PORTLAND PLAYWRIGHT IS CLIMBING STEADILY UP THE LADDER OF FAME

Jules Eckert Goodman, Author of "The Test," in Which Blanche Walsh Is Starring, Ranks High Among Creative Geniuses.

BLANCHE WALSH WHO IS STARRING IN MR GOODMANS PLAY "THE TEST"

LOUIS MANN AND EMILY ANN WELLMAN IN MR. GOODMANS PLAY "THE MAN WHO STOOD STILL"

JULES ECKERT GOODMAN A PORTLAND YOUNG MAN WHO HAS ACHIEVED SUCCESS AS A DRAMATIST

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

THE work of a Portland-born playwright, Jules Eckert Goodman, will be seen here early next Spring in "The Test," in which Blanche Walsh is starring this season.

Mr. Goodman is now residing in Capri, one of the lovely islands out from Naples, where he is engaged in writing a play, that has been contracted for by a New York manager.

Prior to the recent earthquake Mr. Goodman had announced his intention of leaving for Sicily, fortunately, however, changing his plans a few days before the calamity.

Has Had Brilliant Record.

Jules Eckert Goodman has a record that makes interesting reading and his steady rise on the ladder of success seems to bear the stamp of the proverbial lucky spoon or attendant fairy godmother. But Jules Goodman has had his share of battles to fight and difficulties to overcome before he reached the goal at which he has aimed for years.

His school record alone shows close application and rapid success. He was graduated in his teens, from the high school and later from the Portland Academy. Then he went to Harvard and took his degree. While there he had the exceptionally splendid opportunity of studying Italian renaissance in literature under Charles Eliot Norton, during Dr. Norton's last year of work in Harvard. Later Mr. Goodman attended the Columbia University, in New York, where he took special work in dramatic literature under Brander Matthews.

Served as Dramatic Critic.

For several years Mr. Goodman was dramatic critic for Current Literature, was identified with the Dramatic Mirror and later associate editor of the Bohemian Magazine. He is a remarkably accomplished linguist, speaking French, Italian, German, Spanish, Norwegian and Hebrew. Recently he has assisted in the translation of "The Test" into the Italian language and its presentation in that tongue is being eagerly looked forward to.

His first work in Portland was a criticism of Mrs. Leslie Carter's presentation of Du Barry, at the opening of the Columbia Theater. For a year following this he sent dramatic criticisms to several coast papers in connection with clever articles on the drama in the East.

Has Written Many Sketches.

He is the author of several small sketches and stories that have been adapted to the stage, prominent among which is the vaudeville sketch, "Striking of A Match," which he wrote for Charles Hawtry.

To Mr. Goodman is given the unusual distinction of having had three plays produced during one season; this was last Fall, when "The Man That Stood Still," with Louis Mann as star, "The Test," in which Blanche Walsh is appearing, and "The Right to Live," which is being produced by the Larry-Giffin company in the east, attained prominence simultaneously. Mr. Goodman spent about nine months on "The Test" and nearly a year in constructing "The Man Who Stood Still." The latter was tried out in Chicago, under the title, "The New Generation," which was later changed to its present name, on account of its similarity to "The Regeneration," which was being presented by Arnold Daly.

Jules Goodman's plays cover a field heretofore given little attention. In a sense they are problem plays, in that they are intensely human, and after all is said and done, life itself and the daily routine of things is only a problem play. We each act out, and live to the end, an individual problem play on the stage of life. The complexity of conditions so engulf us, and our poor little ideals and personalities, that it is little less than absurd to talk of the simple life.

As to the Simple Life.

While it is true we retrogress easier than we rise, still the simple life, as it is writ large in the annals of modern literature in general, and Fra Albertus in particular, is of small potatoes and few in the hill.

To return to Jules Goodman, one might say, with safety, that the term genre, as applied to a painting, is particularly apt in describing his clever delineation of the lives of the Bowery characters and their existence.

The atmosphere of all his plays is decidedly that of New York. He deals chiefly with the lower East Side, the new Bowery in its process of evolution, not the old Bowery that has so long been in evidence greatly through the police courts and the reports from the Island.

Treats Subject Seriously.

He is the first author and playwright to take this subject and treat it with seriousness and dignity. He does not handle it in the cheap near-humorous melodramatic style so long in vogue with people who write of the seamy side of the great metropolis, but he gives it a character, a dignity and serious vein that is original and capable of vast possibilities.

Mr. Goodman will remain abroad during the rest of the Winter and will probably return to New York next Fall. His wife, who was Miss Mai Plouks, of New York, is a very bright and charming woman, who takes great interest in her talented husband's work. Mr. Goodman is a son of the late N. Goodman, and is a brother of Joseph and Maurice Goodman, of Portland. He has two sisters, Mrs. George P. Alexander and Miss Esther Goodman, living here, and another, Miss Rose Goodman, who resides in New York.

POE AND HIS CENTENARY

January 19, 1809 — January 19, 1909

BY ERNEST W. GAFFEY.

BARRED from an alleged hall of fame, and hawked at by the mousing owls of criticism, the name of Edgar Allan Poe still "beacons from the abode where the immortals are." A century since his birth, yet his genius is beckoned to by the outstretched hand of a succeeding century. Of neither his imitators nor his detractors can this much truthfully be said. Criticism in America, as in Byron's day, is, for the greater part, "ready-made." Critics, like jackals, follow the lions, and usually with entire respect until the lions are dead.

There will never be an approach to a sensible consideration of Poe until we forget both his personal failings and his individual virtues. These affected the persons he moved among during his lifetime. They no more concern posterity than the blades of grass that wave beside his tomb. He was a man who created; therefore we are to consider his creations. In his art he was unique; in his personality he was very like many other men. They do not set any stress in France as to a poet's character. They do these things differently (and with more saneness) in Paris.

It has been claimed that Poe had no friends. Griswold, his ghoulish biographer, was not a friend, although he masqueraded as one. Nathaniel P. Willis was indeed Poe's friend, kind, just and considerate. And Willis was a gallant and a poetical spirit. A gentleman, though somewhat of a dandy. But what of that? Like many another man who has drained the cup of friendship to its bitterest dregs, Poe turned to his books for solace.

Books were his chiefest friends; in them he read
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
Yet left upon the mountain tops of Death
A light that made them lovely.

* * *

Poe was unique. Was he a great poet? We who can mark where time has passed the 100th milestone beyond him can say boldly, Yes. The true critics of poetry—those who have proved their right to the title by their own creations—have so adjudged, giving their assent to the judgment of time. In Europe and America, Poe's greatest work in verse has been accredited by the elect with the undying beauty of great poetry.

Grant that many of his so-called poems are facile and slight—what are they but the foothills to his mountain-peaks? Compare "To Helen" and "Israfel" with any two lyrics by any English poet—by any poet—and they stand the test. Without passion, poetry is impossible. These two poems prove the assertion. Pure passion, mark you. And there is not an erotic line, not a degenerate suggestion even, in Poe's muse. But every line in these two deathless lyrics burns and quivers with the divine fire, the immortal radiance:

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

Poe's prose furnished material and ephemeral fame for a number of writers since his time. His own critical judgment as to his contemporaries has been almost exactly confirmed by the judgment of years. But great as this work indubitably is, it falls short of his greatest poems as the crest of a wave rises above its base.

When shall Poe be judged by a jury of his peers? In this world, never. Imitative work, such as the lesser art of the singer, the reader, the musician and the actor, may be listened to and criticised according to individual preference. But to bring to purely creative work—to poetry, written music, painting and sculpture—a criticism that is worth anything, a man or a woman should be able to point to some creative effort along the same lines, however crude or commonplace. Everyone is entitled to an opinion; but criticism and opinion are as separate as the poles.

Poetry was a passion with Poe. He so declares in the preface to his little volume. And he adds that in happier circumstances he would have devoted more of his life to this, the passion, and not the preference of his nature. What "circumstances repressed his noble rage"? What curbed the fine frenzy of his truly poetic spirit?

* * *

Poverty! Earning his living by his pen, he was compelled to turn to the manufacture in prose of the grotesque and the gloomy, the bizarre and the horrible, while poetic dreams, like the luring grapes of Tantalus, hung shimmering out of his reach.

What possible difference does it make what manner of man Poe was? Character rightly counts in its place, but neither for nor against the work of a poet. Character, like beauty, may in itself be genius. But as well judge of the nightingale's melodies by its plumage as measure a poet's songs by the morals he wears.

The quality of "Israfel" and "To Helen" is akin to that poignancy of perfection noticeable in Keat's "Ode On a Grecian Urn," or the choicest stanzas in Shelley's "To a Sky-Lark." The lines "To Helen" have the remoteness, the solemn beauty of the oracular, as though intoned from mythologic temples, mid still, Dodonian woods, with sea-surges to chant in rhythmic unison.

Of "The Raven," it has been so mauled over by beslavering flattery and berated by exuberant enmity that it may seem objectless to treat of it at length. Poe's own description of its mechanical creation I shrewdly suspect was a sheer cynicism—a baiting of popular ignorance. But the lines are undeniable music, and quite as susceptible of a myriad interpretation as Browning's most labyrinthian poetic puzzles.

Poe struck one false note in "The Raven." One word was flung in to make rhyme, and possibly alliteration, which is obviously the wrong word. When he wrote:

Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before——

He missed, by one word, writing a great and a true line.

Had he written:

Thrilled me, chilled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.

He would have recorded the exact impression he seeks, but fails to convey.

View "The Raven" in any light, however, its fascination remains. The long, sonorous lines, the alliterations, the double rhyming, the deep chime of its mournful refrain—all invest it with music and mystery. Taken as a drama, "The Raven" bears the unmistakable stamp of genius. It can be divided into acts, by stanzas, and "situations," action, dramatic effect, and a most telling finale at the conclusion is apparent. Poe's genius was essentially dramatic. His blank-verse efforts in playwriting indicate this trend; but gaunt necessity drove him to hack-work. And so we have in America but one high dramatic achievement in blank verse, so far as a play is concerned. I refer to the "Francesca di Rimini" of George H. Boker.

* * *

From the hilltops of contemplation it is easy to look back and see how the limitation of Poe's time cribbed, cabined and confined him in his native land. Poetry in America in his day was largely a dilution of the more placid of the English poets. So his fiery dreams were quenched, for the nonce, by the icy indifference of his surroundings.

It is paradoxical to mourn over Poe's sorrows, since without them he would not have climbed the heights. Health and wealth are not conducive to the production of poetry. Men's natures must go through the fiery furnaces of sorrow and privation before they can feel deeply:

For this mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain;
'Tis the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of his strain.

All Poe suffered, sinned and repented was merely incidental, so far as his poetical work is concerned. Hard as it undoubtedly was, grinding torments to his sensitive fiber, agonizing to those whom he loved and cherished—it was the inexorable will of fate, the making a poet out of a man.

Poe was so flagellated by chance and misfortune that it was an irreparable loss to the world. Time was what he craved; time to devote to poetry. For his mood was attained—at what cost who shall say?—and he was poised for high flights. Even stray lines in his lesser poems read like Sapphic fragments in their intensity, however different as to trend.

A dirge for her the doubly dead, in that she
died so young.
The life within her yellow hair, but not
within her eyes.

Scattered all through his poems are these evidences of his genius, like rays of purest light serene. Lines that have the signet-royal of impassioned imaginings. And what is great poetry but crystallized imagination?

* * *

The centenary of Edgar Allan Poe, which occurs January 19, is a triumphal one. Despite the buzzing of negligible critics, despite the adulation of those who mistakenly see genius in his every line—despite praise or blame, the man's name and fame endure and will continue to endure.

Reject, if you like, all of his prose. Time rejects nearly all prose eventually. Set aside his miscellaneous writings, essays and criticism. Reject if you choose "The Raven," by many considered his masterpiece. Put aside every line he wrote excepting "To Helen" and "Israfel," and you have in these two poems that perfection of beauty which makes immortal the marbles of Phidias and Praxiteles, and the dramas of Shakespeare. Lyric heart-beats, these two poems, which shall strike through the crusts of dead centuries and awake responsive heart-beats in whatever worlds may be.

Do not doubt this. Already the solemn chimes of fame ring out for him; already Poe's name is bugled from Parnassus by the herald of a century. "To Helen" and "Israfel"—granting Poe these, and he needs no more, as Gray needs nothing but his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," to answer in his stead.

Poe's triumphs are his own, and examples of the highest art, the most exquisite of lyric poetry, the most enduring in beauty—art in the sense that cannot die. Art which, out of sheer mortal travail of soul and spirit, was born to live again—and again and again, so long as men are touched and moved by the beautiful and pure.

All passes: Art alone,
Enduring stays with us.
The bust outlasts the throne:
The coin, Tiberius.

EQUITABLE GAME LAW

A Vigorous Plea for the Farmer Boy as Against thee Game Hog.

HALSEY, Or., Jan. 14.—(To the Editor.)—Oregon has a Game Hog Game Law but it doesn't protect the game. The baiting and slaughtering of the duck goes bravely on and as far as the ring-necked pheasant, the game hog clause is the principal factor in making them scarce. Someone may ask, what do you mean by a game hog game law? Perhaps I had better explain. Four years ago the would-be sportsmen got together and asked for an amendment to the game law which in effect says: "Here you non-shooters you must do without ducks and pheasants all the year round, and you bird raisers, i. e., you farmers, you must kill no pheasants out of season. You must sell none during the open season, but you must furnish range and feed for these birds whether you want to or not." The would-be sportsmen claimed they wanted to protect the game. Of course they did, they wanted the game protected so they could shoot it.

The proposed amendment became a law and the would-be sportsmen wagged their tongues and looked wise, but the country gunners could not see it that way and replied in effect: "Gentlemen, you have given us a game hog game law and we will out-hog you. Since we cannot sell the surplus we will eat it, and we will not wait till the 15th day of November to do the bulk of our shooting as heretofore, but we will begin while the birds are young and tender." The result is the shooting out of season has more than doubled within the past four years and the decrease in number of the ring-necked pheasant has been about the ratio of 16 to 1.

No one regrets the scarcity of our game birds more than the writer, yet there is some consolation in knowing that the class legislationists have at last got a dose of their own medicine. The ring-necked pheasants are now so scarce that a closed season of two or three years now talked of is certainly needed. Will a closed season make the birds more plentiful? Yes, provided we can get reasonable laws. But if we don't the country gunners will do just as they have been doing for the past four years. When they want a bird to eat they will kill it, provided they can do so. Yes, exactly.

But now the question arises, shall we protect the game for the benefit of every citizen? A majority of the people will promptly say yes. Well, then, if we want the ring-necked pheasant to become plentiful we must make it an object to the farmer boys to let it alone during closed season. We must stop the slaughtering of the birds by the city sportsmen which occurs during the first ten days of the open season. We must have a heavy trespass law to protect the farmers from country and city poachers. The open season must be made later and shorter, late enough to give young birds a chance for their lives and short enough to conform to the supply. Limit should be less than at present, say 8 per day; 16 per week and no one be allowed to have more than two days' limit in possession, game dealers exempt. For the years 1909 and 1910 we could have ten day's shooting on cock birds only, say from November 10 to November 20, with a limit of 5 per day with a posible 50 for the season. A penalty of $20 for each bird killed over the limit; $20 for each female ring-necked pheasant killed before October 15, 1911.

If the birds become plentiful within the next two years, the open season can be extended to 30 or 40 days. But we should never again begin the shooting of the ring-neck before October 15, and for the reason that birds are too easily killed, too many half-grown birds that haven't sense enough to get away. Shooters are too plentiful and the temptation to slaughter is too great to allow the shooting before that time. I may as well say right here that in 1903 the shooters of this precinct made an effort to cut off the first 15 days of the open season on upland birds. Had this become a law the ring-necks would be plentiful in the Willamette Valley. As for water fowl, we should have a closed season of three or four years on the wood duck as they are fast decreasing all over the United States and Oregon should set the example.

I notice by a recent issue of the Evening Telegram that the Fish and Game Association will try to amend the game law as follows: Open season on ducks from September 1 to December 1; limit 50 ducks per week, sale prohibited; upland birds, September 1 to December 1, limit 10 birds per week, shooting of female pheasants prohibited. The proposed amendment on ducks would rob most of the counties south of Portland of any duck shooting. Linn County has no ducks to speak of until about December 1.

The amendment to the bird law is actually astounding. One season of this would exterminate the ring-necked pheasant in the valley. Some of the ring-necked hens are still setting on their nests at that time and some of the young cannot fly. The young will not average more than one-third grown and no one can tell a male from a female until they are dissected. Such ignorance of the real conditions is amazing.

The Fish and Game Association certainly is jesting, but if the people of Multnomah want it that way they may have it in Multnomah (they don't) but not here in Linn. We would have an open season on ducks from November 15 to February 15 of the following year with a limit of 25 ducks per week, sale allowed (only 50 per cent as many per season to the gunner) with a penalty of $20 per duck for each duck killed above the limit. We also ask bounties on the pests which destroy annually nearly as much game as the hunters. On cougars, mountain lion $10; wildcat $2.50; timber wolves $3; weasles $1; crows 5 cents. No bounty is needed on skunk or mink as their skins have a commercial value and the trappers are after them.

Some one will say that to allow the sale of game will exterminate it. They tell us that the pheasants were getting scarce in some parts of the valley prior to 1904. To this we only need to reply, it doesn't matter what becomes of the bird after it is killed; the point is to restrict the killing. This can only be done by making the shooting season short enough to conform to the supply with heavy penalties for killing beyond the limit. It is sheer idiocy to think that farmer boys will kill nothing out of season unless it will pay to let the game alone. Almost every farmer in this valley feels as though the birds on his own land are his own property and neither logic nor legislation will have any effect on the bird raiser here.

As to the amount of birds killed for the market the last 15 days of November, 1901 to 1904; it was less than one day's shooting each for the city sportsmen of Western Oregon. I have been told that Portland has more than 2000 shooters. Let us allow that there are 1000 in the Willamette Valley. Ten birds per day to the shooter would give 10,000 birds for one day's shooting. In 1901 the market hunters killed during the selling season between 5000 and 6000 upland birds. In this valley 50 per cent of these were native pheasants and grouse. Say, 3000 ring-necked pheasants were marketed. Where did the ring-neck come from? Why, four precincts in the south half of Linn County furnished nearly all of these birds. The game dealers of Shedds in 1901 shipped between 1100 and 1200; Halsey shipped over 1400; say 2600 all told. In 1902 the number of birds shipped from Halsey to market was 13 to the gunner. In 1904 it was less than 11 to the gunner. However, more was shipped from here in 1904 than 1902 and more birds left over for seed at the close of the season in 1902.

Almost every man in this precinct admits that the birds had a great deal of protection on account of the 15 days' sale, and no protection at all since the sale was prohibited. As regards the city sportsmen, many of them are splendid fellows and are willing that the non-shooters have a chance to buy a little of the game which they cannot kill. They are willing to make the shooting season short enough to conform to the supply of the game, and every fair-minded man knows that this is the proper thing to do.

In conclusion will say that I have written this at the request of the country gunners of this vicinity. I am a farmer and also a gunner. I am deeply interested in the protection of the Oregon game. During the past 13 years I have killed no game out of season, and for the past seven years have killed no China hens except two by mistake in the month of November. I would like to see the game so plentiful that everyone could get some of it. This valley ought to raise 100,000 birds for the market each year, and could do so if we would give it the proper amount of protection for a few years. I will close with the expectation of receiving a red-hot reply. Come right on. I am loaded for bear and will give $100 in gold coin to the man that can give one logical reason to show why the non-shooters should do without game in order that the shooters may have an abundance.

For the ample protection of our game and an equal distribution of the same, provided we allow it to be killed, I am, yours very truly. T. A. POWELL.

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External treatment can never cure a chronic sore or ulcer, because it does not reach the blood. The place will remain open as long as it is used as a drainage for the impurity which is in the blood, and in addition to the worry and anxiety caused by an old sore, there is always danger of its becoming cancerous, if a cure is not effected. Purify the blood, and nourish the flesh with a rich, healthy circulation, and then the place will heal of its own accord.

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A CANCEROUS ULCER.

I had a large sore or ulcer on my face and nothing I tried would benefit me. It began with shooting pains and soon the itching was terrible. At first it discharged a watery fluid which soon changed to one of thicker composition and the pain became very severe. It was nearly as large as a dollar and terribly inflamed in all the surrounding parts. It had been there so long and growing worse all the time, I became very much discouraged and alarmed. At last I began the use of S. S. S. At first the ulcer seemed to get worse, but I soon found that the poison was being removed from the blood and I continued to take S. S. S. It was not long before I noted a decided improvement and I kept up the use of the medicine until I was entirely cured of this cancerous ulcer. This has been some time ago and there is no sign of a return of the trouble.
Gary, Fla. MRS. W. A. WRIGHT.

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Wilmington, N. C.
From the bite of an insect I was poisoned and had a dreadful sore on my ankle and took different treatments with no benefit. I was induced to try S. S. S., and after a few bottles it cleared my system and cleansed my blood and cured the sore. My mother took it for rheumatism, with success. I cheerfully recommend S. S. S. where a blood purifier is needed.
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