

# IN THE WORLD OF THE DRAMA

## Production of Von Suppe's Military Opera "Fatinitz" a Red-Letter Event.

WELL managed, staged and presented, the production of Von Suppe's military opera, "Fatinitz," was a red-letter event in the annals of amateur opera in the Northwest. Portland contributed all the soloists, chorus singers, musical conductor, orchestra and scenery. The costumes came from San Francisco. Musically and critically, the music in the opera is pretty and melodious, but not an air that strongly haunts one afterward. The book is dull and ancient. It needs ginger. The chorus, soprano and contralto were better than the tenors and basses. As was expected Millard O. Lowndale turned out to be the principal figure in the opera, and he certainly delighted the crowds by his wonderfully clever acting. He strained every nerve to excel, and succeeded. It is to be regretted that the cold from which Mrs. Walter Reed suffered dulled her staging. Mrs. Rose Bloch Bauer was in magnificent voice and form, and appeared in the realm where she can shine—opera. Marion Peters has true histrionic ability. Dot Bernard made a likeable Dimitri, and showed by inherited talent that she has the making of a natural actress. Et'iel Lottis, Grace Campbell, Rose Wood and Beulah Campbell as Izzet Paasha's wives, made a hit. They sang, acted and danced gracefully and helped to make the life of the show. Manager Baker last Wednesday afternoon entertained all those who took part in the opera at dinner and made an ideal host. It was worth while to watch Howard Russell in "Winchester." The Baker's had to portray the part of a negro servant, usually painted as a grinning good-for-nothing blackie, but the text also made him a clever spy, and Mr. Russell was very clever in this dual personality. The motion picture proved to be a good drawing card, and quite a novel idea in legitimate drama. Esther Lyon made an impulsive hot-headed daughter of the Confederacy, and One Waldrop was just the right amount of animal spirits to shine as Madge Childers. William Bernard made his unimportant part as Philip Allen gain in value at each succeeding act by reason of his cleverness in leading up to a climax. George Allison and C. E. Innie appeared in congenial roles. William Dills took comedy honors as Colonel Eustis, and was ably helped in his direction by the meritorious work of Charles Chary. At the same time "Winchester" is not a play like "Hold by the Enemy."

An island where there is no water and where the artesian wells pump up champagne—and you have the locale of "The Isle of Champagne" so well played at Cordray's by the Olympia Comic Opera Company. The funny opera received a good rendition considering the size of the company and the part of the evening. John R. Young sang "The Frogdial Song" was alone worth the money in the box office. R. G. Pildin was a most laughable Moet. Carl Haydn is one of the best tenors heard this season. Lottie Kendall was pleasing as Diana, and has a fairly good soprano voice. The chorus girls are pretty and well selected. The greatest motion picture shown anywhere on the Pacific Coast is undoubtedly that of "The Great Trainrobbery," the star attraction at the Arcade. It is wonderful in its realism, especially in the amusing climax. Raymond, the magician, mystifies with new tricks during the performance of which he allowed himself to be bound and manacled, just to show how easily he can effect his delivery. Once he was dark, he hid him from the audience. The tumbling of the Dore family is first class. Clean, high-grade vaudeville is presented.

The clever comedians, the Dore family in a skit, "A Visit to Stann," the great Raymond, Lucella Gross, the De Lacys, Juvenile comedian, Jessie More, and the great trainrobbery by the American Bioscope, will entertain the Arcade Theatre's audiences from 3 to 10:30 P. M. today.

The new bill, starting Monday, will be put on by an all-star cast that is unequalled in the vaudeville world. The acts are all varied and not one is below the standard maintained by the best continuous vaudeville houses of the East. Here is the programme:

The Chicks, refined society sketch artists, in an amusing dialogue, with catchy songs and entertaining specialties. Travels, the magician, will present his famous illusion. At the same time, which is startling and mystifying to the quickest eye.

The Three Rays, a clever trio, whose strongest leader is a mild-mannered, jester of the 1906 crop and dances full of grace.

Kara, the juggler, performs wonderful feats with his cards, and the greatest finished performer who is at home on the stages of both continents.

Leslie Stirling, "Princess of Sobriety," full of grace, pleasing to the eye and commanding as the Queen of Hearts.

Jessie More, who has sung her way into Portland's favor with illustrated ballads of humorous nature.

The American Bioscope, a show in itself, will change from scenes of bravado and daring to portraying laughable incidents of city life.

STAGELAND.

The Grace von Staffeldt Company, playing "The Frenchman," recently made the record relay movement of the season. The journey was from St. Paul to St. Louis by special train over the Burlington road, a distance of 623 miles, which was covered in less than 14 hours. When it is considered that 30 minutes was lost on route in rectifying a substituting engine, the run may be counted as remarkable. For over two hours the speed of 75 miles an hour was reached. F. Ziegfeld, Jr., the owner of the attraction, and his wife, another instance of rapid work. At midnight the train steamed out. On board were 96 members of the company, two trainmasters, a master mechanic and two newspaper men. When the train gathered speed the excitement among the company was great, and wagers were made from point to point regarding the distance made. The equipment consisted of the private car of Grace von Staffeldt, the prima donna, a buffet car, two Pullman sleepers, the day coach and two newspaper men. The special reached St. Louis at 2:15, and the curtain of the Century Theatre went up promptly at 8:15 P. M. to one of the best performances ever given of the opera.

# REICHARD STRAUSS IN NEW YORK

## Great Composer Conducts Two Orchestral Concerts—Visit of Russian Musician—Richard Mansfield is "Ivan the Terrible."

NEW YORK, March 6.—(Special correspondence.)—Need anybody be told that the greatest figure in the musical world of today is Richard Strauss? This is not a matter of conjecture, but a fact acknowledged even by those who will not accept his theories and his musical philosophizing. What a strange combination the stolid American is! A hero-worshiper of the most pronounced kind, he stands and knocks at his door, it is more than likely he will let him knock—while he does some "knocking" himself. Richard Strauss dawned upon the musical world of Europe more than ten years ago, and each year has found him more widely accepted as a composer with the ability to write descriptive music beyond that shown by Richard Wagner. Perhaps Wagner owed as much to influences before him as Strauss does to Wagner, and it does not seem to me that such a reality as Richard Strauss is to be judged by the same results as obtain in the case of an idealist such as Wagner certainly was. To make comparison between the work of Wagner and Strauss it is probable that the first similarity would be found in the fact that Strauss uses the leit-motiv in the same manner that Wagner did. But it must never be forgotten that Wagner was not the creator of the leit-motiv. It was Wagner, however, who brought dramatic writing to a point that the importance of the leit-motiv was accentuated to the entire world, which means to musical and non-musical alike. Wagner did make some revolutions in his treatment of the orchestra. He called it "being new effects in the wood-winds and brasses to them, as well as to the brasses, which was startling and undefined." Strauss, on the other hand, brought into orchestral playing can only be realized when it is understood how few artists are to be found who do not run the risk of the most finished body of strings. This is not to say that Strauss is not the classic more than acceptably, but when it comes to modern orchestral works the importance which the wood and the brasses have attained makes it impossible to give finished presentations, as there are so few who are able to handle the instruments skilfully. This in itself is proof enough of the extreme modernity of such orchestration, for nothing comes into being until called by the demand. This demand Wagner created, and all who follow that great leader must utilize his descriptive methods and his methods of orchestration because he has created that which is regarded as the modern school.



Moscow Conductor, Now in New York. Wasil Safonoff.

Strauss has followed, but he has gone beyond the Baroque master, and that fact seems beyond the grasp of those of the present day who do not realize the proportions of the young Richard. Three years ago Strauss was in New York, and his support was contrary to Mansfield's interest in Tolstol today, but of his uncle, born 1817, died 1875. Tolstol was one of the great luminaries in Russian history. He was the work of Count Alexia Tolstol—not the Tolstol of today, but of his uncle, born 1817, died 1875. Tolstol was one of the great luminaries in Russian history. He was the work of Count Alexia Tolstol—not the Tolstol of today, but of his uncle, born 1817, died 1875. Tolstol was one of the great luminaries in Russian history. He was the work of Count Alexia Tolstol—not the Tolstol of today, but of his uncle, born 1817, died 1875.

at the Herald Square Hotel. Mrs. Rosine Bauer has not ceased to think of Oregon as her home, notwithstanding her few months' life in Salt Lake City.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

ERRORES OF RUSSIA.

Also Those of Japan, All Straightened Out by Griswold.

PORTLAND, March 12.—(To the Editor.)—Japan's interest in the war is no greater than China's. The national excitement of both alike is at stake. Russia's right in Manchuria will be the protection of her line of railroad. She has promised to leave Chinese territory, but continues steadily to appropriate it to her own use. While the audacity of Satan himself she now orders the Chinese to assist her in the prosecution of the war on pain of death. If the Chinese resist this usurpation Russia will contend that China breaks its neutrality. It is another illustration of the wolf and the lamb. If it is Russia that violates the neutrality by attacking the rights of the Chinese, who must be held justifiable in resistance. It is the neutrality of China that seems likely to become the bone of contention that will involve the great powers of the world. France and England can never consent to such a travesty of justice.

Japan holds the whiphand which only her own impetuosity will jeopardize. She appears to be too impatient to take Port Arthur. Let her invest it, and Vladivostok, cut off communication, and wait for them to fall into her hands.

She has no call to invade Manchuria. With Ping Yang strongly fortified and made her base of operations she is safe. The Russian cavalry in Japan's greatest dread, but the nature of the country between Ping Yang and the Yalu River will neutralize their force.

M. S. GRISWOLD.

# LOVE PLAYS ARE BEST

## SO DECLARES JULIA MARLOWE, ONE OF THE GREAT JULIETS OF THE AGE.

MISS MARLOWE will be most happy to see you upstairs," said a solemn and unsmiling butler. Of course, I knew that Miss Marlowe, who ranks interviewers, complexion specialists and rattle-snakes all in one disreputable category, and consigns them generally to the care and keeping of the Powers of Darkness, would not be glad to see me upstairs, nor downstairs, but I smiled amiably at the admirable butler, and followed that stately flunky to the library.

Graceful and girlish, and posed in a setting that filled the eye, Miss Marlowe, all allowed about by filmy front-curtains, silk and lace fashioned by heavens known what depths of Parisian cunning or what heights of Parisian art into a fascinating tea gown, turned from the deep, wide window as I entered and greeted me with effusive cordiality, says the Sunday Telegraph.

"So sweet of you to come," she cooed. "I won't," she purred, and then we both drew in our claws and laughed.

There is something in Miss Marlowe's personality that suggests a pretty, fluttering, nervous urrut.

Of course, you must not understand that she lacks repose in her bearing, but she gives one, somehow, an undefinable impression of not being quite at home off the stage.

And yet her warm, inviting library is a room to woo one to languorous repose. It is a Vere-de-Vere sort of room, too, in that the bookshelves are arranged around the room, and the windows look out upon the ruffled Hudson, that like like a band of green-gray ribbon, flecked with white and blue, over against the foot of the mountain.

Shakespeare is a big figure in Miss Marlowe's library. He sprawls in all sorts of editions almost entirely around three sides of the room, and the Shakespeare shelf is rich in casts and bronzes of the swan of Avon.

Also, one notes out of the tall of one's eyes that Miss Marlowe has sandwiched in between the tragedies and comedies and "histories" of the divine William, essays upon his plays and copies of the earlier editions of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Measure for Measure," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merchant of Venice," and so on, all down the line.

You note this, as I have said, out of the tall of your eyes, and then turn that disturbed and darkening eye upon Miss Marlowe to find that actress laughing at you in a burst of girlish mirth that reveals her deep, pretty dimples.

"But, you believe in Shakespeare?" you question, in a gasp of horror. "You're not a Baconite?"

"Not a bit," she laughs. "To my mind, there's no proof that's so like confirmation strong for holy truth that Shakespeare is Shakespeare, as the proof that Shakespeare is Bacon."

"And on the other hand," she continued with delightful pardon, "I don't think there's anything that clears Shakespeare's skirts of platygary like the stories and poems and plays he is said to have plagiarized."

Miss Marlowe's eyes rested upon the chapleted marble brow of the Trausblatt bust of Shakespeare for a moment, and then, throwing back her head with the characteristic gesture of the actress, which we are all familiar, she continued:

"Besides, what difference does it make if Shakespeare did rove in other men's gardens?"

"If he borrowed anything he did for the idea he transferred to his pages what Augustus did for Rome; he found it mud and left it marble. Now, didn't he?"

"Of course," she said, smilingly, "you offer to defend; only a meek howl which inspires the actress to full-winged flights of still further eloquence."

"Often, and often, and often, I have had from discussions of Shakespeare to find the real answer to it all in Shakespeare himself," she cried.

"One can scarcely open a volume with-

# My Lost Youth.

Henry W. Longfellow.

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That I loved by the sea;  
Often I think of the days of my youth,  
When the world was new to me,  
And my youth comes back to me  
As a vision of things that were,  
And a year of a Lapsland song  
Is haunting my memory still.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-sounding seas,  
And the music of the waves  
Of all my boyish days,  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black waves and the alps,  
And the sea-side tossing tree;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the music of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the music of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The towers of the cloistered woods;  
And the friendships old and the early love  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of  
In quiet neighborhoods,  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It stutters and murmurs still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that  
Across the schoolboy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophetic, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain,  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on and is never still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that cannot die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong  
Heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that overshadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are singing and whispering still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dunes of the days that  
I find my lost youth again,  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

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