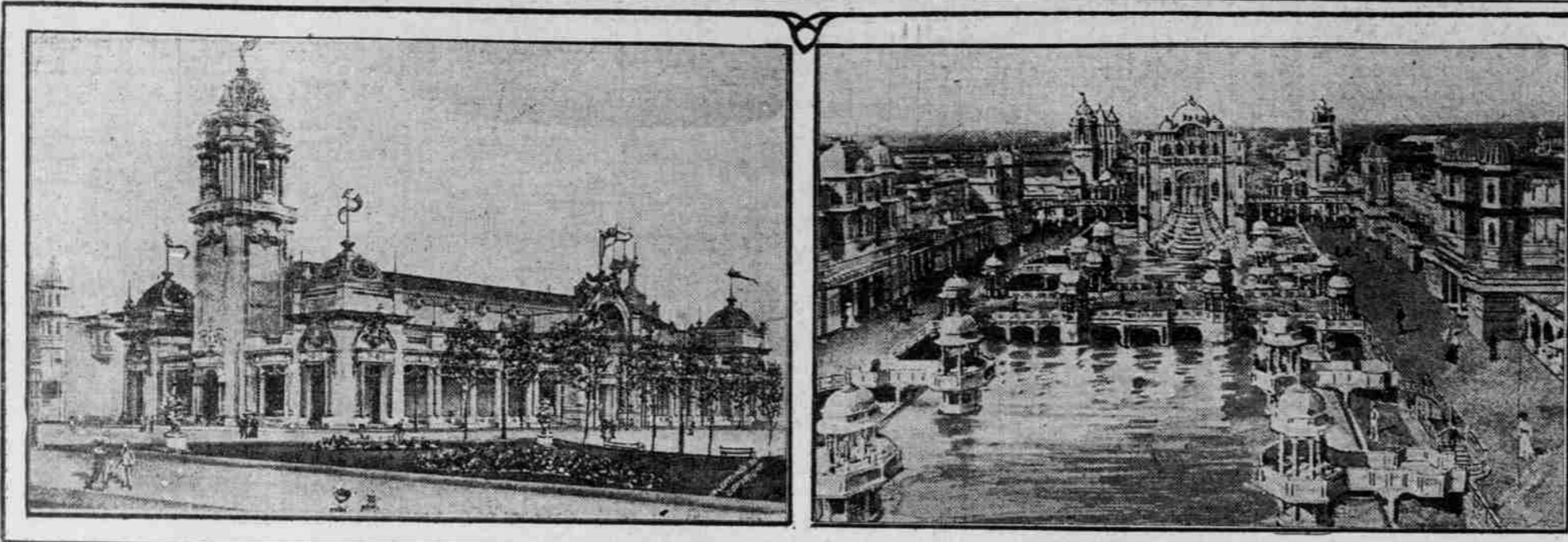


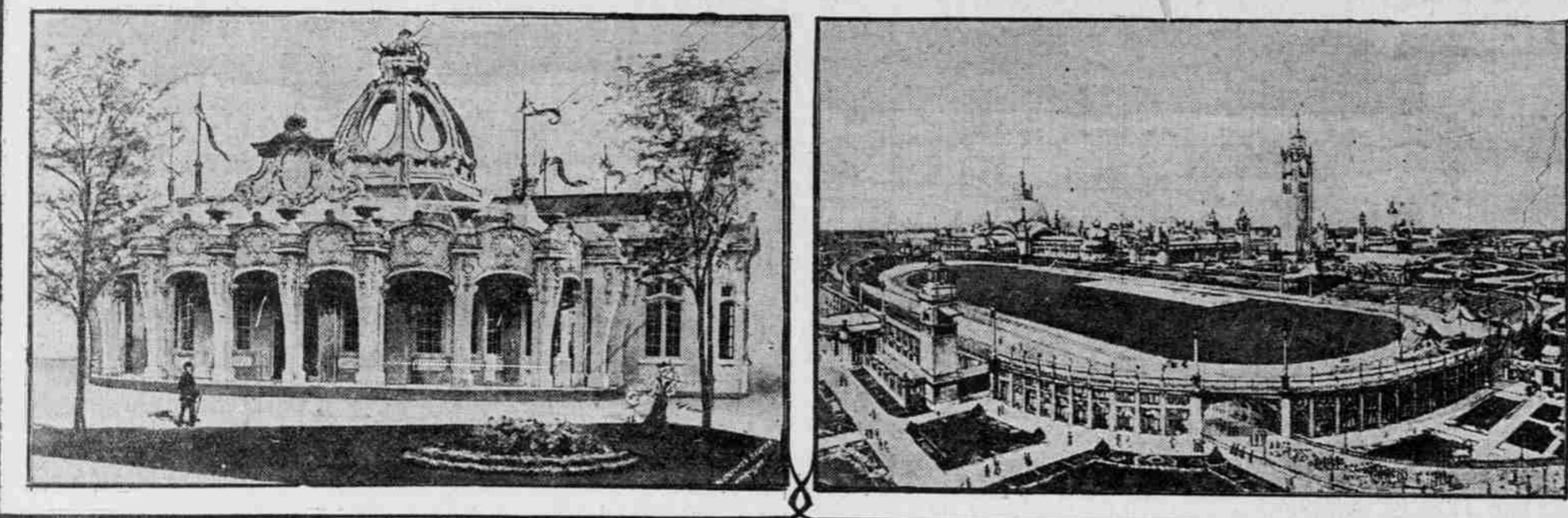
Some of the Principal Buildings and Scenes at the Franco-British Exposition

CORRESPONDENT WRITES OF GREAT FAIR AND OF LONDON MUSIC SEASON, NOW AT FULL HEIGHT



FRENCH APPLIED ART PALACE.

COURT OF HONOR.



PAVILION OF LOUIS XV.

THE STADIUM.

LONDON, June 23.—(Special Correspondence.)—It is rather late in the day to acknowledge a first visit to London, but having the old-fashioned idea that one's own country is worth knowing first, I put off a pleasure which is perhaps the greater for the waiting. Everything seemed to lend itself, even to the weather, for the trip, which was most remarkable and which was decidedly quieter than anything that the Pacific has had to offer upon occasions when I have availed myself of its services. I thought myself original in contributing to the welfare of the fish a pair of the best glasses I ever owned, and while regretting my loss, I rejoiced in the hope that some near-sighted fish would now be able to join the school, and felt quite a philanthropist to say the least. My astonishment was obvious when the optician to whom I presented myself for new glasses remarked, "Oh, did you come on this steamer? You are the seventh in here for glasses today after having dropped them." It is difficult to be original.

I am not trying to pose as English. If any one plans to do so, let him first supply himself with a batch of English money for six months before leaving home and then he may be spared the mortification of being compelled to ask at the postoffice for a stamp of the same denomination as the 5-cent ones "at home." In my recesses of my own chamber I have learned to ask for a "tuppence-ha-penny," but all suggestion of this extraordinary language leaves me when facing one of those very superior uniforms created for the purpose of selling stamps to unwary foreigners known as Americans. Things must be cheap over here.

It sounds cheap to hear the salesmen and women rattle off one-sixth-tuppence-ha-penny, or some such sounding number, and if I can remember it long enough I go home with a few more, and then find out whether or not I want it. The policemen in London are not much good on propositions of that kind because it is very refreshing to say that they do not know the name of a nickel for a 30 gold piece. But no doubt when I shall be in France struggling with the franc-entime troubles or in Italy with its lire and things of which I have not even learned the names, I will long for the guineas of England, which I suppose are not half bad after all.

London was in holiday attire when I got my first glimpse of it, and for several days the excitement ran high. The President of France, M. Fallieres, paid his visit to King Edward and to the great Franco-British Exposition, now in session in London. I never follow the hunt-wagon if I can help it, but this time I happened to find myself with the train and the miles and miles of British dragoons. In fact I called to mind nearly every opera that I had ever seen and wondered whether they would look more like the procession in "Aida" or like the soldiers in "Faust," when a superb carriage with distinguished looking occupants went by. The populace broke into a wild yell, and I waited for the procession. Upon seeing the crowds begin to disperse I asked when the procession was due. I was questioned with hauteur, flavored with pity whether I had not seen the King and Queen drive by. That with the conveyance carrying M. Fallieres was the procession. It was very nice, it was very dignified, but I never saw miles and miles of soldiers and such, to say nothing of a band which I hoped would be playing Sousa.

Strange as it may seem, the London season is now at its full height, and if any one believes that the artists who have contributed to the success of the musical season in America are ready to lie themselves to some summer resort and rest in a huge error, as they are all here, and Covent Garden is like a composite of the Metropolitan and the Manhattan. They may be deadly enemies in New York, but Campanini is directing the orchestra for artists from the Metropolitan, and these are smiling and cooling (professionally, of course) at singers from the Manhattan. Tenor honors belong to Bonci; indeed, one might say all honors without exaggerating. This famous tenor appeared for the first time this season at Covent Garden as the Duke in "Rigoletto," and the applause was so tremendous

that he could hardly proceed, and after every solo it was a number of minutes before the opera could go on. The polish of his art and the beauty of his voice never seemed at a greater advantage because Covent Garden, while not so good as the Metropolitan, Melba sang Gilda and Sammarco was in the title role. The rivalry runs high between Melba and Tetrazzini, and it is wonderful whether Hammerstein will really have sufficient strength to keep them in the same city next season, let alone in the same opera house.

Melba has the schooled voice and the quality, but it shows wear badly, while Tetrazzini is exactly the same as she was in New York, and the East and West qualities have already been defined to the readers of this column. Passing from the singers to the house, it may be interesting to hear that Covent Garden is smaller than either of the New York houses, and for aesthetic beauty there is little of which to boast, but, as with most things in London, it looks solid, and by association it is interesting outside of the musical value. The boxes are a brilliant sight, and must be very impressive to those who appreciate royalty and aristocracy, for there is much of that, and as a matter of fact New York is outside in the number of diamonds and especially tiaras. Both at the opera and other entertainments it is easy to draw crowds if it is understood that the nobility will be present, and there exists as much curiosity among the Londoners themselves to see these people, though they had never lain eyes on them before.

Musical events seem to draw unusually large audiences, taking into consideration that it is impossible to count the number of affairs given each day. One grows even careless of names, and it takes such attractions as Gabriellotti or Michia Elman to make people discuss concerts. Gabriellotti gave two recitals just before the festival in November, 28, after which he created the sort of excitement that an opera singer might be expected to arouse. The brilliant young pianist is a familiar name to the ears of those who will make a long tour of the country. Katherine Goodson, who has not yet been in the West, but who has made remarkable strides, gave a recital at her own concert at Queen's Hall before an audience which practically filled it. She is an English pianist, but this was the only concert she gave since her return from her American tour, as she has just returned from New York and will leave July 3 for a tour through Australia, and she will arrive in America via the Pacific Coast, where she will give a number of concerts before coming East again, where she is the prime favorite. Miss Goodson has a superb home in London, and one of her prize possessions is an autograph photograph of Roosevelt, which hangs on her wall.

There are a great number of American artists in London at present, most of them here with intent to appear in concert or in opera, and it is a remarkable fact that most of the Wagnerian singers at Covent Garden are Americans and English, and those who are neither English nor American are not German either, which proves that the operable artists have taken place by other singers in German opera. Among the Americans in the leading Wagnerian roles under Richter are Edith Walker, Mrs. Waborn, Hattie of Chicago; Florence Wickham, Putnam Griswold, of Oakland, Cal.; Clarence Whitehill, and in minor parts, while among the English are Edna Thornton, Mrs. Kirby-Lynn, Mr. Cornelius, Walter Hyde, Mr. McCormack, Agnes Nicholls, Mr. Radford, Mr. Austin and a very large number of others. Emmy Dearn and Van Rovy are not German, and are among the strongest forces that the Wagnerian opera has. A great question is, What does all this prove about German vocal methods and where are the German singers?

It is customary to say two things about an exposition—first, that all expectations are alike, and second, that this one is larger than anything that has ever occurred before, and I find it impossible to find anything more original to say about the wonderfully attractive Franco-British Exhibition, which, like all other expositions, is not yet finished. Architecturally and from the standpoint of the electric display, nothing more wonderful can be conceived. The care given to the garden effects has not been bestowed in vain, and the grounds look like the garden spot of the world. It is not possible in a limited space and within a time limit to offer any description of the exposition nor of the people. Perhaps the most remarkable thing to me was the personal and the types of those present, and we must allow for the cosmopolitan conditions which naturally exist under such conditions.

However, for the benefit of those who think that Americans overdress, let me put myself down for saying that it is not possible to find the world over women who dress as inappropriately as do the English women. Were anyone to tell me the things which I have seen for myself, I simply would not and could not believe it. Surely exposition grounds are no places for light evening gowns, yet there were hundreds not carried, but trailing three-quarters of a yard on the ground, low in the neck and the conventional evening sleeves. These were of the pale shades and of the finest materials—trailing in the dirt and in the gravel. There was no mistake about it, these were English women, not only to judge by the perfect type, but no other would dare to do such a thing. In the street one can see the same thing, with the possible exception of a bit of net in the neck, the most elaborate ball gowns are worn during the warm weather, and the parks are full of such gowns. There seems to be absolutely no conception of the fitness of things when it comes to gowning.

London is very much excited over the return of its favorite dancer, Adelaide Genee, who has been all season in New York, and she is telling them all sorts of charming things about America. She will return there next season to appear in the ballet "Coppelia," in which she will appear here this season. She says they will have to import dancers from Europe, because America has absolutely no ballet dancers—and yet we thought there were many sufficiently old to enjoy this distinction.

Of all things exciting England at present, there is little doubt that penny postage to America takes precedence, and most of the people feel that this is a more "cordiale entente" than the one with France. It seems likely that similar moves will be made with other countries, but they seem glad that it came first with America. EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Underhill was rector and preached in the big church, but Dr. Howell held forth in Grace Chapel, which is under the supervision of the church. Never were there so many teas, socials, card parties, tennis games, and strawberry festivals as under Howell's management, and not a feminine member of the church but declared that he was the most interesting preacher to whom they had ever listened. Then Dr. Underhill decided that there was too much gossip and the board of directors of the church were involved in the controversy which followed and out of which Mr. Howell emerged triumphant, continuing as curate, while Dr. Underhill resigned his charge. The women of the church did not hesitate to claim the victory as theirs, and they set about immediately to have the chapel made an independent church for their popular young minister. They told their husbands and fathers and brothers about their plans, until there were some members of the directorate of St. John's who were inclined to support the young curate in this new move. Others, however, did not coincide with the views of their womenfolk, and after numerous meetings it was decided to ask the young minister to resign. The women, however, held opposition meetings, and tried to rush along the transformation of Grace Chapel into an independent church, so that when Mr. Howell resigned from the one they might call him to the other. But their plans went awry through the appearance of enough men at their supposedly secret meeting to outvote their project, and Mr. Howell left to accept a winter charge at Pinhurst, while Dr. Underhill went to All Saints' church in Briarcliff as rector. But still in Yonkers the young minister's friends were working for him. Rev. John M. Ericsson had become rector of St. John's, and he expressed himself in favor of making Grace Chapel an independent church. Suddenly all the local feminine interest in Rev. Howell ceased; the projected rectorship became apparently a different proposition. Little doubt exists that the wedding has caused many heartaches. But the male members of St. John's church will continue to smile.

LYRIC THEATER
 SPECIAL
 MATINEE and NIGHT
TUESDAY JULY 7
 SEATS ON SALE FOR BOTH PERFORMANCES SATURDAY, JULY 4, AT BOX OFFICE

MRS. **FISKE**
 AND THE
MANHATTAN COMPANY
 Presenting, Under Harrison Grey Fiske's Direction,
ROSMERSHOLM
 By Henrik Ibsen.
 Prices: Orchestra, \$2.00; Balcony, \$1.00 and \$1.50.
 Mail orders accompanied by check or money orders will be filled in order of receipt.

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 14th AND WASHINGTON STS.
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4 NIGHTS BEGINNING TONIGHT
 THE CENTURY AMUSEMENT CO. PRESENTS
 J. WHITE'S FAMOUS NEW YORK

YIDDISH PLAYERS

SUNDAY NIGHT **KOL-NIDRE** MONDAY NIGHT **The Yiddish La Tosca**
 TUESDAY NIGHT **THE BROKEN HEARTS** WEDNESDAY NIGHT **SHULAMITH**

PRICES: Entire Lower Floor \$1.00 SEATS NOW SELLING AT THE THEATER
 Balcony 75c, 50c
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THE GRAND
 VAUDEVILLE DE LUXE
 Week of July 6th, 1908
 THE S. & C. ROAD
 SHOW NO. 3

Headed by the most wonderful Bounding Rope Artists the world has ever produced,
HUGH LLOYD AND WIFE

Mr. Lloyd's work on the bounding rope borders on the supernatural, and under no circumstances should his great work be missed.

Special Added Feature,
ANN HAMILTON & CO.
 In the Mexican study, "BEGGARS," with special scenery and effects. Don't fail to see the Great Fight on the Staircase!

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 J. A. JOHNSON, Resident Manager

Presenting **PANTAGES** Attractions

Week Ending Today: Two big New York Comedy Successes: The Four Comrades, and Charles Harris. Six other Acts, including feature film, "Campaigning in the Philippines."

FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING TOMORROW
THE RIALTO QUARTETTE
 Funniest and Cleverest People in Vaudeville, Direct From New York, and

ELECTRA
 Experimentalist in Electricity, Presenting Amazing Novelties.

ATWOOD AND TERRY Dispensers of Mirth
GLENROY AND BENNETT "Married Life"
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HOLMES AND GREEN Star Gymnasts
THE BIOGRAPH New Motion Pictures

Matinees every afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Nights at 7:30 and 9. Prices: Parquette and first six rows first balcony, 25c; balance of balconies, 15c. Loges and boxes, 50c. Any seat at week-day Matinees, FIFTEEN CENTS.

THE OAKS
 Baths Open

Last Performances Today and Tonight of the Horse and Dog Show 4:15, 9:15.

PRINCE KARL AND Mlle. MOUSETTE and a Dozen Clever Dog Actors.

SIX-DAY RACES IN RINK
 This Afternoon and Evening. All Professionals. Exciting Finishes, and Racing From Beginning to End.

"A LOST BABY" At 8:15, in Airdome, a merry squall of laughter and fun. Hear "Jack and Jill," Clamage and Figg's parodies, "Rebecca," "They Say He Went to College," etc. Monday, "The Head Waiters."

"FIFTEEN MINUTES FROM ALDER STREET"

LYRIC THEATER
 Both Phones—Main 4885, Home 1026.
 Week Commencing Monday, July 6, sixth week of the famous Bunkal-Atwood Stock Company in the Sparkling Farce-Comedy, "MISS SATAN, THE CIRCUS GIRL."
 One of the Season's Big Events.
 Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday; prices 10c and 20c; every evening at 8:30, prices 10c and 20c.
 Next Week—"The Tide of Life"

Portland Singers Win Laurels Abroad

Elizabeth Harwas and Nancy Beals Both Making Name for Themselves in Italy.

TWO of Portland's favorite singers, Miss Elizabeth Harwas and Miss Nancy Beals, former pupils of Mrs. Edward Alden Beals, who are now studying abroad, are having the most flattering things said of them by the Italian critics. Following are extracts from a letter recently received by Mrs. Edward Alden Beals from the impresario of the company with which Miss Harwas is singing:

Your pupil, Miss Harwas, has made a lasting name in Italy. Treviso is not only the only concert city to give her going there we would have much opposition, for Treviso is a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and with our Italian agents at Treviso, who have friends connected with the theater in Treviso. The success becomes, therefore, the greater. The entire press of Treviso praises her as a young artist. The press of Treviso speaks even in warmer terms, while the director of the Opera-House told me that he had numbered among the great artists of the world if she continues as she is going.

The maestro of the orchestra, Sig. Sigismund, has openly made the statement that her progress has been almost a miracle. Since she is studying in Turin she has sung in Piacenza, Modena, Cremona, Salo and Treviso and next week she will sing in Udine. This will make her seven Opera-Houses in five months' time with the company. I do not believe there is another American in Europe who has accomplished such a feat. She had the wisdom to work from the smaller parts up to the leading roles, and her knowledge and edge through practical work. Her foundation work has been American, and by proper diction and management she has placed her work will stand every time, without the least study of foreign teachers, which all Americans are doing.

While Miss Harwas is meeting with such success in grand opera, Miss Nancy Beals is studying in Florence with Lombardy, who is the teacher who brought out Caruso, Calve and other great artists. Sig. Lombardy says Miss Beals has an extraordinarily beautiful voice and unquestionably has a great career before her if she keeps on as she has begun. He says she is too young for the hard work of an opera company, but she is ready for the finishing touches and her voice is coming out nicely.

PRODIGY OF MEMORIZING

Child Less Than 3 Can Repeat Anything She Hears.

MALDEN, Mass., July 4.—(Special.)—What would you think of a child who, at two years of age, could repeat from memory every line of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," rendering it quite as cleverly as a professional reader? No doubt such a claim would arouse considerable skepticism and would or-

YOUNG RECTOR IS MARRIED

Suddenly Enthusiastic Female Admirers Lose Interest in Him.

YONKERS, N. Y., July 4.—(Special.)—When any two male members of St. John's church, in Yonkers, now meet they exchange knowing smiles, and thereby hangs a tale. The smiling first had its beginning when the young Rev. Allen C. Howell became curate of the church some time ago. Rev. Andrew F.

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