

QUAKER GIRL HAS ROLE OF TOUGH IN "LISTEN LESTER"

Musical Comedy Coming to Portland Will Provide Opportunity to Study Environment—Betty Kirkbride Has Part Opposite to Real Life.



Betty Kirkbride

WHEN the musical comedy, "Listen, Lester," appears in Portland, local theatergoers will have an excellent opportunity to study the question of environment from every angle. The question of whether or not an actress can sink her identity so perfectly into the role she happens to be playing that no one will know is answered.

Betty Kirkbride, billed as one of the leading characters of the comedy, is seen in the role of a genuine "tough Annie" and so artistically does she enact her difficult part that one doubts the fact that the youthful actress until a short time ago was surrounded in her home life by an intensely religious atmosphere.

For it is known that Miss Kirkbride is of old Quakerish ancestry, a member of one of the best known families of Philadelphia and a direct descendant of Benjamin Franklin. She asserts that it was her early ambition to become an actress and that, having a voice with which to sing, she conceived the idea of entering the musical comedy field.

However, before she took this step she consulted her parents in the matter and it required much courage on their part to trample on tradition and give her the chance.

Miss Kirkbride's first professional engagement was in "Fiddlers Three," which ran at the Cort theater in New York, and she proved so successful that she next accepted an important role in "Maytime," sharing honors in this production with John Charles Thomas.

The featured member of the cast of "Listen, Lester," which comes to the Hefling December 30 and closes the night of January 1, is Fred Heider, who is said to possess the secret of



Fred Heider

making people happy. Mr. Heider is young and accomplishes his success with apparently no great expenditure of energy. His humor is said to be sparkling and his occasional thrusts at other players exuberantly funny.

out. He loved a girl named Luella, but he also felt a burning passion for his Bank Account.

It seemed to him that it would be more easy to save his bank and get a Kitchen Cabinet. Besides, the Poultry Business had been a little on the Toboggan and he couldn't see himself tossing about thirty barrels of a gosh-darned Gimcrack that was no account except to look at.

So he gave up \$2.50 for an Autograph Album and let it ride at that. It would have gone ahead and spread Five Dollars, only Amos thought he had a Cinch. His only rival for the Hand of Luella was Tallmadge N. Crockett, proprietor of the Rosemarie Garage. Amos was much more conversational than Tallmadge and had a rich line of Gams so he wasn't for a Minute afraid of being crowded into the Fence.

Being the recognized Fred Stone of the Township, Amos was called upon to impersonate Santa Claus at the Christmas Tree Entertainment. Amos was a born Rooster, and the Congregation was sure of many a Cackle when he came in as Santa and began to cut Diddleo.

Amos borrowed a moth-eaten Robe, a Strand of Beils and a Fur Cap. He rigged up a Set of Cotton Whiskers and prepared to be even Funnier than usual.

On Christmas Eve the Church had to display the S. R. O. The Superintendent of the Sunday School, looking unusually scrubbed-up and smelling of Bay Rum, stood in front of the Tree and made an Address that was a Hunk of Glom to every one except the Superintendent. The Choir pulled one of its hardest Anthems and after two or three other Infillions, Amos, the Merry Andrew, came in as Kris and worked off much small-town Hokum. He galloped up and down the Aisles and scared several children in Arms to Conyvalens. Then he went up to the Tree to assist the droll Superintendent in distributing

23 CONCERTS MAY BE HEARD IN NEW YORK IN FORTNIGHT

After Visiting All Orchestras in Greater Gotham, Music Folk May Travel Over to Brooklyn for Another Two Weeks.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

WHEN the remark is carelessly made that it is not within human power to realize the number of concerts that occur in New York city during the few months called the musical season, the half is not told.

The present fortnight if we begin on Sunday afternoon, November 28, and end Sunday night, December 13, we will register 23 orchestral concerts all of which are so important that they cannot be overlooked. These include the three great visiting organizations the Boston Symphony orchestra under Pierre Monteux, the Philadelphia under Leopold Stokowski and the latest concert in the eastern field, the Detroit Symphony orchestra under Ossip Gabrilowitch who has never been a hero in New York.

It also includes the Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan given in gigantic proportions by the performance of two concertos played by no less a star than Harold Bauer and accompanied by one of the greatest permanent orchestras in the world, the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra under Richard Hageman, and an extra concert of the National Symphony at the Hippodrome with Michel Plassart and Mana Zucca as soloists.

But it does not include greater New York. A large contingency crosses the bridge Friday night to hear Mary Jordan as soloist with Monteux and the admissible organization of the week also including on Saturday night the New York Symphony with Walter Damrosch conducting and Mische Lavitsky soloist. Sunday afternoon Josef Strakosky with the Philharmonic Orchestra, Olga Samarinoff, soloist.

Boston Symphony Scores. The Boston Symphony orchestra under Pierre Monteux effected one of the greatest successes possible to conceive because to all who know the inner history of the great orchestra, the power of its conductor must have been super-human in order to get it into the superb condition that it revealed during this visit of three concerts in greater New York. Monteux has proven his skill as a programme builder no less than as a taskmaster, for the rehearsing of this body has been done with rare understanding of organization and the securing of effects.

In a sense that of such overcrowding has just been disclosed it is easy to see that the matter of repertoire is a serious one. It has become almost a sound of the same numbers, with overwhelming doses of Wagner and indeed Beethoven as well, this being the occasion of celebrating the 150th anniversary of the great Master of Bonn, adored by the entire world and revered as he should be, but this does not alter the fact that the number of Beethoven programmes and performances are nothing short of "staggering."

The Boston Symphony offerings of Thursday night and the later concert were therefore the more delightful as were the programmes of last month's concerts in that they had material with values outside of time-honored names which may be found on every other programme. Thursday night the programme opened with Brahms's E minor symphony, which has already been heard this season several times. It offered a substan-

Present. As a Team they were prepared to spring many Gams and be just as laughable as the two hind wheels of a Hearse.

While standing by the Tree, waiting for the infant class to conclude an Awful Affair Billed as a Carol, Amos saw on a Table the magnificent Toilet Set with the \$25.00 Ticket still on it. He drew nearer to read the attached Card and almost passed away when he saw the Name of Luella. The well-known Name of Luella. He could not see anything except his own Pin-leaf. When Luella came to compare the superb Toilet Set and the Cheery Autograph Album, he knew that he would be marked up as eight times cheaper than a German Mark.

He was inspired to a Desperate Action. He happened to remember that Celluloid contains Gun Cotton and Camphor and other high Explosives. The infant class stood between him and the Congregation. Stealthily he plucked a lighted Candle from the Tree and dropped it on the Toilet Set. Then he did a Douglas Fairbanks over the Rail.

There was a terrific Report, a flash of Fire, an odor of Camphor and the air was full of Infant Class.

Panic ensued. Throwing off his Disguise of White Chin-chillas, Amos gathered Luella in his Arms and carried her to the Pastor's Study, where he finally located her. He told her that he had saved her Life.

She called him "Preserver" and went into a Clinch.

When Luella was restored, there was nothing left of the Toilet Set except the Clasp.

MORAL—True Love will put it all over the Vulgar Bank Roll, even at Christmas-Time.

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that point of departure and it had many points of change even though the conductor seemed to feel it at a tempo considerably slower than it might warrant.

He closed with a marvelous reading of the Richard Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel" in which he found all the humor, revealed all the extraordinary feat of orchestration, weaving the melodies in and out of the instrumental mass and there was the ever comfortable feeling that Monteux found in it and disclosed out of it, only its musical worth. His orchestra responded admirably to his requirements in the way of dynamics, and ranged from the explosive to the "squeak" as under the wand of a magician.

Indeed Boston Symphony audiences, even remembering the days of Gerike and Pair, have never heard a more agile, tricky, superbly welded performance of this work in which the ensemble was worked so hard, but an orchestra which had been working together for years. It was a tremendous achievement for Monteux and the audience arose to the occasion. Between these numbers the conductor presented a highly interesting concert of the orchestra of his own suite for piano entitled "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and "Resplend" "The Fountains of Rome," with his five-piece orchestra.

This country in 1913 by the Philharmonic orchestra. In all contrasting styles the orchestra met the needs and gave reassurance which were primarily fascinating and then memorable.

The Ravel work has all the earmarks that have made his compositions delightful in their dissonant sweetness and that again disclosed his tremendous facility in orchestration and instrumentation, which can indeed stand by the side of anything extant.

The Resplend work was like the splashing fountains they were intended to represent with the outer noises and the sentiments they were intended to immortalize. The headings were "The Fountain of Valle Giulia at Dawn" (a pastorella in the fresh, damp mists of a Roman dawn), "The Fountain of the Medici" (a fountain of the Medici), "The Fountain of the Trevi at Midday" (a triumphant march of Neptune's chariot, drawn by seahorses and followed by sirens and tritons), "The Fountain at Sunset" (the nostalgic hour of sunset in which the tolling bells, twittering birds and rustling leaves die peacefully into the silence of the night).

Perhaps it is needless to indicate that these charming bits of elucidation are the work of an artist of the gold-tipped pen of Philip Hale, whose programme notes continue to be among the finest musical literary gems of the day.

Mass Jordan Triumphs. New York for many seasons has had no soloists with the Boston Symphony orchestra, but Brooklyn is more fortunate, this time particularly so in that of the fact that Mary Jordan appeared in two arias and enjoyed one of the greatest triumphs of her career. An audience which completely filled the opera house of the Academy of Music greeted the entire concert with such enthusiasm as is rarely to be noted in the staid city across the bridge.

First Monteux won his plaudits and was recalled many times for his brilliant performance of the "Scheherazade," tone poem of Rimsky-Korsakoff, following which he caused the entire orchestra to arise and drew forward the new concert master, Richard Burrell, for his contribution to the obligato in the last movement of the Rimsky-Korsakoff. Brooklyn then heard the Lekeu "Symphonic Fantasia" that New York applauded at the last concert in Carnegie hall. Miss Jordan, resplendent to the eye, was recalled almost hilariously, but this was as nothing to the applause showered upon her as the glow of her arias, "Ah, mon fils," from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete," and "Mon Coeur" from the opera "Samson and Delilah" (Saint Saens).

The superb accompaniment supplied by Monteux naturally inspired the singer, but it is safe to say that never have those arias been sung with more brilliant, resonant, beautiful voice, which had astonishing freedom and dramatic fervor, ringing high tones, great rolling deep notes and a musical intelligence shown by few singers before the public in concert. She was a regular singer upon this occasion and made many wonder how the concert stage has been able to retain her so long.

The programme closed with the "Till Eulenspiegel" (Strauss), and again brought many recalls for the conductor and his splendid body of players.

DAINTY LYRIC SOUBRETTE IS WIFE OF PORTLAND MAN

Gay Du Vall Writes Poetry When Not Busy Rehearsing, Designing Frocks or Building Fancy Little Creations of Headgear.



SOUBRETTE AT LYRIC, NOW IN "ATE LIFE IS MRS. NED SEABROOK OF PORTLAND.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

RANCES WHITE, whose name is now emblazoned in electric lights on Broadway, was a diminutive soubrette with Keating & Flood's Lyric musical stock company not a half dozen seasons ago.

There's another diminutive soubrette with the Lyric this season, a dark-eyed, curly-pated sunshine girl, with pretty little girl moods, saucy ankles and tireless feet that dance many and many a mile every day to the musical stock house.

Her name is Gay Du Vall, and if ambition and talent and personal charm count, who is to say but that some day she, too, will see her name in electric on the Great White Way? Miss Du Vall, besides being a 19-year-old musical comedy favorite and quite devoted to a career, is in private life a devoted wife, too. She is Mrs. Ned Seabrook and Ned Seabrook is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Seabrook, the former of whom is of the law firm of Malarky, Seabrook & Dibley of this city. The wedding of young Seabrook and the dainty dancer took place on last May day, and was the culmination of a motion picture romance, while both were appearing in pictures in Los Angeles. Following the wedding the talented pair went into vaudeville as a team, Seabrook and Gay, and later came to Portland to visit Mr. Seabrook's parents. A motor trip to various scenic beauty spots in Oregon was made by the senior Seabrooks and the bride and groom and the little bride was enraptured with her new home and her husband's family. When an attractive engagement was offered her as soubrette with the Lyric Miss Du Vall was happy to accept it, knowing that it meant continued residence in Portland. Her husband is identified with a local motion picture house and the honeymoon is still going on.

Miss Du Vall says that variety is the spice of her busy life, and that she takes up a dozen things with the same amount of enthusiasm, and how strictly to the idea that "anything you do is worth doing and worth doing well." She is now one of her days reads like a week in the life of many of her lazy sisters, who like the lilies of the field, toll not nor spin. All morning the tireless sunshine little singer girl rehearses her dance or song specialties for the next week's bill then she eats a hurried

lunch and rushes to her dressing room and into her make-up and costume for the matinee. Oftentimes she eats dinner in her dressing room, so she will not have to take off the decorations for the night show. When she has a moment's spare time between dances or acts she is sewing. She designs and fashions most of the smart and dainty frocks she wears in the Lyric offerings and even tosses together ingredients for perky little hats occasionally. This past week she has spent every odd second on a wardrobe for a huge doll which Santa is going to take to Seattle and select dolls during the days of harvest brought a maximum price of \$12 per ton from The Dallas canners. This figure was soon boosted to \$17 by the Hood River Apple Vinegar company, which utilized the larger sized culls for evaporating.

The better grades of culls for the last ten days have been in demand. Portland canners have been purchasing the stock. The cooking of culls, in instances, have sold as high as \$25 per ton.

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lots of it to magazines. She chooses her subjects from life as she sees it, the girls in the chorus, the many incidents, slices of life she calls them, that no one in front of the theater dreams goes on behind the scenes, and from every-day happenings she picks threads to weave into verse. That editors consider it good enough to pay money for in the final judgment of its merit.

Joint Installation Planned.

FOREST GROVE, Or., Dec. 18.—(Special.)—Holbrook lodge, No. 18, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, elected the following officers for the coming year: Worshipful master, H. T. Giltner; senior warden, G. E. Richards; junior warden, Vernon Burlingham; treasurer, C. A. Deakies; secretary, D. Rufus Cheney. Forest chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, has named the following officers: Worthy matron, Mata Ahlgren; associate matron, Colla West; secretary, Mrs. J. G. Lennette; treasurer, Mrs. A. J. Demorest; conductress, Mrs. N. A. Frost; associate conductress, Mrs. J. B. Conger; chaplain, Miss Mary Stalley; marshal, Mrs. William Pollock; organist, Mrs. Hazel Carmack; Adah, Gertrude Anderson; Ruth, Edith Hanner; Esther, Mrs. C. A. Brodersen; Martha, Mrs. L. J. Hoar; Elsie, Bertha Gilmer; warden, Mrs. Ridgely; sentinel, C. A. Brodersen. Joint installation of officers will be held on the evening of St. John's day, December 27.

CULL MARKET SUSTAINED

Different Grades Sell for \$7, \$17 and \$25 a Ton.

HOOD RIVER, Or., December 18.—(Special.)—If the packed apple market rallies and closes next spring as strong as the cull market here this season growers will have no cause for complaint. While the regular run of culls has been selling throughout the season for \$7 and \$8 per ton, selected culls during the days of harvest brought a maximum price of \$12 per ton from The Dallas canners. This figure was soon boosted to \$17 by the Hood River Apple Vinegar company, which utilized the larger sized culls for evaporating.

The better grades of culls for the

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Twin Special Added Holiday Features Carl Rosini & Co. The Master Magician. Jazz Naval Eight The Musical Gobs.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE TODAY, COMMENCING AT 1:30.

DISPLAY OF WEALTH FAILS TO LAND-BLUSHING BRIDE

Village Cutup Stands Up Under Test and Walks Off With Maiden Upon Whom Rival Lavished Costly Present.

BY GEORGE ADE

IN a One-Movie Hamlet, far from the maddening Delicatessen Store, where the Folks were as Primitive that they did not know how to get Kale except by working for it, they were making large Preparations to bust Things wide open at Christmas.

All through the abbreviated Community the Wimmen were feverishly popping Corn, and cracking Hickory-Nuts on a Flat-Iron and making home-made Candy. Those who had not yet been spoken for were secretly working on Yarn Mittens.

There was to be a Tree at the Church and preceding the Gift-show there was to be a Show, alias a Methodist Vaudeville, which consists of Pieces, Responsive Readings and the best that the Church can do.

The Apothecary in this Settlement had stocked-up with what he called an Elegant Lay-Out of Holiday Goods. He had Remembrance Books and a Counter covered with fragile Toys that smelled of the Paint; also an attractive Line of Perfumeries and some Toilet Sets.

One of these Toilet Sets was the Big Noise. The Comb and Brushes were of Near-Celluloid, the Amber and White being scrambled in a very effective Manner. The Druggist was willing to give a Guarantee that the Brushes were Real. This Toilet Set reposed in a pockered Nest of Yellow Satin. The Box was of Blue Flush with a neat Clasp and on the Lid was the Following in Silver Letters: "Merry X-Mas." The whole Thing was very Ka-Tish.

Every Player in Town floated into the drug Store and leaned on the Show-Case and lapped longingly. It was evident that the local John who loomed up for \$29.50 would win in a Jiffy. But there was a general Doubt as to whether any one would be giddy enough to fork over \$29.50 just for Foolishness.

appeared on the Yellow Satin a Card marked "Sold." The News spread like Wild-Fire. Some Lad in the Village had shot his Fortune. He had been Rolled for the Wed.

One Question agitated the Population for the next two Days. "Who will get it for Christmas?" Speculation ran like a fever through the town. One on the Hook was hoping against Hope, even though her cold Judgment told her that, in all likelihood, her Dab had not seen \$29.50 since Wheat went below Two Dollars.

The Druggist refused to Snitch and it became evident that the Town would have to wait until Christmas to have its Curiosity appeased. So it waited with a lot of Impatience.

The Village Wag, whose name was Amos, had been one of Several who looked at the Price-Tag and passed

Three Days before Christmas there

Van Buren

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