

THE FORTUNES OF LULU GLASER

Francis Wilson's New Soubrette Has Built Her Fame Upon a Laugh.

OF THE charming series which beset the paths of those theatrical neophytes who would be promiscuous good fellows, Miss Lulu Glaser cannot speak from experience. In all her 23 years, the present is the first season in which she has not had her mother's kindly and non-theatrical person, by her side.

When the woman who now wears a queen's ransom at her plump and full muscled throat journeyed as a girl of 20 from Allegheny City to Gotham to sing for Francis Wilson, her mother went also. Calm and confident was the elder woman, assured that her daughter's voice would keep her on Manhattan Island. It did, and since that eventful day, none but the favored few, the rarest of the moths that flutter round the flame of beauty, have escaped the maternal and prohibitory vigilance.

It is on this account, because of this unending chaperone by her parent, than whom no Spanish duenna ever was more sage, that Lulu Glaser, vivacious, full-blooded and quick of wit, has gained a reputation as a "mother girl." It is because of this that the ethical pinnacle, whereon Mary Anderson once sat, is in danger of being invaded by the pranking burlesquer whose tongue is at times as

unpleasantly nimble as that of the aboriginal Nance O'Neil. Notwithstanding the confidence of her mother in Lulu's singing voice, it has been upon a laugh that the fabrics of her success have been built. No ordinary cackling is this exceedingly valuable laugh—rippling and soft as the bubbling of a mountain brook, velvety, full and unaffected, Miss Glaser's laugh sheds cascades of merriment over the stage that overflow and flood the audience with infectious mirth.

"Francis Wilson's new soubrette," was the indistinct name under which Miss Glaser first reached public notice, and her success was due to her charmingly in the balance. She entered the Wilson circle of players as an understudy for the Hassome and sylvia-like Marie Jansen, whom the veil of oblivion has hidden from public knowledge, and who had to the exact jot and tittle the hearty, bubbling laugh of Lulu.

So exact was the reproduction, so unbroken the continuity, that the mockers whom we have always with us told it abroad that Wilson would have no leading lady who could not laugh heartily and in timely fashion at his jokes. "It gives the audience a cue," whispered the scoffers. "When Marie laughed, the audience laughed. When Marie was no more, the laugh had to be filled with a laughter. Lulu Glaser distanced all her rivals and got the job. Against the successful successor to

Marie, the same scoffers cast many a gibe. "She is a gayer," they sneered. "She pokes fun at every show she plays in. She makes fun of it on the stage." And therein they spoke good things and true. The first breath of success had scarcely stirred the curls upon Miss Glaser's forehead when she was suddenly transfixed with the idea that she could ignore her public.

"It is I, Lulu Glaser, who am playing," her actions said. "It is enough for the cattle out in front to be privileged to see me." As a result three years or so ago the fate of the girl from Allegheny City once more trembled on the scales. Critics predicted that Lulu would never travel in the theatrical highways upon which the brightest light is cast, and some, more unkind, made no prophecy and would thus have relegated Lulu once more to the ranks of the common herd from which she had threatened to rise.

But the power behind the throne, the power which had so multiplied the contents of Miss Glaser's jewel casket, was not yet vanished. There still was magic in Aladdin's lamp. "Today Lulu Glaser is a star, a haughty, autocratic and exclusive \$2 star. Gracious she is on her first performance, condescending on her second, and hurried on her last. And one of the morals is: Buy your seats for the first performance.

TALES OF THE STREET AND TOWN

"ON my way through Wyoming recently," said "Careless" Wilson, who travels for R. M. Wade & Co., of Portland, "I stopped over a short time at Cody where Buffalo Bill has his big hotel and ranch."

"And how was the long-haired showman?" asked Manager Newbegin.

"Looking as handsome and as picturesque as ever. He was getting shaved in his hotel-shop when I came in. I was 'next' and when I took the chair the barber says: "'Know who that was I just shaved?'" "No," says I. "That was Buffalo Bill Cody."

"Indeed," says I, "well you don't often get two great men to shave in succession, do you?" "He opened his eyes at that. 'Who might you be?' he asks. "'Don't you know?' says I. 'Must be that you don't read your Police Gazette regularly.'"

"WELL you, Cody's got a great place here," continued Mr. Wilson. "Lots of fine paintings of hunting scenes that he loves and trophies of chase hanging up all around the walls. Remarkable surroundings, fossil remains of all kinds of things attacking out of the landscape. The top of a beautiful hill was pointed out to me as the spot designated by Bill for his burial-place. He's got a lot of old bits around him there that have been with him a long time. Don't think he has much use for one of 'em, though—Old Schneider, who used to be gate-keeper for his shows."

"What's the story?" "Well, it's pretty rich. Schneider came in from the ranch one day while I was there and butted up to talk to old Bill, but I noticed that Bill didn't seem a bit sociable. Kind of kept edging off like he didn't feel like talking. Something so curious about it that I made inquiry of one of the boys and got the yarn.

"It seems that Schneider had always had a secret ambition to get a touch of real high life; he didn't know just what particular brand, or just how to go about to get it, but he wanted to drink for once a strong, deep draught of double-distilled quinine of luxury, something that would beat anything he'd ever heard of, like the returned Klondiker who wanted an expensive dinner and ordered \$200 worth of ham and eggs.

"Finally, Schneider strikes an idea. One night with the day's gate receipts (Bill's money, you know) he goes out for a 'tear' and winds up by buying \$1000 worth of champagne, which he orders carried into the bathroom at the hotel where he's stopping. There he knocks off the bottle-heads on the tub, pours in the wine till every bottle's empty, then strips off and jumps in and has a royal souze."

"Do you mean that he embezzled Bill's money for that treat?" "Well, I guess that's the proper name for it, though Bill never called it that—just charges it up to profit and loss, but he hasn't had much use for Schneider since. Schneider had his touch of high life and was satisfied, I suppose, but judging from what I saw of him I should say that his fat old carcass wouldn't have been worth sousing in a tub of beer."

THE guest for a dinner at the house of a local citizen recently was a somewhat diffident young man, who wasn't quite sure which of the several knives and forks beside his plate he should use for the various dishes. He compromised by using all of them indiscriminately. Finally a course was served which puzzled him much. It consisted of an interesting array of some product of the vegetable kingdom resembling in shape small green pineapples. Some sauce was handed him, which he poured carefully over the green thing, then taking up one of the forks began gingerly to dissect the article. More and more puzzled, he turned appealingly to the hostess and asked:

"What is this, and how do you eat it?" "Why," replied the lady, smilingly, "that is an artichoke. You take the layers off one by one, dip the lower edge of each in the sauce and eat that portion."

The diffident man misunderstood her, getting the impression that he must peel off the layers until he struck the edible portion, which he must dip and eat. He proceeded therefore confidently. Layer after layer he removed, until his plate was a wilderness of artichoke fractions. But he came to the ultimate piece, which was just like all the others that covered it except that it was progressively the smallest. This was puzzling.

Like the apple of Mark Twain's small boy, there was no core. He glanced covertly at his hostess. "Perhaps your artichoke is not a good one," she said courteously. "Do not try to eat it if it is not."

Her face flushed with suppressed amusement at his puzzled air, and he, simple man, thought that she was making an announcement. Whereat he gallantly popped the ultimate piece into his mouth, and though it seemed like a bunch of hardwood splinters, with one sharp "prick" he scratched his throat, he swallowed it all, and with tears in his eyes said:

"It is very good, indeed, though I suppose one should be careful to taste for them. To enjoy them fully."

on by the stove, we cover him at night when it is cold, and we give him only cooked meat."

"You are killing him," finally said the ex-dog-driver. "I ought to lodge complaint against you with the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Don't you know that it is the refinement of cruelty to feed a dog all he will eat? In his anxiety to oblige, any dog will eat more than is good for him. Moreover, it will drive any dog into a premature grave to be cooed to much. If you want to save Jerry you must cut his rations short. Don't give him a bite for several days, or until he develops enough appetite to take doses of sulphur with his food, or some good condition powder that you can get at the sporting-goods stores."

"The biggest, hardest, hardest-working dogs in Alaska are never fed oftener than once a day, and when not working they are given a good feed about twice a week and allowed to rustle about for whatever else they can pick up."

Jerry was put on diet regulations. The ladies were kinder-hearted to apply the full course prescribed, but for the benefit of readers who have pet dogs in more or less similar condition he is known that after two or three weeks Jerry has become reduced almost to his normal weight, is putting on a better coat of hair, he frisks about almost like a natural dog, and the light of returning youth and intelligence already is becoming manifest in his eyes and general expression.

AN "art association" for enlarging and coloring photographs is again at work in Portland and the usual complaints

of misrepresentation or "graft" in its business are being heard. Supplied with a set of "hand-painted" samples, done by one of the "most talented artists of the Pacific Coast," an agent has been canvassing the back doors of residences, boarding-houses and hotels, securing the patronage of servant girls. On the contract presented by the agent, it is announced in large figures that pastel or India ink enlargements ("same as samples") will be furnished for one dollar—"a sitting and one beautiful cabinet free if you have no small picture you wish a portrait of."

This contract and the agent's talk gives the talker the impression that a total outlay of but one dollar is required, though some hint may be dropped that the "association" expects to frame the "paintings." The cautious person who reads all the contract will find among the "conditions" the following in small print:

"All pictures must be framed by us." "That is the meat of the contract; that is the important point, and only one, to the 'association,' for its profit alone lies in furnishing the frames. It is not contended that an enlarged picture is charged or that the frames are not worth the price asked, but the 'holier' is made by the patron when he or she finds that instead of being 'in' for only \$1, at least \$2 and 80 cents" must be paid, or else the first dollar (already paid) together with the photograph be forfeited. There is no room for argument when the "association" pulls out the signed contract and reads that little joke of a "condition," but right there arises in the patron the irritating sense of being "grafted." L. P.

IN MEMORY OF BOOTH. New Year's Eve Celebration at the Players' Club. "Christmas on the Stage," by Gustav Kolbe, in the Metropolitan Magazine. "Founder's Night," in memory of Ed-Ed Booth, which the players hold on New Year's eve, really is the club's Christmas celebration. No visitors are permitted in the clubhouse that night, and, standing before the fireplace, as Booth did on the New Year's eve he presented to the club a member, which makes a commemorative address, which ends on the stroke of 12, when the loving cup is passed around and drunk to the memory of America's greatest tragedian, who was the founder of the club.

The Twelfth Night Club, which is the principal actresses' club in the country, always celebrates Christmas with a tree and a "spread." The members and their guests are seated around a large board table, mottoes suitable to the festival are burnt into the wood about the room; there are two kegs of ale and a bear's head on the table, and a large Tule candle burning in the center. Always there is a large seed cake, which is cut into two sections, in one of which is a ring, in the other a thimble. When the thimbles are cut, the section in which the ring is concealed is passed around among the "girls," and she who gets the piece with the ring will be married before another year. The man who gets the thimble is doomed to remain a bachelor. Mary Mannette drew the ring the year before she was married to Hackett. She presented another ring to the club with the wish that it might bring similar good luck to another member of the Twelfth Night. Both the Frohmans, Charles and Daniel, have drawn the thimbles. They are still bachelors.

CHANGE IN INSPECTORS. Emil Englecke Is Succeeded by Dr. Gallagher in Immigration Service. Emil Englecke, Immigration Inspector under Chief Immigration Inspector J. H. Barbour, in this city, has been transferred to San Diego, Cal., where he will have charge of the station at that place, which is under the direction of the commissioner located at San Francisco. Mr. Englecke has been located at this station for only a month, having come to this city from San Francisco, where he was prominently identified with the immigration work and his departure is regretted at the local office.

Mr. Englecke's position will be filled at this station by Dr. M. F. Gallagher, of New York, who visited this station a few months ago and installed the Bertillon system of measuring in the immigration bureau. He is regarded as one of the leading experts in the application of the famous French method of measuring human beings as a means of identification and has been engaged in the work of installing the apparatus employed in practicing the system, in the immigration service throughout the country.

T. P. A. MEMBERS. A limited number of invitations to the T. P. A. ball will be issued to friends of members and same may be had by applying to the secretary.

WILL BENEFIT DENTISTS. The M. J. Walsh Co., 343 Washington street, has hired an expert on dental matters. He is a genius. You try him and save money.

ANDIRONS AND TENDERS. Either would make a valued Christmas gift. See them at Walsh's showrooms, 343 Washington street.

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Visitors to Portland. Should not miss the delightful trips up and down the Columbia River. Parties at O. R. & N. city ticket office, Third and Washington.

Wagner Thought of Coming Here. Chicago Record-Herald. On the 4th of March, 1880, two years before his death, Richard Wagner wrote

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W. Byrne, 235 Cherry street
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ONE out of every FIVE persons who purchases a MAN'S SUIT or OVERCOAT at our store will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a present of a TEN DOLLAR greenback.

ONE out of every FIVE who purchases a BOY'S SUIT or OVERCOAT during this SALE will receive a present of 3 ONE DOLLAR bills.

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Holiday Announcement

On Thanksgiving we warned the public not to be in a hurry to buy turkeys until they had seen our official quotations, and the result was that many paid 20 to 25 per cent more for their Thanksgiving dinner than they should have paid. Wait for our quotations on turkeys for Christmas and all good things for the table. We have our cold storage plant running and have three cold storage rooms in connection with our plant at First and Salmon streets, and we are in a position to handle all orders in first-class shape. Here are a few of our many bargains at our stores which cannot help but attract buyers looking for a chance to buy goods retail at wholesale prices.

| | | |
|-----------------------------|----------|---|
| Hams, per pound |14c | Our 50c Butter is the talk of the town. |
| Picnic Hams, per pound |3c | Regular 75c Creamery |
| Bacon, per pound |16c | 3 cans Beans, Peas or Tomatoes 25c |
| Open Kettle Lard, per pound |11c | 1-lb. Pkg. Seeded Raisins |
| Salt Pork, per pound |11c | 1-lb. Pkg. Cleaned Currants |
| 1-lb. Head Cheese |10c | 3 cans Cream |
| 3 lbs. Liver Sausage |25c | 10 lbs. Sweet Potatoes |
| 3 lbs. Hamburg Steak |35c | |

THESE PRICES GOOD UNTIL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

from Naples to his friend, Friedrich Feustel, that he was seriously thinking of settling for good in America with his family, his "ideal," and his works. He said in this letter: "If the only thing I regret is not to have selected long ago a fresher, a thoroughly fruitful soil for my works, also for my family, my deep conviction of the decline of European civilization will urge me with greater earnestness and decision now to take this opportunity of escaping from it."

There are other reasons, apart from the statements in this letter, for believing that Wagner did contemplate removing to this country, and that had his life been spared he would have done so, bringing Cosima, Siegfried, his scores, and his "ideal" with him. Had he done so there would have been no wrangling over performances of "Parsifal." We should have heard it long ago. But, considering his high opinion of this country as a "fruitful soil" for his works and for his family, and his low opinion of European conditions, from which he was preparing to escape, it is strange that his family should make such a fuss, even going to the extent of litigation, when an American manager is about presenting one of Wagner's works. One would have thought that Mrs. Wagner would gladly make friendly arrangements with Mr. Conried and lend her assistance

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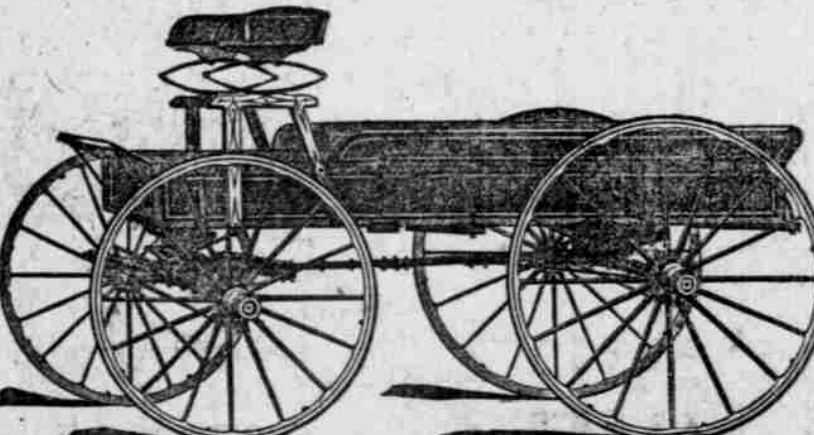
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CAREFULLY SELECTED LARGE SIZE COTTON BLANKETS, white or colored, per pair, 90c, \$1.50, \$1.25.
FULL SIZE WARM AND SOFT MIXED BLANKETS, extra values at \$1.50, \$1.25, \$2.50 per pair.
SAMPLE LINE OF WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, slightly soiled, will be sold at greatly reduced prices.
FULL SIZE SOFT FLUFFY COMFORTS, filled with pure white carded cotton, each 90c, \$1.25, \$1.45, \$1.65.
EXTRA PINE DOWNLINE COMFORTS, silkline and sateen covered, from \$1.50 up.

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Come in and inspect our display of Toys before going uptown to buy. We can save you almost 50 per cent on prices of the high-rent establishments. Your dollars are worth double when buying TOYS here.
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