



### MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "HER OWN WAY" AT THE MARQUAM GRAND THEATRE

**ONE** Mr. Clarence A. Burbank, Jr., universally and variously known as "Bank," "Burb," "Clare," "Bud" and "Bo," is the present presiding genius at the box office window of the Marquam Grand Theatre, Portland, Or.

Why "Clare" missed being a vaudeville performer I have not, during my brief acquaintance with him, been able to figure out. Perhaps he prefers coasting. But he is what you call a born comedian—whether he intends it or not—and has a quick perception and keen sense of humor that would place him on Broadway—maybe if he ever took a notion.

"Burb" slips out of the box office once in a while during a show to witness some particular act of which he has heard and at the end of the performance has it in prime condition for representation in the lobby of the theatre. This power of mimicry he acquires, I ken not where, but it is there—and the "real junk" too.

The last time Mr. Burbank handed me a pair of Journal seats was Thursday afternoon, during a lull in the sale for "Princess Sheek." He was not in the best of humor. His morose mood was unusual.

"Listen," said "Bank," a look of long-suffering in his eye. "A woman came up here a minute ago—one of these eccentric, bargain-counter dames. She wanted seats for Melba. Madame, I am sorry, I said, but the seat sale is not open as yet. Indeed," was her comeback, and she looked frightfully haughty; "I want you to understand that I am ready and willing to pay for whatever I get, and it is not your prerogative, as a manager, to tell me whether or not I can get seats! I shall speak to the manager."

"And that's the way. They never give the man in the window a chance to explain," complained "Bud."

According to Mr. Burbank's tip for it, I assumed a position near the window last Friday and watched the opening of the advance sale for Maxine Elliott. Many funny things happened at that window.

First in line was a rough, middle-aged, quainter individual, who evidently had sat up all night to secure two "good seats." As he came up to window and leaned both elbows on it—"Bo" having said "good morning" already—he drew. "What's sold?"

"You may have your pick of the whole case," replied the treasurer. "The sale opened just this minute."

"Well, have you anything left in about the sixth row, near the center, on the aisle?"

"Yes, sir; how are these?" indicating two seats in the section supposedly desired.

"Well, they're pretty good. How is the ninth row? Got anything left? I don't like to be too near the front."

"Ninth row, you can have anything in the house," patiently. "If you will only designate where you would like them."

"Well, I'll tell you—my wife's a little hard of hearing and she likes to be near the front, but, as I said before, I don't want to be too near—"

"Very well, I'll give your wife a seat in the front and you can take one about here in the—"

"Damn it, sir; do you suppose my wife and I are not on speaking terms?"

"I beg pardon, but there are others waiting in line and—"

"Well, give me two first-class in the balcony. How much?"

After ridding himself of a kick against the price, Mr. Quaintness paid for the seats and moved out of the way.

A barber from the north end.

"Is Nat Goodwin with the show? I understand he's related to Maxine Elliott."

Burbank confided that Mr. Goodwin was playing in New York.

"Well, will it be a good show, yet?" Burbank expected as much, yet.

"What's the set-back?"

"I beg pardon, but there are others turning to the salesman, where is the general ticket office?"

The treasurer looked a left hook to the law and intimated that the only one in the know of the coast was with Burbank's circus—but he did not say so.

### BLANCHE DOUGLAS, NEW SECOND WOMAN WITH THE COLUMBIA STOCK CO. IN "CHARITY BALL"

After this purchaser had been satisfied—not without considerable effort—a young man came up to inquire if they needed any elevator boys. Another asked as to a situation in the company. An old lady in trouble wanted to know if Dr. So-and-so was in. All these, of course having entered the Marquam building, made straight for the ticket office, where the crowd was, instead of the elevator.

Mr. Burbank fitted his features to the words he said without expression.

"That's the way it goes always," he told me, later. "During the 'Bon Hur' sale last year, on the square, a woman who had been standing in line for three hours, got up to the window all out of breath and wanted the best pair I had left in the eighth row, center."

"Madame," I said, "the only thing I have left now is a single seat in the twelfth row of the balcony."

"Oh, my gracious, what am I going to do?" she exclaimed.

"Ma, quite to the rescue, I can give you standing room, lady."

"Standing room?" she repeated. "Well, can I get two of them together?"

"Did you laugh?" I asked him, half doubting the truth of the story.

"Laugh," I said, "Thanksgiving day we had a sale—well, not for mine!"

"Then what did you do?"

"I gave her two together, where she wanted them."

"Woman is a funny creature," resumed Mr. Clarence A. Burbank. "I was 'Woman—the fairest woman of the Greek author. The edition is large—and sometimes annoyingly so, but no man should be without a copy."

The writer is not informed as to what author the E. Booth Tarkington of the Marquam stole this from, but it "went" good. Having ridden his mind of it, the young parcel of geniality turned again to his experiences behind the bars:

"Let's Thanksgiving day we had Haverly's minstrels in here. Up comes a woman, aged about 67. 'What is the attraction?' she asked. 'I told her, 'indeed'—they always say 'indeed'—'Haverly's minstrels.' Dear me, I was them in 1881 in Chicago. Are you sure this is the same company? Yes, I was perfectly sure. Shades of Billy Van, forgive me."

"It is funny for a while, but sometimes it is expensive," urged "Bud."

"Especially so when a suspicious ruralite who never has seen a good show comes up and buys a ticket as though he thought he were going against a 'He's here, He's gone' game."

"This was new to me. Of course I inquired."

"Why," continued Mr. Burbank, "a woman you ever seen that worked? A 'guy' goes into a small one-night stand and gets out his banners, dated, reading 'He's coming.' He puts them out all over the town. A few days later, the day of the show, he covers the town with 'He's here' banners. The rube all flock to the opry house to see the mysterious 'He' and after the lady has received all the money and made his escape towards the depot, a bribed stage hand comes out and sticks up a card, 'He's gone.'"

Fearing that Clarence A. Burbank, Jr. would next want to recite "The Face Upon the Bar Room Floor," I closed the interview.

With the great Gaski as a beginner, even here there been no other offering, a complaint could not have been lodged against the week. That wonderful songstress has the quality which thrills and when I think of her marvelous gift—and the happiness it gave that magnificent audience Monday night—it is with a feeling of reverence. The human voice is delicate. It is liable to rumination at any hour. A slight cold has often proved the undoing of an artist. And we wonder in those moments—if the world will be so unfortunate as to lose the Gaskis, Melba and Noddica through some slight ailment affecting the vocal chords.

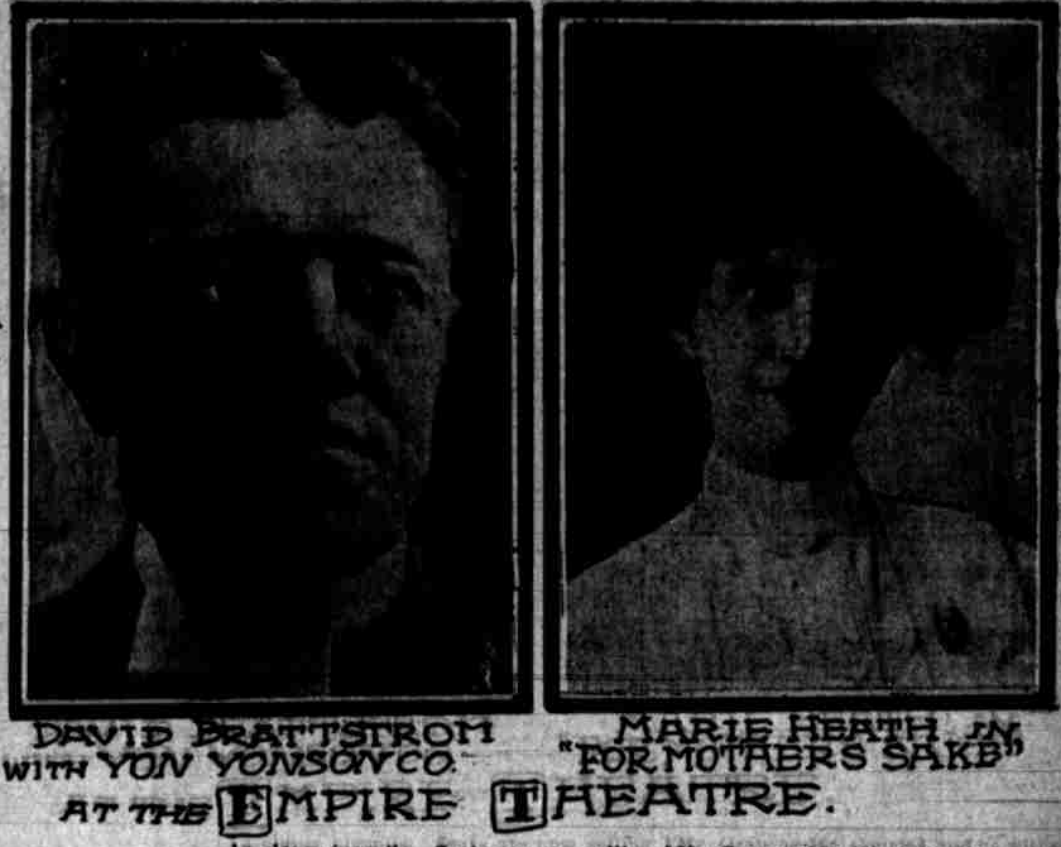
The thought occurred to me by reason of the first visit I ever intended paying to grand opera. Sembrich was to sing "The Barber of Seville" that night. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon she practiced and was at her best. Leaving the theatre after rehearsal, her feet got damp in a San Francisco storm and by night she could scarcely whisper. The performance was called off. The prima donna abandoned her American season and rushed to Europe for treatment. The possibility that she would never again be able to sing was not remote.



### DAVID BRATTSTROM WITH YON YONSON CO. AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.



### DAISY HARCOURT AT THE STAR



### MARIE HEATH IN "FOR MOTHER'S SAKE" AT THE MARQUAM GRAND THEATRE.

### SMALL TALK OF THE STAGE.

Kathryn Osterman, who has just produced "The Girl That Looks Like Me," is uniquely advertised by means of New Year cards showing three faces of that well known actress in an attractive group, suggestive of the title.

Miss Charles Wynham seems to have taken New York by storm, without attracting all the attention from other big successes running there.

The New York police force—some of it, at least—recently presented a play written for the occasion and called "Under the Green Lamps." It was a hit—with the audience of 6,000 policemen.

Mary Manning, it is definitely announced, is to join her husband, James K. Hackitt next season in a play called "The Prayer of the Sword." The scenes are laid in Italy in the year 1500. Mr. Hackitt's sword arm will work overtime.

Maudie Adams succeeds John Drew at the empire, New York night in her revival of "The Little Minister." William Collier will leave American shores for the first time next spring to present "The Dictator" in London.

Botham and Marlowe will next season add "Macbeth," "Richard of Venice" and "Taming of the Shrew" to their Shakespearean repertoire.

Anna Held will use a silver statuette of herself as a Christmas souvenir to her audience—going some!

Blanche Ring, who jumped to the front a few seasons ago by her rendition of "The Belle of Avenue A," has just been divorced from her second husband.

James K. Hackitt has secured the American rights of the "Walls of Jericho." More work for the sword arm.

The death of Mrs. Gilbert narrows down the number of elderly actresses to three—Mrs. W. G. Jones, Mrs. Sol Smith and "Aunt Louisa" Edridge, all of whom have passed their score-and-ten.

W. E. Gilbert, the composer, has passed his 56th birthday. He is living quietly at Harrow, in England.

The reported contract between Charles Frohman and George Ade does not exist. If word from Chicago is true, it that city the deal is emphatically denied.

Richard Harding Davis is to write a new play for William Collier, to be called "The War Correspondent." Down to date it has been impossible to make a successful play in which a newspaper man was the star character. Collier tried it in "Personal" and failed miserably.

Charles K. Whitwell of this city, a brother of Fred Whitwell, advertising agent of the Columbia and Marquam theatres, is the electrician with "Rogers Bros. in Paris."

Managerial troubles are occasionally upset by humorous incidents. A Chicago girl the other day asked for \$15 in advance of her salary, "as I have lost

### MONOLOGUES.

**"The Charity Ball" at Columbia.**

"The Charity Ball," Belasco and DeMille's great society play, will be the Christmas week attraction at the Columbia theatre. The scenes are laid in New York and trace the joys and sorrows of interesting people of high social standing, and tell a thrilling and touching story. DeMille as a playwright never devised any better situations or conceived any more engaging characters, and Belasco used the scene of his magic art in diffusing over the whole the beautiful atmosphere of dramatic productions. "The Charity Ball" was selected for the Christmas week by Manager Ballard in response to many requests from the patrons of the Columbia theatre. Noteworthy efforts have been made by Frank King to make the scenic embellishments of the play attractive, and of course the production will be under Mr. Bernard's able supervision. No one will be disappointed who sees "The Charity Ball" performance this week; everyone will be delighted, and no one should miss it.

Half the year of the stock season is over, and the various members of the company have endeavored themselves to the public in a remarkable way. In this high-class, luxurious and ex-

trremely thrilling play there is ample opportunity for all the company to display their highest merits and the week will undoubtedly be one of great gratification to the Columbia patrons, as well as one of extreme pleasure to the company itself.

The plot of the play is intensely interesting and well sustained, the action rapid, the dialogue crisp and sparkling, the comedy element natural, pure and refined, and the story is delightfully full.

**Football Teams at Columbia.**

Tomorrow night after the football game is over the stalwart players have reared and refreshed the inner and outer man, the members of both clubs will attend the Columbia theatre and occupy all the boxes to witness the popular stock company's presentation of "The Charity Ball."

**Christmas at the Marquam.**

Miss Maxine Elliott in the successful Clyde Fitch comedy, "Her Own Way," will appear at the Marquam Grand Theatre as the Christmas attraction tomorrow (Monday), Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

"Her Own Way" is a typical Fitch comedy in that it depicts the doings of certain types of social climbers found in the smart set, while at the same time carrying along a strong and well sustained love interest. The love story of "Her Own Way" predominates even over the social satire of which Fitch is so fond and which proves so amusing to his audience. The play takes its name from the determination of a self-reliant and independent American girl to have her own way in her own love affair. Americans are always willing that a woman shall have her own way, if she be young and beautiful and magnetic. But in this case, while these adjectives cannot be applied to better purpose than when bestowed upon Maxine Elliott, the dramatist makes her have a hard time having her own way. Miss Elliott appears as Georgiana Carley, with whom two men are in love. One is a lieutenant who has been ordered to the Philippines and the other is a vigorous and unscrupulous millionaire. The lieutenant goes away, broken hearted, not knowing Georgiana loves him, and the millionaire then deliberately brings her entire family to financial ruin in the belief that when she is penniless she will marry him for the sake of his millions. But here again Georgiana shows that she is determined to have her own way, and even when news comes that the lieutenant has been killed in the Philippines, she still insists upon having her own way. How this way leads to happiness after all is charmingly set forth in the last act.

The play contains an unusual scene showing four children at a birthday party in the nursery. These little children of the rich discuss their elders in smart language that savors of Mr. Fitch, and otherwise proves very amusing and entertaining.

Manager Charles B. Dillingham will present Miss Elliott here with the same strong cast seen in New York. In the list of principals are included Charles Cherry, James Carew, R. C. Hick, Georgia Lawrence, Nellie Thorne, Fanny Addison Pitt and Little Donald Gallaher.

### West's Minstrels Coming.

William H. West's famous minstrel show will be an early attraction at the Marquam Grand Theatre.

### "Yon Yonson" Spends Christmas.

Starting with the usual matinee today and with four nights of this week and a special matinee tomorrow, which is a legal holiday, the theatre-goers of this city will have an opportunity to again shake hands, figuratively speaking, with "Yon Yonson," who is "just in from Yumtown." Mr. "Yonson" has paid several visits to the great delight of the amusement-loving public, who found him to be a good fellow and a delightful entertainer. The feature of interest this year is the first appearance here of David Brattstrom in the stellar role. Mr. Brattstrom's interpretation of the part is said to be a faithful and artistic rendition of a character with whom the public has been familiar for

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### MADAME AEA MOLLER-KESSELER.

Proprietor, Oriental Beauty Palace, 200 Madison Street, near West Park.

### A Positive Clearance Sale!

Of all kinds of human hair and Shell Goods

POSITIVELY NO RESERVE!  
PRICES SLASHED TO PIECES!

50 down large samples of COMPLEXION CREAM in FREE distribution. First come first served. Don't wait till the supply is exhausted.

One Free Facial Treatment every day this week. Beginning at 11 o'clock.

### Melba Coming.

Melba, the world's greatest soprano, will appear in Portland January 18 under the direction of CALVIN BELL. The announcement of her coming is of deep interest to the musical element of Portland. Indeed, her appearance in various cities in this country has been the one musical event of the season.

Why Mrs. Melba should have been above and beyond every other soprano in New York.