OTIS SKINNER WILL PRESENT "THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"

Play Hailed By the Metropolitan Press as One of Greatest Comedy Successes of the Decade.

OTIS SKINNER.

OTIS SKINNER, America's foremost actor, will open a three-day engagement at the Heilig theater Monday, July 7, appearing in "The Honor of the Family."

Charles Frohman presented Mr. Skinner in "The Honor of the Family" originally in New York City, in February, 1908, and the metropolitan press hailed it as one of the greatest comedy successes of the decade. The following autumn Mr. Skinner appeared in the play in the chief cities of the country and the metropolitan verdict was enthusiastically confirmed by both the nation's press and public. Since then Mr. Skinner has frequently been petitioned to revive the piece, and in October, 1918, he undertook the present production.

"The Honor of the Family" is an adaptation of a comedy by Emile Fabre, the distinguished French dramatist, founded on Balzac's story, "Un Menage de Garcon." The adaptation was done by Paul M. Potter. Its scenes are laid in France, in the Napoleonic period, and its hero is Colonel Philippe Bridau, a former officer of the great emperor.

Bridau is a fire-eater, and something of a blusterer, too, but he has plenty of wit and courage—quite enough to cope with and overcome even the clever, unscrupulous adventuress who is trying to rob him and his family of their rightful inheritance.

It is a marvelously drawn character, and one that is precisely suited to Mr. Skinner's personality. Never before has he played with the vigor, the brilliant characterization and the commanding sweep of gesture he uses in this play.

Charles Frohman, Inc., has surrounded the distinguished star, for the present tour, with an unusually strong cast, and the presentation of the play here promises to be one of the most interesting events of the local theatrical season.

SOMERSETSHIRE REMINDS NURSE LANYON OF OREGON

Vacation Days Spent in Exmoor Country Which Delights American Woman With Many Varied Scenes of Beauty.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.

MINEHEAD, Somersetshire, May 30.—(Special.)—Today is the day when the graves of all the American soldiers who are buried in England are to be decorated. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that none are buried here. Certainly I am glad that none of the soldiers died here, but I should like to have showed my respect by decorating some lonely soldier's grave for remembrance sake.

I see by this morning's paper that 30 American nurses are buried in England, but none here on Exmoore.

I was so wildly enthusiastic about the Exmoor country when I got to Cornwall that I fired my people there with a desire to see it too. So now we are spending a couple of weeks here together. In their eyes all my praises are justified and we fall more deeply in love with the country around about every day.

This town is on the Bristol channel and is more or less of a seafaring place. The old houses down by the quay are very quaint. The contrasts here are charming. One minute you are in a modern up-to-date town and the next moment you turn a corner and seem to drop back into the 16th century.

Up on the hills it is a wild, desolate moorland waste. Just below the valleys are so fertile that the vegetation is almost rank. The luxuriant flowering shrubs are a pleasure to behold.

We drove across the moors to Horner woods a few days ago and part of the way we rode through the pine forests, reminding me of Oregon.

When we attained the summit after climbing a steep hill three-quarters of a mile long, the beauty of the view took the rest of our breath away and instead of a stream of enthusiastic adjectives we had to indulge in a long silence. It was deliciously cool and restful in the woods and we ate our lunch there and attempted a couple of sketches. We were very much flattered at being, by request, photographed as a sort of foreground in some woodland pictures. No doubt the artist was a picture postcard man and we may shortly be in circulation at a penny each.

* * *

Minehead church is up on a hill and one approaches it by a narrow road so steep that it is formed into a flight of steps to make it easier to climb. They are red steps because the soil is red. At each side of this straight and narrow pathway which leadeth to salvation are spotlessly clean ivory whitewashed cottages with thatched roofs.

I noticed that the chimney sweep lived in one of them and how he ever gets inside such a clean house without spoiling it is a puzzle to me.

In olden times the church lantern served as a light to mariners. There is a monument to one old sea captain who escaped Davy Jones' locker and seemed to rather chuckle at his luck, for his epitaph runs—

Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tost me to and fro,
Yet spite of all, by God's decree,
I harbour here below.

In the lady chapel, said to have belonged to a guild of fishermen, are the words written hundreds of years ago:

We prey to Thee and M.
Send our neybors safte.

* * *

We went to Dunster castle yesterday of "Rich-man-in-his-castle" fame. It is a wonderful old building, part of which dates from Saxon times.

At each side of the main doorway, built in the reign of Henry V, is a slit behind which were ever stationed archers prepared to fire at any unwelcome caller. The ancient equivalent of "not at home."

On the terrace grows a lemon tree which lives in a glass case in the winter and wears a complexion veil in the summer. Under such tender care and treatment it bears fruit which ripens perfectly. The old castle keep had to be flattened out by Cromwell's orders and is now used for a bowling green.

For convenience of the archers in olden times yew trees were planted of which to form their bows. No doubt they also kept a flock of geese handy by so that they could pluck out feathers as they needed them to tip their arrows. The old church yards of England often contain yew trees which were planted in them centuries ago for the bowmen. The yew is a deadly poison to cattle and could not be planted on uninclosed ground. It would be an energetic cow indeed which would climb up to the castle keep, so the yew was as safe there as in the churchyard.

I daresay that the cattle were as bad for the yew trees as the yew trees were for the cattle.

Dunster church is full of historical interest, but I will not write about another church today. It has a very perky gargoyle at one corner smoking a bit of lead pipe. In the chantry of the priory church a monk had to pray night and day for the souls of the lords of the castle—so they must have been a fierce lot.

The old woman who showed us around handled every effigy as if it had been a beloved child of hers. She positively patted some of them on their heads.

* * *

There is great excitement in Plymouth today because the American flying boat NC-4 is expected there this afternoon. A British squadron of flying boats are going out to meet her and form a guard of honor. All England felt delighted when Hawker and Grieves turned up after all; we had mourned them as lost. The American boat will get a warm welcome here.

We observe that the Germans are still squealing about the peace terms and are trying to settle at bargain rates, marked down from one dollar to ninety-eight cents!

Most of my American correspondents in Germany seem to be hovering on the very brink of going home. I am truly afraid to send off any more parcels to them.

One soldier writes:

"That will certainly be a great day when we know that we're on the last lap."

Another says:

"My present abode is ——, I am hoping that it won't be blessed with my presence much longer. Everyone is interested in only one thing, namely—when do we go home?" Evidently neither France nor Germany has alienated their affections from the good old U. S. A.

Both of them are very grateful for the parcels I sent them with Portland's compliments. One picturesquely remarks: "Your package was like a drink to a man dying of thirst."

The pictures of Winchester were received most thankfully and this morning I got three dollar-bills to pay for them. The sight of them reminded me of home. Tucked away in the dollar bills were a few "Hun" buttercups for a souvenir. (And the fields here are golden with good British ones!)

Still another man joyfully and almost breathlessly writes to break the glad tidings that he is off for home almost at once. Says he:

"They are sure getting us out fast and I guess my chance of visiting England again is remote." He goes on to say, though: "Still one can't tell what may happen, someone may act nasty and keep us here over the summer." Not hard to guess who he means by the mysterious "someone." I think myself that "someone" will not dare to act nasty.

* * *

Our faithful sailor man is home on leave. When the peace terms are signed he will leave the navy, but not before. He writes:

"My, aren't they some terms, too? Well it is only what they deserve, because if the boot had been on the other foot I think they would have been absolutely crushing. But I don't think that would ever have been. You know the reason why, there is no reason for me to say it." (His "reason why" undoubtedly includes the British navy.)

He ends up: "I say, nurse, do you know I really don't know how to thank you and Mrs. W. and Portland friends for all you have done for me? But should a time ever come when I can be of service I shall be right there."

Another letter of thanks comes from the Big Soldier's mother out in India. She is so pleased at the parcels we have sent her son. He also writes and mentions the fact gloomily that he isn't enjoying himself in Gallipoli—"for there is nothing to see but broken houses." The British soldier gets very much bored when there isn't any fighting.

* * *

The poor army of occupation will need more parcels than ever to keep them from being bored to death.

I know more than a few soldiers who are secretly hoping that the Germans will not sign the peace terms.

There is a story of one poor woman whose demobilized officer husband fretted so after he came home that she had to go away for a rest cure. The doctor gave him an awful lecture: "Just remember what the poor woman has had to put up with worrying about you all the time you 'were off enjoying the war.'"

At the Movie Theaters.

(Continued From Page 4.)

throughout the entire serial, "Elmo the Mighty." Much of the action takes place in the mountainous region of upper California and other wild spots, where the efforts of the Great Western Producing company, who produced the film, were attended with difficulties and hardships, which, however, were more than justified in the results obtained.

* * *

"Some day some scenario writer is going to invent continuity that is not dependent on telephones, telegrams, notes or letters," remarked Lois Wilson, who plays Mary Tompkins, a stenographer in "A Man's Fight." When that halcyon period arrives," asserts Miss Wilson, "the movie actor will be like a cat in a strange garret. When we want to hurry along the story, get some motive for the girl to get into danger, or bring dreadful news to the poor husband, we utilize the wires or the mails or a special messenger. Show me a motion picture without any of these aids to the story and I'll show you the millennium!"

* * *

Scott Dunlap, who is directing Albert Ray and Elinor Fair in their latest production, "Be a Little Sport," at Hollywood, Cal., was the first to introduce the singing of songs by the audience. When he was 10 years old he was already in vaudeville. Mr. Dunlap made his first appearance on the stage at the age of 3, as the Midshipmite in "Pinafore" at Chicago. He also created the role of Mercury with Nat Goodwin in "The American Citizen," at the age of 8. Scotty's first song was "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep."

* * *

Young Cyril, the small son of Herbert Brenon, the producer, added further laurels to the family when he won the first gold medal for prize speaking at the annual exercises of the Cutler school at the Plaza last week. The occasion marked the first appearance of the young man, who boasts 13 summers, in a Tuxedo suit. He was the center of admiration of a fond family group, headed by his mother, who listened to his recitation of "In Flanders Fields" with all the attention due to his histronic ability.

* * *

Twenty thousand people saw Tom Mix taking scenes for one of his pictures on Market street, San Francisco.

* * *

Everybody's eating peanuts at the Culver City studios. And Mabel Normand's to blame. The comedienne recently had a roaster installed in her studio suite to make palatable an allotment of choice West Virginia peanuts she receives monthly from an appreciative customer. Shortly before Miss Normand left for the west coast she made a hurried trip to Clarksburg, W. Va., to assist in christening Jack Marks' new theater. Her appearance there attracted thousands and in return for her kindness he keeps her well supplied with peanuts. Of course everybody associated with the star shares in the toothsome roast.

* * *

Two noted young women are to be seen for the first time in the picture "Oh You Women!" They are Miss Clairette Anthony, daughter of a well known Belgian artist, and Miss Dorothy Caldwell, daughter of Major-General Frank M. Caldwell, one of the commanders of the American army of occupation. Both girls made their first appearances in this picture.

* * *

When the film version of Edna Ferber's short story, "The Gay Old Dog," comes to the screen, Mrs. Sidney Drew will hold the relation of discoverer, promoter and adapter of the production, which has been made under the direction of Hobart Henley for distribution under the auspices of Frank G. Hall.

Mrs. Drew's attention was directed to the possibilities of the tale for picture purposes and she was instrumental in putting it before Mr. Henley after buying the screen rights from Mrs. Julia Titwiller, literary representative of the author.

* * *

Al E. Christie, who has recently launched the production of feature comedies in two reels, has called attention to the fact that he is depending very largely on outside writers for the furnishing of scenario ideas for his new comedies. Both Al E. and C. H. Christie declare that they cannot over-emphasize the fact that in producing feature comedies in two reels the story material should nearly always be of the type which has frequently been considered as typical five-reel comedy-drama material. In other words, it is the idea of the Christies to produce two-reel comedies from stories of five-reel calibre. Mr. Christie has made a general request for stories, necessitated by the increased schedule of production including both one and two-reel comedies.

* * *

The MacManus corporation has gone to elaborate lengths to secure the utmost accuracy in the reproduction of the Lost Battalion incident of the Argonne forest campaign in the war, which it will release, the actual men concerned in the heroic action being principals in the film presentation.

General Peyton C. March, chief of staff; Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and other notables of the world struggle, have expressed their interest in the making of the historic record, and Major Whittlesey, commander of the plucky Yankee band, has given his co-operation to the producer in order that the film may reach its producer's ideal of fidelity to the historic facts.

* * *

Stating that the screen production of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" is "an unusually well-done portrayal of Wilde's classical drama," the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures not only gives this interesting subject an absolutely clean bill of health, but under the heading "general comment" in its report on the picture says, "Intensely dramatic scenes are transferred to the screen from the spoken drama with added tenseness. It is a photoplay well acted and well worth seeing."

* * *

The Goldwyn publicity office has linked up its exploitation plan for the Tom Moore feature, "The City of Comrades," from Basil King's story in the Saturday Evening Post, with the Salvation Army slogan used in the recent fund drive, "A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out."

* * *

Margarita Fisher, the vivacious Flying A star, declares she knows the name of the most ingenious man on earth. Last week she received a package containing a four-minute record. Playing it on her phonograph, this is what she heard:

"My Dear Miss Fisher: I suffered the loss of both hands in a grenade explosion at the front and as I can't write with my feet, I am employing this means of letting you know how thoroughly I enjoy your performances on the screen. I hope you'll not think me rude for encroaching upon your time."

There were further pleasant compliments and the novel communication closed with a recital of the soldier's name and address.

* * *

Ruth Stonehouse, serial queen, has gone to San Antonio to make a chapter play for the Photodrama company.

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HIGH above the depressing city atmosphere, Portland's roof garden offers free access to America's greatest view point, overlooking miles upon miles of verdant plains, threaded with silvery rivers and capped by snow-crowned mountains.

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SUNDAY concert in the old orchard with Monte Austin to sing the latest popular songs is free. Come and bring your picnic baskets, we furnish fireplace and free wood to boil the coffee. Plenty of rides, and amusement for all so inclined in operation all day.

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EVERY evening except Sunday, in the monster open air pavilion, with the Crest 10-piece orchestra, and Monte Austin. You've never really enjoyed dancing until you step to such songs as "We'll All Knock the Bull Out of Bolsheviki," "Friends" and "Johnnies in Town."

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Hibernians' Picnic All Day July 4th. Dancing Afternoon and Evening.

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World Famous Ben Hassan Troupe Arabian Sportsmen

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THREE GAY SISTERS Sweet Singers; Dainty Dancers

HILL & ROSE Much Talking and Some Singing

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Forecast at "Hip"—Fair, cool, but not cloudy.

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Gorgeously Gowned Scenic Sensation Big Chorus

Patriotic Play With Merry Melodies Great Cast

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Remember WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS JULY 10

Gate Admission Free to 5 P. M. Except Sundays and Holidays.

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The Melodramatic Sensation of the Season

"WHEN A WOMAN STRIKES"

with a celebrated quartet of screen players

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