

GOSSIP AND CHAT OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

EDITED BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

IT REALLY seems that we have fallen upon sorry times when such rank salaciousness as forms the motif of Clyde Fitch's farce, "The Blue Mouse," is greeted with storms of laughter from seasoned rounders and young girls who shamelessly revel in the filth that is offered for their probing. People who object to "The Merry Widow" and other current offerings on the ground of immorality should see this nasty farce as a liberal education in the rottenness of a vitiated public taste which demands that sort of thing.

It is not the fault of the managers, the actors nor the theater ushers, as the uninitiated would have us believe; it is the dear public's fault, and no one's else. If a department store finds that the market for shoddy is good or the pucker finds that talented meat is greatly in demand, the shopkeeper sells shoddy and tainted meat. Just so the theatrical manager. I have long since lost patience with the theatrical manager who has the audacity to put the entire onus on the man who runs the place. So long as the public wants smut it will get it, and deserves nothing better. There is no possible excuse for "The Blue Mouse." It is a shady story, possessing a degree of wit of a kind which passes current for cleverness in a certain type of resorts.

Just how much of it the clean-minded women who saw the play understood is a matter for speculation, but the men of the world who sat through it understood the crude vulgarity of the lines and situations. It is distinctly a bad play and makes a test of decency. Therefore it should be stoned off the stage, but the hypocritical public which prates of morality and yet falls over itself to patronize dirty corruption will continue to make "The Blue Mouse" a salable theatrical property.

In our midst we had during the week Gustav Frohman, senior of the triumvirate of distinguished theatrical magnates. Accompanying him was the Rev. William Danforth, a playwright of some reputation. Both are accompanying the Marie Doro tour, and both are enthusiastic over Portland. In the course of a chat Mr. Frohman said: "They tell me you are looking for half a million inhabitants in the near future."

Why, that looks easy. You have a natural stage all set here for the enactment of the greatest modern drama of American city life on this side of the continent. I am not saying anything about the places farther down the coast to the south, for they all have their rare and distinctive qualities, but Portland is the place for me. All this is not a mood that has come over me suddenly. I felt it when I first came to Portland, over thirty years ago. That was in December, 1878, when, for the first time in the theatrical business here, John Maguire and I produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In which he gave me all his actors, and I put in all the real negroes, from the "Haverly's" genuine colored minstrels. A negro, named William Morris, played Uncle Tom, and it was the first time in the history of American dramatics that a colored man acted the role with white people in the cast. Marcus Mayer, afterwards celebrated as manager of Patti, acted as Maguire's assistant.

At that time I felt the air of Portland vibrating with vigor. The scene was full of the dramatic, the wonderful settings of the city stimulating the imagination, and I predicted a great future. Later on, in the early '80s, I brought from New York the Madison Square Theater successes.

Just how much of it the clean-minded women who saw the play understood is a matter for speculation, but the men of the world who sat through it understood the crude vulgarity of the lines and situations. It is distinctly a bad play and makes a test of decency. Therefore it should be stoned off the stage, but the hypocritical public which prates of morality and yet falls over itself to patronize dirty corruption will continue to make "The Blue Mouse" a salable theatrical property.

In our midst we had during the week Gustav Frohman, senior of the triumvirate of distinguished theatrical magnates. Accompanying him was the Rev. William Danforth, a playwright of some reputation. Both are accompanying the Marie Doro tour, and both are enthusiastic over Portland. In the course of a chat Mr. Frohman said: "They tell me you are looking for half a million inhabitants in the near future."

Why, that looks easy. You have a natural stage all set here for the enactment of the greatest modern drama of American city life on this side of the continent. I am not saying anything about the places farther down the coast to the south, for they all have their rare and distinctive qualities, but Portland is the place for me. All this is not a mood that has come over me suddenly. I felt it when I first came to Portland, over thirty years ago. That was in December, 1878, when, for the first time in the theatrical business here, John Maguire and I produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In which he gave me all his actors, and I put in all the real negroes, from the "Haverly's" genuine colored minstrels. A negro, named William Morris, played Uncle Tom, and it was the first time in the history of American dramatics that a colored man acted the role with white people in the cast. Marcus Mayer, afterwards celebrated as manager of Patti, acted as Maguire's assistant.

At that time I felt the air of Portland vibrating with vigor. The scene was full of the dramatic, the wonderful settings of the city stimulating the imagination, and I predicted a great future. Later on, in the early '80s, I brought from New York the Madison Square Theater successes.

Just how much of it the clean-minded women who saw the play understood is a matter for speculation, but the men of the world who sat through it understood the crude vulgarity of the lines and situations. It is distinctly a bad play and makes a test of decency. Therefore it should be stoned off the stage, but the hypocritical public which prates of morality and yet falls over itself to patronize dirty corruption will continue to make "The Blue Mouse" a salable theatrical property.

In our midst we had during the week Gustav Frohman, senior of the triumvirate of distinguished theatrical magnates. Accompanying him was the Rev. William Danforth, a playwright of some reputation. Both are accompanying the Marie Doro tour, and both are enthusiastic over Portland. In the course of a chat Mr. Frohman said: "They tell me you are looking for half a million inhabitants in the near future."

Why, that looks easy. You have a natural stage all set here for the enactment of the greatest modern drama of American city life on this side of the continent. I am not saying anything about the places farther down the coast to the south, for they all have their rare and distinctive qualities, but Portland is the place for me. All this is not a mood that has come over me suddenly. I felt it when I first came to Portland, over thirty years ago. That was in December, 1878, when, for the first time in the theatrical business here, John Maguire and I produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In which he gave me all his actors, and I put in all the real negroes, from the "Haverly's" genuine colored minstrels. A negro, named William Morris, played Uncle Tom, and it was the first time in the history of American dramatics that a colored man acted the role with white people in the cast. Marcus Mayer, afterwards celebrated as manager of Patti, acted as Maguire's assistant.

At that time I felt the air of Portland vibrating with vigor. The scene was full of the dramatic, the wonderful settings of the city stimulating the imagination, and I predicted a great future. Later on, in the early '80s, I brought from New York the Madison Square Theater successes.

Just how much of it the clean-minded women who saw the play understood is a matter for speculation, but the men of the world who sat through it understood the crude vulgarity of the lines and situations. It is distinctly a bad play and makes a test of decency. Therefore it should be stoned off the stage, but the hypocritical public which prates of morality and yet falls over itself to patronize dirty corruption will continue to make "The Blue Mouse" a salable theatrical property.

In our midst we had during the week Gustav Frohman, senior of the triumvirate of distinguished theatrical magnates. Accompanying him was the Rev. William Danforth, a playwright of some reputation. Both are accompanying the Marie Doro tour, and both are enthusiastic over Portland. In the course of a chat Mr. Frohman said: "They tell me you are looking for half a million inhabitants in the near future."

Why, that looks easy. You have a natural stage all set here for the enactment of the greatest modern drama of American city life on this side of the continent. I am not saying anything about the places farther down the coast to the south, for they all have their rare and distinctive qualities, but Portland is the place for me. All this is not a mood that has come over me suddenly. I felt it when I first came to Portland, over thirty years ago. That was in December, 1878, when, for the first time in the theatrical business here, John Maguire and I produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In which he gave me all his actors, and I put in all the real negroes, from the "Haverly's" genuine colored minstrels. A negro, named William Morris, played Uncle Tom, and it was the first time in the history of American dramatics that a colored man acted the role with white people in the cast. Marcus Mayer, afterwards celebrated as manager of Patti, acted as Maguire's assistant.

tion of Rev. William Danforth, the clergyman-playwright, who is with me, to it. Both he and Miss Doro confessed to feeling the mystical and worship-inspiring atmosphere of the place. I was keen to note the effect on the minister, as well as the star, for I have brought him out here with the idea of inspiring him to write a distinctively Oregonian play, since his first comedy-drama, "The Gates of Eden," has made a great hit, and he has just finished a dramatization of Joseph C. Lincoln's novel, "Cy Whitaker's Place."

In sauntering over the mountain sides of Willamette I was impressed with the fact that no other city of the world has such wonderful settings. The restful greens of the trees, the variety of coloring in the foliage, the white summits of the mountains shining with their mystery and magic through the blue haze, the glorious panorama of landscape, stretching from mountain side to valley—as I viewed all this dramatic setting, the possibilities for homes and architecture seemed unlimited. Why would people want to live anywhere else, when they could look out every morning on such scenes as these, and breathe the fragrance of

the roses and the pines? I think I am not extravagant in predicting that these things are bound to attract a vast population.

The performance at Athens in ancient Greece began at dawn, and as several pieces were produced one after the other, these performances lasted the whole day. On the days that the performances were given all work was suspended, business put off, imprisoned debtors were set free, and arrests strictly prohibited. Long before sunrise thousands of people assembled, and outside of the theater noisy crowds of men, women and children congregated, all bent upon enjoying themselves and eager to obtain the best seats. Many of them brought their food with them, and in order to stimulate the enthusiasm of the people, copious quantities of fiery Greek wine was given to impetuous citizens by wily authors, who endeavored thus to buy the applause of a discriminating

audience. The ancient Greeks, in order to show their disapproval of a play, manifested it by kicking the benches and groaning. If the noise became so loud as to deafen everyone, another play was put on. Another favorite way of showing their disapproval of an actor was by throwing stones at him. Aeschines, a famous actor of his time, very nearly lost his life on one occasion by being made the target of a stone-throwing competition.

Is Shakespeare dead? We again ask this thirteenth but ever recurring question, not in the sense lent it by Mark Twain, but because of the brilliant success recently achieved by the Sothern-Marlowe company at the Academy of Music, in New York. Their engagement began when the major portion of New York theaters had shut up shop for the season, and while the weather during the three weeks given over to the performance of Shakespearean works was more propitious than that of the last few days nevertheless it could be hardly called favorable in the managerial sense. The results must have been gratifying, over

and enthusiasm of the audiences recalled the palmy days of Wagner. Nor were these audiences entirely recruited from the East Side; students and amateurs of the drama came from all parts of the city. The question is, Shakespeare dead in this country? may be answered with a vigorous negative.

In Shakespeare's time printed bills were stuck on posts on which the title of the play was announced but the names of the author and the players were omitted. This was a far cry from the day when the most imposing feature of the "three sheets" is "Charles Frohman or John Cort announces the appearance of Bill Jones in the thrilling drama 'She Loved Him but She Dared Not Tell'."

The Swan Theater, one of the earliest of London's playhouses, had a capacity of 3000.

Donald Bowles left on Thursday night for St. Paul, where he will assume the management of the stage for the James Neill stock company for the remainder of the summer. He will also play juvenile roles and will probably alternate with Mr. Neill in the leads. At the conclusion of his summer engagement Mr. Bowles will return to Portland, about September 1, and will go on tour under the auspices of Manager George L. Baker until the new Baker theater is ready for occupancy. Mr. Bowles is the owner of a crack motor boat which he has run successfully during the early summer months and from which he expects much pleasure during the rest of the vacation season. This seems to be the most serious regret the popular actor has in leaving Portland, that his vacation must go into drydock. Mr. Bowles' many friends here will wish him a hearty God speed and good fortune during his temporary absence.

Mrs. Fiske opened the new Alhambra Theater in Seattle on Monday night. This handsome playhouse is the property of Russell & Drew, the former a son

of the late George Fiske, who was killed in the explosion of the ship "Albatross" in 1892.

The most pathetic time I struck Portland was in 1892, when I found the town flat, owing to the financial depression. People were out of work, and it looked as if the city would be a dead town. However, the atmosphere was too buoyant, and the natural advantages of the place too irresistible to be withstood. It needed only the exposition to draw the people of the East, and when they saw this beautiful country they were ready to invest their money. Portland had the goods to deliver, and it always will have.

"When I was here last, in 1892, Manager Helwig took me out some 15 miles and showed me acres of roses growing on the site of an old gold mine, and we had a fine chicken dinner, which was as grateful as the roses. Three years later, Mr. Helwig was in Chicago, when I happened to be there, and I thought to return the compliment by inviting him to wheel with me out to Willamette. One of the few excursions which ever struck Chicago overtook us, and nearly blew Mr. Helwig into Lake Michigan. I haven't seen him since."

Miss Doro and the members of her company have put in all their spare time walking and touring over the parks and elevations hereabouts, but a peculiar feeling came over me the other day as we all stood in the Forestry building, out at the Exposition grounds. The interior of that structure seemed like some Egyptian temple—I do not mean the architecture, of course, but the atmosphere of the place. The giant trunks of the trees, stretching away in that noble line of columns, the dim vistas, the soft shadows, and the perfumes of the wood, like incense—all this impressed Miss Doro with a feeling akin to worshipfulness.

As she stood beside one of the columns, which required hundreds of years for nature to produce, she seemed like a worshipping Oriental maid, with her wide eyes and the dusk of her hair, and when she spoke the qualities of her voice appeared to search the recesses of the woods as the vibrations from the strings search for the soul of a violinist. The place was replete with mysticism. I could see Miss Doro in some Oriental play, yet to be written, and I called the atten-

tion of Rev. William Danforth, the clergyman-playwright, who is with me, to it. Both he and Miss Doro confessed to feeling the mystical and worship-inspiring atmosphere of the place. I was keen to note the effect on the minister, as well as the star, for I have brought him out here with the idea of inspiring him to write a distinctively Oregonian play, since his first comedy-drama, "The Gates of Eden," has made a great hit, and he has just finished a dramatization of Joseph C. Lincoln's novel, "Cy Whitaker's Place."

In sauntering over the mountain sides of Willamette I was impressed with the fact that no other city of the world has such wonderful settings. The restful greens of the trees, the variety of coloring in the foliage, the white summits of the mountains shining with their mystery and magic through the blue haze, the glorious panorama of landscape, stretching from mountain side to valley—as I viewed all this dramatic setting, the possibilities for homes and architecture seemed unlimited. Why would people want to live anywhere else, when they could look out every morning on such scenes as these, and breathe the fragrance of

\$45,000 was taken in at the box-office. Does Shakespeare pay when properly presented?

Previous to the advent of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern the Academy had been occupied for six weeks by Mr. Robert Mantell, who appeared in the plays of the bard, although without the pecuniary profits of the later comers. The company of the veteran actor was said to have been not on the high level demanded by Shakespeare. It is gratifying, all the same, to record the fact that Shakespeare is heard at least two months every year in the metropolis, so avid of musical comedy. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe were wise in surrounding themselves with competent players. No one grudges them their triumphs, artistic and financial. The personal charm of Miss Marlowe, her exquisite diction and voice, above all her sound training in Shakespearean roles, largely account for the enormous audiences at the Academy. Miss Marlowe is one of the few surviving actresses on the English or American stage who know how to speak blank verse. Mr. Sothern, actuated, as ever, by the loftiest artistic ideals, has been rewarded after his long and hard season's work. The devotion

time partner of John F. Cordray, in this city. The theater is a model in its way, and represents the newest ideas in theater construction. It was commenced on May 1, and by working day and night the contractors managed to have it in readiness for opening on Monday.

Sophocles, before becoming a poet, was a very indifferent actor and gave promise of becoming nothing better.

Queen Elizabeth advised all actors to place themselves under the protection of some baron or other noble, lest they be adjudged and deemed according to law to be rogues and vagabonds.

Polus, the most famous actor of ancient Greece, was a teacher of rhetoric to Demosthenes.

During her stay here with the Marie Doro Company, Marie Wainwright, the veteran emotional actress, was the recipient of many social attentions.

One of the most delightful experiences that patrons of vaudeville have recently

been privileged to witness was the pretty little comedy sketch, "Sold," written by Miss Louise Kent, in which she, Dona Beshimo (Mrs. Walter Reed), and William V. Mong appeared last week at Pantages.

C. William Kolb, the quaint comedian of the team of Kolb & Dill, passed through Portland the other day, en route to Seattle, where he negotiates with John Cort for a prolonged engagement later in the season. It is probable that Kolb & Dill will be seen here in the early autumn in their new piece, said to be the best vehicle they have ever had, called "The Politician."

The influx of tourists during the past week has had the effect of booming the theatrical business. All the theaters felt the effect of this increase in clientele.

Since his resignation as manager of the Grand two weeks ago, there has been a lot of speculation as to the future plans of John F. Cordray. The veteran manager is absolutely non-committal and the best an observer can do is to speculate.

It seems probable to one who has watched the trend of theatricals in the Pacific Northwest during recent years that Mr. Cordray, who has been for 20 years and still is a big factor in matters pertaining to the theater, is to be the representative of the Shubert forces in this section. When the "Independents" invade this territory, as they promise to do, Mr. Cordray is the logical man to plot their destinies. For years he has been allied with the "Independent" movement. In the old days when he was owner of the famous Cordray's, his theater was the one oasis in this part of the country for the anti-Klaw & Erlanger attractions. Mrs. Fiske and others of the "hostiles" played there when they had no other place to go. It is known that Mr. Cordray is much in favor with both the Shuberts and William Morris, the latter being the "Independent" vaudeville magnate.

In view of this fact, it is pretty certain that Mr. Cordray will represent the interests of one if not both in Portland when the merry, "unrepresentable conflict" starts, as it is soon to do. As I said at the beginning, however, the center of this speculation refuses to come out from under cover and commit himself.

Meanwhile, John F. Cordray is looking after his extensive business interests here and enjoying life to the fullest.

To continue theorizing, it seems that the natural thing to reckon upon is that S. J. Morison, the well-known theatrical capitalist, will likely build a theater for the Shuberts either on the site of the present Helwig or the plot occupied by the Star. The mystery which surrounds Mr. Cordray's plans extends to the Cohn plans, and the latter refuses to say a word on the subject. The best we can do is to speculate and then speculate some more.

James Gleason is to be congratulated upon having been selected to play the title part in "Checkers," a role to which he is particularly adapted. Mr. Gleason (Lucille Webster) will also have a position in the company. Mr. Gleason is a young actor of fine ability and has a most promising career in prospect. He is especially clever in light comedy and should be a great success as the mangy hero of the Henry Blossom racing play. It is a decided advance but a deserved one and the many loyal Gleason admirers here and elsewhere on the coast will rejoice at "Jimmie's" promotion into the ranks of "near-stars."

The only members of the Baker Stock engaged for next season are Donald Bowles and Miss Corollis Gleason. Mr. Bowles, after his summer engagement with James Neill in St. Paul, will assume the direction of the Baker company on its tour and Mrs. Gleason will continue in grande dame and character roles. Miss Isotta Jewel is now in Alaska, and her future plans are unknown. She writes me from Sitka that she is having a delightful tour in the North and will return to Portland in the near future. It is known that she has a number of flattering offers with traveling companies for the ensuing season, one of them being to support as leading woman one of the most eminent men stars in the country. Whether she will remain under contract with Mr. Baker has not yet been decided but it is settled that she will not play leads with the Baker company on tour.

Maribel Seymour, who for two seasons was in league with the Baker stock and one of the most popular actresses who have ever appeared here, left Saturday for San Francisco where she will appear as Ingeborg with the Valencia theater stock. During the engagement

time partner of John F. Cordray, in this city. The theater is a model in its way, and represents the newest ideas in theater construction. It was commenced on May 1, and by working day and night the contractors managed to have it in readiness for opening on Monday.

Sophocles, before becoming a poet, was a very indifferent actor and gave promise of becoming nothing better.

Queen Elizabeth advised all actors to place themselves under the protection of some baron or other noble, lest they be adjudged and deemed according to law to be rogues and vagabonds.

Polus, the most famous actor of ancient Greece, was a teacher of rhetoric to Demosthenes.

During her stay here with the Marie Doro Company, Marie Wainwright, the veteran emotional actress, was the recipient of many social attentions.

One of the most delightful experiences that patrons of vaudeville have recently

been privileged to witness was the pretty little comedy sketch, "Sold," written by Miss Louise Kent, in which she, Dona Beshimo (Mrs. Walter Reed), and William V. Mong appeared last week at Pantages.

C. William Kolb, the quaint comedian of the team of Kolb & Dill, passed through Portland the other day, en route to Seattle, where he negotiates with John Cort for a prolonged engagement later in the season. It is probable that Kolb & Dill will be seen here in the early autumn in their new piece, said to be the best vehicle they have ever had, called "The Politician."

The influx of tourists during the past week has had the effect of booming the theatrical business. All the theaters felt the effect of this increase in clientele.

Since his resignation as manager of the Grand two weeks ago, there has been a lot of speculation as to the future plans of John F. Cordray. The veteran manager is absolutely non-committal and the best an observer can do is to speculate.

It seems probable to one who has watched the trend of theatricals in the Pacific Northwest during recent years that Mr. Cordray, who has been for 20 years and still is a big factor in matters pertaining to the theater, is to be the representative of the Shubert forces in this section. When the "Independents" invade this territory, as they promise to do, Mr. Cordray is the logical man to plot their destinies. For years he has been allied with the "Independent" movement. In the old days when he was owner of the famous Cordray's, his theater was the one oasis in this part of the country for the anti-Klaw & Erlanger attractions. Mrs. Fiske and others of the "hostiles" played there when they had no other place to go. It is known that Mr. Cordray is much in favor with both the Shuberts and William Morris, the latter being the "Independent" vaudeville magnate.

In view of this fact, it is pretty certain that Mr. Cordray will represent the interests of one if not both in Portland when the merry, "unrepresentable conflict" starts, as it is soon to do. As I said at the beginning, however, the center of this speculation refuses to come out from under cover and commit himself.

Meanwhile, John F. Cordray is looking after his extensive business interests here and enjoying life to the fullest.

To continue theorizing, it seems that the natural thing to reckon upon is that S. J. Morison, the well-known theatrical capitalist, will likely build a theater for the Shuberts either on the site of the present Helwig or the plot occupied by the Star. The mystery which surrounds Mr. Cordray's plans extends to the Cohn plans, and the latter refuses to say a word on the subject. The best we can do is to speculate and then speculate some more.

James Gleason is to be congratulated upon having been selected to play the title part in "Checkers," a role to which he is particularly adapted. Mr. Gleason (Lucille Webster) will also have a position in the company. Mr. Gleason is a young actor of fine ability and has a most promising career in prospect. He is especially clever in light comedy and should be a great success as the mangy hero of the Henry Blossom racing play. It is a decided advance but a deserved one and the many loyal Gleason admirers here and elsewhere on the coast will rejoice at "Jimmie's" promotion into the ranks of "near-stars."

The only members of the Baker Stock engaged for next season are Donald Bowles and Miss Corollis Gleason. Mr. Bowles, after his summer engagement with James Neill in St. Paul, will assume the direction of the Baker company on its tour and Mrs. Gleason will continue in grande dame and character roles. Miss Isotta Jewel is now in Alaska, and her future plans are unknown. She writes me from Sitka that she is having a delightful tour in the North and will return to Portland in the near future. It is known that she has a number of flattering offers with traveling companies for the ensuing season, one of them being to support as leading woman one of the most eminent men stars in the country. Whether she will remain under contract with Mr. Baker has not yet been decided but it is settled that she will not play leads with the Baker company on tour.

Maribel Seymour, who for two seasons was in league with the Baker stock and one of the most popular actresses who have ever appeared here, left Saturday for San Francisco where she will appear as Ingeborg with the Valencia theater stock. During the engagement

time partner of John F. Cordray, in this city. The theater is a model in its way, and represents the newest ideas in theater construction. It was commenced on May 1, and by working day and night the contractors managed to have it in readiness for opening on Monday.

Sophocles, before becoming a poet, was a very indifferent actor and gave promise of becoming nothing better.

Queen Elizabeth advised all actors to place themselves under the protection of some baron or other noble, lest they be adjudged and deemed according to law to be rogues and vagabonds.

Polus, the most famous actor of ancient Greece, was a teacher of rhetoric to Demosthenes.

Sherman Clay & Co.

SIXTH AND MORRISON

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE



In concert halls all of the world's greatest pianists use the Steinway when at the height of their artistic career. It is their first and only choice, when a free and unbiased choice has been made, a choice uninfluenced by modern commercial methods, and prompted only by a desire and a need for the best the world can give them.

In private homes the Steinway Piano is the choice of the cognoscenti the world over, treasured as one of the most precious household gods, a necessary essential of the refined home. Its very possession puts the seal of supreme approval upon the musical taste of its owner, for it denotes the highest degree of culture and musical education.



Vertegrand

Chaste and simple in design, but embodying all the superior attributes of a grand piano in a compact upright form. Suitable to the limited dimensions of the modern drawing-room and boudoir.

In ebonized case, price \$575.00.

Miniature Grand

As small as a grand piano should be made to retain all the essentials of a true grand piano. Any grand piano below this size passes the danger line and means a sacrifice of those qualities for which a grand piano has been designed.

In ebonized case, price \$850.00.



of "The Blue Mouse." Manager Miller offered Miss Seymour the position of understudy to Miss Elsa Ryan in the stellar role. In view of the fact that Miss Ryan is to go into New York for a long run at the beginning of next season, Miss Seymour would have succeeded to the star part at a handsome salary. It was her misfortune that she had already signed a contract with the Valencia management and was compelled to decline "The Blue Mouse" offer. The departure of Miss Seymour is generally regretted by her many friends here although everybody is glad to know that she has a very desirable position in the Bay City.

Manager Erickson should feel rather proud and haughty at the prospect of having Mary Marble and Little Chip as his topliner for the ensuing week. Mary Marble is funnier than a box of trained monkeys and during the run of "Dream City" at the Marquam a year ago captured Portland completely.

Advices from Medford announce that "the ladies of the town" have petitioned the authorities to prevent the presentation of "Three Weeks" there. Just why "the ladies of the town" should grow peevish over a little thing like "Three Weeks" is not plain.

On last Monday evening occurred the annual dramatic and musical recital of the Western Academy of Dramatic Art, Elouette and Music, under the direction of Professor William M. Rasmus, who, as principal of the largest school of its kind in the Northwest, has built up an institution which reflects credit upon the community.

The Baker Theater was filled to its capacity by a representative audience, which manifested its approval of the splendid programme by frequent and spontaneous applause. A particular feature of the programme was the performance of a number of playlets and other compositions of Mrs. M. Miriam Rasmus, who, as Miss Bode, achieved prominence as a poet and playwright. Particularly effective and well-acted was her little play, "As the Clock Strikes," an incident of the French Revolution, in which Mr. and Mrs. Rasmus, Guy Nichols, Ernest Kerns and James Mitchell appeared. The following is the programme in part:

Playlet, "An Interrupted Scene," by Guy Nichols. Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Kathryn Fields; Miss Ruth Manley, Miss Edna Beryl; St. Kidder, William A. Lee. Reading, "Soul of the Violin," by Guy Nichols. Violin—Miss Edna Beryl. Piano—Miss Kathryn Kern. Vocal solo, "Coronation," by F. Schira. Miss Salome Emlen. Scene from "School for Scandal" by Sheridan. Lady Teazle—Miss Florence Gould. Sir Peter Teazle—Wm. M. Rasmus. Reading, "How We Beat the Captain's Court," by Mrs. Marguerite M. Boyd. Vocal solo—(a) "Song of Spring," Wm. L. Glover. (b) "Stolen Kisses," Wm. L. Glover. Scene from "Camille" by Emile Zola. Miss Grace Felling. Violin solo, "Recollections of the Dance," by Guy Nichols. Miss Francesa Bliss. Humorous monologue, "A Malinee Girl," by See Bernhardt. M. Miriam Rasmus. Vocal solo, "Magnetic White Song," by Arlette. Miss Grace LaFollette. Scene from "Sign of the Cross" by Madson. Sketch, "Hinkel and Winkler," by Jacobson. Reading, "A Message from the King," by M. Miriam Rasmus. Duet, "The Gypsy," by Brahms. Soprano, Mrs. Rose Danford; contralto, Miss Emlen.

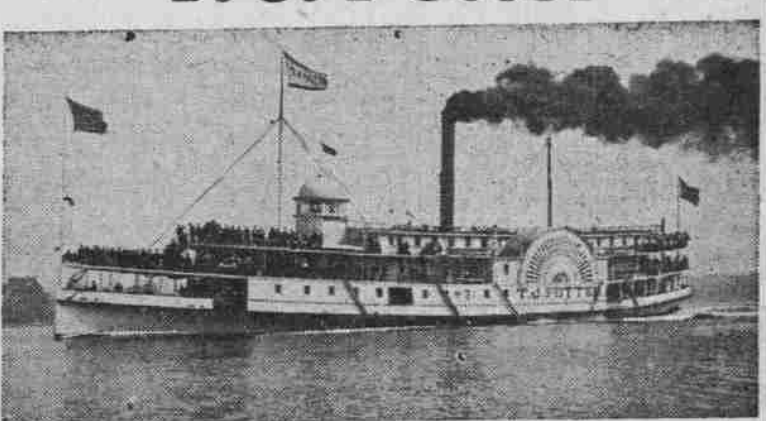
Chicken Pays for Itself. VALLEJO, Cal., July 17.—Mrs. L. Tierney, compelled to pay 30 cents for a chicken, Friday, complained that the price was much too high, but on dressing the fowl she found a gold nugget in its craw which she sold to a local

jeweler for \$2.50. Now the butcher who sold the chicken to her is looking for the place where it was raised, so that he can go prospecting.

NORTH BEACH

Service of the O. R. & N.'s Fine Excursion Steamer

T. J. Potter



Between

PORTLAND AND MEGLER

From Portland, Ash-Street Dock, Daily, Except Saturday

and Sunday, 8:30 A. M. Saturday Only, 1:00 P. M.

MEALS ON THE POTTER THIS YEAR WILL BE A LA CARTE

Baggage should be at dock at least 30 minutes before departure.

Season Tickets, from Portland, \$4.00

Saturday-to-Monday Tickets, \$3.00

Five-Trip Commutation Tickets, \$15.00

Reduced rates will prevail from all parts of the state.

Purchase tickets at the City Ticket Office, O. R. & N., Third and Washington Streets.

WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.



Remove Unpleasant Bodily Odors

The excess uric acid in the blood, which comes out in perspiration, is the cause of bad odors from the feet and armpits. Electropodes remove these odors by neutralizing the excess uric acid. Electropodes feed the body a gentle flow of electricity throughout the day—strengthen the inside nerves, and build up the tissues. Electropodes are sold under guarantee—and if after 30 days' trial they do not prove unsatisfactory, your druggist will refund the \$1 you pay for them.

What Are Electropodes? Electropodes are metal insoles worn in the heels of the shoes. One is of copper, the other of zinc, forming the two poles of a galvanic battery, the nerves of the body becoming the connecting wires.

Buy Electropodes of your druggist—and if he cannot supply them, have him order a pair for you from

Stewart & Holmes Drug Company