



ish chronicle on which Shakespeare based his play? Or was it an ambition that was born of a self-forgetting, passionate wish to elevate her husband to a loftier dignity than rightfully belonged to him? This point has never been definitely settled, but certainly the latter view is more in accord with her woman's nature, while the first is in direct violation of it. And Lady Macbeth, forceful, cruel by self-training, daring of purpose, relentless in action, was yet a woman to the end. She loved her husband, and though she may have been treacherous to all the world besides, she was never, even in her moments of angry contempt, disloyal to him in word or deed. She had sufficiently feminine qualities of mind and soul to inspire tender affection in Macbeth, for many endearing epithets are exchanged between them. Great beauty has always been ascribed to her, and despite her proud, unconquerable courage and superb dignity, she doubtless had much alluring grace of manner. Mrs. Siddons, whose portrayal of this role was so powerful that strong men wept and women were carried fainting from the house, once said: "According to my notion, Lady Macbeth's beauty is of that character which I believe is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex—fair, feminine, nay, perhaps even fragile."

NOT UP TO EXPECTATIONS

New Recruits in Cast of "The Little Minister"—Finished Production of "Macbeth."

So impatient is the scramble to see something new that it is no small wonder "The Little Minister" found an eager welcome awaiting it, this past week, from local theater-goers. Its long New York run, added to the magic that dwells in the names of J. M. Barrie and Maud Adams, invested it with a certain halo of interest. On the whole, it must be admitted, with a sigh of disappointment, that as presented to us here in Portland, it did not quite come up to expectations. Barrie, in his book, has given us one of the most poignant and original love stories the mind of man has invented in this entire generation. He has painted for us, with tender skill, yet in lines of daring contrast, two characters wholly strange to fiction—Lady Babbie and the little minister. He has brought together, in the warm strain of mutual affection, the canniest and the uncanniest creatures that ever trod on Scotch heather.

Such creations as these cannot be entrusted to inexperienced actors, without jeopardizing the success of the play. We surmise that the company of players Mr. Frohman sent us includes a number of new recruits to the profession. Undoubtedly there are talent and cleverness among them, together with a generous supply of good intentions—all of which give encouraging promise of good results some time in the future.

Lady Babbie. Grace Heyer, so far as her supple, girlish coquetry and wild spirit of mischief go, is admirably adapted for the part of Babbie. In the early scenes she is a lawless, stirring, sprightly creature, with disheveled hair, a beautiful face and dangerous, enticing lights in her merry eyes, and she lacks the necessary depth and seriousness for the change of mood that comes over her as she discovers her love for the little minister. She is lacking in dignity and earnestness when these qualities are demanded of her, and her work on the whole is like that of the majority of the company—unpolished and crude.

Kate Ten Eyck's comedy work, in the role of Nanette, was breezy and clever, suggesting a larger and more graceful than of her associates, but she lacked the simplicity and naivete that are the very marrow of Scotch humor. Adolph Jackson's portrayal of the little minister, the central figure of the play, was stiff and ineffective. Possibly this was due to the constraint, the gaucherie, that come from lack of stage experience and from morbid self-consciousness. If this is the case, it would be harsh and unjust to pass adverse judgment upon him.

Mr. Barrie's power does not lie in his dramatic gifts. In this adaptation of his story to the stage, he has given us no thrilling episodes, no climaxes. The fate of the play depends upon successful characterization, and this lies entirely in the hands of the actors. If their art had been less crude, it would have inspired a warmer flow of enthusiasm. And so in the end it all comes to this—that the brilliant record the play has made must have been due, in no small degree, to the magnetic personality of Maud Adams.

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that no two people exactly agree as to the real character Shakespeare intended to portray in Lady Macbeth. Tragic actresses of every temper and every clime have essayed this role—for there is none greater on the English-speaking stage—yet from the successful, impassioned horror of Mrs. Fritchard's conception of it, a century and a half ago, down to the refined art of Miss Kilder, as exhibited last night at the Marquam, the impressions have been utterly diverse, and strange to say, each has plausible arguments to support it.

Ambition the Keynote. All agree that overmastering ambition was the keynote to her character. But was it merely a self-centered, low-grounded personal ambition to make herself queen, as we are told in the ancient Brit-

"Arrah-na-Pogue" as it was played by the Moore-Roberts company last week that lugs at the heartstrings and leaves one midway between laughter and tears. At least, it is a good deal more wholesome than most of our plays of today, because it is cleaner, and because also it is filled and running over with fresh, spontaneous humor. We are ready to forgive its sentimentalism, because once in a while there is a touch of true pathos. We forget that the real Irishman of the soil is not so brave, nor so modest, nor so true-hearted as Shaun, the Postman, because he happens to be as witty as Shaun. It may be only an illusion, this romantic hero of Boucicault's Irish plays, but at least it is a very pleasant, harmless sort of an illusion. Nobody was the worse for the laugh he enjoyed during the performance, and doubtless many a dyspeptic frown was driven away by the captivating humor of Shaun as a prisoner before the bar. The Moore-Roberts company during their prolonged stay in this city has shown themselves to be genial entertainers who will leave many pleasant memories behind them. But they might have done better than give us "Mrs. Quinn's Twins." As a play, it is of little value except to show off their Irish brogue. One is always hoping that something will happen in the next act; but nothing does happen. The

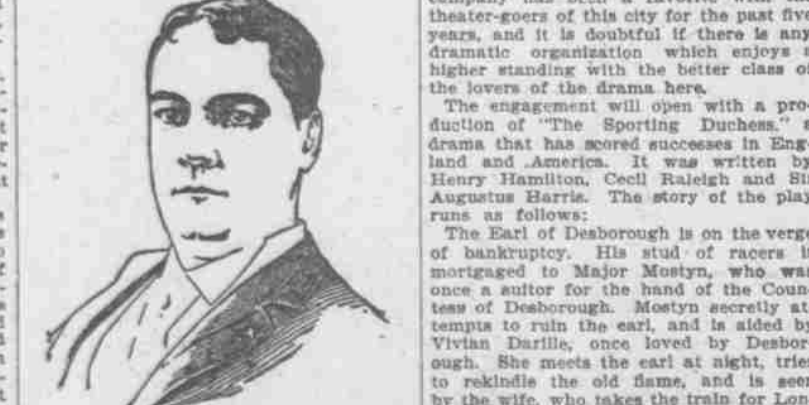


MISS GEORGIA COOPER, WITH METROPOLITAN THEATER COMPANY.

only episodes as such as furnish an excuse for the schoolmaster to kiss somebody, which he does with heavy vigor. Nearly everybody in the play is kissed on some pretext or another—everybody, in fact, except the twins. And since these are the central figures, and of sufficient importance to have the play named after them, this seems an unfair discrimination. Why did not somebody kiss the twins?

Occasionally Lady Macbeth lost her mood of imperturbable strength, as when she recoiled in horror from the awful act. Had he not resembled my father as he stepped, I had done it.

Not a Human Monster. And, again, when the news was brought her that her husband had murdered Duncan's groom, she fainted. No; Shakespeare's Macbeth is not a human monster.



Melbourne MacDowell. appears has not given us a human monster—a "delicate and refined fiend." Over and over again throughout the play her woman's nature breathes through the lines, and, therefore, it is not unreasonable to attribute a more unselfish motive for her crime than that of purely personal ambition. She attains her heart's desire, yet in the months of weary depression and terror that follow, remorse eats its way into her soul. With all her superhuman energy of will, the woman in her conquers in the end. An accusing conscience kills her.

The Irish Stage-Hero. Boucicault may have been a deviser of "low art," a creator of spurious and unreal types, a playwright whose honest, carefree, happy-go-lucky Irish peasants are apt to be smudged by present-day critics, yet after all there is something about

METROPOLITAN THEATER DAN SULLY'S COMEDY-DRAMA O'BRIEN, THE CONTRACTOR COMMENCING SUNDAY EVENING FEB. 18 MATINEES—THURSDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY POPULAR PRICES Evenings—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c; Matinees—15c and 25c

duced with special scenery, jockeys race-horses and other realisms. It will bring out the full strength of the Frawley company, which includes, besides T. Daniel Frawley, Harrington Reynolds, Francis Byrne, Clarence Montaine, J. R. Armory, Wallace Shaw, H. S. Duffield, Frank Mathieu, George Gaston, Clarence Chase, Reginald Travers, Thomas Phillips, Roy Stevenson and the Misses Keith Wake-man, Mary Van Buren, Phoebe McAllister, Marion Barney, Pearl Landers, Minnette Barrett and Lillian Stafford.

AT THE METROPOLITAN. Inauguration of the Regular Dramatic Season Tonight.

Much is expected from Motherrole & Abbott's company, which opens the dramatic season at the Metropolitan tonight with "O'Brien, the Contractor," a comedy-drama which Daniel Sully popularized from one season to the other several years ago. At least five members of the company have won fame, and the remainder of the cast is said to be thoroughly capable. Charles W. King, who plays O'Brien, was with Frawley's original company, and is regarded by some critics as the coming character actor of America. Miss Georgie Cooper is well known as a decidedly clever singing soprano. She has youth, beauty and vivacity. Her performance in the "Galahad" at the Marquam last season will be pleasantly remembered.

Miss Laura Adams also combines dramatic and vocal talent. In the season of 1892 she alternated with Jessie Bartlett Davis in the Bostonians. Charles Welch Lorillard was a rival of O'Brien's. Alex Beaufort Jason Fleece, a lawyer, Page Spencer Baron von Steinburg, Oscar Norrison Sharp, a detective, Carl Nixon Kerrigan, a laborer on the railroad, Eddie Holland Flora Van Buren, her daughter, Floesie Van Buren, her daughter, Ollie Cooper Cicely Fawcett, daughter of Jason Fleece, Miss Georgia Cooper Hans, a butcher, Collier Snow During the progress of the play, specialties will be introduced by Georgia Cooper, who will do the latest comic songs; Miss Adams, who will sing ballads, and Eddie Holland, who does an Irish song and dance. Matinees will be given regularly Saturdays and Sundays, and there will be a special matinee next Thursday, Washington's birthday.

BLANCHE WALSH COMING. Will Appear in Sardou Repertory at Marquam Next Week.

An event of dramatic importance to local theater-goers will be the appearance of Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell at the Marquam on Monday of next week, when those two well-known players will begin an engagement of three nights and a Wednesday matinee in Sardou's great plays, "La Tosca" and "Cleopatra." Identified so thoroughly in the past with the successes of Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport, the Walsh-MacDowell company is said to be especially strong this season, and its representative report a good business for it everywhere. Miss Walsh, whose talents are generally acknowledged by the American playgoing public, has been received with much favor, and Mr. MacDowell and the other players of the combination have won renewed appreciation.

Concerning the plays themselves and the setting they receive on the present tour, it is enough to say that their production is averred to be fully equal to that of past seasons, when they were regarded as being among the most magnificent stage spectacles extant. The Marquam engagement will open with "Cleopatra," and, owing to the length of the



SCENE FROM "O'BRIEN, THE CONTRACTOR."

performance, the curtain will be rung up promptly at 8 o'clock. The sale of seats and boxes will open on Friday morning next.

"TOO MUCH JOHNSON." Gillette's Comedy Opens at Cordray's

CORDRAY'S THEATER JOHN F. CORDRAY, Manager WEEK COMMENCING TONIGHT, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18 MATINEE SATURDAY. FIRST TIME EVER AT POPULAR PRICES, THE GREATEST OF ALL COMEDIES "Too Much Johnson" By Wm. Gillette, author of "Secret Service," "Sherlock Holmes," "Hold by the Ears," "The Private Secretary," etc. The large audience was in a roar of laughter the entire evening. -New York Herald. ...No one stops to breathe on the stage or in the audience while the curtain is up.—New York Commercial Advertiser. USUAL PRICES. 300 nights in New York, 100 nights in Boston, 200 nights in London, Sing., etc.

Next Attraction—The Frawley Co.

"Too Much Johnson" will be presented at Cordray's theater tonight, and will run all the week, including Saturday matinee. The company which will present it is said to be capable and well equipped with all the accessories for the proper production of the piece. The story of the play is familiar enough, and yet it will bear repetition:

A New York lawyer named Billings falls madly in love with the wife of a commercial traveler, and hearing that she is about to sail for Cuba, takes passage on



T. Daniel Frawley.

the same steamer. Arrived in Cuba, he finds that his wife and mother-in-law have arrived on a second steamer, and the lady's husband on a third. A savage planter, named Johnson, which, by the way, is the appellation Billings has adopted, helps to make Billings unhappy and cause amusing complications.

APPLAUDED BY RULE. Nifty of Roman Playgoers in Testifying Approval of Actors.

From some relics which have just been unearthed at Pompeii the interesting discovery has been made, says the New York Herald, that the theater-goers in old Rome were much more punctilious in the matter of applause than we moderns are. If they approved of a play or

or was playing to an audience that failed to appreciate even his best efforts.

When the theater-goers were fairly well satisfied with a play, they applauded by snapping with the thumb and middle finger. If they wanted the actors to understand that they were really satisfied with the performance, they clapped loudly by beating the left hand on the right. Only the fingers of the left hand were brought into play on such occasions, and the sound was as if two earthen vessels had been knocked together. A more hearty token of approval was given by striking the flat palms of the hands against each other. A still more marked token of pleasure was curving of the hands and then striking them hard against each other.

At times, however, there was an occasion when even these methods of testifying approval would be insufficient to express the popular delight. It became the custom on every such occasion for all persons in the audience to applaud by waving a corner of their toga or robes in the direction of the stage. The people of the lower class in Rome were not privileged to wear togas, but the Emperor Aurelian permitted them, whenever they went to the theater, to carry a piece of cloth, so that if the play proved an extraordinary success they might be able to testify their approval in the recognized fashion.

GRACIOUSLY DONE, INDEED. Tactful Act by a Concert Performer of Mastery Skill.

So much is said about the ill-feeling and jealousy of musicians that it is a pleasure to record an instance of the opposite sort. Some time ago a concert was given in a city for the assistance of some charity. The programme was long, and repeated encores had made it wearisome, when a colored woman came forward to sing. She sang, well—not better nor worse than her predecessors—and the management, thinking to hurry matters a little, sent the next performer on as she left the stage. This was a man who plays the organ with mastery skill, and whose name is sufficient to give distinction to any programme. He took his seat, and at the first toll of the enthusiastic applause which followed the singer's withdrawal, began to play.

It appeared that the audience felt that a slight had been put upon the singer, and the applause became uproarious. The woman came forward and bowed her thanks and the organist began again, but the people would have none of him. They clapped and pounded and stamped, apparently bent on drowning out the organ. At last the singer came out again and, with half-appealing glance toward the organist, stepped to the front of the

Marquam Grand Calvin Heilig, Manager. Monday Tuesday Wednesday Feb. 26, 27 and 28 Wednesday Matinee Seats and Boxes On Sale Friday "CLEOPATRA" Wednesday night, "LA TOSCA" Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. —A beautiful, wordless song breathing through the sweet old melody, uplifting and sustaining the singer's voice. It was a gracious tribute and the audience was



Blanche Walsh.

not slow to recognize it. When the music ceased there was another tremendous outburst of applause, but this time it was by way of reparation, as well as reward.

Young American Actors. The February issue of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, which is an excellent number, both as to illustrations and subject-matter, contains an interesting article on "Noted Young Men of the American Stage," by Joseph W. Herbert. It contains entertaining and gossip bits of information about E. H. Sothern, William Faversham, Guy Standing, James H. Hackett, Robert Edeson, Charles J. Bisham, E. J. Morgan, Maurice Barrymore, and others fully as well known. The paper is better written than most magazine articles of the kind, and some of the stories told of popular matinee heroes are new, and they are good stories. The writer has unbounded faith in the future of the American stage, and writes in glowing terms of some of the bright young men who are helping to make it famous.

Two Can Play at It. At the moment something came hurtling from the gallery and narrowly missed the gifted tragedian. Instantly he advanced to the footlights.

"This is a game," he said in a deep voice, "that two can play at!" And he took an egg from his pocket and threw it with all his might. It struck one of the pillars of the gallery and smashed itself impartially over 15 or 20 heads. He took out another egg, but he did not have to throw it. The first one had done the business.

Respite for clearing a gallery—Same as for clearing a pot of coffee: Use an egg. —Chicago Tribune.

Wear's Advice. "Say, Wear, I'm thinkin' of goin' on as stage as Romeo."

"How's dat, Limpy?" "Why, dey say dat de new Romeo in de New York arin' cury never shaves."

Ye Prima Donna's Choice. A howlous cab's a charming thing. But if she had her choice The prima donna'd always choose To have a howlous cab. —Harper's Bazar.