Cathrine Countiss in Love With Portland

SHE SAYS THIS CITY WILL ALWAYS HAVE A WARM SPOT IN HER HEART, HOWEVER FAR AWAY SHE MAY BE

THE woman who has been most prominently before the people of Portland for the past seven months chatted with me for half an hour the other evening about her work here and the regret she feels at saying good-bye, for be it known that at the close of the three weeks' special engagement of the Columbia Company Miss Cathrine Countiss will leave Portland, never to appear here again, except perhaps at intervals as a star.

Miss Countiss has a charming personality. She is what women call "perfectly lovely," and she is much more. She is intelligent beyond even the average of successful public women. She is always interesting, even-tempered, kindly, level-headed and withal essentially a woman's woman.

I have no small admiration of her as an actress, but off the stage I admire her more.

In more ways than one, she is remarkable. She has played in this city almost continuously for three years, and yet retains a wonderful hold upon the theater-going public. Without exaggeration, I may say that no actress has ever become so well known and so well liked here as she. I very much doubt if there is a man, woman or child of understanding years within the limits of this town who is not informed as to Cathrine Countiss. Most of them have seen her act, and many of them know her personally. I believe a majority of them will say she is a splendid actress, and there are those who will fight for her.

Hers has been a wonderful career here. By actual count, she has played 77 weeks of stock in the presense of Portland audiences. This means 633 performances, and this means that she has committed to memory 4620 pages of manuscript. She has never missed a performance of any of the companies with which she has been locally identified. The past season alone with the Columbia Company she has appeared every night, and at numerous matinees for 20 weeks. In that time, in addition, she has attended 200 rehearsals, learned 1800 pages of manuscript and spoken 250,000 words from the stage. To say nothing of the time she has spent in study, she has actually worked upon the plays presented 1680 hours. A day laborer working the regulation eight hours a day has in that time performed 1440 hours of labor. She has averaged four new gowns a week, a total of 120, which she designed, fitted and, what is even more important, paid for. She has received what appears to be a princely salary, $175 the week, but frequently a single gown has cost a week's pay. Above everything else, she is a worker, and if all wage-earners were as diligent as she in their various employments, there would be less poverty, unhappiness, dissatisfaction and no idleness.

She has made wonderful strides in her profession, for she has been on the stage but five years.

Her start was obtained in New York after many fruitless and well-nigh heart-breaking attempts to secure an engagement. She got a place with one of the lesser stock companies in the metropolis and was assigned three "bits." In the first act she "blacked up" and did a little song and dance. In the second she appeared as a society belle, after removing the burnt-cork and changing from rags to fashionable garb. In the last act she was a maid-servant, and for this task she received the munificent stipend of $6 a week. That was five years ago. It's a far cry from $6 to $175 a week in five years. When she was paid at the end of her first week she took her paltry $6 home with her and sobbed with disappointment. She had expected $15. Her next engagement was with "Arizona," at $40 a week, and in the short season with the Augustus Thomas play she appeared in every part in the piece, excepting that of "Mrs. Canby." She contracted to play the schoolmistress, but as understudy for all the other women in the cast she was called upon for "Estrella," "Bonita" and "Lena." After that she was leading woman for a short time with "The Village Postmaster." Then she appeared in stock at St. Paul for a few weeks, playing leads with Robert Drouet. She was next leading woman with Harry Glaser in "Prince Otto" and then she came to Portland in the Spring of 1902 with Ralph Stuart as "second woman." During that first engagement here she appeared in all sorts of characters, from soubrettes to grande dames. Her success here was so pronounced that when the James Neill Stock Company was organized the following August she was given the place of leading woman. When George L. Baker secured the company she continued in that capacity for two seasons. Following that she starred with excellent success in "The Christian," and for a brief time in "A Friend of the Family."

CATHRINE COUNTISS, SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY HARRY MURPHY.

Last Summer she was leading woman of Keith's Philadelphia stock company, and when Manager Welch organized the Columbia stock she came back to Portland to head it. This is her career, and it is only five years long. She has worked hard and her consistent efforts, reinforced by ability and an attractive personality, have won unmistakable success.

She told me the other night that last week was the first vacation she has had in 52 weeks.

When she leaves Portland at the opening of May she expects to take a holiday. She will go East and with her mother will seek some secluded place in the country where she can wear sunbonnets and live out-of-doors. She will have a good loaf this Summer and leave her work out of the calculation.

Then next Autumn she will be back to the spot-light again. She's going to be a star under one of the most prominent managers in America, but she is not advertising and will not go into the details. Possibly some time next year we will have a chance to see her at the Marquam at top-notch prices.

I asked her what she would like to say to her many friends here before she bids us good-bye. For weeks her mail has been full of letters from those who have come to love and respect her. She says there have been scores from women and a scant half-dozen from men, and I think this is her proudest boast, for she is a womanly woman and loves the affection of her sisters. In response to these, I told her she should say something for print and she agreed that to do so had been her great desire.

"I am leaving Portland at the end of April, perhaps for a long time. I shall certainly never play another stock season here, as the next three weeks will positively end my work in that capacity in Portland.

"I find that my heart fills up, and I can hardly express the things I would like to say. I have passed three of the best years of my life here. Portland has been my school. I practically started here and developed my art as it now is before this public.

"Stock is an exacting—a hard school—but it is efficient. I have played everything from 'Cinders' to 'Mary of Magdala' before Portland audiences, and I feel that my progress has been largely due to their kindly appreciation and encouragement. In return I have given them my best and most conscientious efforts, and I like to feel that I belong to Portland, that it is my home.

"I shall leave stock soon. I must try another important advance step, and I hope ultimately to do something really worth while. If in the future the people of Portland hear good reports of the girl who so long tried to please and entertain them, I hope they will feel some of the pride in me that I shall always feel in Portland. This city has given me a great deal, and I hope that I have given something in exchange. I feel a strong bond of love and sympathy toward the good people of this city, and I leave with a warm spot in my heart for the generous public and press of my home. I owe so much for the encouragement of applause and kind words of praise which I have received here. I shall never forget the people here, and I shall try always to be a credit to them, so that they may call me, 'Our Cathrine Countiss' with some feeling of pride." A. A. G.

"Charity? Not for Me," Says Emma Eames

Famous Singer Charges $2200 for Three Numbers at Concert Given for Benefit of East Side Waifs.

NEW YORK, April 2.—(Special correspondence.)—Quite the largest audience assembled in Carnegie Hall for a very long time was the one which listened to Ysaye and Emma Eames, in addition to the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch. This concert was given for the benefit of the Lower East Side Music School Settlement, and when the receipts were counted up it was found that they were considerably less than expected, because Emma Eames had put in her bill for $2200, for which she sang three numbers. In addition to this, of course, there was a very large fee to Ysaye. It is not difficult to understand that this engagement to the violinist meant nothing more than any other. He is not in any way related to the little waifs on the Lower East Side of New York, and, notwithstanding the fact that he takes away from America a good many of her round, hard dollars, there would be no reason why he should be expected to do anything for charity. Speaking of charities, a musician once said to me: "It is all very well to expect artists to contribute their services for charity, but if a private individual gives to charity he gives anywhere from a dollar to five dollars and more, according to his purse, but if an artist gives his services he gives that which represents anywhere from $150 or $300 upwards, and that is a good deal when there are so many demands."

This is not without some element of truth; yet we are not astonished to hear that a Mr. Rockefeller or a Mr. Carnegie gives $100,000 to charity and thinks nothing of it. Now, there is no reason why Emma Eames in the wealth of her art should not be regarded as analagous to a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, and this without considering her very great financial wealth, with her Italian castle, to say nothing of the fortune of her husband, Julian Story. Emma Eames, made by the American people, born of the American people, supported by the American people, asks $2200 to sing for an entertainment given for the benefit of the little children on the Lower East Side, so that a little light may fall across the darkness of their paths. It is incredible; it is absolutely unbelievable. What can there be in the pursuit of a great art than can so completely dry out every drop of the milk of human kindness. And this singer should be able to remember when her own path was not strewn with roses, when she could afford herself no luxuries—not even the positive knowledge that she would be able to continue her music study. It is perfectly true that success does one of two things—it softens or it hardens. The diva charged $2200 to sing for charity, and a charity in which one might at least have expected her sympathies to be enlisted. She will tour the country next year, and then the people will be able to understand what it means to have a great art, a tremendous art, and a heart like an icicle. No one who has ever heard Emma Eames sing has failed to remark that, notwithstanding her own great personal beauty and the exquisiteness of her voice, she was absolutely cold and unsympathetic, but few people would have believed that she was hardened enough to accept $2200 from a charity of this kind.

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Next! A testimonial for Mme. Modjeska will give the admirers of Paderewski one more chance to hear him. In this concert, which will probably take place at the Metropolitan Opera-House May 4, the great pianist, Mme. Sembrich and other compatriots of Modjeska will appear. At the rate which Mme. Eames holds herself it would take more money to pay these artists than the Metropolitan Opera-House would hold, but no doubt this will be a work of affection and sympathy for their countrywoman, and this bond is one which doubtless Mme. Eames could not be made to understand at all, because when Mammon reigns all else must do homage.

A young playwright said to me: "I can see the incentive for the American musician and the American composer to work for art in the highest acceptation of the term, but be assured that neither the actor nor the playwright has the same incentive. The musician displays his art before the picked culture of the country; the patrons of the theater consist of the masses, as it is a well-known fact that, with the possible exception of a Bernhardt, a Duse, an Irving or a Mansfield engagement, the classes will not turn out en masse, and if dependent upon the classes not even one theater could survive."

While there is a great deal of truth in this statement, there is something to be said on both sides. To begin with, the representative cultured people know perfectly well that the theaters are not dependent upon their patronage, since it is the great public at large that is able to keep so many of them afloat. But they do know that if they want music the responsibility rests upon them and upon them it depends whether or not it is possible to have the concerts. But there is another side and a far more vital one: The concerts which attract the class known as that of extreme culture and refinement present the greatest attractions of the entire world and in the entire world. To illustrate, there is no greater orchestra in existence than the Boston Symphony, unless it might be the Berlin Philharmonic, which is not greater, but as great. The New York Philharmonic is not very far behind the standard of the Boston organization, and the others must be within close enough range to bear comparison. The Kneisel Quartet is second to nothing in the world. The soloists who appear in conjunction with these organizations and by themsleves can only hope for recognition by an American public after having been regarded as superlative by all the rest of the world. The moment an organization or a soloist falls below the standard which has become the rule instead of the exception they fail to draw the classes, and up to the present time, except for the work of Frank Damrosch, F. X. Arens and a few others, the masses are not sufficiently interested in music to afford support.

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Now, let us look at the stage of today and we will find that the average is higher than it ever has been before, and all the men and women in the profession are more fully equipped and more finished than they were even ten or 15 years ago. But the great genius is conspicuous by his absence. By genius we mean such distinctive figures as Sheridan, Booth, Janauschek, Modjeska, Mary Anderson. We still have Henry Irving, Bernhardt, Duse and, shall we not say, Richard Mansfield, although his greatest adherents cannot throw over his shoulders the cloak which must soon fall from Irving. There is no one to wear this cloak, neither in Europe nor in America. Shall it be Forbes Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, John T. Hare, Sir Charles Wyndham, E. S. Willard, Charles Hawtrey? These are all great men, but is any one a distinct recognized genius? William Gillette, David Warfield, James K. Hackett, William Faversham, Charles Richman, Wilton Lackaye, John Drew, Henry Miller—all these men are first-class, the two first are rather more than first-class, but is any one a genius? And what about the women? Is there any one who would be a serious rival to Bernhardt or Duse among the following—Maude Adams, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Annie Russell, Ethel Barrymore, Eleanor Robson, Mary Mannering, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Blanche Bates, Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Maxine Elliott, Bertha Galland and a very long list of others equally good? Now, each one of these women is exceptionally gifted, but would the word genius be in place with any of them? Perhaps Mrs. Pat Campbell has the most right to the designation. We may readily see that all of these actresses represent types. Now what has reduced them to the narrowness of a type? Shall we not find the answer to this when we begin to analyze the modern play, and is it not the modern play which has eclipsed the genius of the stage? Then the manager will make answer—it is the public which makes the play, which accepts or rejects, not the manager. From this we are led to believe that it is the public which kills the goose which lays the golden egg—ergo, the masses create their own standard and that standard is inimical to such drama as would give scope to the genius, either man or woman.

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It may yet be a few years before we will be able to realize that the old school is completely passed away, because there are just enough of the old-timers to form a bridge between the past and the present. Sir Henry Irving is, of course, the greatest of these, with whom stands hand in hand Joseph Jefferson when he chooses to emerge from his self-imposed privacy. Of course Modjeska is still living, but professionally she has been dead for many years. Sarah Bernhardt is not so young as she was, and for the large number of people who in the country at large have accorded Frederick Warde a warm welcome his decision to leave the stage for the lecture platform will be another link out of the chain, although in the large Eastern centers Warde has not appeared for many years. The death of Maurice Barrymore brings to mind these conditions, notwithstanding the fact that professionally he died a good many years ago. Maurice Barrymore was unique in the dramatic history of this country, not only for his talent, which, while it never amounted to real genius, was of sufficient importance to make him stand alone. If I mistake not, it was Maurice Barrymore who created the creature known as the matinee girl, for if ever there was a matinee idol it was he, and he remained so even on to the vaudeville stage, upon which he collapsed mentally March 28, 1900.

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While we are on the subject of old-timers, there will be many interested to hear that last Wednesday eevning a testimonial was tendered to John Jack and Mrs. Anna Furman Jack, who are still enjoying good health and occupying positions in the theatrical world. The programme was made up of three one-act plays and a vaudeville bill. The quarrel scene from "The School for Scandal" was given delightfully, with Mr. Jack as Sir Peter and Mrs. Jack as Lady Teazle. The second play was a sketch called "The Prima Donna," in which Mr. and Mrs. Jack were assisted by Charles Avery, and the third, "My Wife's Mother," was written by Percy Plunkett, who played the leading part, with the assistance of Margaret McKeon and Harry Butler. The rest of the entertainment consisted of numbers by George C. Boniface, Irene Longforth, Lulu Martell, L. H. Gorman, Damon Lyon, Joe McKenna and Mrs. Jack, who sang songs of her own composition. EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Color Affects Animal's Temper

An Old Circus Man Tells How Beasts Are Angered by Certain Colors.

"LUK, Dennie! Luk at the hay-then! He's atin' the Dutchman's shirt up!" A smug faced tiger was doing the trick. He had torn a helper's sweater into shreds. The keeper came along and smiled. The two Irishmen roared. The Dutchman said things that wouldn't look well in type and picked up an iron bar to baste the tiger. A sharp word from the boss saved the tiger from getting his skull bruised."

The old circus man had been telling of the effect of colors on animals. The story of the Irishman and the Dutchman was the wind-up of a long-winded yarn which was used to illustrate the sinister influence of yellow on the tiger.

"I told that Dutchman that this young tiger would pull him down some day and hurt him if he did not quit wearing that ugly sweater," the old man went on to say. "It was the ugliest yellow I ever saw—ugly enough to give an ostrich indigestion from a glimpse of it. My men generally know the wild animals have strong likes and dislikes of colors, kinds of music, and people. The hyena, about the meanest thing on four legs, will almost jump out of its skin at the sight of purple.

"Last season when the Ringling shows were touring the South, an unsuspecting girl had a gorgeous plume of this color torn from her hat and was frightened into an assortment of fits. Her escort, a lantern-jawed young fellow, got mad and wanted to clean up things. He barked up the wrong tree on that score, and, after banging away at a youngster in uniform, tried his hand on an old-timer and got a good, hard bump for his pains. Luckily I came along and saved the testy young man's bones from a long siege of aches. The purple plume was the innocent cause of the mess, and after the young girl had come around explanations were made and the incident closed without any further unpleasantness. The management had to give up $20 for the hat. If you want to get a monkey to turning handsprings and squeaking with rage, wave a combination of red and green before his eyes.

"An odd thing about this, too, is that he is partial to green alone—in fact, most animals are—but when red is mixed up with the green Mr. Monkey gets on his ear and jumps madly at everything within reach. Green is a soothing color to wild animals, just as it is to human beings. I have used green shades to get nervous creatures sleepy. It never fails.

"When I want to make big, fat, lazy animals, like the hippopotamus and rhinoceros, shut their eyes in sleep I draw a piece of green baize around the cage, and the snoring chorus, which soon follows, shows that the green has done its work. Certain shades of red, say scarlet, are most irritating to feline beasts. A girl with a scarlet hat or jacket will make a tiger hiss and snarl and roar until he is out of breath, and then most likely he will further show his rage by tearing at the steel bars of his cage until his gums drip with blood. The young attendants know this, and when a girl overshot with scarlet comes near their charge she is politely told that the big show is about to begin, or turned toward the dens of baby wild animals.

"Bears don't like blue. They are grumpy critters anyway. A big policeman of San Francisco can testify to the fact that bears have no use for blue. He was on duty at the show, and wore his blue uniform. Toward the end of the engagement he began to feel at home, and liked to show his friends around, especially those of the gentler sex. I told him not to get too near the bears, but he knew; the fellows who get hurt always do. A sly old cinnamon bear waited his time, and when it came he nailed the policeman's coat skirts, and tore them off as cleanly from the waist line as if they had been cut by a sharp knife. The policeman looked funny in his new Eton jacket, and swore like a sailor. He was lucky to have saved his skin.

"Gray is a depressing color to lions, probably this is because they are such swell heads. They are a good deal like handsome men, and that is about the limit. When everything is sunny and their food comes on time and plenty of girls come along to say admiring things these beasts are as happy, apparently, as a colt in a clover field. They like blue, and they don't mind red, but when it comes to gray their features hang as if they had had bad news from home. Black and white is a pleasing combination to lions and leopards. I sometimes wonder if this is not due to so many of them coming here by way of Germany, and as a rule being held up for quite a while in Hamburg gardens before they make this trip. A Chinese flag makes them cranky.

"The lion, however, is not such a fierce fellow as some people try to make out, and his dislike for certain colors never runs into any extravagantly mean displays. The elephant, the grand old man of the menagerie, does not show much interest one way or another when changing colors are flashed before him. With him all colors look alike. It is a good thing for the black population that this is so, because when they get into their circus best all the colors of the prism are hooked up. The camel is much like the elephant in this respect. I have known a cross-grained one, though, to spit out a mouthful of bran over a dress that looked like a running mate for a crazy quilt. The gentle giraffe is partial to soft colors. Certain shades of green, blue, brown, and gray are to her liking.

"I have tried to find out if there was any one positive color that the two giraffes in our menagerie preferred most, but so far I have been unable to prove anything like this to my satisfaction. You know, the giraffe can make no sound, and it is mild mannered as a shrinking young girl. The Ringling rhinoceros has the funniest little whistle for so huge a body, and when it gets mad this pipe blows like a factory signal at noon time. He has no use for bright colors of any kind, but will snip at and munch playfully soft shades of brown, green and blue, I think, if he has any preference, it leans to black and gray.

"The bovine species, like the buffalo, yak, sacred cattle, etc., snort and bellow when brought to face with waving red. The tapir will turn tail and try to hide from yellows and reds. This probably comes from the fear of the treacherous cat animals of his jungle home and the British redcoats that go hunting for his kind. The wart hog seems too dull to notice anything but food, although one of my men swears he has no use for red, because he comes from South Africa and has seen the color on the backs of so many Boer enemies. Black panthers, which are only leopards in disguise, will hiss and snap fiercely at any solid color, but, strange to say, when the colors are combined they seem to look at the changes with interest and hardly open their lips. Green is the best general color in a menagerie, and any neutral shade of blue or gray is best for the uniform of an attendant."

Debt Wiped Out by Pelee.

Worcester Telegram.

Rising out of the ashes and prospering beyond all thoughts of the possible at the time of ruin, is said to be the latest history of the people of the Island of Martinique. The historian is American Consul Ayme, on leave of absence from his post in Brazil. He was the only official United States representative on the island after the eruption of Mount Pelee a few years ago, when the City of St. Pierre was destroyed and its 29,000 inhabitants killed in an hour. He stopped at the island on his way home and looked into the conditions of its people. He was astonished, and he expressed his astonishment, and at the same time explained how it was possible for the quick recovery to have taken place. He says that at the time of the eruption St. Pierre was the metropolis of the island, and practically all the wealth was centered in the city. With the buildings of the city there was wiped out all the papers and evidence of indebtedness on the island, so that there was no evidence on which creditors or such of them as outlived the disaster could collect a debt of any kind. All the people on the island outside of St. Pierre found that their debts had been wiped out by the terrors of the eruption, but the eruption did not destroy the large stores of specie and metallic wealth in the banks of the city, and that fell into the hands of the living inhabitants of the island and made them rich in hundreds of cases where they had been poor. Therefore, they were much better off by means of the eruption, and they have taken advantage of their opportunity to prosper and make the island bloom. Those who were killed by the volcano do not miss the wealth they left. It was better for the survivors than a national bankruptcy law.

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