

A NEW SPECTACLE FROM DRURY LANE

"The White Cat" Produced at
the New Amsterdam.

SOME BRILLIANT BALLETS

Troupe of Spanish Dancers Who Can
Dance—An Interesting Study
in Evolution.

Methuselina	William Macart
Jonah the Thirteenth	Wm. T. Hodge
Simon, the Missing Link	Hugh J. Ward
Prince Paragon	Edgar Atchison-Ely
Prince Plump	Herbert Corthell
Prince Peerless	Maud Lambert
Hecate	Harriet Worthington
Mignonet	Seymour Brown
Princess Chiffon	Edith St. Clair
The Fairy Queen	Harriette Cropper
Cupid	Malda Snyder
Popula	Monte Elmo
Aristo	Helen Lathrop
The Mother	Robert Harold
Court Herald	Robert Harold
First Nurse	Sarah Hollister
Knocko	Patrice Dawe
Jocko	Harry Seymour

The spectacles from Drury Lane each year do not differ much in general, however they may vary in occasional details. As a rule their story involves a princess and her sweetheart, who go through many trials and tribulations until the final picture of hymeneal bliss is realized. Incidentally this pair is accompanied on its way by several persons who are designed to provide the comic relief to their sad and harrowing experiences.

In "The White Cat," which was seen for the first time at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night, the princess had possibly more than the usual amount of ill-fortune. She began by enlisting the sympathies of a fairy who turned out to be about the biggest sort of a fraud that ever waved a wand—the kind of a fairy, in fact, who would never be tolerated in any self-respecting fairyland.

This fairy, Methuselina by name, belonged to the superannuated class, and, as the magic business did not pay, she turned her attentions to trade, eventually ending up by conducting a day nursery for children. Here the Princess Chiffon, the heroine of this tale, was brought for safekeeping, after her arch enemy, the wicked Hecate, had reduced her in size from a full-grown Princess to the infant class. Here, too, Hecate pursued her, changed her into a white dove, and sent her flying out into the cold, gray world just at the moment that her lover Prince had discovered her whereabouts and arrived to effect her rescue. Eventually, of course, the Princess, quite her own self again, is permitted to turn the tables upon the wicked fairy, but not before she has suffered another transformation into counterfeit presentment of a cat.

This tale, to be sure, is not set forth so simply as it reads, for that is not the way with Drury Lane spectacle. If it were, the whole might be told in half an hour or less. Instead, some two hours are employed, the exposition being accomplished chiefly by means of accomplishments, becomes almost pathetic.

When all is said and done, however, the chief glory of these entertainments are the ballets, and in this respect the new one does not fall short of its predecessors. The first act ends with a ballet of fruits, which provides as luxurious a massing of colors as any one could desire to see. Beginning with a sort of Watteau suggestion, in a small group of women carrying cherry blossoms and fruit, the picture is gradually enlarged by the addition of a grape ballet in luscious purples. That, in turn, blends with an orange ballet, the complementary colors combining in a beautiful and harmonious whole. Then more tints are added by means of a ballet of ribbons and one of cupids in delicate pink fleshings, with bows of silver and quivers of gold, and before the curtain falls the large stage is massed with a riotous assemblage of vibrant color.

The second large ballet represents "The Glory of the Nations," with a final picture emblematical of the "Triumph of Hymen," in which the chief note is provided by fifty or more amazons in white and gold, menus of songs and choruses, ballets and marches, pictures and pantomime, and a good deal of talk. The talk does not amount to much, and its humor is generally of the sort that seems to have been written in while the actors were waiting for their cues, but there are one or two scenes in the new show that are really very funny. Especially so is the one in which Methuselina shows how a baby ought to be put to bed. Here William Macart, a naturally unctuous funmaker, who gets his results with far less straining than is usual in this sort of thing, provides a picture of one phase of domestic existence that makes an irresistible appeal on the risibles.

A novel feature of the entertainment is provided by Hugh J. Ward, who appears first as an orang-outang, and who gradually passes through the various stages of evolution, until he attains the full dignity of young manhood as exemplified by cigarettes and football. Mr. Ward's act is clever, and a scene in which he appears on a desert island, meeting there his father and mother monkeys, to whom he shows his new

an especially effective result follows the lowering of the lights, the corselets being then illuminated with incandescents.

In the third act the conspicuous feature is a troupe of Castilian dancers and troubadours from the Royal Theatre, Madrid. Their efforts were received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The music throughout as may be imagined is characterized rather more by spirit and go than by any especial melodiousness, but there are several dancing numbers that are prettily costumed, agreeably arranged, and certain of popular success.

MISS COONS'S CONCERT.

An Ambitious Performance with Orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

Miss Minnie Coons may certainly command respect for the high ambition with which she came into the New York musical season so early in its course. She did it last evening at Carnegie Hall, with the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, and undertook Beethoven's G major concerto, and Weber's Concert Piece, with orchestral accompaniment; Liszt's arrangement of Bach's G minor organ fugue; one of Chopin's Impromptus and his Andante Spianato and Polonaise for piano solo—though why not the andante and polonaise with orchestra, since they were so written and the orchestra was on the spot?

But commendation for Miss Coons cannot go much beyond her ambition, for she has not many qualifications for interpreting such music as she attempted. Her technical powers are as yet insufficiently developed, and she has only a feeble and uncertain grasp on the intellectual and artistic significance of Beethoven, Bach, and Chopin, as they were represented on her programme. The can sing a cantabile melody with a small but clear tone, with some warmth, and beauty of expression, and in the andante of the concerto and the introduction to the polonaise she gave of her best. Her muscular strength, and hence her tone, are small; her playing of passage work is often crude and uneven, and generally quite lacking in brilliancy, and in the polonaise her allowance of wrong notes was extremely generous. It seemed to be plain last evening that, notwithstanding the plaudits of a large and friendly audience, Mr. Coons's place is not properly in front of an orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

Opera on Thursday Nights, Maybe.

Heinrich Conried announced yesterday that, owing to the demand for seats this season for the regular nights and matinees of grand opera, it was quite likely that performances would be given on Thursday evenings.