

ON THE STAGE



NAT C. GOODWIN
AT THE
HEILIG
IN
"THE GENIUS"
AND
"WHEN WE
WERE
TWENTY-ONE"



MISS EDNA
GOODRICH
AT THE
HEILIG
IN
"THE GENIUS"
AND
"WHEN WE
WERE
TWENTY-ONE"



LILY
BRANSCOMBE
AT THE
LYRIC



MYRTLE
LANE WITH
MENDELL
AT THE
HEILIG



MUSICAL comedy is getting under way in full cry at the Heilig Theater. The city is enjoying it, although the masses do not go off as far as Fourteenth street to every performance in as large quantities as the good quality of the entertainment justifies. The management seems to judge that a steady upward trend of the quantity and quality of the offering is the proper thing, and so, better and better grow the amusements up at that house.

"The Telephone Girl" neat, charming, lively, was put on this week with a dash, fine singing, capital comedian's art, gorgeous costumes.

It pleased, and I suppose it paid. To get up a comic opera in a week is really a superhuman task. But they deserve extra credit up there at the Heilig. They work like Trojans, and the result is astonishing. The voices and experienced aplomb of the majority of the company are quite as satisfactory as the best of people who visit us as a spot in a road tour wherein we are charged \$2 for a plethora of calcium and gauze.

A big hurrah, a yell: "Here comes the more or less intelligent humans dressed up in their Sunday best appears in the opera-house to look at each other, and attend an 'attraction' consisting of Broadway chestnuts, probably clever acting, some talked songs, some mischievously inclined females in long stockings and collarettes, a fanfare of electricity, a phosphorescence of multi-colored glare, some dancing, some prancing, a tune or two, a topical verse on Noah and his voyage, Adam and his temptation, Roosevelt and his children, the mother-in-law who never died, or some such bizarre and unusual subject for a lyric—and that is all.

I SHOULD think it was about time that we awakened to the fact that we have something better than this now at the Heilig in the person of this Kendall Music Company.

It is a positive fact that it is above the swish-of-skirts-and-a-hand-organ grade. Even the citizens and citizenesses who have been to the theater before (and think that they know the sum total of knowledge) may be assured that they will commit nary a faux pas if they go and feel delighted at the antics and comicallities and comic-singings of the Kendall Company. The fact that most of the members of the Kendall organization have been successful elsewhere and were the rage in Los Angeles need not hurt them in the estimation of the hyperfastidious and vacillating public mind in this profound metropolitan of the Pacific Coast. If it had not been for the San Francisco disaster we could not have secured the company at all. I don't think it came here because it wanted to. It came here because it had to.

"Let's appreciate what we've got."

POSSIBLY you will like the program that is marked out for the near future. "Wang" is scheduled for the coming week. After that arrives a sensation, Dominico Russo, the tenor who studied with the great Caruso, and in the judgment of some, is even more fiery than Caruso. He is not a large-sized man, and that is the only drawback that can be laid up against him concerning his stage presence. But, judging by the unlimited hyperbole slathered over him and engulfing him down in California, where he and his ex-wife, Estefano Collamarini, set San Francisco and the Argonaut crazy, we shall have a grand opera artist with us that even the critical acumen of a King-street magnate may safely approve.

Russo will open in "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bessie Tannehill—grand opera, and two of the best voices and temperamental creatures this side of Savage's forces in New York. Russo, for that matter, is begged to come to Corvair year after year, and were it not for private entanglements, would certainly go. The opera will be preceded in the evening by two acts of "The Mascot," making a double bill, with augmented orchestra. I believe that is enough to prove that the musical people mean business and are honestly trying to give Portland a worthy season of light opera.

STOCK at the Baker Theater is drawing to a close for the Summer. The season at that house has been more than liberally attended. The plays—"Prince Karl," "The Little Minister," "Hands Across the Sea," "The Eternal City," "The Man From the Golden West" (Jim, the Westerner), "When We Were Twenty-One," this week "Madame Sans-Gene," the coming week "Rip Van Winkle," and the following week closing the season with "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—make up nine weeks of stock that has been largely patronized.

Anything that is, has a reason. The plays here have pleased, and have satisfied a definite want for amusement. The theater is convenient for the portion of the city's populace which desires stock

productions, and it is handy for the stray transients. The plays have been produced with a goodly amount of intelligent flourish, and considerable merit has been displayed by some of the players.

EDGAR BAUME scored best with his "Prince Karl," at the very beginning of the season. Lillian Lawrence gave her most artistic performance when she delineated Phyllis in "When We Were Twenty-One." Donald Bowles proved himself the best actor in the company by two impersonations—Rocco in "The Eternal City," in which he developed a monumental outburst of emotional energy, and in "The Imp" in "When We Were Twenty-One," whom he made the most real and consistent juvenile creation I have ever seen on the local stage of Portland. John Salapolski can act when he wants to. Apparently, he has not wanted to, except in a few shorter passages, technically called "bits," during the present season. I do not think he has done justice to his undoubted talent and temperament. Mr. Dills has kept up his well-known general excellence as an all-round comedian whenever he has had a part requiring any ability. Mr. Emeton has done yeoman service in staging a series of extremely difficult productions, and he has appeared to advantage in several parts, of which he has made more than I imagined he could. Mr. Russell held his own at all times. He is a competent and intelligent fellow and conscientious in his work. He is so popular and has been seen so many times in comic roles that his well-acquainted audiences refuse to accept him in a serious part. Otherwise, he has tendencies in which he would excel in character acting. If Mr. King would curtail his stage smile just a trifle he would be an ideal "heavy" for the average stock or road company. His physique and facial looks are perfect. Mr. Harris has a spark of genius in him. He flashes whenever he is on the stage. I don't know whether or not he is capable of sustained effort.

MISS NEVILLE alone among the women of the company has extraordinary temperament coupled with extreme facility. Her pronounced mask, to which one must become accustomed in order to like, prevents her from completely winning in a permanent fashion the audiences of stock where they all want to develop a warm personal regard for the players. It is simply a fact, not to be deplored or to be felicitated, that the usual stock audience feels this way, and beauty, or the lack of it, has a cruel lot to do with the niche occupied by the stock actress. But Miss Neville has remarkable talent. She should be in "heavy" roles in melodrama, where the audience changes nightly. She can make an impression as quickly as a flash. There must always be shadows to the picture, and she can paint the dark tones in a melodrama with precision. Miss Power is sweet, but lacks strength. Miss Terry is pretty, but is undeveloped.

To sum up, the men are competent, but the women lack that essential to perennial and increasing popularity—charm. Headed by Mr. Baume, whom Portland



SCENE FROM
"RIP VAN WINKLE"
AT THE
BAKER

likes best of all for leading man, the masculine element in the company contains ample material to hold the public for a long season. But when you candidly consider the women, they are like unleavened bread in their power to grasp and compel the public. Outside of Miss Lawrence's cold, classic lines, there is an utter absence of beauty, and there is no glowing charm anywhere, except it may be in Miss Neville's burning temperament, or in dear Mrs. Byers' "comfy" ways. Mrs. Byers, indeed, is motherly, and Mr. Byers is fatherly, and both are comfortable and satisfactory.

Others have played, but they didn't count.

GOODWIN, the only "Nat," says that he will play Rip Van Winkle, now that Joseph Jefferson is dead. Goodwin is out for the bear the coming week. He is going to play "Dick Carew" at the Heilig Saturday night, and so we may see again how the part should be played, according to Mr. Goodwin's notion. Possibly some of us have an idea that Mr. Baume the other week gave us an impersonation of the character that was sufficient unto the day and the good thereof. I liked Mr. Baume's work immensely. It may not be quite so finished and experienced as Goodwin's handling, but it was vital and brought the tears frequently. Mr. Goodwin has played "Bob Acres" and Gollightly, two of Jefferson's famous roles, but Mr. Goodwin has never heretofore essayed the role of Rip. (Mr. Baume will try Rip this week at the Baker, you remember). Mr. Goodwin is reported as having secured the aid of Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas to prepare a new version of Rip Van Winkle. He also declares that he will star in repertoire the coming season with a big company, numbering something like 100 people, and carrying an immense lot of scenery in a section of special cars. These are the plays that are scheduled to make up his repertoire: "The Usurper," "The Merchant of Venice," "Lend Me Five Shillings," "When We Were



EDGAR BAUME, WHO WILL PLAY
"RIP VAN WINKLE" AT THE BAKER

Twenty-One," "An American Citizen," "David Garrick," "The Glided Fool," "The Cowboy and the Lady," "Confusion," "Gringore," "The Rivals," "Richieu," "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Genius."

The last named play is by William and Cecil De Mille, the sons of the one and great De Mille, who collaborated with David Belasco when they compiled the biggest successes at the old Lyceum theater on Fourth avenue in the first palmy days of Daniel Frohman's regime. "The Genius" is a farce, chock full of laughter and bubbling lines that suit Goodwin. For example, he says that he got his money by inheritance and keeping away from life insurance. Mr. Goodwin was always funny and in big productions, some of which are tragedy, he will be funnier than ever.

LETTERS like the following deserve publicity:

PORTLAND, June 27.—(Editor Oregonian.)

Dear Sir: Being one of many who have so thoroughly enjoyed the delightful singing of Miss Tannehill, and having been informed that Miss Tannehill has been a great success as a singer of sacred music, I know that the church-going residents would feel honored if Miss Tannehill could be prevailed upon to sing at one of the churches of our city on the remaining Sundays of her stay in Portland. Such a voice surely would add to the beauty of our weekly offerings of praise, and I trust that the suggestion will be favorably received and acted upon. Very truly,

J. U. LOVEJOY.

If Miss Tannehill can be persuaded to sing as suggested, her divine voice may have a good effect upon the choir which she joins—if that could be.

A. H. BALLARD.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

Mr. Baume in Joseph Jefferson's Most Famous Role.

A fine scenic production of the famous play, "Rip Van Winkle," will be the bill for the eighth week of the stock



EDGAR BAUME, WHO WILL PLAY
"RIP VAN WINKLE" AT THE BAKER

season at the Baker Theater, opening this afternoon, July 1.

This play is familiar to everybody—made so by the late Joseph Jefferson, whose fame rests chiefly on his wonderful delineation of the touching, poetic role of Rip, who loved children, who was his own worst enemy, who slept for 20 years, and finally returned and, no one knew him at first except his daughter, who had grown to womanhood. Washington Irving's beautiful story is preserved in the Charles Burke version, which is used in this production at the Baker Theater, and it follows the lines laid down by Mr. Jefferson in his instructions to Dion Boucicault, who first prepared the version that Mr. Jefferson used.

There is great interest in the performance that Mr. Baume will give of Rip, as Mr. Baume is famous for his splendid German dialect, and his particular effective qualities as an actor suit him well to the part of Rip. His earnestness, his tenderness, his grace of carriage, his humor, his very human touch imparted to all the roles he assumes, will doubtless render this impersonation one of the very best that he has given us during the present memorable season of stock at the Baker. The principal scenic effects will be the Catskill Mountains, along the Hudson River, where the spirits of Hendrick Hudson put poor old Rip to sleep, and the legendary village of Falling Water, to which he returns after he has been asleep for 20 years. A special Fourth of July matinee will be given Wednesday. The cast is as follows:

Rip Van Winkle..... Edgar Baume

Derrick von Beekman..... John Salapolski

Cookles..... Howard Russell

Gretchen, Rip's wife..... Mrs. E. D. Byers

Twenty Years Later.....

Rip Van Winkle..... Edgar Baume

Derrick von Beekman..... John Salapolski

Cookles..... Howard Russell

Gretchen, Rip's wife..... Mrs. E. D. Byers

Gretchen..... Mrs. E. D. Byers

Kathleen, Beth's wife..... Miss Ethel Gray Terry

Meenie..... Miss Lillian Lawrence

Villagers.....

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—The village of Falling Water.

ACT II—Scene 1: On the road to the Catskill Mountains. Scene 2: In the Catskill Mountains. Scene 3: In the Catskill Mountains (20 years later).

ACT IV—Scene 1: The village of Falling Water (20 years later). Scene 2: Derrick von Beekman's home.

"WANG" TONIGHT.

Kendall Company in De Wolf Hopper's Success at the Heilig.

"Wang," the opera for the fourth week of the musical comedy season, opening today and tonight at the Heilig Theater, Fourteenth and Washington streets, is one of the most imposing and spectacular light operas that we have. De Wolf Hopper's name is indelibly identified with the production, and it is acknowledged that Cheever Goodwin and Wallace Brady never wrote a better or more taking little opera than this one. It has the true ring of burlesque, and still it contains excellent music, both in the lyrics and the concerted passages, the scenic effects are striking, and the action is always spirited. It fairly bubbles over with frolic and witticisms, and there is ample scope for the talented principals of the Kendall Musical Company to introduce some of their own splendid "business," which is always characteristic of fine artists in musical comedy. The costumes are to be especially gorgeous, and for this part we may depend on the Kendalls, for they are famous for their sumptuous costumes. Robert Pitkin will have his best role of the season, the title role in "Wang."

The full cast follows:

Wang, Regent of Siam..... R. G. Pitkin

Maaya, Crown Prince, his nephew..... Ben Lodge

Chow, a young French officer..... Miss Lillian Lawrence

Peep, keeper of the sacred elephant.....

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social position and art aspirations. She gives little encouragement to his devotion because he lacks artistic temperament. In despair he happens to visit the studios of three artists—La Merce, a painter; Vogelberger, a pianist, and McGonigal, a sculptor. These artists are impetuous. Spencer appeals to them to take him as a pupil and suggests a scheme to them to aid his love affair that will materially increase their incomes. He proposes to affix his own signature to their various artistic works and turn over all the proceeds to them. They accede and he is discovered later by Percival Clutterbuck, an art critic, who is groping to discover "the great American Genius." Spencer is surprised by a visit from the critic and Miss Van Dusen, assumes the role of the master, and the visitor is surprised to hear the three artists accept suggestions and instructions from him. Spencer strides about with a grandiloquent air of artistic pretension and Clutterbuck, believing he has discovered the mystery, announces that he must at once let the world know that "the great American Genius" has been discovered.

Spencer becomes the artistic rage, and learns that being a genius is a bore, especially when he realizes that he does not love the society woman but really a pretty model, whom he has found in the studio. He decides to give it up, but finds it is as difficult to undo himself as a genius as it was to become one. He succeeds in restoring himself to his original status only after enduring a whirl of amusing situations and complications. On Saturday evening Mr. Goodwin will present, by special request, the play that is so closely identified with his fame as an actor, "When We Were Twenty-one." Mr. Goodwin has, as usual, surrounded himself with an exceptionally clever company. Great artist that he is he cannot tolerate incapacity or even mediocrity among the actors in his company. They must be thoroughly competent, or his own work suffers. Most conspicuous in his present company are the superb beauty, Miss Edna Goodrich, who plays the role of the artist's model, Nell Graham, Orlan, in the one scene sketch, O'Brien, Robert Paton Gibbs, H. Gettis Lonsdale, Gordon Johnston, Cary Livingston, M. B. Snyder, and Miss Suzanne Perry, Mrs. Louis Jackson, Mrs. Evelyn Walls, Edna Adams and Eva Marsh.

Advance sale opens next Wednesday morning, July 4, at the box office of the Heilig at 10 o'clock.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The closing bill for the Summer Baker stock season will be "Uncle Tom's Cabin," not the ordinary presentation of the famous play, but an elaborate production, which will astonish people. It will be on a scale that measured the all-star cast when it was produced last year at the Academy of Music in New York, in which production such people as Wilton Lackaye and Grace George took part. The members of the Baker company will make living, breathing, human sketches in this great play, and there will be accessories that will be stupendous in their sensational effect. Thirty negroes will be on the stage and there will be a lot of real bloodhounds. Dot Bernard will be featured as Topsy.

GREAT BILL AT THE GRAND

Yuma, the Mystery, Appears Today.

New Acts Tomorrow.

This day closes the big vaudeville bill which has been at the Grand during the past week. On the bill are such first-class specialties as Yuma, the mystery; Paul Dockey, in the one scene sketch of stagehand; Edward Waldman, in "Jekyll and Hyde"; West and Benton, singers and dancers; Colonel Billy Link, with his funny-colored regiment, and "Skidoo," the moving pictures. It is considered by vaudeville experts as one of the strongest offerings this house has given in a year, for each act is new and in every respect as good as the current bill, which is promising a great deal. The headline act is "Beggars," a playlet presented by the young melodramatic actress, Miss Anne Hamilton. She will be supported by an excellent cast. Among the funmakers will be George Lavender, a refined afterthought, with new songs and stories. As a monologist he has few equals. Leeds and Le Mar are Australians, the country which sends so many neat and novel vaudeville acts to America. This team