

Willis Steele's dramatization of "Wolfville," a novel by Alfred Henry Lewis.

David Belasco has in preparation a new play by Norma Leslie Murray. The piece is to be a drama of New York society life and is said to be powerful and daringly original.

It has been erroneously stated that James O'Neill would be Madame Modjeska's leading man. Whereas Mr. O'Neill, as is now well known, will continue as an individual star.

The Pollard Opera Company is playing in Montreal. Joe Matier writes us that business there is the same old story, nothing but capacity all the time. The youngsters deserve it.

Hall Caine sailed from London last Saturday for a two weeks' visit in New York, during which he will see the performance of "The Red Rover" at the New Amsterdam Theater.

Kyrie Bell returned to New York on the Campania last Friday, after a summer spent on his yacht, the "Moosehead." He was accompanied by Frank Connors, the Bunny of "Raffles."

Carolyn Gordon, who is playing Tessie Mitchell in "The Ham Tree," is reported to be engaged to the captain of the Japanese army, whom she met in Paris two years ago.

Sarah Bernhardt began a short season of repertoire at the Opera-House, Buenos Ayres, Argentina, on September 23. From Buenos Ayres she goes to La Plata and Rosario, and thence to the United States.

Genevieve G. Haines has secured from Booth Tarkington the exclusive right to dramatize his story, "The Quest of Captain Mackintosh," now running as a serial, and also the dramatic rights to his story, "The Beautiful Lady," which recently appeared in a magazine.

Among the many new dramatic successes secured from Charles Frohman by Edwards & Mayer for their stockholders is "The Dictator," the Richard Harding Davis comedy in which William Collier scored so strongly upon the Coast last season and recently in London.

A copy of the will of Joseph Jefferson was filed in Baltimore last Thursday. Among the bequests noted there was \$1000 to Mrs. Jane Gordon, of that city, a painting to be selected by Mrs. Jefferson to Ernest Gillman, and one of Mr. Jefferson's fishing reels to Grover Cleveland.

Mason Mitchell, who has been the American Consul at Zamboanga, came in the city last week on a two months' leave before again taking up his duties in the consular service. Mr. Mitchell's many friends in the profession were glad to welcome him back to New York after his three years' absence.

Marie Cahill is trying to arouse interest in a play for a summer home for chorus girls, and is meeting with success. Katherine Conway has consented to act as New England sponsor for the scheme, and Madame Mary Anderson Mayo has been asked for the use of her name for the home.

A travesty on "The Music Master," written by Joseph Herbert, will be added to "It Happened in Norfolk," at Lew Fields' Theater, on Thursday night of this week. Mr. Fields will burlesque David Warfield and Blanche Ring and Joseph Carroll, Julius Steger and Joseph Herbert will have prominent parts.

Richard Mansfield is recovering from the effects of two serious operations performed for the relief of a grave intestinal disorder from which he has suffered for several years. His condition is so favorable that yesterday he began rehearsals of "Don Carlos." He and Mrs. Mansfield celebrated the 13th anniversary of their marriage at their home in New London, Conn., last Friday.

Dramas of the West

IN THE Pilgrim for October, Kenneth Herford has the following to say of the play which must finally prove "the great American" drama:

We must look to the West for the scene—if not the authorship—of the "Great American Play." It is in the plains of Nebraska and in the deserts of Arizona, Nevada, or New Mexico that are to be discovered those types which may truthfully be called American. The conventions of society in the East forbid that naturalness which must strike the keynote of the drama. The truth of this is shown in the American success of French plays adapted to suit our own peculiar requirements.

Since the beginning of stage representations in America, our dramatists have turned to the West for the scenes and color of that life which in its dramatic depiction should be truthfully and vital-ly American. The dramatist has instinctively followed the course of Empire which moves ever westward. And it is the first function of the dramatist to give expression to the spirit of the age in which he works. And it is on the frontier, "here in the skirts of the forest," that we shall find the material ready at hand for the fashioning of the best American play, for here appears, to finest advantage, the American spirit rampant.

The history of our frontier drama dates properly from 1831, when James K. Paulding wrote the part of Colonel Nimrod Wildfire for J. H. Hackett, father of the Hackett of the present day. The work of the dramatist was crude and inartistic, unworthy quite of survival. Indeed, there are only two plays of the period deserving of attention, Augustin Daly's "Horizon" and "Davy Crockett," by Frank E. Murdoch. The former piece, in a revised version, meets success even today, for its Indian element is slight and quite inoffensive. The play might, perhaps, be called a frontier melodrama, in the dress of the period, looked like animated illustrations from the books of Bret Hart. In its cast of characters it possesses miners, prospectors, Chinamen, Indians, bartenders and gamblers. Indeed, taken as a whole, on the word of Mr. Lawrence Hutton, a careful critic and painstaking historian of our stage, "Horizon" was the best play of frontier life—Davy Crockett" excepted—until Mr. Thomas produced his really splendid drama, "Arizona."

The Rubiyat of a "Ham." Awake! For Morning, with her Bow of Song. Black and the three, their love with Actor's Crown. And lo! the Matinee! 'Twill soon be Time To throw the Villain down the Loop-the-Loop!

And as the Clock struck, those who stood before The Box Office, cried: "Open up the Door! Ah, get a Move on there, 'wan!" Hey, ah! there any ten-cent Seats no more!"

How sweet the Melodrama! think some; Others, how blist the Pastoral Plays that the Ten-Twent-Three, and heard great argument. About the "Chester" and "Papers." Then I'd come out. More full of Debutants than when I went.

The brilliant Playwright writes, and having will. Puddles his Rot-devil of Plot and Wit And teases Managers to get it up. And some poor "Ham" is forced to star in it.

And this I know—the glaring Calcium Light Kindled my Love for Drama-Acting, quite. One glimpse of it behind the Scenes, and then I joined a "Stock" and was a "Ham" out-right!

Latin again—one evening at the close Of one Month's One-Night Stands, the Moon arose. The Treasurer left us on the Shining Strand, No Salaries—we'd better "take our Clothes!" Indeed, the title "Res" I've had so long. Has done my Credit in men's eyes much wrong.

Since out of work I've borrowed things to look. Sold Reputation for a Rag-Time Song. But when myself with shining shoes shall pass. When all the present Stars have gone to Grass.

If in my Joyous Errand I reach the Spot Where I make Good, I'll have another glance! Take Care, I'll have another glance!

—M. Welsh Colwell, in The Show.

A COOK WHO CAN ALSO ACT

May Irwin and "A. A. G." Have a Spat on the Question of Accomplishments

By Arthur A. Greene. For some time it had been almost a vexatious problem as the authorship of Shakespeare's plays as, the first chance I got, I asked May Irwin—

"Who really did write your excellent cookbook?"

The large blonde smile hesitated on the large blonde face and I was almost afraid that the largest and blondest of women stars was going to frown. "You wrong me with that notion of yours that I can't cook," said the Irwin. "I can both cook and write, the former well enough to convince even a skeptic like you and the latter well enough to write the recipes. As a matter of fact all the recipes in my book are my own except those that are Sarah's and they are even better than they sound."

The particular Sarah referred to is Miss Irwin's maid, also guide, philosopher and friend. Sarah has the complexion of Flemish oak and the wit-est wit in the city. She is the original of the "Aunt Jemima" whose flour is sold all over the signboards, and she has the happy blonde disposition of her distinguished mistress.

Sarah was busy with various things pertaining to the comedienne's dressing-room, but paused long enough to sniff contemptuously at me for daring to doubt.

"Aha! At last I know. Here was a case of supposed authorship like unto the one which has occupied bookish men since the Bard of Avon died. Sarah is the lean Bacon to this wholesome fat and wholly domestic Shakespeare. I was glad to make the discovery for since the famous cookbook is to be immortal, it will be enough distinction to head off the cryptogram disputants of the future.

"Your joint masterpiece is literature," said I and was at once restored to favor.

"You think so?" This time the Irwin smile was again resplendent. "You are a smarter young man than you look. I might find you worth bothering with."

Rather Cook Than Act. "Believe me, then, I can cook a blamed sight better than I can act. I like to do both, but I'd rather cook. It's so much more artistic."

During the remainder of my call May Irwin was in the merriest of her merry moods and when the bell which signals the coming of the curtain sounded its warning, I was jealous of it.

Miss Irwin is the same whether on the stage or in the kitchen.

There is only one way by which she might possibly become more popular—open a restaurant in this town. If she can do both, but I'd rather cook. It's so much more artistic."

She declares it to be true that as a cook she is the hit of the age, with only one rival—"Sarah's bettah."

Mothers of Famous Actresses

The "Matinee Girl" in the Mirror. "WHAT ails that woman?" "Sh-sh-sh!" The warning was accompanied by a wide opening of horror-filled eyes. "She is the prima donna's mother."

Mothers have, after all, the first and last call on the emotions, and therefore, the head twisters, the general, insufferable unrest of the woman who filled the chair in front of us. Only once were we stirred like to do both, but I'd rather cook. It's so much more artistic."

But today madame was exceedingly fit, and it was joy supreme to watch the expressive back of that mother. Such a contented back, broad and a little bent though it was; such an elated back as the prima donna shook out her topmost note as a bird shakes out a loose feather. Such a triumphant back when madame had finished her warbling and the house recalled her. Such a heavily happy old mother when the curtain fell and she walked proudly to the door of the temple consecrated by her daughter's art.

Never speak ill-natured words, for the confusion of the wringer in front of her may be the mother of one of the performers. And mothers have rights even a playhouse is bound to respect.

A magazine published a series of studies of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men." Why doesn't it duplicate its success by a series of "Unknown Mothers of Well-Known Actresses?"

For instance, there lives in a gilded birdcage apartment two blocks from the house where lives the jolly star and her two sons the mother of May Irwin. The elder Mrs. Irwin—that is the name on the doorplate, although her name is Campbell—is 76, but looks less than 60. She is small and dainty. Miss Irwin could hold her in midair with one sweep of her muscular arm, though I have no reason to believe that she takes that form of exercise. Mrs. Campbell wears trailing, Camille-like garments, usually of white, that are wonderfully becoming and fit well into the scheme of the luxurious little apartment. And the stories she tells and the queer old photographs she has of May "and the other one!" By the other one she means her daughter Flo!

There is that small, mouse-like woman with a deep, low voice, and who habitually wears grays and browns, Mrs. Annie Adams—Maude Adams' mother. Mrs. Adams is an intelligent actress of two score years' experience, who is just now playing the role of the doctor's wife in "Mrs. Lettingwell's Boots." Mrs. Adams is the best coach her daughter ever had. She is, in proportion to her means, the most benevolent woman in the profession.

Mrs. F. M. Bates, the old fox woman in "The Darling of the Gods," is Blanche Bates' most esteemed counsel. An old actress, she has led Miss Bates eyes many a thorny path of inexperience with a wise guiding hand.

Claremont Tavern

Finest Roadhouse in the West Famous for Maryland Chicken

—SPECIAL— Northern Pacific Puget Sound Limited Leaving Portland at 4:30 P. M. Daily Stops at Claremont. Returning (Same Train) Leaves Claremont 10:45 P. M.

Christian Science Lecture

—BY— Miss Mary Brookins, C. S. B. OF MINNEAPOLIS

Member of the Christian Science Board of Lecturers of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.

—AT THE— Marquam Theater Sunday Evening, October 1st, 1905, at Eight o'Clock

ADMISSION FREE Holders of Reserved Seat Checks must claim seats by 7:45, as seating will be made public after that time.

MARQUAM GRAND THEATER

Monday and Tuesday Nights, October 2 and 3 SPECIAL PRICE MATINEE TUESDAY AT 2:20 O'CLOCK.

THE ALL-SURPASSING, MODERN OPERATIC COMEDY,

THE GIRL FROM KAYS

With America's Foremost Dialect Comedian, BOBBY NORTH

50—ACCOMPLISHED ARTISTS—50 25—SONG HITS... SONG HITS—25

Evening Prices: Entire Lower Floor... \$1.50 Balcony, first 6 rows... \$1.00 Last 3 of last 6 rows... .75 Last 2 of last 6 rows... .50 Gallery... .25 and 35c Boxes and Loges... \$1.00

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MARQUAM GRAND THEATER

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday Nights AND SATURDAY MATINEE, OCT. 4, 5, 6, 7.

FOR THE FIRST TIME HERE. DIRECT FROM HER TRANS-ATLANTIC AND CIS-ATLANTIC TRIUMPHS.

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...IN... MARY ANN

A Natural Comedy By Israel Zangwill.

As played by Miss Robson for three months in London. England, and six months in New York City. "Miss Eleanor Robson is the first female Joe Jefferson." —Sir Edward Russell, Celebrated London Critic.

Special Matinee Friday, Oct. 6, at 3 o'clock. Miss Robson, as Comedienne, in Robert Browning's play, "IN A BALCONY." The first Browning performance to be given in Portland. Note: No one seated after the rise of the curtain at the Friday matinee.

PRICES, both Matinee and Night —Parquette, \$2.00; Parquette Circle, \$1.50; Balcony, first 6 rows, \$1.00; last 3 of last 6 rows, 75c; last 3 rows, 50c; entire Gallery, 50c; Boxes and Loges, \$12.50.

The Advance Sale of Seats Will Open Monday Morning, at 10 o'clock.

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Excursion Rates on All Railroads—Seat Sale Starts Saturday Morning, Oct. 14, at 10 o'clock

Out-of-town orders for seats through the mail or the express offices will be promptly attended to. In the order of their receipt, after the regular sale opens, when accompanied by remittance and a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply, in order to avoid all mistakes. State when ordering priced tickets desired and performances. Applications for seats should be made to Calvin Heilig, Manager, Marquam Grand, Portland, Or.

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Matinees—Sunday, Wednesday, Saturday NOTE—BARGAIN MATINEE WEDNESDAY 2:15 P. M.—25c TO ANY SEAT

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(Formerly Columbia Theater) Belasco & Mayer, Props. Matinee Today at 2:15—Tonight at 8:15 Last Times, "ON THE QUIET."

STARTING OCTOBER 2 MATINEES SATURDAY AND SUNDAY 19th Week Belasco Stock Co., Presenting

THE CHARITY BALL

The Successful Comedy Drama By David Belasco & H. C. DeMille

Prices: Night—25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Matinees—25c, 35c, 50c. Sale of seats at Theater Box-Office only. Reservations two weeks in advance.

NEXT WHITE WHITTLESLEY, in THE FORTUNES OF THE KING

HEADLINE GRAND WEEK OF OCTOBER 2d

SUNDAYS CONTINUOUS 2:30 TO 10:45 P. M.

Eunice Draks & Co. Winning an Heiress. Teed & Lazelle, German Comedy Sketch. Fred Purinton, "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield."

THE THREE BOUNDING GORDONS Acrobatic Marvels. Herbert, The Minstrel Man. Mabel Howard, The Scottish Nightingale. The Grandiscope, "The Firebug."

Events, Sundays and Holidays, Lower Floor, 50c; Balcony Seats, 30c; Box Seats 2c. Daily Matinees, 10c. to any seat except Boxes.

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The Gettings, Refined Comedy Sketch. Fred Holton, Aerial Ladder Act. Franklin Confer, "My Own."

LAMONT'S COCKATOO CIRCUS. Lottie West Symonds, Comedienne. The Royal Trio, Singers and Dancers. The Staroscope, "The Impossible Voyage."

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