

PRESS CLUB GRUBS ITS LIFE MEMBERS

First Annual "Beefsteak," as Red-Hot Gridiron, Is Big Success.

NONE ESCAPE THE FLAMES

Barbers Declare "Boycott" Because Toastmaster Wood Fails to See Tonsorial Artist; "Frying-Pan" Editor Is Active.

The "beefsteak" of the Portland Press Club was anything but "battered" by the many members who took part in entertaining the life members of the club Monday night. The rooms, decorated in approved style and having an orchestra in one corner, offered a homelike rendezvous for those who agreed to accept it for the rest of their natural lives. About 250 members were present.

A reception committee, consisting of John L. Travis, president of the club, E. B. Vincent, secretary, Colonel C. E. S. Wood, Fred Bell, A. W. Martin, Leslie Scott, W. P. Strandberg, Lute Pease, A. C. Gage and George L. Hutchin, welcomed the guests on their arrival. At 9:30 Sam Kramer, dressed as a short policeman, called: "All life members come this way." This was their entrance into the Bohemian banquet hall of the club. John H. Burgard refused to obey and was pulled in by Policemen Kramer and Bill.

Seated at the head of the table was Colonel C. E. S. Wood, toastmaster, whose good humor and wit carried everybody away in admiration. On his left was E. B. Vincent, and on his right John L. Travis. Many of the life members and about 100 other members, each attired in a butcher's apron, completed the seating at the table. On the platform was the editorial office of "The Frying Pan."

Herbert Campbell, city editor of that publication, and Frank Hoehfeld, as reporter, started things called "battered" which arrived like express trains on time. Just then a flashlight was taken and a waiter frightened by the flash dropped a tray of sandwiches and Apollinaris water. Quickly an officer Kramer blew his whistle and ordered an ambulance.

After a short period during which the banqueters disposed of the demands of the inner man the fun began. The trouble started while President Travis was delivering his welcoming speech to the assembled life members.

Colonel "Boils" Barber.

Mr. Travis was barely started when a waiter came in and notified the club that unless Colonel C. E. S. Wood submitted to tonsorial attention the banquet would be declared unfair, as it would be the Bobby Burns banquet tomorrow night, at which Colonel Wood would also preside. Mr. Travis curtly told the waiter that his demands would not be complied with; that the Press Club did not propose to play DeLilah to Mr. Wood's Sampson. At this juncture the two policemen assisted the barber and his assistant, who in ordinary life is known as Lei Chung, the Press Club's well-known housekeeper, out of the room, creating no end of amusement.

As soon as the barber was disposed of Colonel Wood started to speak but was interrupted by a stereotyped caricature of the several guests by the quartet to the tune of "Oh You Beautiful Doll."

C. E. S. can you guess What would give us all the most of happiness? Bend your ear; I'll whisper there—Oh, can't we wear a lock of hair? It is that, my dear, that's the secret. Catches all the unwashed proletariat. And makes them say, "He's one of us; He'll help us out of our muddled case."

BATTLE IN THE STREET

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—A few thousand girls went to work Monday in the dress and shirtwaist factories, but in other branches of the garment-makers the strike developed more violence than the police have had to contend with since the trouble began.

Men and Women Are Trampled on and Beaten as They Come Out of Subway Stations.

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STRIKEBREAKERS VICTIMS OF VIGOROUS ATTACK.

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Life Into Near-Dead Baby.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 20.—More than 200 employees of a clothing factory walked out today charging that they were compelled to finish garments for the New York market.

GEN. BOTHA KEEPS TEMPER

CAPE TOWN, Jan. 21.—(Special.)—When General Botha was appointed Prime Minister of Transvaal in 1907 he had had no Parliamentary experience, and had never held any civil political office. He is said to have expressed to his friends considerable nervousness as to how he would figure in

ACTING IS MASTERLY

David Warfield Receives Welcome at Heilig.

PLAY APPROACHES IDEAL

Wonderful Interpretation of Part of Peter Grimm by Dramatist Grips Audience, Which Applauds Fifteen Minutes.

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM.

A Play in Three Acts, Presented at the Heilig Theater. CAST: Peter Grimm... David Warfield, Frederick... Walter D. Greene, James Hartman... Thomas Meligan, Andrew MacBethson, Joseph Brownman, Rev. Henry Bartholomew... William Ding, Colonel Tom Lawton... John F. Webber, William... Janet Dunbar, Catherine... Marie Bates, Mrs. Bartholomew... Marie Bates, The clown... Tony Bevan.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

The greatest compliment a Portland audience ever paid a genius came among them was given to David Warfield Monday night when he had completed the third act of "The Return of Peter Grimm" at the Heilig.

That audience sat in its seat collectively and individually until the last word of the master comedian had been said, and then for a quarter of an hour sat applauding.

With every seat filled clear to the orchestra pit, and the artist-most seats in the balcony holding charmed listeners David Warfield claimed his own once more, and proved himself the redeemer of the stage, the artist who uplifts modern drama.

Only a David Warfield could make the play so close to the ideal. Only a Belasco could have written and fashioned the play. Any other actor would have made a farce of it. David Warfield makes the story a gospel and a truth.

By his superb artistry alone he shatters conventional and consequently comfortable beliefs; every dogma of the church as to life following death is torn to tatters; every safely rooted notion of the ages that was its spiritual good form is thrown to the four winds and all by the rapt, meretricious attention invoked by the waving of the Warfieldian wand of his eyes.

It is not until hours, or days, or maybe only minutes afterwards that we begin to come out from under his spell and realize that the opposition seen is only flawless make-believe.

There can be no arbitrary comparison between "The Return of Peter Grimm" and any of the other plays of the genre. It is simple and fine as the intractable, but lovable old Dutch gardener, the great Warfield has found the role one of the most beautiful in his artistry as that of his beloved minister.

The play's subject is that one absorbing mood of intellects—philosophical, non-partisan in spirit—and has for its multiple both believers and unbelievers. Warfield is Peter Grimm, the Dutch gardener, who has lived for seven generations in his family where for seven generations his mistakes and short-comings of his own and of his kind, have come back, not as a wraith, or a shadow, but just as quaint, lovable old Peter Grimm.

In some wonder way Warfield's ghost of Peter Grimm conveys the effect of lacking that something we call life. He wears the same old-fashioned garb, walks with the same quiet, kindly manner, and speaks with the same voice. Over and above it all he makes plausible to the point of truth the tangibility of the year's ripeness and its immortality. Best of all the message he brings is of happiness.

Warfield delivers his message with a simplicity of purpose, a genuineness, a simplicity and an intense naturalness that cannot be forgotten, and at no time ever completely shaken off. This one big, wonderful interpretation he makes the play hauntingly real.

Mr. Warfield has been most fortunate in his support. Joseph Brownman as Scotch physician and experimenter in the occult, gave an almost star-like quality in his work, and its realism brought instant appreciation. Janet Dunbar, sprituelle and girlish, Le Ideon, the role of the old Dutch gardener, Marie Bates, veteran actress, is delightful as the busybody wife of the minister, and Percy Helton makes the delicate and, what is more, the delicate medium for Peter's message, a wonderfully exquisite bit of portraiture.

Thomas Meligan, as his secretary, and Walter Greaves, as the Dutch minister, are both excellent actors.

The setting is Belascoesque. It is surpassingly fine in detail—its three scenes laid in the living-room of Peter Grimm's home in Grimman Manor, a small town in New York, founded by early settlers from Holland. The solidity of great hinged and bolted wooden doors, the old-fashioned beams of the ancient furniture, pictures and ornaments—the mellow tones of the hangings, and the architecture of the room are all mute evidence of the wizard touch of Belasco.

"HUT" PROPRIETOR IS HELD

"Billy" Swigert Is Arrested for Re-opening Road House.

Sheriff Word Monday night arrested "Billy" Swigert, proprietor of "The Hut," a roadhouse on the Linton road, which opened yesterday morning in defiance of the Sheriff's recently issued order that all such resorts must stay closed.

Swigert telephoned the Sheriff yesterday morning that he was prepared to serve church-going dinners, drinks, but no intoxicants. His action, it is understood, was prompted by other roadhouse owners as a test case to try out the authority of the Sheriff to keep them closed.

Mr. Word secured a warrant for Swigert from the District Attorney's office on a charge of operating a common nuisance. A "John Doe" warrant also is out for Swigert's partner.

"His past reputation and the reputation of his place are against him. That's enough to go before a jury with," said the Sheriff.

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par cent of the non-Catholics of Ulster that such dances could not fail to make a great success in Berlin, and they set to work immediately. This is the second venture of its kind for which the German Emperor claims responsibility. Several years ago the Berlin opera performed another ballet of his, called "Sarbanapale," which was a failure, despite vast sums of money spent on its production.

KAISER WRITES LIBRETTO

First Entrance of Germany's Ruler as Playwright Dismal Failure.

Berlin, Jan. 21.—(Special.)—The Kaiser has completed the composition of a new ballet libretto, which is called "Corfu," and which will be performed at the Royal Opera, Berlin, on the occasion of his majesty's next birthday, on January 27.

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