every quality most essential to an artistic manager of the stage. To start with, he is a scholar and a profound Shaksperian student. He has studied the stage since boyhood, having been appointed the dramatic critic of some of the most important American journals at almost as early an age as I was when I started this most ungrateful task in 1860. Augustin Daly, though not by profession an actor, can direct a stage as well as any actor with whose methods I am familiar. Lastly, he is a strict disciplinarian, knows exactly what he is about, and does not permit any one to argue with him on the stage when he is conducting a rehearsal. He is the general in command. The company are the rank and file of the army. This is as it should be.

In our country the system of rehearsals is almost ludicrous, except in very special instances. Half the valuable time is **taken up** in arguing and protesting and crying and sulking in corners. Jack at home is as good, or

thinks he is as good, as his master. Tedious discussions take place as to the pronunciation of a word or the accent on a sentence, in fact, on matters that do not admit of one moment's argument, and I have heard of cases where a leading actor has been directing a rehearsal of a Shaksperian play, who had evidently not even read the play he was directing. As Mr. Bernard Shaw once said in a humorous speech, the critics have the pull over the managers—they have read the work that they will eventually have to discuss.

I feel that I am now treading on dangerous ground, but I cannot help it. No one doubts or denies that there have been brilliant actor managers both in England and America. Macready, Samuel Phelps, Charles Kean, Fechter, Henry Irving, Squire Bancroft, John Hare, and others were actor managers of the first class, unselfish and devoted to their art. So were Lester Wallack and Edwin Booth. But it has always seemed to me that the ideal manager is one who does not act at all and is therefore not concerned in the difficulties inseparable from a naturally sensitive profession. I do not myself believe in the existence of that sublime unselfishness that would induce the actor in power to play *Horatio* when he could cast himself for *Hamlet*, or would hesitate to force himself upon an unwilling audience as a tragedian when nature and temperament intended him to be a comedian. Nor have I ever come across the actress who would calmly take *Jessica* or *Nerissa* when she could air herself and her graces as *Portia*. We are told they do these things or are prepared to do it. I should like to see the proof. Why, this heroic unselfishness and abnegation does not prevail even at the celebrated state aided but decadent institution, the Comédie Française, which the London overtaxed rate payers will soon be asked to imitate in our midst. No! Love of art is all very well in the ab-

stract; but, as a rule, it is love of self in the concrete.

It was during one of Henry Irving's early visits to America that William Terriss persuaded Augustin Daly to come over to England to show us the perfection of an American stock company in the lighter order of play. At that time we knew very little of the existence of the Peg Woffington of America, the glorious Ada Rehan, whose *Katherine* and *Rosalind* were soon to charge our souls with delight and appreciation; of John Drew, most polished and exquisite of comedians, well dressed, alert, and admirable; or of that incomparable pair, Mrs. Gilbert and funny Jimmy Lewis. Clarke we knew very well at home as an admirable and versatile actor; old Leclercq, of course, belonged originally to us, but that was about all. The Daly company came to the Strand; they were seen and they instantly conquered; and, once having been seen, they could ill be spared every succeeding season. First of all, they came with neatly adapted German farces, in which the whole company was fitted like gloves. Ada Rehan was and is of course in her way a genius; but when the Daly company first came there was many a sigh for the revival in England of the old stock company which virtually died in the Bancroft days at the little Prince of Wales' Theater, when John Hare broke away and became a manager on his own account.

The Daly company obeyed the motto "*Festina lente.*" They hastened slowly, but I do not desire to see better Shaksperian performances than were organized by Augustin Daly, though he was loudly abused for reducing the text of Shakspeare according to modern requirements, and transposing Shaksperian songs from other plays—things that have been done by every Shaksperian actor and manager of our time, and will continue to be done so long as Shakspeare endures.

Such a brilliant example of ensemble and harmony of motive, set by so not-

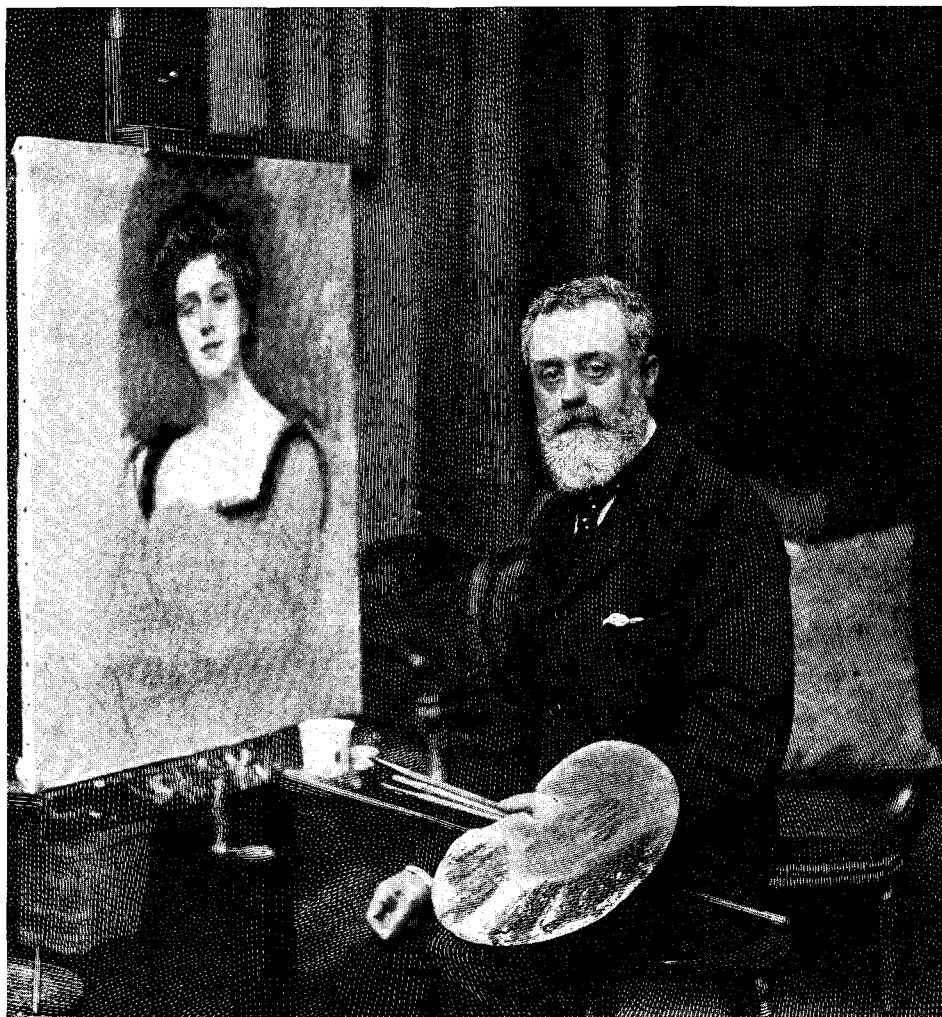
able a manager as Augustin Daly, was destined not to be lost. Among many successful laymen managers, as opposed to actor managers, one of the most brilliant and instructive has been Charles Frohman. The impression in England is that he is a mere business man and figurehead. Quite the contrary. He conducts the stage in a masterly manner, and though not an actor he owns the rare and difficult art of being able to teach others how to act. Like his best predecessors in office, Charles Frohman is a disciplinarian, and when he comes down to the theater to direct a play he knows exactly what to do—nay, more, what he has made up his mind shall be done. He has stage managed the play in his head before he meets his company under the “T” light.

Half the valuable time at English rehearsals is taken up with, “Don’t you think this would do?” or “Don’t you consider that would be better?” or “How about this?” most of the suggestions being absolutely idiotic. Only recently a pretty young actress insisted on getting up a ladder in a flowering apple orchard and flinging the blossoms to the ground in an artless manner. When remonstrated with and told she was a farmer’s daughter and was recklessly destroying her father’s crop of fruit, she said, “What on earth does that matter? It looks so pretty!” So, no doubt, did her trim ankles up the ladder.

We owe to Charles Frohman many wonderful effects in stage management quite new to our boards—the sense of a battle raging in the distance expressed by sound, the noise of galloping chargers, the click of telegraph wires and operating instruments, all of which give color and life and movement to such plays as “Secret Service” and “Sue.” The effect in the last play of the lovers galloping away over the dusty Bolinas plain after the supposed murder was one of the most striking things I have ever heard on the modern stage.

The value of a good example is shown in “The Cat and the Cherub,” the Chinese play, that in addition to being weird and quaint is a miracle of pure stage management; and also recently in “The Heart of Maryland.” From the point of view of symmetry and harmony of idea from first to last, when was a better thing seen on any stage than Bret Harte’s “Sue”? Nor must we forget that though Augustin Daly discovered, taught, and brought to perfection the latent art of such brilliant people as Ada Rehan and John Drew, the prizes that fell to the discriminating manager, Charles Frohman, were W. H. Gillette and Annie Russell, both artists to their finger tips.

I am not saying or pretending to say that we have not in England talent as pronounced and admirable. But is it or is it not the case that our young people are not so amenable to instruction, and, in point of fact, in many instances refuse to be taught at all? They want to run before they can walk, they pretend to deliver Shakspeare before they can speak properly, and are utterly indifferent to that golden rule that the true artist is ever learning, ever improving, ever striving after an ideal. Look, for instance, at that greatest of all living artists, Sarah Bernhardt. She is never weary of showing that to her artistic mind perfection rarely exists. I have followed her career for thirty years and more, and I affirm that she acted better in London in 1898 than she ever acted in her life. And this is the artist who broke away from the fetters of the Comédie Française, and with the aid of Free Trade “built herself an everlasting name.” And this is the enervating, depressing, state aided or rate aided theater that is to be dragged into London in order to fossilize the drama and to waste the rate payers’ money in pensions to actors and actresses on the shelf. If we do arrive at that national disaster, I doubt very much if young America will ever consent to row in the same boat with old England.



RAIMUNDO DE MADRAZO.

From a photograph by W. A. Cooper, New York

A SPANISH PAINTER IN AMERICA.

BY LENA COOPER.

RAIMUNDO DE MADRAZO AND HIS ARTISTIC EXPEDITIONS TO THE NEW WORLD—HIS BRILLIANT GENRE WORK, AND HIS SKILL AS A PAINTER OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

THAT the son and grandson of two of Spain's most famous court painters should be sojourning in America seems something more than an anomaly; but New York's atmosphere—physical, not artistic, of course—New York's beautiful women, and New York's facile dollars, have proved se-

ductive enough to overcome patriotic love; and Raimundo de Madrazo, son of Frederico de Madrazo and grandson of Jose de Madrazo, has again established himself, as he did last winter, in a metropolitan studio. However, inasmuch as he was born in Rome and educated in Paris, the artist doubtless