LAST ACT OF THE HAMMERSTEIN DRAMA

Watching the Motley Crowd at the Auction Sale of the Impresario's Music and Art Trophies—Like a Parody of the Company's Other Days

By CLARE PEELER

LAGS, GALLS.

Broadway's auctioneers are here, and as the snow flies swiftly past the last curtain is beginning to fall at Oscar Hammerstein's Lyric Theatre. And some twenty-five—yes, finer in this unusual setting composed of bronzes, paintings, chairs, tables, statues, tapestries and lummies various.

Very various they are; I think every type of person in our New York has contributed his or her wandering presence to the heated auction room this goldsmith of October afternoons. Blonde bachelors of presumed and freckled perfect inspect the jewels in their glass case, and pass on their settings, age, grandeur, and other qualifications; beside me, a dark-grown youth dilygently chew gum. Wrinkled-faced, swelled, puny-faced, the young next him hands a catalogue and hundredly holds at intervals. He must be doing it for a sort of exercise, in technique, it may be; for nothing ever is knocked down to him. With a triumphant swish in her skirt, a woman of acquirential demeanor passes down the aisle and out. She has just bought something, and her skirt and her eyes say: 'Wonderful bargain. Wait till my husband sees it.' Over in the corner opposite me, a fair-haired man with glasses and of a Teutonic nobility watches the proceedings as being afraid they might get away.

We all have the air of the chorus in the operas. We look about languidly while the auctioneer declares his arts in a confirmatory tone. He climbs on his little dais in a gray-haired man, who holds a book, as it might be the program. He is really entering each sale; but he falls in the air-comfy fancy. Once I thought I heard the orchestral accompaniment; but it was only the noise of Broadway. And somewhere in the wings is sitting Oscar, in his old kitchen chair; and when the auctioneer inquires and pauses with such splendid hopes go for such pitifully small sums in their usual titles: 'Lot 1236.' 'Lot 1206.' or what not, I am sure Oscar Marie his faintly amused smile at this open book of call Life.

Old Friends There

Old friends and old rivals of the dead man are here; amongst other others, Andres de Segurola, attended and assisted; Giuseppe Bamboschek, eyeglassed, scholarly-looking; William Thorer, creator of primroses; Mapleson, court of last resort in matters of music-loss. The dead man's widow is here also.

The music sale is over. A comical short argument between a sharp-eyed man and the auctioneer as to whether the matric copy of the Venus de Medicis does or does not lack a finger. The attendant, inspecting, reports: 'Absolutely perfect.' and 'Absolutely perfect.'

The auctioneers cry 'sawing' by way of saying his song. 'Lotus eats up sons,' said the attendant wearily. He sees possibly more of tailors and doctors, and to judge from his expression, he doesn't like the view. He particularly objects to females coming there and scribbling in little books. It looks suspicious to him; he thinks probably I am in the pay of his rivals. Not that he has any; but what would business be without real or imaginary rivals in New York?

The supper scene in 'Louise' comes to mind, with Oscar's splendid realistic staging; with the rattle red plates. (They are selling the plates now.) And the time long ago, when something (no one ever knew what) happened during that scene to upset Hammerstein; His hammer and his scores that are sold out at suppers with his Mother (Breslin-Glanday); and his Father (Gilli) and the two women laughed helplessly all through Gilli's roll, until the audience laughed with them. How Oscar rage! Now three out of that four can compare notes over the joke; only Louise is with us still.

A Motley Crowd

A young couple come in with the look of those whose wedding is to-day, and are here, but intent to pick up something that was expected of them; obviously, these are here with the intent to pick up something to finish the furnishing of the flat. 'Three dollars each!' finished the auctioneer as he made a high a note that I involuntarily listen for applause. Swiftly he turns this vrestle into high comedy. 'Oh, all right!' he remarks, when the demand is made to 'save the plates passed around.' 'Show 'em to your father and your mother and your sister an' the whole family, an' then buy 'em for a dollar!' a huff! But they only bring one dollar. Enter a young man, whom I suspect to be a scholar. Along from home and food, the tortoise-shelled-glassed man across the aisle chews a toothpick. See how they have reached the wine-glasses now and I am at the Oscar Khayyam stage; 'They say the juice and the discord Keep The Halls where Jawati Glared and Drunk Deeply.'

But the youth behind me takes a different view. 'What e'en ye drink out of 'em in this dark dry burg?' queries he, bitterly. The knick-knack shifts continually. Taking the center of the aisle in true heroic tenor fashion, is a tall, short young man. He wears such pale face and sunshine and with such splendid hopes go for such pitifully small sums in their usual titles: 'Lot 1236.' 'Lot 1206.' or what not, I am sure Oscar Marie his faintly amused smile at this open book of call Life.

But we all have the air of the chorus in the operas. We look about languidly while the auctioneer declares his arts in a confirmatory tone. He climbs on his little dais in a gray-haired man, who holds a book, as it might be the program. He is really entering each sale; but he falls in the air-comfy fancy.Once I thought I heard the orchestral accompaniment; but it was only the noise of Broadway. And somewhere in the wings is sitting Oscar, in his old kitchen chair; and when the auctioneer inquires and pauses with such splendid hopes go for such pitifully small sums in their usual titles: 'Lot 1236.' 'Lot 1206.' or what not, I am sure Oscar Marie his faintly amused smile at this open book of call Life.

Old Friends There

Old friends and old rivals of the dead man are here; amongst other others, Andres de Segurola, attended and assisted; Giuseppe Bamboschek, eyeglassed, scholarly-looking; William Thorer, creator of primroses; Mapleson, court of last resort in matters of music-loss. The dead man's widow is here also.

The auctioneers cry 'sawing' by way of saying his song. 'Lotus eats up sons,' said the attendant wearily. He sees possibly more of tailors and doctors, and to judge from his expression, he doesn't like the view. He particularly objects to females coming there and scribbling in little books. It looks suspicious to him; he thinks probably I am in the pay of his rivals. Not that he has any; but what would business be without real or imaginary rivals in New York?

The supper scene in 'Louise' comes to mind, with Oscar's splendid realistic staging; with the rattle red plates. (They are selling the plates now.) And the time long ago, when something (no one ever knew what) happened during that scene to upset Hammerstein; His hammer and his scores that are sold out at suppers with his Mother (Breslin-Glanday); and his Father (Gilli) and the two women laughed helplessly all through Gilli's roll, until the audience laughed with them. How Oscar rage! Now three out of that four can compare notes over the joke; only Louise is with us still.

A Motley Crowd

A young couple come in with the look of those whose wedding is to-day, and are here, but intent to pick up something that was expected of them; obviously, these are here with the intent to pick up something to finish the furnishing of the flat. 'Three dollars each!' finished the auctioneer as he made a high a note that I involuntarily listen for applause. Swiftly he turns this vrestle into high comedy. 'Oh, all right!' he remarks, when the demand is made to 'save the plates passed around.' 'Show 'em to your father and your mother and your sister an' the whole family, an' then buy 'em for a dollar!' a huff! But they only bring one dollar. Enter a young man, whom I suspect to be a scholar. Along from home and food, the tortoise-shelled-glassed man across the aisle chews a toothpick. See how they have reached the wine-glasses now and I am at the Oscar Khayyam stage; 'They say the juice and the discord Keep The Halls where Jawati Glared and Drunk Deeply.'

But the youth behind me takes a different view. 'What e'en ye drink out of 'em in this dark dry burg?' queries he, bitterly. The knick-knack shifts continually. Taking the center of the aisle in true heroic tenor fashion, is a tall, short young man. He wears such pale face and sunshine and with such splendid hopes go for such pitifully small sums in their usual titles: 'Lot 1236.' 'Lot 1206.' or what not, I am sure Oscar Marie his faintly amused smile at this open book of call Life.