

THE "LADY MACBETH" OF NANCE O'NEIL

Has Flashes of Power, with Actress's Familiar Crudity.

EIGHTH AVE. LIKES TRAGEDY

Audience at Grand Opera House Know Its Shakespeare and Testifies Its Appreciation in Much Applause.

It is a little unfortunate for Nance O'Neil, perhaps, that she has discounted her "Lady Macbeth" in this city by previous performances of other rôles, for during her engagement here earlier in the season the actress's full measure was taken, and she does nothing in the tremendous Shakespearean rôle to raise the estimate of her powers as then revealed. She is to-day the most striking example on the American stage of a great and promising talent going—perhaps gone—to waste. But if her intelligence in any degree approximates her natural dramatic instinct and powerful personal equipment it may not yet be too late to save a great figure to the theatre.

Miss O'Neil's Lady Macbeth is as crude and uninformed technically and as lacking in trained resource as were her previous efforts, and it has the same brilliant flashes of power, the same suggestive moments of latent dramatic fire. Her rich, mellow, musical voice, her pliant, graceful figure, her clear-cut profile, and her wonderful well-like eyes—all these combine in a personality fitted for the finest realization of the great tragic rôle. But the voice again and again becomes monotonous in its sing-song, unvaried cadences, and the face is frequently only a block of impassive marble when it should be illumined by the quickly changing play of thought, the hurried emotions of a soul and mind stirred to the utmost depths.

And yet her Lady Macbeth is not without occasional fine, stirring moments, although never so authoritative as to require analysis or demand extended comment. Her best scenes are those immediately preceding and following the murder of Duncan; and in the tender solicitude for Macbeth after his agitation in the banquet scene she again reveals her marked capacity for realizing a note of genuine and moving pathos. But during the preceding incidents there is no play of feature, no variety of emotional suggestion to indicate the agony of fear that has her on the rack.

In the magnificent scene of the fifth act she is, as might have been expected, powerfully effective and no more exaggerated than the circumstances would seem to justify.

The Macbeth of Charles Dalton, though by no means an inspired or brilliant intellectual effort, is competent, if to any Shakespearean characterization other than a genuinely masterful one, such a term may be applied.

It was evident at the Grand Opera House last evening that Shakespeare in Eighth Avenue does not necessarily spell ruin, for the big theatre was well filled, and the testimony of much applause indicated that the assemblage was well satisfied with the returns on its investment. The applause, too, came generally in the right places, which would seem to indicate that Eighth Avenue knows its Shakespeare about as well as its Kramer melodrama.

A VOLUNTEER TARGET.

Randell Let Col. Bordeverry Shoot Sugar Lump from His Head.

Not in vain did Col. Gaston Bordeverry make an appeal to a Hippodrome audience last night for some volunteer to lend himself as a target for the champion's shot.

After a few introductory feats, the Colonel stepped to the front of the stage.

"Just as an evidence of good faith," he explained, "won't some gentleman lend himself to the peril of being shot at, though I should not say peril, as I am absolutely perfect in my marksmanship?"

The audience was unmoved, and in no wise anxious to grasp this unusual opportunity. The champion again made an appeal. After a few minutes some one got up from the orchestra and started for the stage.

"I am E. W. Randell of 85 Liberty Street, and am ready for the experiment," he said.

Col. Bordeverry, after recovering from the shock of getting a volunteer, shot off the lump of sugar with never a scratch to his subject. After the act Mr. Randell seemed undisposed to leave the stage.

"I quite enjoyed it," he explained, as he was urged over the footlights. "I wouldn't mind having it done all over again."

"LEAH KLESCHNA" DISPUTE.

Mrs. Fiske Tells of Her Work on McLellan's Play.

Mrs. Fiske yesterday issued a statement in which she tells at some length of her own labors in putting C. S. McLellan's play "Leah Kleschna" into proper shape for stage production. Mr. McLellan's play is to be produced in London this week, the English stage rights having been sold by the author to Charles Frohman.

In her statement Mrs. Fiske says that Mr. McLellan offered Harrison Grey Fiske, her manager, a six months' option on the English rights, but that an acceptance of his offer was cabled to London before the expiration of a month. Mrs. Fiske adds that the matter will be disposed of in the courts.