



THE BEAUTIFUL SYLVAN SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT" AS PRESENTED AT SUTRO HEIGHTS YESTERDAY AFTERNOON—THE COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE FAIR ROSALIND AND ORLANDO.

[From an original pen and ink sketch made for "The Call" by Harrison Fisher.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke, living in banishment... Normal McCreger... Frederick, his brother and usurper of his dominions... Miss Evelyn Joyce... Miss Freda Gallick... Charles Bates... George W. Ryan... George S. Meehling... William G. Beach... Charles Bates... George W. Ryan... George S. Meehling... William G. Beach... Charles Bates... George W. Ryan... George S. Meehling... William G. Beach...

TO Shakespeare's furthest reach of idealism was linked the play's uttermost realism, and, to use the language of the play itself, these latter said to San Francisco:

If you will see a pageant truly played... How many thousands accepted the invitation is a large, practical matter of arithmetic and the box-office, which should not be allowed to mar, by so much as a mention, the spell of the poetic presence. Sutro Heights has its own quality of beauty, by which it is spoken of among travelers, wherever in the world they be, who have once stood upon its eminence and under its umbrageous trees, watched and heard the sounding ocean. Of the sights of earth to be singled out as worth speaking of the view there to be had is one. But to the traveler who shall go there in all the to-morrow and to-morrow of travelers it will be said: "Here is where 'As You Like It' was done that time in the fall of '95, you remember. Just here, under these trees, Orlando threw the wrestler; here Rosalind and Celia, being banished from the court and going to seek the foresters, came and rested; by this tree stood the gloomy Jacques while he recited the monologue of the seven ages and here and here and there, in these real and living trees is where Orlando, the love-sick pinner, to the theater—the right as uttered by some of the best players of the stage, under such conditions as must awaken their most latent meaning, were passing unheard by them. Ideally real the conditions were to be sure, but the real greenwood tree and the real blue sky are not good sounding boards. And that must and should have been and doubtless was taken into consideration. Expectation really had no rights beyond

what was furnished at Sutro Heights yesterday afternoon. Since "As You Like It" was writ, perhaps, with its fresh, out-of-doors air blowing through it, its leather leggings treading the measure of its rhythm, and the smell of the woods that haunts it, men have had a fancy to see it said and done in company with nature.

Since it was presented three years ago in New York—and just out of New York—with such success the idea has become a passion or a fad, the growth of which was slightly checked by the failure at Chicago during the fair.

Then came some good people with a suggestion in behalf of the Channing Auxiliary Aid Society for Christian Work in San Francisco. The Stockwell Company of players is at the Columbia, and there out by the sea is Sutro Heights. Presto!

Do you know—you who were not there—a place down a little way to the right of the Sutro residence, where there is a slight depression of the land—a level place where grow some tall, wide-spreading trees, where two woodland paths meet and cross and wander on?

There is a tall fine structure there—to one side—that no one seems to know the purpose of, but which looks as though it might have been designed as a music-stand, and around that is a high ledge, especially on the side toward the level stretch of grass and the trees and the two paths.

Well, all around this space, in the form of a triangle, on tribunes erected for their use, were gathered yesterday afternoon these thousands that have been referred to. They filled all the liberal space that had been provided for them; filled it completely, so that from the center of the triangle, or any place within the level woodland space, there was no sign of chair or tribune—only a great rising framework of bright, and, by a preponderating majority, beautifully expectant faces. For the majority were San Francisco women, arranged—arranged like San Francisco women, to say which is to say a thing which passeth all other understanding and directly maketh Solomon ashamed.

Of the rights of earth to be singled out as worth speaking of the view there to be had is one. But to the traveler who shall go there in all the to-morrow and to-morrow of travelers it will be said: "Here is where 'As You Like It' was done that time in the fall of '95, you remember. Just here, under these trees, Orlando threw the wrestler; here Rosalind and Celia, being banished from the court and going to seek the foresters, came and rested; by this tree stood the gloomy Jacques while he recited the monologue of the seven ages and here and here and there, in these real and living trees is where Orlando, the love-sick pinner, to the theater—the right as uttered by some of the best players of the stage, under such conditions as must awaken their most latent meaning, were passing unheard by them. Ideally real the conditions were to be sure, but the real greenwood tree and the real blue sky are not good sounding boards. And that must and should have been and doubtless was taken into consideration. Expectation really had no rights beyond

On the seats of the upper and outer extremity, perhaps a little beyond the influence of the trees, you may place a brightly colored parasol or two. The Cliff House train has brought its last laggard—a couple of hundred of them. They are late. They work into the last remaining crevices of the crowd. The frame is complete. An orchestra occupying a place on the lawn level, midway between the longer stretch of tribunes, and close to it, was played a fitting something—something of the crowd. Then from somewhere back of the hedges come the first figures of the many-sided pictures of Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

Trooping through these woods, unconscious of the great frame of eager lookers-on, comes Orlando with his love-sick rhymes to pin upon the trees; comes Rosalind with her airy grace and beauty, and another love as many fathoms deep as the bay of Portugal; comes Celia, with maiden's delicacy and that "innocence that hath a privilege in her to dignity with jests"; comes Jacques, who met a fool in the forest—a motley fool; comes Touchstone, "a rare fellow, my lord, good at anything and yet a fool"; comes Audrey—the gods give her joy.

With a company of players equal to an ideal representation of this ideal pastoral, the setting nature's own as Shakespeare painted it—what would you have?

Mr. Sutro's private park served thus in the first act as Oliver's orchard, through which come Orlando and his faithful old servant Adam, strolling; in the second act the same scene represents the lawn before the Duke's palace, over which Rosalind and Celia move in the merriment of their perfect content, and Touchstone comes with his quips and byplays, and Orlando comes again to challenge the wrestler, and where he trips the wrestler up and traps the heart of Rosalind in so doing.

The third scene, according to the books, is laid in an apartment of the palace, but yesterday the wooded lawn of Mr. Sutro's park stood for it also. For curtains cannot be drawn over much of a man's private park.

So with the first scene of the second act, which is laid at Oliver's house, but which fits very well to the woods, however. With the second scene of the second act houses are done with in the play, for Rosalind and Celia, Touchstone and Adam, banished by the Duke, have reached the forest of Arden, and there they remain and the action of the play moves naturally through the four succeeding acts in its shadow.

Grand stands had been erected almost completely around it, and the background was a high hedge, behind which the performers retired from the public gaze when they were not "on." This encircling of the stage shut off the wind so that the zephyrs that played about the mimic Forest of Arden were of the gentlest description.

Just in front of the stage the musicians were stationed, and people at first were inclined to say that the Wagnerian idea of an invisible orchestra would have added to the illusion of the forest glade. When the zephyr sang, however, the necessity of having the musicians in the front became apparent. If the orchestra had been hidden behind the hedge the singers, in order to face the conductor, would have been under the painful necessity of turning their backs upon the grand stand.

There was no curtain to go up, but Adam and Orlando took the stage at the hour advertised with commendable punctuality. W. G. Beach looked the romantic lover very much to the life. He was scarcely made up, but his looks and his gestures were all that nine-tenths of the audience were able to enjoy during the opening scene.

That is the drawback of the forest as a theater; its acoustic properties are not all they might be, even at the best of times, and for the first twenty minutes of "As You Like It" there was a continual stir among the vast audience, made by late-comers seeking their seats.

By the close of the wrestling scene matters were quieting down again and attention was concentrated on the stage. Miss Coghlan, the Rosalind, bore the trying light of day well and she looked slimmer on the forest stage than she does before the footlights at the Columbia. Miss Pauline French, the tall, slender Celia, attracted attention from the moment she appeared, for she was as fresh and free from artifice as the natural stage on which she was treading.

Later on there was scarcely a man or woman in the audience who had not pronounced her an actress by the grace of heaven—one that, like a poet, is born and not made—for it was the first time that this remarkable young woman, who bore off so many of the honors of a remarkable performance, had ever appeared on any stage.

The "co-mates and brothers in exile" of the banished Duke who dwell in the forest of Arden were the following members of the University of California Glee Club: B. G. Somers, C. R. Morse, T. N. Blakewell, C. A. Elston, R. J. Russ, O. T. Wedemeyer, G. H. Whipple, S. L. Rawlings, F. Taylor, T. A. Smith, E. S. Knight, H. S. Symmes, Temple Smith, J. P. Hutchins, D. Hutchinson, H. P. Veeder, C. H. Harwood, R. H. Parson, C. E. Parcell, W. B. King.

Her singing at the beginning of the second act aroused the first warm round of applause, for one reason because they sang very well and for another because there were many people situated too far away to hear the "swishing and martial outside," and enjoy the singing. Normal McCreger acted the part of the banished Duke with dignity and ease, and C. A. Deane as Amiens spoke his lines clearly and well.

The stage was so wide that the performers had a good deal of latitude to roam about and they arranged in matters so as to give the people all round a taste of their quality. The Duke and his foresters, when they were on, generally kept to the left, while Rosalind and Celia gravitated more to the right of the house.

The scene where the two cousins and Touchstone entered tired out from their journey was a charming one. Rosalind, finding it in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel and cry like a woman, and Celia, with her wind-blown hair and flushed cheeks, acted fatigue so naturally that people almost forgot it was acting and pitied them.

Stockwell's Touchstone was one of the ideal features of the play. He wore the motif so well that it was impossible to say whether he was a mere coarse fool whose shafts of wit hit the truth by accident or whether he was a philosopher masquerading in the motif. His appearance was also an ideal one for the part of Touchstone.

In all the woodland scenes W. G. Beach made a graceful, manly Orlando. He was particularly good in the scene with Jacques, when he parries that cynical philosopher's questioning with neat epigrams. Miss Coghlan emphasized the gay and sprightly side of Rosalind's character. For instance, when she hears that Orlando is in the forest and exclaims, "Alas, the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose," the actresses who lay stress on the womanly side of the character say the words with a sudden timid shrinking from appearing before Orlando in such a guise (it was before the days of bloomers). Miss Coghlan, on the contrary, raised a genial laugh by seeming to be full of mischievous fun at the idea of appearing before her lover in doublet and hose.

Miss Coghlan was at her best in the scenes where she was acting the pert boy with the love-lorn Orlando. There was plenty of vim in her impersonation, and her energy never flagged, though at times she grew a trifle staid and studied for a performance under the greenwood tree. It would scarcely be fair to find fault with Miss Maud Winter for being too pretty to make an ideal Audrey, though she was over good looking for that turnip-eating wench; however she atoned for this by acting the part in a delightfully grotesque may. Miss Freda Gallick was a plump and pleasing little shepherdess, and her coloring exactly fitted in with the description given in the play of Phebe. She acquitted brilliantly, though she might unbend a trifle more in her acting. As for Miss Pauline French, her Celia was so delightfully unstudied that it would be a calumny to apply the word "acting" to the performance.

"All the world's a stage" brought C. T. Richman a good round of applause. Apparently the audience wanted to encore it. The part of the melancholy Jacques, however, taken as a whole, did not fit its wearer quite so well. For instance, as Touchstone fitted Stockwell, Richman delivered his sarcasm and his philosophy more as if he had conned them by heart than as if the bitter thought sprang from his own inner consciousness. His acting was never monotonous nor didactic, however, and he spoke his lines well.

One or two of the minor characters were not on good speaking terms with their roles and this, combined with the absence of a prompter, caused Orlando's wicked brother Oliver to founder hopelessly toward the end of the last act. He was pulled together again in a few moments by the rest of the company, and people at a distance scarcely heard the little slip. The majority of the smaller parts were excellently filled. Hugh Ford made a good Adam; Edmund Hayes made the most of his little role of the other Jacques, and Thomas Kierns made one of the big hits of the performance by his impersonation of the country fellow William.

Names Noted in the Vast Audience at Sutro Heights. Among the large audience to witness "As You Like It" at Sutro Heights were the following: Mrs. L. S. Adams, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mr.

and Mrs. Henry F. Allen, Miss Allen, John De Witt Allen, Mrs. D. E. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Miss Dorothy Ames, James F. G. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ayres.

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lant, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mrs. Charles F. Tay, the Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Walter P. Treat, Mrs. J. C. Tucker, the Misses Tucker.

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Miss Helen Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wallace, Miss Romie Wallace, Mrs. George B. Wells, Miss Marie Wells, Mrs. Alston Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Chaucey R. Winslow, Mrs. W. S. Wood, Miss Eleanor Wood, Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, Miss Helen Woolworth, A. G. Wright.

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