

Oregon Girl in Forefront Among Popular Playwrights of Nation

Margaret Mayo, Who Has Made Many Notable Successes, Is Writing Another Play for Grace George.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—(Special Correspondence.)—It is refreshing to think that in the busy mart of old New York, some of the busiest and of the most successful people are old Oregonians. Not a very "old" one is it possible for Margaret Mayo to be, as she looks hardly more than a girl out of school, and as I chatted with her in her own delightful apartment on upper Broadway, seemed more of a child than could be credited by those who only know the successful writer of "Polly of the Circus" and the collaborator with Mrs. Humphrey Ward in "The Marriage of William Ash" in the dramatization of the English novelist's work. What shall we call her? Margaret Mayo, or Miss Mayo, or Mrs. Mayo-Selwyn? The courts seem to have decided upon the latter, as she has had an interesting time trying to make them decide who she is. She is a woman who would lend themselves to this or to that situation, and in the lives of nearly every one that I know there are episodes that serve to make plays. I suggested that it would be a good idea for her friends not to take her into their confidence on the subject of their love affairs, but unfortunately for them she has the personality and the magnetism that would draw the intentions out of the sphinx, so they are likely to be helpless in her hands when she will get ready to write a new play. At the present time she is preparing to take a six or eight months' trip with Mr. Selwyn through Southern Europe and the Orient in search of "atmosphere," he says, but she says it is "just to see things." There will be nothing that she will not see, as she is beyond question the keenest observer I ever met. She gets so absorbed that she carries her readers to ordinary conversation just as she does her audiences who witness her plays.

"How did it happen to write?" I asked Miss Mayo with the ingenuite tone that is supposed to bring forth a story of the writer's life and the real name in Miss Mayo's case, however, I found out the real name first and the story she told as follows:

"It happened all of a sudden, I could not really say how, nor just why I should have gone on to the stage. I think it was on account of a fortune-teller who decided mother that I should go to New York and so on the stage. I had no idea of such a thing. At the present time she is preparing to take a six or eight months' trip with Mr. Selwyn through Southern Europe and the Orient in search of "atmosphere," he says, but she says it is "just to see things." There will be nothing that she will not see, as she is beyond question the keenest observer I ever met. She gets so absorbed that she carries her readers to ordinary conversation just as she does her audiences who witness her plays.

"Then 'Polly' was the first original play and I don't ask me how I got it, because I don't know. Even when I adapt, as in the case of 'Divorcee,' which was written for Grace George, I do not translate, nor do I take anything literally, but I simply make my own version with such further reference to what already stands."

By this time Miss Mayo was sitting Turkish fashion with both feet under her, the wide divan in the middle of the room, and she was as animated as a child talking about her new doll, as she told of the swing into fame of which she seems perfectly unconscious. Now she is writing a new play for Miss George and she said:

"I love to write for her, as every word comes because I can see the way she would say it or how she would do it. I can't tell whether it is because her style fits into my ideas or whether she makes me think certain things; I only know that I feel her near me when I write for her. It is a Western play, but not in the section of dear old Oregon, although I am making a considerable number of Western characters that I have known, because they are rich in original characteristics and in a charm which lend themselves well to reproduction on the stage."

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Selwyn is a playwright of distinction, and between his work and that of his wife there is no relation, as he writes along totally different lines. His last great success was "Pierre of the Plains," in which this charming and attractive young man took the lead himself. He has not given himself the luxury of a rest for a long time, and after all arrangements were made for this trip through Europe, he came to him which was hard to refuse, but he will get "atmosphere," and that is the need of all who live with themselves too long.

There are a number of Oregonians in New York and, strangely enough, they are usually to be found in the same place. At the Manhattan Hotel, the other night were seen T. Scott Brooks, who leaves for home shortly; Nick Zink, who is located in musical circles; and the great city, Mrs. W. E. Thomas, who is in New York to place her young daughter in school, and your faithful scribe, who feels that she rooms at the Manhattan and boards at the Metropolitan.

Mrs. Thomas is enjoying hugely the musical life in New York and she may be seen at all the great events of the season. Saturday afternoon she witnessed the second performance of this season of "Pellaea et Melanthe" and the same evening she saw Tetrazzini and the same Manhattan. There is enough to see and hear in New York, the only trouble is in finding the time to go to the different places.

Among the visiting Oregonians are Mrs. R. W. Langdon and daughter, of Albany, who are at the Manhattan Hotel. Mrs. Langdon will place the young lady in school and remain a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Blumauer and their daughter, Miss Hazel, sailed this week for Europe, where they will join Mr. and Mrs. M. Blumauer and daughter, who left a few weeks ago.



MARGARET MAYO, FORMER OREGON GIRL AND SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT.

give an operatic performance for the benefit of the Italian sufferers. When asked concerning her return to this country, she stated that the next time she comes she will remain at least six months and she will devote most of that time to concert work, which will be given on the Pacific Coast. She had ten operatic appearances with Mr. Hammerstein, six of which were given in New York and four in Philadelphia.

Troubled waters have not calmed at the Metropolitan and Mr. Hammerstein is also having his share. The latter feels that Philadelphia is not giving the support which he expected and he threatens to withdraw all interests from the Quaker City. Mr. Hammerstein feels that for pay at the present moment, but there is little doubt that he will reconsider, in point of fact, that he owns, in that city, one of the handsomest opera-houses of the world. The great impresario is under a nervous tension, due principally to the fact that he accepts little assistance from any one, and the strain upon him is showing. In point of fact, the fact that he is completely alone, he knows the luxury of not being compelled to consult with any one, which is very different from conditions at the Metropolitan, where Mr. Gatti-Casazza is suffering from the board of directors and his conditions in which Correll left operatic affairs at that house more than anything else.

At the Manhattan Mr. Hammerstein is enjoying this season the fruits of his indomitable labor. He has added many Mary Garden's triumphs of last season; another success in the form of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," in which he has the work of now, a remarkable aggregation of French stars he has in his company. The revival of "Othello" gave Zenatello the greatest opportunity he has ever enjoyed, bringing his two seasons in America, and Mme. Melba can thank Mr. Hammerstein for an unusually successful engagement.

Mme. Tetrazzini continues her sway over those who love the Italian school of opera and she is surrounded by an excellent company, including the tenor, Constantino. The addition of the Puccini operas to the Manhattan repertory has brought greater attraction to this theater, while Mme. Labia, who has only been seen as Tosca and as Santuzza, will also sing the part of Desdemona now that Melba's engagement is over.

Mlle. Gerville-Benche, who has grown steadily in favor, has been seen to much better advantage this season as Delilah in Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," which never fails to draw large audiences. Dalmore, who shares the title role with the French contralto, has made this a part of great distinction, and as Pellaea, which he played this year for the first time, he has won a position second to no tenor of his time in the world. Campanella is at the height of his powers and to him is due endless credit for the healthy musical conditions at the Manhattan. Another sensational stroke at the Russian violinist, for a number of Sunday night appearances, and each time the young violinist has appeared Mr. Hammerstein has turned away many hundred people.

Actual conditions at the Metropolitan Opera-House, when Gatti-Casazza was called to the helm, were indeed very bad. Mr. Corried should have paid a large bonus to get this elephant off his hands instead of demanding damages. Whether he is to be paid this amount, or whether it was tangled around him as it is tangled around the present management, it was impossible to say. At any rate, the new director is obliged to give more time to the adjustment of all grievous conditions than to the building up and getting forth of his own ideas. Gatti-Casazza made few of the engagements; they were carried over from the last administration and in such a manner as to preclude the present management from showing its individuality. For instance, the old contracts of certain of the singers call for so many performances that it is impossible to place, properly, Mme. Deschamps, who is obliged to sing, for instance, there will be a wedding out and a remarkable change in the personnel of the artists next season, and it is but natural that some of the older opera-goers

feel that as the great artists fall out of the ranks they are not replaced by equally good singers.

There is much in this, but unfortunately it is not because the management is not willing to engage them. It is because they are not willing to engage them.

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cause the young singers of today are not what the great artists in past years have been. But of this there is no time to speak at this moment. We are facing now what Europe has long known, and we must prepare ourselves to take opera as they take it there. We have depended upon a star system as dangerous to art as it was unhealthy in itself, and by the natural law of over-demand and lack of production conditions are adjusting themselves. America has exhausted the field of sensational singers. What we have here are the best; if better were to be had we would have them. Therefore we should be happy that we have such men as Toscanini and Mahler, who can make the production, the ensemble and the musical side of so much importance that we social and official life during the next four years. The home which Philander Chase Knox purchased from Mrs. George W. Childs presents a broad, substantial frontage on K street, immediately opposite the fortress-like house of Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, and adjoining the fine residence of Senator and Mrs. Hale, of Maine. With the exception of the late Mr. Hay, no Secretary of State in recent times has stepped into the office so well prepared from the social sense as Senator Knox. Mr. Root and many of his predecessors leased their Washington residences. Mr. Blaine owned his home in Jackson Square, but it lacked the spaciousness and later-day conveniences for the great entertainments now incumbent on the minister of foreign affairs. Senator and Mrs. Knox are so thoroughly identified with their home environment that it seems impossible to consider one without the other. In its every detail it reflects the personality of the man who is highly regarded by the leaders of his party and of the gentle woman who will soon step back into the Cabinet coteries which she graced during the latter part of the McKinley administration and part of the Roosevelt.

Home-Loving Sort.
"Mr. Knox and I, and, in fact, all my family, must be classed among the home-loving kind," said Mrs. Knox one day last week, when she was discussing her plans for March 4. "For that reason we soon set about getting a home in Washington, when we came here first, over eight years ago. But because we love home, the impression has been rooted that we do not care for society; that is, we are not social people. I think this is quite a mistake. We enjoy entertaining and being entertained, and we look forward to the social portion of the routine after March 4 with pleasurable anticipation. During the short time which we continue to make in the Senatorial set, I am going to devote my time to calling on the Senators' wives. For various reasons last Winter and absence from the city have fallen behind the obligations of calling and returning calls. Now I am going to leave with a clean slate. For the past week I have been from fifteen to twenty calls, personal calls, and one must get credit for having some social inclination to work thus diligently. I want to call on every Senator's wife, and say good-bye to this muse, but this week I shall have little time for receiving in my own home until after March 4. After that time, I shall be ready for the new duties."

Her Diversion.
"I find great diversion in crowds and watching crowds, and a trip to New York, London, Paris, any large center where there is color, bustle and noise, is an absolute tonic. Social life in Washington and in my home city, Pittsburg, has always appealed to me, but from the beginning I have conceived my home duties to be of greater importance, and I have only taken part in society when I could do so without neglecting more sacred obligations. I have never employed a housekeeper. Every detail about my home, whether in Pittsburg, where I spent the first and some very happy years of my life, when my children were raised, in Washington, or at Valley Forge Farm is worked out by myself. I long ago learned to systematize the task of home keeping. I have a routine for every day and every day is accomplished. I permit nothing to be deferred until tomorrow and in this manner I keep affairs in running order. It looks like a gigantic task when a woman is large and has social obligations heavy, but any woman who studies out her household problems as she does other problems will learn to solve it. I get over my service from those who employ when they have to report to me personally and get their orders from me. It assuredly saves the friction which exists between upper and lower servants."

No Trouble With Help.
I have found no difficulty about getting and keeping good servants, not even in Washington, where the question is such a perplexing one. I make rules for their comfort as well as for mine and I adhere strictly to the terms which I have made. My servants marry and leave me, but in every instance I attend to my social duties, and I give their places. So I am not embarrassed by having to train new servants or taking in strangers. In the autumn, when I come to Washington, I make out a number of different menus for the day and these are varied according to order. This problem is solved in a very simple way. I cook smoothly and pleasantly for us all. Usually my mornings are engrossed at home, but every day when the weather is not impossible, I take a good brisk walk. I attribute my good health to this habit. Usually I walk for an hour before luncheon, and it keeps me in excellent trim. In the afternoons I attend to my social duties, and in this way I manage to fulfill these obligations. Still a home and several children and now the little grandchild engross me some time, and sometimes even encroach on the portion set aside for the amenities. Generally I am able to keep the balance between the two, but I certainly intend to do so, my social obligations become more imperative."

Flowers From the Farm.
"Much has been written of my enthusiasm for the life at Valley Forge farm. I fear that I have received the credit which should go to my daughter, Mrs. James Tindle. Mr. and Mrs. Tindle reside in the old house which was General Knox's headquarters during the stirring War of Independence. The farm is forever connected with the name Valley Forge, and they have the active management of affairs. I love the farm, and whenever I can I read down there and get a good rest. But my daughter is the one who knows all about farm life and who delights in it. She knows all the tricks of the trade, and she knows the prices and plants and plant enemies. I just enjoy the fruit of her energy and intelligence. I delight in the flowers, and my first visit to the greenhouse is every Washington home is filled with flowers all through the winter, and this alone makes having the farm worth while. To have flowers of one's very own, flowers which you have hovered over when the seeds or bulbs were planted and watched with almost as loving care as you watch your child, and to look forward to their coming as eagerly as a young girl when she is going to a dance. We had the most glorious red and white and pink variegated carnations for Christmas."

Mrs. Philander C. Knox Has Achieved Wide Fame as an Able Housekeeper

Wife of the New Secretary of State Has Other Qualifications Than Those of Society Leader.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.
JUST OFF Sixteenth street, where that stately boulevard inclines aristocratic Washington in the old sense, stands the stately yellow brick mansion which will be one of the radiating points of all those lovely fragile blossoms which are so delicious in the house when the outside world is so dreary and snow covered. My favorite flower is the shrub in the valley, and in Valley Forge I have all the terraces edged with them, and they extend down along the walks in great profusion. When the hills are blue, I spend all the time which I can spare enjoying the sight. This love of hills of the valley is an inherited one. "My father, the late Andrew Smith, of Allegheny was devoted to them, and he called me 'Lily' in their honor."

Touring Europe in a Car.
"Of course, the flowers and plants are a great lure to the farm just as soon as Spring opens, but Mr. Knox and I are fond of traveling, and we are often torn between the two desires to spend the Summer with our children and the dear flowers and animals or to go abroad. We compromise by going away one Summer and remaining home the next. Last Spring and Summer Mr. Knox and I spent five months in Europe. We went to the British Isles, and toured the entire country in our car. It was one of the most pleasant experiences of our lives. Since we both needed rest and gained admiration through the drive, we decided to tour the rural life of the British, and the little glimpses you get into the farmhouses are delicious. We went also to France, and toured through the French valleys, which are the glorious grape districts. It was an experience which has furnished us with topics for conversations and food for thought, as well as proving so beneficial physically."

Best Housekeeper in Washington.
Mrs. Knox has the reputation among her friends of being one of the best housekeepers in Washington. Her house is immaculate from the great flight of marble steps by which one gains admittance through the drawing-room and up to the third floor, where a big sunny room is fitted up for the nursery of Philander Chase Knox III. "If I do not believe you ever permit anyone to go in these rooms," Mrs. Knox says that a friend remarked recently, "On the contrary, my dear, my daughter and I are in use every day and the children come in and out and I have not what is dubbed a company part. Yet the polished floor, the hallway of a mirror not breathed on, still less tracked with feet. Not an article is out of order, not a speck of dust anywhere. I attribute this to Mrs. Knox's remarks about attending to household routine personally and regularly. The library is the pride of the mansion. It is furnished in dark green leather and mahogany and occupies the entire front of the house facing on K street. Books in carved mahogany are filled with books all leather covered and bearing the private seal of Senator Knox. The cases are all traced in fine bronze and at each pedestal is a bronze reproduction of the Greek classic lamp, emblematic of learning. A classic air suffuses the

not only enough to fill every available nook here, but some for our friends. We are now getting narcissus, hyacinths and all those lovely fragile blossoms which are so delicious in the house when the outside world is so dreary and snow covered. My favorite flower is the shrub in the valley, and in Valley Forge I have all the terraces edged with them, and they extend down along the walks in great profusion. When the hills are blue, I spend all the time which I can spare enjoying the sight. This love of hills of the valley is an inherited one. "My father, the late Andrew Smith, of Allegheny was devoted to them, and he called me 'Lily' in their honor."

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Mrs. Knox has the reputation among her friends of being one of the best housekeepers in Washington. Her house is immaculate from the great flight of marble steps by which one gains admittance through the drawing-room and up to the third floor, where a big sunny room is fitted up for the nursery of Philander Chase Knox III. "If I do not believe you ever permit anyone to go in these rooms," Mrs. Knox says that a friend remarked recently, "On the contrary, my dear, my daughter and I are in use every day and the children come in and out and I have not what is dubbed a company part. Yet the polished floor, the hallway of a mirror not breathed on, still less tracked with feet. Not an article is out of order, not a speck of dust anywhere. I attribute this to Mrs. Knox's remarks about attending to household routine personally and regularly. The library is the pride of the mansion. It is furnished in dark green leather and mahogany and occupies the entire front of the house facing on K street. Books in carved mahogany are filled with books all leather covered and bearing the private seal of Senator Knox. The cases are all traced in fine bronze and at each pedestal is a bronze reproduction of the Greek classic lamp, emblematic of learning. A classic air suffuses the

not only enough to fill every available nook here, but some for our friends. We are now getting narcissus, hyacinths and all those lovely fragile blossoms which are so delicious in the house when the outside world is so dreary and snow covered. My favorite flower is the shrub in the valley, and in Valley Forge I have all the terraces edged with them, and they extend down along the walks in great profusion. When the hills are blue, I spend all the time which I can spare enjoying the sight. This love of hills of the valley is an inherited one. "My father, the late Andrew Smith, of Allegheny was devoted to them, and he called me 'Lily' in their honor."

Touring Europe in a Car.
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