

THE DRAMA



Alack, the Day!
 Signor Torrello was a tamer of lions—
 His name in the Bible was Brown—
 He could make the fierce brutes jump the rope,
 walk the wire,
 And turn somersaults and sit down—
 Signor Torrello
 Was quite a ray fellow,
 And rapidly winning renown.
 Signor Torrello one day met a maiden,
 Who, charmed by his soul-stirring art,
 Stood in front of the cage and applauded the
 lions.
 As each played its wonderful part—
 Signor Torrello,
 In words that were mellow,
 Laid siege to the fair maiden's heart.
 Signor Torrello could look at a lion
 And cause it to cower in fear,
 But the look that gave Leo the chills had no
 terrors
 For the lady who's figuring here—
 Signor Torrello.
 Alas, the poor fellow—
 Was conducted around by the ear.
 Signor Torrello no longer tames lions.
 The beasts turned against him, one day;
 The look that once charmed them had ceased
 to be potent.
 They roared and refused to obey—
 Signor Torrello,
 Unfortunate fellow,
 All bloody, was hustled away!
 Signor Torrello, subdued and discouraged,
 Now works by the day with his hands,
 And is badgered for losing the look that made
 lions
 In terror obey his commands—
 Signor Torrello,
 Alack! how he fell! O
 His case as his own moral standard!
 —Chicago Times-Herald.

WITH ENTIRE FRANKNESS

All About Nid and Nod and the Jet-
 tatore of the Evil Eye—Other
 Plays of the Week.

If the one indispensable quality of a stage production nowadays is surprise, then "The Evil Eye" is an unequivocal success. Certainly the children found it so—a queer, fascinating jumble of demure, red-lighted mountebanks who turn somersaults through frowning fortress walls; an evil-eyed jettatore, with a lonely, medieval air, who seems to make his livelihood by glowering; a beautiful, pale-faced maiden of shrinking mien, whose hapless plight behind prison bars is exhibited under calcium light to the sympathizing audience; a group of coryphees and figurantes who dance on the darkened stage in dazzling costumes, outlined with scintillating, var-colored electric lights; Polio's Dutch colloquialisms—not particularly new, to be sure, but given with such fetching humor and accent that they brought stormy applause at the Wednesday matinee. And if the children enjoyed Polio, they also must have enjoyed the children. The freshness of their enthusiasm quickly communicated itself to their staid elders, seated sedately beside them, until a blase person was left in the entire theater.

No One Yawned.
 Even the jettatore himself—he of the evil eye, could not have detected the vestige of a yawn being smothered behind a pocket-handkerchief; nor indeed was there any time for one, with such astonishing celerity did the tumbling acrobats, Nid and Nod, follow upon the heels of the British Grenadiers, with their brave and flashing outside; and the softly shifting flower-lights of the Maypole dance upon the startling evolutions of the Human Windmill.

But to give an inventory of all the wonders would surely take a day and a night—the dancing skeletons; the coming to life of grim suits of armor; the bicycle that magically opened and delivered to its fortunate owner, as occasion required, hot coffee and sandwiches, a seat on which to rest, a water-sprinkler or a brace of pistols. It was worth all the price of the ticket just to hear the gurgle of happiness and relief that went through the audience when the shaggy-browed, glowing jettatore of the evil eye, inadvertently placed his foot upon the fateful drawbridge and was straightway hurled into—not endless perdition, which he doubtless deserved, but into the stage-property net that was waiting to receive him, in the concealing darkness of the wings.

"A Rag Baby."
 Matthews and Bulger and Mary Marble and the other old favorites of Dunne & Ryley's Company were accorded a rousing welcome, on their return to the Marquam, the early part of last week, in "A Rag Baby." Hor's name always carries laughter in its wake, and some of the scenes, in the drug store, between old Sport and Tony Jay, are among the funniest in farce-comedy. Mary Marble, as on the whole, more droll in her yellow curl papers of the first act than later on in man's attire, or in those elaborately inappropriate furrowed eyebrows are so fond of assuming amid incongruous surroundings.

Among the new features, the pony ballet is one of the prettiest specialties seen here in a long time; the eight dancing girls, in scarlet skirts, with red roses in their hair, take their steps with the delectable sort of grace, each meanwhile making out her notes in the melody with the most perfect precision from the silver sleighbells about her neck. The male quartet comprises excellent voices, and the old Southern sinner Maude Courtney sings with so much virile stolidity and feeling, have a certain power of enthrallment over the audience. In contrast to this is the clever, satirizing parody on "The Blue and the Grey," given by Matthews and Bulger. From which it will be seen there is genuine music, as well as noise in this season's production of "A Rag Baby."

"The Real Widow Brown."
 As to the company that played "The Real Widow Brown" at Cordray's this past week. It is hard to say which was its more striking characteristic—the loud talking of the women, or their loud dressing. The discord in the colors of their gowns screamed at one another quite as

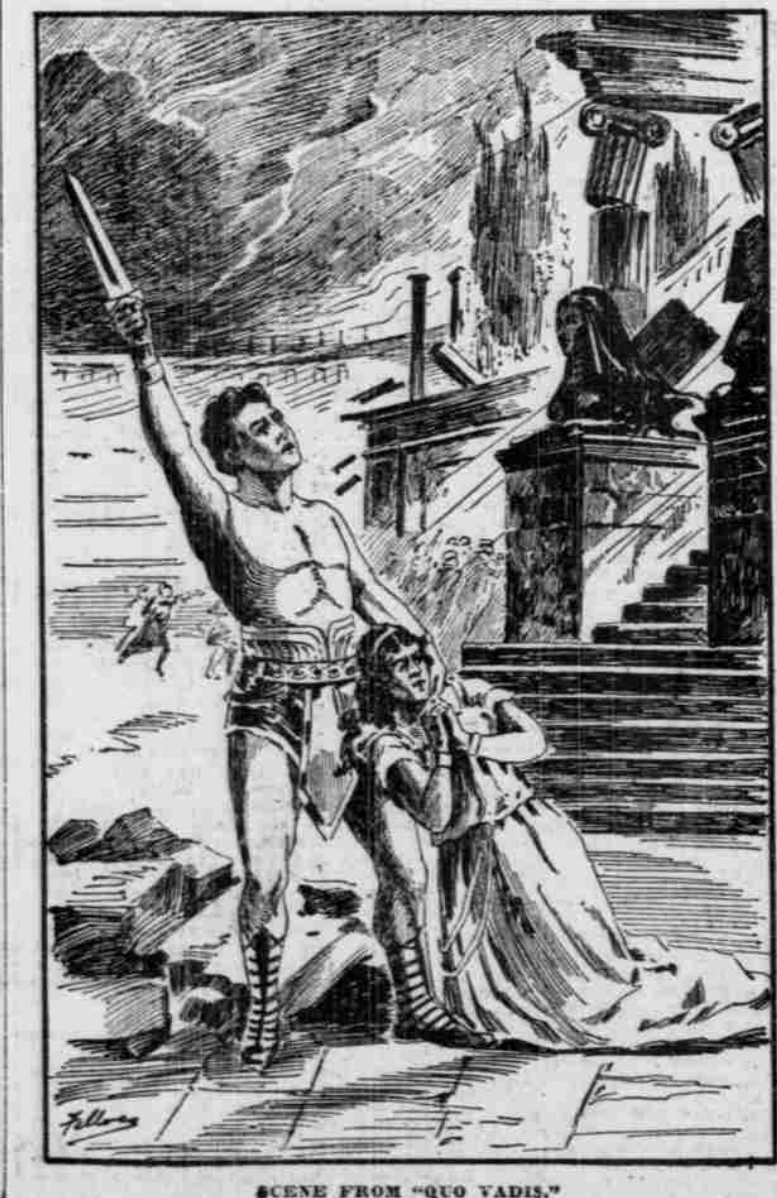
inharmoniously as did their voices. There was one exception to this, in the person of Mrs. Aldrich, who was superbly groomed in black velvet and point lace. As the cook, however—the Widow Brown, in disguise—she was certainly a most repulsive creature, and by her over-coarse ranting succeeded fairly well in spoiling the first



MR. JOHN DREW IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."

act. Her transformation into the real widow was remarkable, and the second act contained some droll situations. The comedy work of the men, as a whole, was vastly superior to that of the women, the company being very poorly balanced in this respect. Fred E. Bonn gave a capital study of a simple-minded old deacon who is made the butt for all the jokes of the piece. The other men's parts were excellently taken, while, among the specialties, Charles Harrington gave some particularly clever imitations. But the company will have to press into service some fresh femininity of the gentle-voiced type before it can win the unquestioning approbation of the public.

JOHN DREW'S ADVENT.
 Will Present "The Tyranny of Tears" at the Marquam.
 "The Tyranny of Tears," to be presented



SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS."

booked for 10 weeks only, from the beginning of the theatrical season just drawing to a close, at the Empire Theater, New York, but it made a hit and was kept on until New Year's, and then went on the road, where, in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other important Eastern cities, it continued its great success. In London, too, it enjoyed a good run, Charles Wyndham there appearing in the part in which Mr. Drew will be seen here. In San Francisco, where Mr. Drew has just closed a successful engagement, there was the same marked appreciation shown the piece, Mr. Drew being a great favorite in that city.

Mr. Drew appears in "The Tyranny of Tears" in the role of Mr. Parbury, the central figure of the play—essentially a Drew character, by the way—and in which the popular actor is given full scope for the exercise of his comedy and other dramatic powers. It is not, however, upon any one play that John Drew's reputation

has been so firmly established. He has been booked for 10 weeks only, from the beginning of the theatrical season just drawing to a close, at the Empire Theater, New York, but it made a hit and was kept on until New Year's, and then went on the road, where, in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other important Eastern cities, it continued its great success. In London, too, it enjoyed a good run, Charles Wyndham there appearing in the part in which Mr. Drew will be seen here. In San Francisco, where Mr. Drew has just closed a successful engagement, there was the same marked appreciation shown the piece, Mr. Drew being a great favorite in that city.

The attraction at Cordray's Theater all this week, commencing tonight, will be a scenic production of Sienkiewicz's famous historical novel, "Quo Vadis." The company producing the play is a notable one. It was organized expressly for the presentation of the piece, and embraces leading people from five different dramatic organizations. Every scene used is carried by the company.

"Quo Vadis" is a play that requires very elaborate stage setting, and the scenery of the present production is said to have cost a small fortune. The costumes are asserted to be the most elaborate yet seen on the Coast. The Roman armor, shields, standards and swords used in the play were manufactured by the English armorier, Girard Gyer, of Birmingham, Eng., at a cost of \$1500. The designs are all of burnished gold, and reflect the splendor of Nero's court.

The scenery is said to have been painted from original paintings and sketches obtained from the archives of the Vatican, at Rome. The arena scene, in the last act of the play, is said to be a veritable inspiring dramatic picture. Three lions are carried by the company, and they will be seen in the arena. The scene is realistic enough, according to all accounts, to cause an audience to believe that it is witnessing actual occurrences of 2000 years ago, when Christian martyrs suffered horrible death and torture for their faith.

The burning of Rome is also said to be very realistic. The city is first exhibited in its ancient splendor, and then partially destroyed, and, finally, it is shown on fire throughout its entire extent.

"Quo Vadis" as a play is one of the most striking and successful modern theatrical productions, and the management of the company presenting it at Cordray's this week promises the most elaborate presentation of the great historical drama yet seen in Portland and the Northwest. The cast:

Augustus—Men:
 Nero, Emperor of Rome—Lincoln J. Plummer
 Vincinius, a military tribune—Walter Brooks
 Petronius, arbiter of fashion at the court of Nero—Miss Alice Josephine
 Tigellinus, Prefect of the Praetorian Guard—Maurice O'Connor
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 Tiresias, Petronius' freedman—Edw. White
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 Crispinilla, a woman of fashion—Miss Alice White
 Valeria, lady of Nero's court—Miss Emma Snow
 Calpurnia, lady of Nero's court—Miss Helen Standish
 Praetorian Guards, male and female

CALVIN HEILIG, Mgr. **MARQUAM GRAND** CALVIN HEILIG, Mgr.

ENGAGEMENT POSITIVELY LIMITED TO TWO PERFORMANCES

Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, June 5 and 6

CHARLES FROHMAN WILL PRESENT

JOHN DREW ...in... **The Tyranny of Tears**

(Eighth Season)
 Haddon Chambers' Comedy of Temperament

Original Empire Theater (New York) Cast and Production

SALE OF BOXES AND SEATS NOW IN PROGRESS

PRICES:

Entire lower floor	\$1.50
Balcony, first 3 rows	\$1.00
Balcony, next 3 rows	.75
Balcony, last 3 rows	.50
Boxes and loges	\$10.00

NOTE—The patrons of the Marquam are requested to be in their seats by 8 P. M. at each performance of Mr. Drew.

as an actor is founded. He was a performer of the first rank before he appeared as a star, as his long and honorable career at Daly's amply proves. Under Augustin Daly he became the most famous leading man in the country, and he has never since lost the standing in the profession that he then acquired. Since leaving the company for so many years, he has been offered by the great manager-playwright, his record has been one continued series of triumphs.

It has invariably been Mr. Drew's good fortune to convey to his audiences the full spirit of every part he has essayed. The understanding between himself and them has been perfect, sympathetic. It is a just meed of deserved praise to accord him to say that he has never touched that he did not adorn. It is these things which have made the name of Drew familiar to all.

Healthful in morals, refined in wit, "The Tyranny of Tears" is wholesome in its teachings. As a happy combination of the better qualities of modern play-making and those of the old comedy school, the play is a good example. It presents life as it really is. It will appeal to every audience, for in it, as in a mirror, individuals may see themselves reflected. Mr. Drew, as Mr. Parbury, is a novelist. The affection between himself and his wife is all the most exacting could desire. But it goes beyond reasonable bounds in his wife's case. She cannot sympathize with his literary work, she tries to keep him at home, where she may lavish her wealth of love upon him. She does not understand his temperament, nor does she appreciate the paramount necessity of a literary man touching elbows with the great world about him.

She does not see nor understand that from this contact must come the material with which to feed his imagination. Through recourse to tears—an ally many women must readily command—the novelist absents himself from his club, and his friends are kept at bay by a river of tears. By degrees, self-respect vanishes, and Mr. Parbury becomes subjected to the wife's tyranny of tears. He finally revolts. In four delightful acts the story is told.

Mr. Drew's support is strong. Such well-known people as Miss Isabel Irving, his leading lady, Miss Gertrude Mendum, Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood and F. E. Lamb are among them.

A special feature—one at variance with the ordinary custom—deserves mention. Three of the four acts of the play are laid in the library of Mr. Parbury, the novelist. Mr. Frohman has made a notable departure from the usual stage business of the library of the library scene. He has done away with superfluous bookcases, painted on canvas. In their stead are real ones. These, the members of the company have filled with their own favorite volumes, making a pleasing bit of realism. These books afford the company intellectual food while traveling. The idea is a good one, as well as an original, and the attention of the public is particularly called to the fact that the curtain will be rung up promptly at 8 o'clock, each evening, during Mr. Drew's engagement at the Marquam.

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 Praetorian Guards, male and female

CORDRAY'S THEATER JOHN F. CORDRAY, Manager

Week Commencing Tonight, Sunday, June 3 Saturday Matinee

Majestic Production Of the greatest historical play the world has ever seen! The superb scenic production of

"QUO VADIS"
 (Whither Goest Thou?)

A story of the time of Nero, with scenes and incidents illustrating the struggles and triumphs of the early Christian church. An original adaptation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's famous novel.

Faithfully produced, reverently acted and pronounced by clergy, press and public not only a drama of unusual excellence, but one of the

GRANDEST SERMONS EVER PREACHED

SEE

Notwithstanding the Magnitude of This Attraction, the REGULAR PRICES of This Theater Will Prevail.

slaves, choristers, attendants and citizens of Rome.
 Christians—Claudius—R. J. Smith
 Ursus, a slave to Lydia—Frank Richards
 Lydia, a Roman—Miss Gertrude Mendum
 Aulus Plautius, a Roman General—Robert Fisher

ACTORS' SOCIETIES.
 Organized Work of Protection and Relief—What Makes Fame.

ASTORIA, May 25.—(To the Editor): Organization! Organization! The butchers, the hodcarriers, the doctors, the lawyers, and I, venture to say, every other collection of men, as represented in the different trades and professions, are organized for their mutual protection or pleasure. People in the dramatic profession are not behind the times in this respect, and have a number of societies to their credit—all for the mutual benefit of the members and general uplifting of the stage. Some are purely for pleasure, others for protection and business purposes. Among them may be mentioned: "Actors' Fund," "Actors' Society of America," "Actors' Order of Friendship" and a number of clubs, principal among which are "The Players" and "The Lambs."

The Actors' Fund is an organization for

the various theatrical companies volunteer their services.
 Joseph Jefferson, with six other then young men—now all dead—organized "The Actors' Order of Friendship," way back in 1840. This society, as the Dramatic Mirror says, "has done much to dignify the stage and nothing to bring upon it dispute."

The Actors' Society of America is more of a business order than anything else, organized for the protection of the members in their dealings with managers, and in all things pertaining to the stage. The Players and the Lambs are purely social organizations.

This goes to prove that those living in the dramatic world are occupied with other thoughts than merely appearing before the public, in the glare of the footlights. Still, speaking of footlights, reminds me of what Joe Jefferson once said: "There is nothing so welcome to an actor as a good round of applause." If he appears before an audience and finds it unresponsive to his efforts, whether they be for laughter or for tears, it will soon put a damper on his performance. When an audience wants the best that is in an actor, it should be generous with its applause.

This brings me around to a criticism that appeared in the last issue of Music and Drama, on the performance of James Neill, in Goodwin's role in "An American Citizen." The article declares that Neill

"business" of the one who preceded him in the role, how flat and uninteresting the play would become, in time. There never would have been a Garrick, a Kean, a Booth, or an Irving, if actors merely carried out this idea of "copying." These men were originators, and although at first they were cast about, buffeted by fortune, the people eventually recognized their genius and stamped them among the greatest actors of the time.

S. TERRY M'KEAN, JR.

HERB SCHOTT IN WAGNER.

Will Give Recital From Operas of German Composer Soon.

Local lovers of music will be pleased to learn that Herr Anton Schott has decided to give a Wagnerian recital, at Pansome Hall, on Saturday evening, June 16, when he will be heard in extracts from "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" and "Tristan and Isolde." Few singers—certainly none who have ever made Portland their home—are so well equipped for the proper rendition of Wagner's masterpieces as Anton Schott. This was demonstrated in San Francisco, about two months ago, when he sang with the Damrosch-Gadsch-Bispham Company, with such great success that he carried the audiences by storm. A San Francisco musician, writing of those concerts at the time, had this to say of Schott:

"He simply walked off with all the honors. He was, without question, the greatest artist of the occasion. Bispham, with his beautiful voice and style, could not compare with him in dramatic power. In 'Tannhauser' he rose to the occasion nobly, when he sang his descriptions of love, hurrying his contemptuous phrases at Wolf-ram; and when he sang the 'Ernsthung,' without moving a muscle, and yet acting the whole thing out, with superb dramatic effect, the house fairly yelled their bravo, and it was some time before Mr. Damrosch could be heard. Mr. Bispham and Mme. Gadsch applauded, too, as hard as they could. I was told that Mr. Damrosch, in talking to some men at the club, said that Schott was the greatest Wagnerian tenor that had ever lived."

All who heard Anton Schott in his recitals last winter, and especially all who understand and appreciate Wagner's operas, will, no doubt, be delighted at having this opportunity to hear him again.



SCENE FROM "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."

the relief of the needy among the actor folk. If in need of help, it makes no difference if one is a member of the fund, or not—the ever generous hand of this society is not found empty. The watchword is: "It is better that nine undeserving persons should receive aid than that one really deserving person should suffer unaided." The funds or revenue necessary for carrying on this charitable work are collected principally by means of monster benefits, given in the larger cities, from time to time, and for which members of

shows more sense in imitating Goodwin's interpretation of the role than in attempting a new interpretation, and that "the actor who is a good imitator is an artist. Mimicry has made greater reputations than originality."

With due respect to the critic of Music and Drama, it seems to me he is fostering a wrong idea in the mind of the actor. I think every interpretation of a role should, in its conception, show, as much as possible, the original ideas of the actor. If the performer is merely to copy the

Extraordinary Honors Paid Her in the French Capital.
 Lolo Fuller, the American serpentina dancer, has had a museum and a theater erected in her honor, in the grounds of the Paris Exposition. A statue of her surmounts the theater in which she will give her performance. In the museum attached to the theater are statues and paintings of Miss Fuller by the very first artists in France.

There is a bust of her by Rodin, there are three statues of her by Gerome, three by Riviere, three by Pierre Roche and one by Sabatini. There are paintings of her by Bonnard, Maurin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Rodin, and others. All these are exhibited in order to show the different effects of light upon them.

It is difficult for Americans to realize the success which Lolo Fuller has achieved in France. She is regarded there as a most wonderful and original artist. Painters and sculptors of the highest rank study her performances critically, flock to her house and strive for the honor of representing her in marble or on canvas. The names mentioned above are a sufficient indication of the kind of artists who admire her.

In spite of her great success, La Lolo has always felt sorry that she is not as highly appreciated in her native land. The exposition will give her a good opportunity of demonstrating her position to Americans.