Blanche Bates Shows Her Wonderful Power

Great Actress Presents "The Darling of the Gods" to Packed House at the Grand

[illegible] Prince of Tosa...George Wenzelo Beban, Ministered War...Albert Brunig Kara, outlaw prince and leader of the two-sword men...Eugene Ormonde Tonda Tanji, nephew of Zaikuri.....Rankin Duvall Hara, a father of carp.....T. J. McGrane Gunthar, major domo...Richard Warner [illegible], a Corean giant, Yo-San's slave.....Howard Plummer [illegible], watcher at the Prince of To-[illegible] pagoda.....Carleton Wallace [illegible] of the night hours...Gerald King [illegible], son of Nagaya...Madge West [illegible], a dancer in "The City [illegible]".....Leslie Frances [illegible], Yo-San's maid.....Ada Lewis [illegible], teacher of manners...Mabie Wood [illegible], who is sold to de-[illegible] her son's souls...Mrs. F. M. Bates [illegible], Sony Sky's maid...Kay Estera [illegible], daughter of the Prince of [illegible].....Blanche Bates

SO LONG ago that the world was just beginning you and I and all of us had a dream. Vast and wonderful it was, as the problem of life and death. Of the dear, daring danger of love; of the dread, awful danger of death. The imperious, splendid pageantry of life, which resolved itself at beginnings and at end into love. The heart-startling, terror-invoking pageantry of fear-mystery which in the ecstasy of love we weak Christians expect the [illegible] of death to make before us ere we [illegible] restlessly in a sleep that dreams we [illegible] seen strange things that hastily pass pageantry before us, from the beginning given unto the everlasting. We of the [illegible] majority which is common have [illegible] these things and vaguely, as the [illegible] thinks, have we remembered them [illegible] somewhere in the deep confines of our consciousness.

Genius had this dream, some time, and, dreaming, set it down and limned it. The picture Genius made is some time set before us; the woof of it is woven into something that is real and tangible and can be touched and felt and known. The eye may see, the soul may feel and the mind may know it and remember. Then at last we have a pageantry set before us which is the dream we dreamed so long ago that the world was just beginning. Then we know that the pale, elusive phantom we call Genius also had the terror dream and set it down and before us puts the spectacle which makes it real.

That is what I would say of "The Darling of the Gods," which is as real as [illegible] and blood and material assuming may make our fearsome dream of long ago—may make it the thing we vaguely thought it was.

That is the tribute I would bring to David Belasco and to Blanche Bates. To them, Genius must have given the secret and bade them set it forth.

To see "The Darling of the Gods" is to dream again, knowingly, the sweet, splendid, pitiful terror-dream of life and death. What matter that it be old Japan? It is the tragedy of all humankind. The declining way of life which leads by one or another winding lane to that grim, certain goal of death.

One sat last night in the auditorium of the Grand Theater, where Miss Bates was playing this marvelous play, and was almost painfully frozen with the tremendous [illegible] of it and pricked into remembrance that it was all what one had dreamed or might have dreamed.

It is hard to place this tragedy which Miss Luther Long and David Belasco so [illegible]ently conceived, and which Miss Bates so wonderfully acts. It is like nothing we have ever seen before. It cannot be judged from standards, for there are no standards in the English. It may be that the crude, impotent, pagan things in Oriental temples and playhouses and in our ignorance laugh over, are standards. We cannot tell, but in our superior knowledge there is nothing like it. It is as foreign as the alien gods and as strange as the incense of lotus blooms.

Yet it has in it great cardinal truths which are common to all human kind. They we do know and we understand. It is a marvelous spectacle upon which art and talent and brains have been lavished, and we must stand in its presence uncovered and say it is a great drama.

Blanche Bates is a rare actress, and in the character of Yo-San, the princess of Japan, who loves an outlaw and for that love forsakes all, even to an outcast's death, she is superb. Without seeming to act the part, as most actors do, she plays upon all the emotions as upon an instrument whose strings she has mastered. Her laugh is an intoxication, her speech broken-meter song and her moans and wailings the diatribes a damned soul hurls at Fate. She is a great, a very great, actress, and no matter what she may do in the many good years which seem to be before her, one must always hark back to her as she was in "The Darling of the Gods."

The company which supports her is all that could be desired, unless one be unreasonable enough to desire an all-star cast. The scenery, particularly "the passing of a thousand years," the moving water effects, the lights, the heathen properties, the atonatic music of Japan, the weird lights and the perfumes, are as perfect as we saw and heard and felt in that dream we dreamed so long ago that the world was just beginning.

In spite of the fact that Melba in concert was the strongest possible counter attraction, there was a very large and fashionable audience present, and all indications are for capacity patronage during the week which the engagement runs.

A. A. G.

BLANCHE BATES, A NATIVE DAUGHTER OF OREGON

GLAD TO BE BACK IN PORTLAND

Blanche Bates Tells How a Warehouse Now Stands Over the Place Where the House in Which She Was Born Once Stood

THE two of us, the artist person and the writing person, sent up our cards at the Portland yesterday and were told by the Japanese person who hops bells that Blanche Bates was in the receptive mood and would see us at once. We lost the Japanese person somewhere in that long, straight corridor which leads to the elevator, and it happened that the eternal verities were knocked sky-high. In all conscience we should have been conducted to Miss Bates' apartments by a Japanese person who should have known her as something of a latter-day high priestess of his people, but we lost him somehow and found her door alone. The most enchanting of actresses of most splendorous of Japanese dramas received us wearing a kimona, however, and that in a measure restored the eternal verities after they had been cut into by the disappearance of the Japanese person.

"Are you two of the 'oldest inhabitants?' asked Blanche Bates, after a cordial welcome and a handshaking which was athletic enough for the women's open champion at a golf tournament. We both looked nonplussed and swore by our beards, which we had not, that we weren't.

"I ask," continued the most enchanting, "because everywhere on the Pacific Coast I've been meeting 'oldest inhabitants' who rolled hoops or went to school with me. I've been besieged with patriarchs who seem to be charter members of the 'I-Knew-Her-When Club.' You know I was born in Portland, and expect to find that every one whom I meet here dandled me on their knees or were in the 'B class' in spelling when I stood at its foot."

Both of us in unison, as the stage mob shouts, insisted that we were younger than even the "most fascinating," and that we had been blackballed from the I-Knew-Her-When Club.

Thereupon Miss Bates invited us to remove our topcoats and be at home.

"You must know that I'm glad to be back in this town," continued she, "for it's always nice to return to the place where one was born and contemplate the eight-story warehouse which stands where the humble tavern in which one was born once stood. It is an undeniable sign of progress to see a warehouse standing on one's birthplace.

"Let me see, I was about 4 months old when I ceased to be a citizen of Portland, and I note great changes in your beautiful city. I see that Alder street has been paved, but I recognize the Kamm building and the Fifth-street cars—they are just the same as when I played upon the green here when I was 4 months old. I have grown older since then.

Boyhood of Mark Twain.

Clifton Johnson, in Outing.

When I returned to Hannibal I met other old-time acquaintances of the humorist. According to two ancients whom I interrupted in an endless series of checker games at the back of a store, Mark Twain is "the most overrated man in America. There's about as much truth in those sayings in his books," I was informed, "as there is in a 10-cent novel. His brother Orion, who was a printer, knew more in a minute than Sam ever did know; and yet Orion never made no reputation. As a boy, Sam was just like other boys, except he might have been a little slower. He was considered blamed dull, to tell you the truth. It was his peculiar drawl and accent that made him famous. I'll be dogged if it wa'n't."

But another man, one of the author's old schoolmates, discoursed thus: "He was a mighty still sort of a boy. He was wise distant, and had as a rule rather be by himself than with the rest of the boys. Most of us used to like to get in a skift after school and go off fishin'. We'd have our poles and boxes o' worms all ready under the schoolhouse, and we'd grab 'em out soon as school was done and go off across the river to the sloughs and ponds and stay till dark drove us home. But I never ricolect of Sam a-goin' fishin' with us, or a-huntin' with us, though he liked to go down to the cave.

"He was a good talker and had the same slow way o' speakin' he's got now. If he was to come along this minute and say, 'Charlie, let's me'n you go down to the cave,' I'd know him just by the tone of his voice.

"Whatever he told about, he'd talk so to make sport. He'd tell things in a different way from what the rest of us could, and it sounded funny. He used to tell us tales, and we loved to listen at him. His father had a book, 'The Arabian Nights,' that no one else had in town and Sam would get us boys together of nights and tell us stories from that book, and we'd have been glad to listen at him all night.

"In the Spring of '38 he went on the river to learn piloting, because then the steamboats was more interestin' than anything else, and you found people from all parts of the world travelin' on 'em. It ain't thataway now. Our river up here is playyd out."

Her Maria Dress.

Providence Journal.

The hardware merchant and the druggist had paused a moment to look at the motionless females who were wearing clothes in a great shop window on Westminster street. The females were perfect in form, but somewhat cold in feature—almost too classical and clear cut. Their clothes were modish. As the two pedestrians turned away the hardware merchant said:

"For a number of years, at stated intervals, I have asked my wife why she clung to the Maria dress, but she's never taken the pains to explain it so that I could understand."

"I suppose that's one of those Mary's lamb conundrums. She clings to it because it clings to her," retorted the druggist, laughing a short, dry laugh behind his glove. "They build them clinging nowadays; but what in the name of all the little stars is a Maria dress?"

"You've seen them," replied the dealer in hammers. "I call it a Maria dress because after my wife puts it on she tiptoes to the head of the stairs and says: 'Maria.' Maria's our cook. Maria may be up to her elbows in flour or she may be filling lamps, but when she hears that soft 'Maria' she says, 'In a minute, mum.' dries her hands and flits to the second floor. Then she goes to work on the left shoulder of that dress, hooks and eyes it along down under the arm, follows the port side of the waist, and finally finishes the job. My wife could no more put that dress together without help than I could hemstitch. I wouldn't care, but sometimes when the servant is out and we're going to make a call I have to bring those gored edges together with my ten thumbs. You can make a hook take hold somewhere, in the lace, or the back hair or a seam, even, if you can't find the catch. It wouldn't be so bad if they weren't so particular. But after I've lied and told her she's all right my wife takes that miserable hand-glass and looks at herself. Then she sits down and glares at me, and I have to do it ever again. By that time we're not on speaking terms. There's no sense in those trapdoor dresses. And there's no sense in those gowns that button behind with 83 small buttons when nine large buttons would hold them. If you skip a few buttonholes you get caught and abused. And you can't help laughing because the basque doesn't come out even at the bottom, and it makes her look as if she had been arrested for disorderly conduct. As I've told you, I've often wondered why Maria dresses were allowed to take up room in the closet, but I can't find out."

Horses Shot on the Range.

LAKEVIEW, Or., Jan. 30.—(Special.)—That the range war is still smoldering was shown by the news received here that one of the McKune brothers, well-known sheepmen, narrowly escaped with his life from a fusillade of shots delivered at close range while 30 miles east of Silver Lake. Three shots were fired at him from ambush, and the last shot took off his thumb.

Close to the edge of Harney County several horses belonging to the Brown ranch have been found shot dead on the range.

Ice Company to Build Railroad.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Representative Cushman introduced a bill today incorporating the Alaskan Ice Company and authorizing the construction and maintenance by that company of a railroad and telegraph and telephone line from a point on the Gulf of Alaska to Eagle, on the Yukon River. The capital stock may amount to $20,000,000 or less. The bill provides for the guarantee by the United States of interest on bonds at the rate of 4 per cent per annum.

IN THE LAW'S TOILS

Physician May Have to Face Serious Charge.

DOCTOR HAS NO LICENSE

A. R. Edgar, Husband of Woman Dr. Bohannon Attended, Causes His Arrest for Illegally Practicing Medicine.

As a result of a series of events covering the past few weeks J. Bohannon, who practices medicine without a license, was arrested at his rooms in the Witch Hazel House at 7 o'clock last night by Acting Detective Vaughn.

Bohannon was taken into custody on a warrant issued early yesterday morning by Municipal Judge Hogue, at the request of A. R. Edgar. The complaint charges the prisoner with practicing medicine without a license, but behind the accusation is alleged to be a deep-seated dislike for the so-called physician and surgeon by the complainant.

It is agreed by both complainant and prisoner that the death of Mrs. Edgar, which occurred three days ago, is the primary cause of the arrest, although the charge named is the only one laid at the doors of Bohannon.

The wife of Edgar, the complainant, was buried yesterday after a long and painful struggle against death. When a child the woman was playing with the fire in her father's home. She placed a stick of wood in the hot coals of the stove and her apron was ignited. She suffered severe burns, which for the remainder of her life caused her great agony.

Recently the pain grew almost unbearable. With her husband, the woman was living at Woodburn. They read of Bohannon in an advertisement which said he could cure many things. They communicated with him, finally arranging for his services. He administered to the woman first at their home, after which they came to Portland and took up their temporary abode at the Witch Hazel. There the woman grew worse and at last died. Thus far both parties to the case agree.

Bohannon now declares that Mrs. Edgar's case was hopeless from the start; that she was suffering from other ailments and that before he prescribed for her applications had been made to the afflicted portions that would have caused certain death. He says he did for her what few would have done under the circumstances and deems his arrest a piece of base ingratitude and spite work on the part of Edgar. Bohannon admits having been arrested one time previously on the same charge, when he was practicing in San Francisco, and admits he is guilty of practicing without a license here. His case will be heard before Municipal Judge Hogue tomorrow. He is out on bonds.

AT THE THEATERS

What the Press Agents Say.

LEWIS MORRISON TONIGHT.

Celebrated Actor to Present Famous Success, "Faust," at Marquam.

Tonight at the Marquam Grand Theater Lewis Morrison will begin an engagement of two nights in his famous success "Faust."

Moths of Society.

The swift success that attended the opening performances of "Moths of Society" at the Columbia Sunday must have indeed been gratifying to everybody interested in that popular playhouse. The play, as the name indicates, is a picture of life in high social circles and carries the audience into the heart of St. Petersburg, now the center of the world's interest in strange and dramatic events. The big, costly fur coats worn by the men in the cast and the elegant and handsome gowns worn by the women are a source of wonder to even the Columbia audiences who, one would think, by this time, have become almost surfeited with seeing rich things on the stage. Every member of the company from Mr. Gould and Miss Countiss down to the tiniest, little bit part, has something to do that is a pleasure for the audience to look at and study. "Moths of Society" all this week, and at Columbia prices, is second to no other attraction in Portland.

Big House at the Empire.

Notwithstanding the fact that Melba, the great diva, and Blanche Bates, were counter attractions last night, the Noble stock company presented "The Moonshiners" to a well-filled house. It is seldom in the annals of theatrical history wherein a city of this size has two such large attractions appearing in the same week. The Empire Theater is an established factor in local theatricals, and has a regular clientele of its own. The Noble stock company will present until Wednesday night "The Moonshiners," and on Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee "For Love and Honor" will be the bill. A special production of the dramatic version of "Carmen" will be given on Saturday night only.

Advance Sale Tomorrow.

Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock the advance sale of seats will open for John C. Fisher's big musical comedy success, "The Silver Slipper," which comes to the Marquam Grand Theater next Friday and Saturday night, February 3 and 4, with a special matinee Saturday at 2:15 o'clock.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE HOUSES.

The Bijou.

The second offering of the Bijou stock company yesterday was a sparkling farce-comedy in three acts, called "The New Tutor." It is polite English in its locale and funny throughout as to its motif. There are no drags nor dull spots in it. The first entrance at the first act is a signal to rise up and shout with laughter, and the same gait is maintained for the entire length of the show.

The plot is hather hazy, as most farce plots are, but it is a very effective medium for transmitting amusement, and the actors of the company and the people who saw the opening performances yesterday were in instant sympathy. Not one of the members of the already popular organization but had a good part and one which suited his or her particular talents. The singing of Edna Foley and the Vitascope pictures added to the success of the entertainment.

The Lyric.

"The Picnickers," a rollicking farce-comedy, in which there is nothing but laughter from start to finish, is the vehicle chosen for the second week of the Lyric Stock Company.

There is nothing out of the ordinary in the play, but it serves admirably the purpose of keeping an audience in a happy frame of mind for three acts.

It is bright and snappy. It never drags, and the members of the company take advantage of their opportunities to work out the gold mine of fun to the limit. It is really much better than the opening piece, and is in every way an exceptionally good popular-price show.

The attendance yesterday was good, and the spectators applauded to the echo. It will no doubt prove a popular and profitable bill for the week.

The Baker.

Venita, the skirtdancer, appears this week at the Baker, scintillating with diamonds; with great, flying skirts which are ablaze when she dances the serpentine under the spotlight. This is a beautiful feature and exceeds the best of the high-class turns the Baker regularly presents. Aside from this one dazzling spectacle the Baker this week has a complete programme of the best vaudeville turns. La Petite Ruth opens the show with a whirl in her Hottentot jungle dance, followed by Janette Stuart in clever songs, and Liddell and Stuart, who Manager Keating swears are not negroes, but are a great imitation of the colored race. Kalkratus has something new and interesting in the juggling line, and Harry Wright is an unusually clever comedian and makes a capital drunken man. Before the biograph comes, John W. Woods sings an illustrated song, and Murphy and Andrews sing everything, from "Patsy, Hould the Baby," to grand opera.

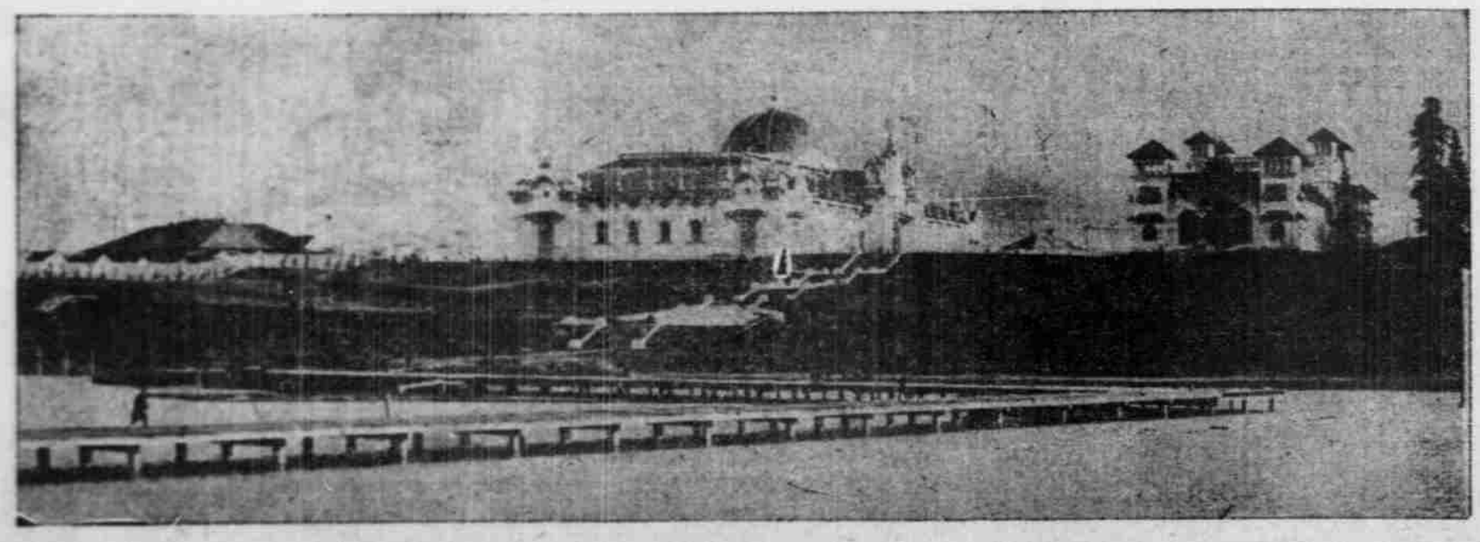
Arcade.

After high-class concerts, when many singers utter their words so indistinctly that it is impossible to tell what they are saying, it is welcome to hear Richard Burton, the star English singer this week at the Arcade. He has a finely modulated baritone voice, and effectively sings "The Old Postmaster." Brown, in blackface, supplies the comedy element. The rest of the bill: Edwards and Edwards, in a double-trapeze act; Bartelmes, foot-juggler; May and Miles, comedy sketch, and the bioscope, illustrating the suburbanites.

Star.

Walter Belasco, who is billed as a brother of David Belasco, of "Darling of the Gods" fame, appears in a pretty little sketch, "The Sailor's Return," and is assisted by a girl. They do good work, and the act is enjoyable. The four Gardellers, in full evening dress, do an acrobatic act that is seldom equalled in vaudeville. It is a big circus act. It is difficult to say how many yards of white silk are used by the Laurelles in their spectacular act, "La Ciel," and the result is pretty and pleasing. The rest of the bill: The projectoscope, showing a number of amusing films; Nar Carr, Hebrew comedian, in funny parodies on popular songs, and Daisy Vernon, soloist, in "Where the Southern Roses Grow."

VIEW SHOWING PROGRESS AT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS



VIEW OF THE LAKE SHORE ESPLANADE, THE AGRICULTURAL PALACE AND THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, FROM THE BRIDGE OF NATIONS.

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