



Controversy has raged this week over the production given Shakespeare's "The Tempest" by Wagenhals & Kemper, with Frederick Ward as Prospero, and Louis James as Caliban. Immense audiences attended the four performances at the Marquam, and opinions were about as diverse as the number of people who attended.

The question raised by The Journal in its first criticism concerning the extravagance and spectacular manner of presenting Shakespeare's plays, with operatic effects introduced by the ballet, and the songs sung by the comedians, partaking almost of the character of specialties common to vaudeville, has been the question under consideration.

The debaters divide into two schools—one insisting that "The Tempest" is such a fanciful composition as to compel the very treatment given it by Wagenhals & Kemper. They say that "The Tempest" would be ridiculous without illusory effects, that it must have supernatural accessories to carry out Shakespeare's ideas as evidenced by the lines. And they believe that "The Tempest," like "Midsummer Night's Dream," as produced by the same managers, was given the only presentation possible in view of the obvious requirements.

Others inveigh against the innovations practiced by Wagenhals & Kemper, claiming that the Bard of Avon probably has turned over in his tomb at Stratford-on-Avon when he learns that these innovators have made his plays the occasion for introducing things that were foreign to his conceptions. They blame Ward and James for consenting to appearing in such presentations and to being parties to such revolutionary breaking of the traditions.

Besides these, people separate into numerous groups of violent critics, who pass all sorts of opinions on the affair, and are sometimes ultra-severe.

Other theatrical people who are in the city incline to criticize it from the artist's standpoint, alleging that there is not appropriateness in the arrangement of the scenery, and that Ward and James have stultified themselves in consenting to a degradation of Shakespearean drama to the level of vaudeville.

It is noticeable that members of the profession were more severe than any other adverse critics. They were quite unimpaired in their strictures.

One theatrical man said to The Journal:

"I condemn the production as not legitimate drama. It is cheap vaudeville."

One good judge of the drama said to The Journal:

"Mr. Ward personally said to me that he was merely lending his name to the piece, and that Mr. James was doing the play. He does not believe in the manner of presentation."

And these are the adverse comments in part, in small part, that have been passed in general since the opening night.

Probably the correct conclusion is that Wagenhals & Kemper are right in principle, but that they apply it too vigorously.

There must be different handling of "The Tempest" from the handling of "Macbeth" or "Merchant of Venice," or any of that sort of Shakespearean plays. The latter are dramas of pure literary and philosophical qualities, whereas "The Tempest" is imaginative and fantastic. However, it was a pleasing production and worthy of attendance by all who enjoy theaters.

Neil Burgess, in "County Fair," was popular, as he usually is, and seems to have lost little drawing power, although he has presented it for, for these many years.

Of course, Sousa and his band were great attractions, and called out a big attendance. The great American composer and conductor was seen and heard by both lovers of high class music and of popular airs. While not a classicist in music, he nevertheless possesses an attraction to all who revel in harmonies and sweet accord.

Tonight, "The Penitent," Hall Caine's latest play, is going to draw a big house. It has been heralded as a very great dramatic production, and will bring out many people.

The Popular Stock Company. At the Baker Theater, the Neill Stock Company has advanced one week further into popular favor. In "The District Attorney," a piece dealing with phases of municipal politics in New York, and especially pertinent in Portland at this time, the company has exhibited further versatility, already proven heretofore. It is established now that this company are to go through the season with undiminished drawing powers. For more than a month they have entertained the patrons of the Baker Theater and have not failed to satisfy.

Besides the always good work of Mr. Wynne and Miss Countess, Mr. Bernard as "Brainard" has been worthy the general praise he received. It has been Mr. Bernard's best character during the season.

Mr. Morris has been capable as McGrath. Mr. Dillig in a brief two-page part as a football player was a hit. Miss Rhoads in her first character as a "grown up young lady" was charming. Miss Edmund as Helen Knight was successful in emotional role. Mr. Russell a fine Gridley. Mr. Mower strong as General Ruger. And Mr. Siddell in a character part as a tough, brawny man was good.

"The Christian," Hall Caine's great play is the Baker bill for next week. The company has expended special effort in preparation, and will endeavor to give a production of this great drama that will be worthy of its dramatic merit. It will be an elaborate presentation, and entails expense and an immense amount of work.

At Cordray's. "Down Mobile," at Cordray's, was accorded good business by the patrons of that house. It is a typical Lincoln J. Carter play.

ter play, with the usual five scene in the fourth act. It deals with the question of taint of negro blood in a girl supposed to be white, and who in the course of the play is proven so to be.

Miss Blanche Shirley, as Josephine, was engaging, pretty and a good actor. She was very artistic at times, and never failed to obtain a proper conception of the part.

Ella Marble, familiar to theatre-goers

find. It defies the most severe case of "blues" as it would put to flight very soon this enemy to human enjoyment. Twenty or more pretty girls in the fashionable boarding school turn night into day during the supposed dreamless sleep of the "dragon." In a lovely dormitory in four enameled beds lie as many lovely tired girls whose brains have wearied planning a midnight carouse in the room. The contributions are brought in later by the much excited miscreants and from every side after the hostesses are dragged from their beds steal girlish forms in the mysterious costumes worn in the privacy of the bedroom. With it all there is not a suggestion of vulgarity or coarseness and even one hair-raised miss in pajamas does not jar the nerves of the most delicate auditor. The spreading of goodies on the floor, the general onslaught, the grab for the pickles, that delight of the schoolgirl's heart, the sudden dash of the pillow and the promptly ensuing fight, a burst into song, the inevitable ghost stories and lowered lights, all interspersed with peals of sweet, clear, girlish laughter.

THE PINK PAJAMA GIRL.



In "Liberty Belles," Harry B. Smith's New Comedy Success, at the Marquam, Next Week.

of this region as a character woman, was a successful colored character, and others of the company were pleasing.

A feature of the production during the week was the work of the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Driscoll. A program of classics was rendered, and rendered well. On several occasions they were deserving of better appreciation than they received. A combination of the piano and organ wrought well from a musical standpoint, and added to the drawing powers of the house.

BY MR. HEILIG.

Announcing "The Penitent," "Liberty Belles" and "King Dodo," "The Liberty Belles," a musical comedy by Harry B. Smith, will be given at the Marquam Grand Theatre next Tuesday.

MARGARET McKINNEY.



As Angela in "King Dodo," at the Marquam Grand Theatre Next Week.

and Wednesday nights, October 14 and 15. A prettier set of young girls and more naturalness is said would be hard to

ter, tend to make one forget that life is not always one happy schooltime.

"The Penitent" Tonight.

Tonight at the Marquam Grand Theatre another play, rich in promise, appears. The advance sale, which is enormous, would indicate that there are many who want to see the presentation of Hall Caine's latest and most powerful story, "The Penitent." It is said to portray a phase of life with which most of us are not familiar, but have heard much, and conveys a lesson of morality far stronger than that which comes from many a pulpit and should never fail to leave an ineffaceable impression for good upon the tablets of the memory of its beholders. Like that other work of Caine's, "The Christian," the presentation of "The

best in the theatrical world. The staging will present handsome reproductions of the hills of New England—with cottages, working and furnished, aglow, besides showing characteristic of this famed region.

"King Dodo," Comedy Opera.

King Dodo and his merry court of 75 lyric players will appear at the Marquam Grand for two nights and Saturday matinee, commencing next Thursday, October 16. The production is the same intact as that which was presented at Daly's Theater in New York for three months, and the Studebaker in Chicago for seven months. The work is described as a comedy opera, in three acts, book by Frank Pixley, music by Gustav Luders, and its success is said to have rejuvenated the style of comic opera, which had been supplanted by the vogue of musical comedy. There is a tangible plot, consistent so far as comic opera plots go. The principal feature of the book, however, is centered in the work of the king, which, as interpreted by Raymond Hitchcock, occupies most of the comedy situations. The music is replete with tuneful melodies and smashing ensembles. Beside Raymond Hitchcock the cast includes Cherrily Simpson, the well known prima donna; Flora Zabell, Margaret McKinney, Greta Risley, Arthur Deagan, Arthur Wooley and William Curless. Probably the largest female chorus which has ever been brought to the coast is that which is carried by "King Dodo." They are a fresh looking lot of girls and, having been corralled from various colleges, schools and conservatories, they do not bear the stamp of the hardened chorus girl.

An augmented orchestra of ten solo musicians enhances the symphonic value of the production. Some of the most popular musical numbers of the pieces are "The Tale of a Bumblebee," "A Jolly Old Potentate," "They Gave Me a Medal for That," "Look In the Book and See," "Diana," "For Love I Live Alone," "The Lad Who Leads," "The Miller's Cate," "That's What I'll Do," "The Temptations Chorus" and "I'll Do or Die."

The advance sale of seats will open next Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

BY MR. BAKER.

Announcing "The Christian," at the Baker Theater the Coming Week.

"The Christian," Hall Caine's powerful play, will crowd the Baker theater, all next week. The advance sale promises that and with the superb production made by the Neill Stock Company, it is a settled fact. The first performance will be tomorrow afternoon.

The story of the play is almost too well known to require repetition.

It opens on the Isle of Man. The daughter of a minister, Glory Quayle, has won the heart of John Storm, a man of position, the son of a Lord who has an ambition that his boy turn his talents to politics. With a heart burning to uplift humanity, to follow in the steps of the lowly Nazarene and go among the fallen and outcasts of the human race, he finds but one obstacle in his path, the love for his playfellow, Glory. His position demanded that he stoop to reach her—stop in the eyes of the world alone—for there is only her poverty between them. He offers his life to her. She refuses, but with her refusal here is a woman's pride and a wish to reach his level, and not permit him to stoop to her. An offer of a position in a London hospital has been tendered her, and she flies to it. But not for long, for acquaintances whom she has met on the island lead her to the music hall, there to make her a reigning success.

In the somber garb of a priest, John Storm works in the slums of the city. Back of the music hall in which Glory meets success he has established a mission in a ruined cathedral, and follows the earnest life of a man who has a serious duty to perform. He meets Glory just as she comes from a supper with the light hearted of her profession, who have persuaded her to take the course that she has chosen. Solemn words of warning are of no avail, and the priest goes away. Then follows a scene in the clubroom of the mission church. Glory has come to see John. Under the advice of Father Lamplugh, of the mission, she persuades herself that she must not lead John from his work, and when the young minister enters, she tells him some into the new Acting under a false proclamation, issued by Lord Robert Ure, a friend of the man who had led Glory to the stage, the children under the care of John Storm, the tattered remnants of the slums, are led to believe that judgment day was at hand and the prophecies proving false, he is heated and scorned by his own people.

The scene shifts to the apartments of Glory Quayle. There are champagne and cards, the people of the music hall. Lord Ure tells of the pursuit of Storm through the streets and slanders his name, only to be struck in the face by Horatio Drake, who has led Glory to the music hall. On the trappings of the moment, she flings her arms around the neck of Storm's defender and presses a kiss to his lips. In a moment she has repented, and the kiss gives Drake courage for what he has not dared before, and meets with an indignant request that he leave the house. John Storm hears of the scene, thinks that his love is about to precipitate herself into the depths, and in a moment of frenzy comes to her apartments at midnight, is admitted by Glory, who thinks he is applying for refuge from the mob, and is only dissuaded from his purpose to kill the woman to save her soul by Glory's story of how she had given him up for the sake of her premises to the priest. In the closing scene, the woman defends him before the mob of those he had tried to uplift, and pleads for and receives the love that she herself had rejected.

ONE LITTLE HITCH.

Uncle Silas, an inveterate horse dealer, was one day called upon by an amateur in search of "something fast."

"There," said Uncle Silas, pointing to an animal in a meadow below the house, "there, sir, is a mare yonder who would trot her mile in three minutes were it not for one thing."

"Indeed!" said the amateur.

"Yes," continued Uncle Silas, "she was 4 years old last spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first-class mare, and she could go a mile in three minutes were it not for one thing."

"What is it?" was the query.

"That mare," resumed Uncle Silas, "is in every way a good mare, she trots square and fair, and yet there is one thing only

why she can't go a mile in three minutes." "What in the name of thunder is it, then?" cried the amateur, impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time," was the old man's reply.—Chicago Journal.

BY MR. CORDRAY.

Announcing "In Nevada," Coming Week; "Convict's Daughter," Week of Oct. 17.

The new drama of Western life, "Nevada," in which pretty Elsa Ryan is inaugurating her starring career this season, is said to abound in novel and striking scenic pictures of the section of the

vict—an innocent man—is seen leaping upon one of the cars and carried away to freedom. We have had saw mills, cotton presses, sugar mills, race tracks and other things, devised by stage artists and mechanics, and now a new, real freight train comes rumbling on our theatrical vision. It represents the highest type of stage craft and is skillfully handled in "The Convict's Daughter," a five-act melodrama.

BRITISH COURTESY.

Here are two samples of old-time British courtesy," said the New York man, "which are quite delicious for their frankness and simplicity: "On the evening of our arrival in Eng-

ELSA RYAN, IN "NEVADA."



At Cordray's Theatre, Next Week.

country that provides the greatest scope for picturesque stage adornment.

There are four complete acts from the celebrated studio of Mr. St. John Lewis, in New York, and each is said to be a marvel of fidelity to the atmosphere of the play, and to give the presentation the dignity of a much more pretentious production.

Miss Ryan's supporting company has been selected with much care, as is evidenced by the roster of well-known players.

Miss Ryan's tour as a star of the first

land recently, Mrs. H. and I entered the hotel drawing room after dinner, where a handsome and courteous old Englishman came forward and very politely led us to seats out of the draught, and made himself generally agreeable. Thereupon Mrs. H., wishing to reward his courtesy with equal frankness, remarked casually that we had just arrived from America. "Ah! Indeed! Have you?" replied our new friend. "America? Well, madam, we have quite a few of your countrymen in jail over here."

"In the train into London our only



TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS. Marquam—"The Penitent," Hall Caine's latest play. The Baker—"The District Attorney," Neill Stock Company. Cordray's—"Down Mobile," Lincoln J. Carter's Southern play.

Master of Popular Airs. Sousa as a composer or conductor is master of popular marches and dancing music, and gave another demonstration of this fact at the Marquam on Friday night. No one writes such stirring music and no one more perfectly injects his spirit into a company of musicians and makes them servants to do his exact bidding. Sousa drew thunders of applause last night whenever he asked his band to play Sousa's music. There were in some instances four recalls by an audience that would have it no other way. And Sousa was very good natured and conceded every point.

In the rendition of Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Preludes," there was one element lacking, an essential to such a composition, and that was the string instruments. Liszt, whose mandate in this instance is imperative, undoubtedly designed "Les Preludes" to be produced by brass, wood and string instruments. Sousa eliminates the string, and thus eliminates what would have enabled the bringing out of many of the otherwise impossible shaded effects.

This may be drawing some very narrow distinctions; but Sousa must expect to be judged by a standard far higher than other and ordinary bandmasters.

The bright particular star, judged from the genuine artist's standpoint, was Grace Courtney Jenkins, who played Musin's "Caprice de Concert," as her program number, and then was compelled to return to receive some pretty flowers, as well as those always sweeter bouquets that musicians get from appreciative audiences. Miss Jenkins is the true artist, and possesses beauty in addition to charms as a player.

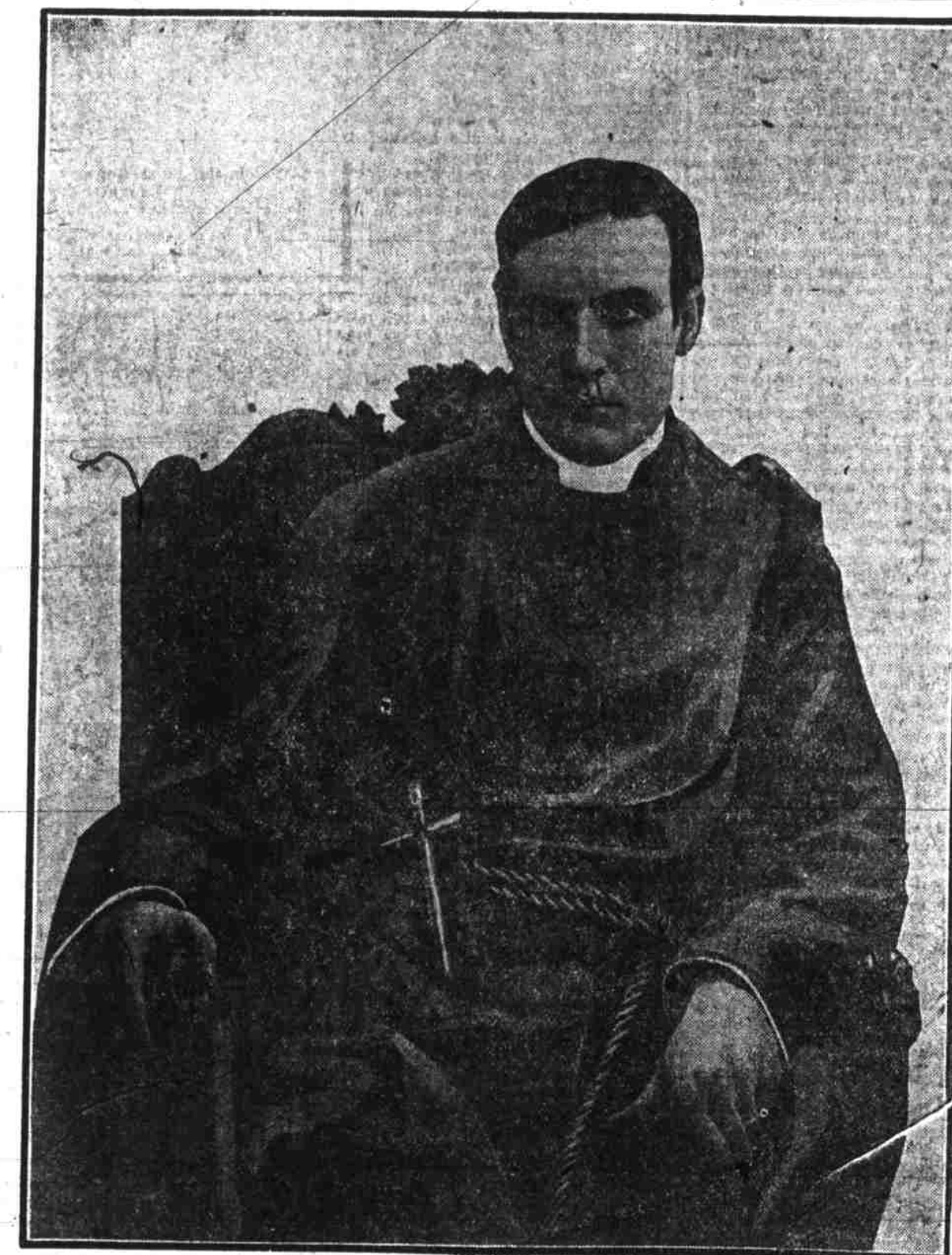
Estelle Leibling sang "Thou Brilliant Bird," a soprano solo from David's opera, and a piece permitting the display of marvelous vocal powers. It is just to record her credit for a perfectly trained voice, but one can never say she has feeling and temperament; and without them who may be an artist?

Arthur Pryor as trombone soloist, and E. Kennecke as cornetist, were deserving of marks of appreciation given by the immense audiences who heard them last night.

The afternoon program was of the same general character.

"Bonnie Brier Bush."

In "The Bonnie Brier Bush," to be seen at the Marquam Grand theater shortly, there are many beauties of scenic effect which have claimed the most enthusiastic praises of the Eastern newspaper reviewers. There is one novelty, however, invented by Mr. John Stapleton, general stage manager for Kfirke La Shelle, which is said to be marvellously realistic.



John Storm in "The Christian" at the Baker Theatre.

magnitude bears all the earmarks of success, and, as the little lady occupies the field made vacant by the retirement of Lotta, quite alone, it is believed she will acquire a numerous and widespread following from all classes of theatre-goers. Commencing Sunday matinee, October 17, "Convict's Daughter" will be the bill at Cordray's.

A freight train rumbling across the stage is an illustration of scenic realism rarely found. Additional interest and sensation are attached to it when a con-

companion in the compartment was another old gentleman, who immediately opened conversation and made himself most agreeable in pointing out objects of interest by the way. In the course of the conversation Mrs. H. remarked how agreeably surprised she was to find the English so open and pleasant. She had been given to understand that they never voluntarily conversed with strangers.

"Nor do we," replied our fellow traveler, "but we don't mind talking to Americans."

It is the gentle shower of wind-wafted autumn leaves noticeable in the glen scene in the third act. The manner of managing this effect is a professional secret, and one which Mr. Stapleton has revealed to but one other artist—Mr. Richard Mansfield. Mr. Mansfield's dying scene in "Cyrano" claimed so much of Mr. Stapleton's admiration that he offered the long-nosed hero in English, the use of his invention as a slight accession to the realism of the scene.