



Stern Reality.

We danced together, she and I. One night, and found we danced so well. That every evening she was by. Each other's side, and none can tell how long we'll dance together now. For, though there's no romance in it, we song-and-dance folks make our bow as long as we can make a hit. —Philadelphia North American.

MELODRAMA TO THE FORE

Wholesome "Toll Gate Inn" at the Marquam and Blood and Thunder at Cordray's.

Those who enjoy melodrama—and their name is legion, in the average Western community—have been variously entertained this past week. There was a lurid play, with laughter and blood-and-thunder mixed in due proportion, at Cordray's, and a wholesome love-melodrama sort of play, with a patriotic flavor to it, at the Marquam.

The latter—"Toll Gate Inn"—sets the theater-goer wondering why more of our American dramas are not built upon early Colonial themes such as this. It is a field whose possibilities have never been properly explored. Since we have at last discovered that we are a patriotic people, it ought to be a promising financial venture.

And what a pleasant way for school children to absorb history! If we must have melodrama, let us, at least, take the scenes from our own land, and put into their real heroes that lived and walked the earth in those days, when the men carried flintlocks and powder-horns and brave hearts, and the women went about in patched and powdered loveliness and big hoop-skirts. There is every opportunity for the manufacture of thrilling, heart-stirring situations, the display of interesting customs and picturesque dressing, though Langdon McCormick, the author of "Toll Gate Inn," did not avail himself of the latter as fully as he might have done. And what lurid dramatic possibilities lurk in the feathers and war-paint of the American Indian, or in the stated impenetrability and cunning of the half-breed, of whom we have had so novel and interesting a characterization this past week.

The pleasant outbursting of patriotism at the Marquam was not without its counterpart at Cordray's. "In Darkest Russia," without the smiling, happy-go-lucky American traveler, would have been gloomy, indeed. He was cheered every time he came on the stage. Blood-curdling tragedy, by a wave of his hand, was converted into a prayer of thanksgiving. He made the czar of all the Russias do his bidding with a lamb-like docility that enraptured every American heart and disarmed criticism. Professionally, he may not have been the equal of other members of the company, but what difference did that make? He was the only American on the stage, and so the lion's share of honor was his—which was not very much, after all.

"BOSTON LYRICS" TONIGHT.

Colonel Thompson's Company of Singers at Cordray's. The return of the popular Boston Lyric Opera Company to Portland is an event of some importance to amusement-lovers, and doubtless a large audience will welcome Colonel Thompson and his singers at Cordray's tonight—the opening night of their two weeks' engagement at the popular Washington-Street house. Since the company last appeared in this city it has had a successful season in the Hawaiian Islands, where the people of Honolulu, the capital city, greeted its efforts with most substantial encouragement. As Mr. Harkinson, who has been making the



Miss Nellie Andrews, with the "Boston Lyrics."

preliminary arrangements for the Cordray engagement, says, it seems probable that, but for the appearance of the players on the islands, "it would be playing there yet."

The Boston Lyrics return to Portland strengthened in several important particulars. The principals who were with the organization when it was here last fall and the chorus have had the benefit of the experience coming from a long, successful season, in an extensive repertoire, and by which they should have acquired a confidence in their own powers, individually and collectively, that should count for much during the present local visit of the company. Moreover, Colonel Thompson has secured the services of Signor Domenico Russo, the very capable tenor of the late Lohrhardt Opera Company, and who is generally regarded as an artist of high rank, who will make his debut here as Turbide, in Mascotte's

tan Theater will produce the farce-comedy, "My Precious Baby," an amusing skit along the same lines as the popular farces of three or four years ago. The opening scene is in the drawing-room of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Burkett, who have a son whose mother imagines him to be very innocent, although he has grown to the age of discretion and has a chum who assists him in passing many pleasant hours. The mother concludes to engage a private tutor, so that her son may not be endangered in crossing crowded streets or get lost. A Mr. Dawson secures the position, and, on discovering the temperamental of his pupil and friend, concludes that life will be more pleasant as a congenial spirit than as an instructor. Many reveals are arranged, in which many characters take part, and that is the keynote for the fun that follows. The play is cast to the full strength of the company, and will run all the week, with the usual prize matinee on Saturday.

MISS WAKEMAN'S VOICE.

Hoarsened by La Grippe While the Frawley Company Was Here. PORTLAND, March 23.—(To the Editor.)—Last Sunday's Oregonian discussed the Frawley Company "with entire frankness," but the critic probably was not aware, when referring to Miss Wakeman's voice, that it was only her determination that permitted Portland theater-goers to hear that organ, even in its apparent "want of control," as Miss Wakeman served in this city with a serious case of grip. Her doctor had to resort to sprays of cocaine to make it possible for Miss Wakeman to speak at all the first few nights, and, considering that her temperature went high enough to make her delirious, it was remarkable that she appeared at all. Had she not been a professional woman, most of her time in Portland would have been spent in bed instead of at rehearsals daily and on the stage most of the nights.

Miss Wakeman, in London, is called "the golden-voiced," just as Bernhardt is in Paris, but as every voice she spoke in Portland was uttered with difficulty, and much to the anxiety of her doctor, it

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Sunday and Monday.....Cavalleria Rusticana
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Tuesday.....Fra Diavolo
Wednesday.....Il Trovatore
Thursday.....Mascotte
Friday.....Faust
Saturday Matinee and Saturday Night.....Mascotte

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Special Notice—During the opera season curtain will rise at 8 P.M. promptly

other old thing that may bob up in his fantastic mind. It is my humble belief that the sole duty of a dramatic critic is to give his own views or opinion as to whether a performance is good or bad, and his reasons for thinking so. In all cases, he should attach his signature to the article written. Then the public knows whether it is reading the flowery notices that originate in the "advance" agent's mind or an honest opinion as to the good or bad qualities of a play, from an uninterested outsider. S. TERRY M'KEAN, JR.

BEN STERN'S BIG ROAR.

Distinguishes Himself as a Cannon-er in "Cleopatra."

When Melbourne MacDowell slipped on Denver's icy sidewalks, a month or two ago, and put himself temporarily out of the bill with a bad ankle, several quick changes in the cast of characters for "Cleopatra" were made necessary. For one thing, Ben Stern, manager of the Walsh-MacDowell Company, was pressed into service to play the slave, Mr. Arthur Elliott, MacDowell's understudy, is six feet one inch in height and lean as to figure. Mr. Stern is short, shows comfortable living—that is, he is portly, and nothing would make him shave his mustache.

Unfortunately the property man was pressed into the cast and Mr. Stern, in his tight and shield, had to rush to the rear of the stage and conduct the storm. It is then that with the Nile mounts the steps of the temple, while Romans, Marc Antony and Cleopatra's cowering subjects, kneel before her, and with loud, defiant voice calls on the prompt and dreadful Typhon. The climax of Typhon's anger is sounded in a roar great as if the rage of a thousand lions were given expression from many throats. It is made—the roar—by a cannon loaded with gunpowder and wax.

The property man, on this particular occasion, had rammed one charge in the cannon, but of this the puffing Stern, who had escaped from the stage, while the heavens were illuminated by lightning and the trees were swaying before the blast, knew nothing. Besides Miss Walsh had asked Mr. Stern to see that the report was louder than usual. In his zeal Mr. Stern rammed a double charge.

"Crash! Zip zip-zap, bang! There was a yell from the stage, which instantly plunged into entire darkness. The drop curtain was dissipated into fragments. Miss Walsh fell down the steps of the temple, the lank Marc Antony was on his back, and it almost killed Stern. There was a quick curtain, and then the gas jets were relighted.

"Well!" gasped Stern, to a groined, yet astounded company, "It's the first time I've ever touched a cannon."

CONFINED IN BURNING CAR.

Lewis Morrison, His Wife and Manager Have Narrow Escape.

Lewis Morrison and his wife, Florence Roberts, and several members of his company had a very peculiar experience on the occasion of the burning of his private car on a Maine railway, brief telegraphic mention of which was made recently. His business manager, W. E. Denison, was one of the passengers.

The train, on the Washington County Railroad, was running from Calais to Bangor, Me., at the rate of 60 miles an hour. Its occupants were all asleep when the fire started, and its origin is unknown. When it was discovered, the steward made every effort to stop the train, but the bell rope had parted and the fire prevented him from entering the next car forward, and the next car in the rear was a "blind baggage." In this perilous plight the five travelers spent a terrible quarter of an hour, the flames gaining rapid headway every instant, until the passengers in the other cars saw the fire and stopped the train. Mr. Morrison and his companions were taken from the burning platform just in time to save them from serious injury. They were clad only in blankets, and were carried to other coaches.

Efforts were then made to extinguish the fire, but they were unsuccessful. The car was burned down to the trucks, and every article that it contained was destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison and Mr. Denison estimate their loss at \$4000. The car was once the property of Mrs. Langtry, and was hired by Mr. Morrison from the Wagner Palace Car Company about a year ago. It was valued at \$2500 and was not insured. The scenery and costumes for "Frederick the Great," with which Mr. Morrison is starring this season, were not damaged, and the tour of the company was continued.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

San Francisco Painted Off Map by Many Theatrical Attractions.

A great majority of theater-goers in San Francisco pay no further attention to the real amusement interests of California than is exhibited in a liberal patronage of the local theaters. Assuming that a city of San Francisco's size and importance would naturally get the best theatrical entertainment procurable, they give no thought to what other cities on the Coast are getting.

It is a significant fact, however, that the great Northwest, in addition to quietly getting the best of California in the important commercial and mercantile trade opened up by the mining interests in Alaska, is stealing California's amusement and recreation. Not a week has passed this season, but has not given strong proof of a determination by Eastern managers to pass California up as a field for theatrical venture. Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and even Victoria and Vancouver, in British Columbia, have had first-class presentations of late Eastern successes, while San Francisco has been deliberately painted out of the theatrical map.

The "Little Minister," recently presented by a good company in the Northwest, goes East over the Oregon Short Line, and the announcement is now made that many other first-class organizations which come out from the Northern Pacific will return from the Northern territory in the



SIGNOR DOMENICO RUSSO, TENOR, WITH BOSTON LYRIC OPERA COMPANY

land favorite. She will sing all the grand opera heroines with Russo. Miss Maude Leekley is the contralto of the company, and will appear as the Queen in "Said Pasha," and Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Her Azucena, in "Il Trovatore," has won her much favorable mention.

Other members of the company known to Portland audiences are: Henry Hallam, the tenor; Stuart Harold, baritone; Messrs. Kunkel and Henderson, comedians; and Bertha Nilsson, Daisy Howard, Katharine Goodrich, Alexander Joel, Frank Mason, and Charles Van Dyne. There is a chorus of 20 voices.

The repertoire: Tonight and Monday, double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Said Pasha"; Tuesday, "Fra Diavolo"; Wednesday, "Il Trovatore"; Thursday, "La Mascotte"; Friday, "Faust"; Saturday matinee and night, "La Mascotte."

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

Harry Glazier at the Marquam Tomorrow and Tuesday.

Harry Glazier, a young, romantic actor, who has entered the stellar ranks this season, under the management of E. D. Stair, will appear in a new stage version of Dumas' fascinating story, "The Three Musketeers," at the Marquam Grand tomorrow and Tuesday evenings.

Mr. Glazier is one of the best-equipped of the younger generation of players. He has been in the support of the late Thomas W. Keene and Lawrence Barrett, and was also with William Edmund, Stuart Robson and Kathryn Kidder. The last few years he has devoted himself to stock work as leading man for several of the foremost stock organizations throughout the country. During his career he has played over 50 parts, ranging from low comedy and character to romantic and classic leads.

His version of "The Three Musketeers,"—"The Three Guardsmen" in book form—by Edmond Dumas, and it follows Dumas' great romance as closely as stage regulations will permit. The strong incidents of the plot are utilized, in a rapid and natural unfolding of the story, and the many adventures of the impulsive Gascon, D'Artagnan, and his companions in arms are told to be built up into a coherent, vital and absorbing drama.

The entire stage settings are carried by the company, and the costumes are handsome and historically correct.

The supporting company includes Warren F. Hill as Louis XIII.; John P. Barrett, Richelieu; Matthew McGinnis, Duke of Buckingham; Lawrence Underwood, Athos; Thomas B. Findlay, Porthos; L. G. Ingraham, Aramis; George Denton, DeTreville; Paul de Vernon, Miladi (Lady de Winter); Blanche Stewart, Anne of Austria, and Maud Durand as Constance.

"MY PRECIOUS BABY."

New Farce-Comedy at the Metropolitan Theater Tonight.

is not to be wondered at that hoarseness was mistaken for want of control. ONE WHO KNOWS.

AS TO DRAMATIC CRITICS.

Should Remember That They Are Giving Their Own Opinions.

Astoria, Or., March 23, 1900. To the Editor: It was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and we are players," or something to that effect. He was right in a sense, but I think he should have gone a little farther and thrown in a few dramatic critics, for what would play or player do if there were no "knights of the pen"? It is of those gentlemen that I wish to say a few words. I believe in a just dramatic criticism.



Harry Glazier, in the "Three Musketeers."

If, in the opinion of the critic, the play is poor, it is his duty to say so; if good, he should be just as quick to acknowledge its good points. The critic should always remember that he is giving his own opinion, not that of the universe. It is the great public that decides for or against a play.

Sometimes when I read the so-called dramatic criticism, as it appears in the current papers, I have to smile. The critic seems to be so earnest in his endeavor to say something wise—and to occupy space—that he forgets he is supposed to be giving his views on a certain dramatic performance and, instead, delivers an oration as it were—in print—on the subject of drama, literature, art and any

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same way, or vice versa. The citizen of San Francisco, who, outside of any personal appreciation of good entertainment, has the welfare of the city at heart, may reflect with considerable benefit to himself upon the causes which lead to this discrimination against the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

While the leading journals of San Francisco give pages of valuable space to freak pictures of unimportant plays, their critics are evidently instructed to roast every theatrical attraction that appears in the city. Music and Drama is in possession of positive proof that a large num-

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