

Bostonians May Disband--Theatrical Gossip

(By Alva Dale.)
 LONDON, July 2.—Now, if there's one actress on earth to whom the dramatized woes of the hard-worked dressmaker would be unlikely to appeal, I should have said it was Mrs. Pat Campbell. If there's one actress on earth who likes a bit of dress, and loves to decorate herself according to the latest caprices of fashion, it is this selfsame Mrs. Pat.
 And yet last night at the Vaudeville theatre I saw her in a sort of tract (the kind of thing that you find pushed into your letter box) by a crank, known as the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, entitled "Warp and Woof." In this merry little thing, the ornate and usually dress-encumbered Mrs. Pat plays the part of a stiter at the swagger dressmaker's.

On her mission and is just about to succumb to the naughty boylet, who gives her a look on account, the news is brought to her that Phoebe is dead. Thereupon she seizes a bunch of lilies, looks upward with a celestial smile, murmurs "Phoebe, I come! I come!" and the curtain falls. The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, who, as I said before, is a crank has dabbed on the colors for all they are worth. In fact, after viewing her play you feel that anything more than a fig leaf is absolutely criminal, and you wonder if Mrs. Lyttleton might perchance stretch a point and allow perhaps a duchess to have the fig leaf accordion-pleated. When a lady gets ratty on a subject she is not particularly logical, and it occurs to your mind



DALLAS TYLER. With the Baker Theatre Company in "The Prince of Liars."

that one exceptional fancy dress ball doesn't make out a case. Furthermore, if Mrs. Stefanie turned out many clothes like those we saw as specimens of her craft in "Warp and Woof," it is not at all likely that she could be overburdened by society's orders or forced to make her galls work overtime. But as the object in England is to work as little as you can, to ring in as many bank holidays, half holidays and Saturday-to-Mondays and week-ends as possible Mrs. Lyttleton probably thought that the gallery would be "wired" her. I don't think it was. The audience was small and apathetic; the applause led by three policemen and four minions. The pit evidently liked to see Mrs. Pat in her accustomed fine feathers, no matter whether they were made by the sweat of an honest gill's brow or otherwise. To view her in pure black and pathos, and then to learn that she hadn't been wronged and wouldn't be, was something that dampened the ardor of the house.

In spite of which the tract was interesting, because it was unusual. It wasn't conventional, and you weren't so frightfully sure what was going to happen. Even the fact that nothing happened was a surprise. It is a relief occasionally to find that nothing happens, because in nine plays out of ten events work on an schedule time, invariably, unerringly. As a moral lesson, however, "Warp and Woof" is absurd. Poor women! They must wear something, bless 'em! They must look a bit nice when they go to a party. They must have a neat bag or two to their backs. As for Mrs. Stefanie, the heavy villainess of the piece, surely it is a libel on a poor hard-working dressmaker, who tries her best to make feminine humanity look artistic for art's sake. Dressmakers are, of course, supposed to be horrid, not because they will make dresses on time, but because they won't make 'em. Mrs. Stefanie is punctuality itself, and it seems cruel to punish her as a villain because she is punctual.

The only inference is that the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, in addition to being a crank, is a frump. Would you sooner be a greater frump than you look, or look a greater frump than you are? The present week closes the season at the Baker and for two weeks the various vaudeville houses and Shields' park will afford the amusement seekers their sole theatrical opportunity. With the beginning of the fall season, however, there will be enough attractions to please the most fastidious, as the Baker, Marquam Grand, Cordray's and the Columbia will each present regular bills, and the Portland playgoer will be busy indeed who "takes in" all of merit that is offered.

The management of the Baker theatre this coming season will adopt a new plan, and instead of retaining a stock company for a run of many weeks, will make frequent changes in the attractions. The Baker will close August 7 for two weeks and on the 14th will open with H. W. Stockwell in "The Honorable John North." After a week's engagement the Stockwell company will give place to Melbourne MacDowell in Bardou plays and later the ever popular Ralph Stuart will appear in some of his successes.

Early in September the Marquam Grand will open for its winter season. Cordray's will also open its doors, and though the season's offerings have not yet been announced, it is most probable that the plays listed will be fully up to the higher standard and smarter pace being set in the local theatrical world. With the opening of the various regular houses the vaudeville theatres will improve their already good bills to meet the new competition, and attractions from the best of the eastern circuits which will be seen weekly in the city at some of the smaller playhouses.

A conference was held in Atlantic City, N. J., last week by the managers and members of the Bostonian Opera Stock company, in which it was seriously discussed that the troupe disbanded. The members concluded a three weeks' engagement in Atlantic City at Young's pier, and while the patronage was not disappointing, the profits were not enough to meet the serious deficiency which has been created by a run of ill luck that started with the engagement at the Colonial theatre in Boston. Charles Deacon, manager of the Bostonians, reported that there had been a conference between himself and William Carlton, president of the Bostonians, in New York, and that if the arrangements for further financial assistance did not succeed it would be advisable to break up the company after a three years' existence as a corporate company. Henry Clay Barnabee, one of the well-known stage favorites, is a member of the Bostonians. There are others in the company. At the hotels where they are located it was stated that the board of the members had been paid and the stories of troubles with the landlords are not verified.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the operatic contralto, appeared in concert on the platform of the Ocean Grove Auditorium and created consternation by the brevity of her performance. Her severely décolleté gown was severely criticised by the three score clergymen present. Comments of no uncertain tenor were freely made by them against a repetition of the affront to their sense of the proprieties of the place and the occasion. The celebrated contralto is the mother of seven.

arcade's new bill. An artist who can play the mandolin as no other living man can play it, a musician whose magic touch upon the wire strings of the Spanish harp carries the audience back to old Madrid, has been engaged to appear at the Arcade theatre next week on the new program which opens on Monday. To hear Carlton Ostrander, the Paganini of the mandolin, play his own accompaniment upon this instrument is a revelation. Perhaps the top liner of the whole bill, however, may be the high-wire man, a mother would not know him. This moment he is a vigorous youth and the next a decrepit and aged man. He runs his fingers through his hair, shakes his shoulders and behold a smiling primate stands before the bewildered audience. Odell and Hart are a winning team of entertainers who give no body that sees them a chance to do anything but laugh. Kate Coyle has found a new and beautiful ballad which she will sing to the accompaniment of charming pictures, and the bioscope has been provided with some thrilling films. At the matinee performance a special attraction will be the moving pictures of the great train robbery in which the bandits are shown plundering a train and shooting at the train men and passengers.

The most striking film ever exhibited on any bioscope in the west is the picture of Pickett winning the great Brooklyn handicap, the \$20,000 stake race, in the presence of 50,000 people this year. This will be shown at the Arcade all this week.

Nothing to compare with next week's bill by the Shields' musical comedy company has ever been seen in Portland at popular prices. All of the grand old musical numbers of "Olivette" and a number of the latest popular song successes will be sung. The comedy has been brought down to date and affords a fine opportunity for the fun-makers to do their best work. Special scenery and costumes have been provided and elaborate electrical effects will be used to add to the brilliance of the scenes. The company has made many friends during its engagement here and occupies a high place in the regard of the local public. Each of the ten principals is an artist and the chorus and pony ballet are equally attractive. "Olivette" is too well known to require any particular explanation of its merits. The Zinn version is better than the original for it combines all the good things in the old and adds many new things to the piece. On Sundays and incident nights the performances are held at Cordray's theatre. Otherwise at Shields' Park, where the cool breezes blow.

All the bright things of Pacific coast vaudeville will be seen at the Bijou this week, commencing with the matinee performance tomorrow afternoon. The Golden West trio is now complete through the arrival of Alf James, the team-mate of James Post and May Ashley, the two clever people who headed last week's bill. They will put on a delightful 15-minute sketch called "The Great Diamond Robbery." "Leo," the loneleg warrior, is just one man, but he acts with such skill that he appears to be two at least. In the acrobatic line none surpasses Queen and Ross, the Australian novelty duo. Diamond and Whitehead have dances never witnessed before in this city. An excitingly realistic Spanish bull-fight is shown in the vitascope pictures. The only Edna Foley, the sweetest singer of local vaudeville, will present her newest and prettiest. McBride and Rynar.

Do Not Blame God for Disasters
 (By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)
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 WHENEVER great disaster occurs, causing the loss of human life, the atheist and unbeliever comes to the front with his question, "Why did you God allow this horrible thing to happen?" The Iroquois holocaust and the Sicom horror both brought forth these queries. Both disasters were the result of human negligence and greed. Added to these was human carelessness. People rarely take the trouble to investigate such conditions as existed in the Iroquois or Sicom until some personal loss compels their attention. My religion teaches me that we are placed on earth to develop and use all our powers of perception and observation, and to perfect our crude selves by bringing into play all our best qualities and attributes. Unselfishness, will power, self-control, thoughtfulness for others and an example that awakens the souls of others are all methods of this development. If we fall in the use of any of these qualities we suffer and cause suffering, and delay the ultimate purpose of all life. It is not the intention of the Creator to save us from the results of our own misdeeds. No matter if we err through ignorance or are expected to suffer and to gain knowledge through this suffering. This life seems no more in the eyes of the great creative powers than a second of time seems to you. You are not a cry of wicked parent because you allow your child to suffer a second's pain by the extraction of a tooth. It is the baby tooth, and another will come in its place. Loss of life here on earth seems no more to Him than the loss of the baby tooth seems to you. This life is but a second in the eternity of lives. Many years ago William Ellery Channing said, "Poets are both seers and prophets," and Channing knew whereof he spoke. Death and separation from those we love are inevitable events. The purpose of life on earth is larger than the mere content found in unbroken domestic felicity. We delay our own development, and when we cause the death of innocent children through selfish greed and wicked indifference we only speed those other souls to higher planes of life, while we lessen our own chances of happiness here and in other realms. Without doubt many persons who expired in the Iroquois tribes and on the Sicom received warnings from the world in other realms which had they heeded—might have given them a longer lease of life here and less tragic exit. Many such incidents are coming to my ears regarding both tragedies. In those wonderful realms which are beyond, the invisible friends sometimes know that disaster is near us, and endeavor to give us signals, but like ships at sea we are fogbound by our physical thoughts and ideas and do not see or hear the warnings. Those who pass on, however, terrible the moment of passing may be, we need not pity, but those who remain need all the faith and knowledge of future life can give. It is sorry work to try and undermine their confidence in their Creator. Only the selfish egoist would attempt it. There are two great lessons to be learned in these disasters—one the necessity of realizing individual responsibility in whatever position we occupy; the other the necessity of thinking about the life to come, and cultivating a faith in other sources of happiness beyond this little sphere. Whatever your occupation, look to it that you do your work well. Each one of us by careless and selfish neglect may cause death by disaster, and each of us by thoroughness and competence may help the world to better conditions. Better look to the improvement of ourselves than to blaspheming God.

EMMETT AT THE STAR.
 America's greatest entertainer, Hugh J. Emmett, the globe-trotting ventriloquist, will appear at the Star theatre beginning tomorrow. This announcement, were it unaccompanied by no mention of the Star's other brilliant attractions, would insure the public a rare entertainment, for the name Emmett is one to conjure with. This great vaudeville star has travelled every whole world setting audiences on fire with enthusiasm, dazzling the critics of the great European capitals, winning applause in the cities of the orient and finally starting on another triumphant tour of America. Emmett is inimitable. He is original, daring, startling. He rolls in laughter. He reveals in originality. He mystifies. But there are other acts. Mahoney brothers are marvelous as black-face singers, dancers and comedians. Gertrude Stevens is a captivating soubrette with a sweet voice and feet that trip. The Buckeye trio are comedy acrobats in rare ability, who portray "A Tramp's Dream" in a maze of grotesque and contortion feats. Cathrine Manning sings a melodious pictured ballad, "Way Down East." The projectoscopes of Edson have new humorous movie pictures. As a special feature, to be seen at the matinee only, "The Great Train Robbery," a sensational moving picture

ONE OF THE PERFORMING SEALS AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.
 popular prices. All of the grand old musical numbers of "Olivette" and a number of the latest popular song successes will be sung. The comedy has been brought down to date and affords a fine opportunity for the fun-makers to do their best work. Special scenery and costumes have been provided and elaborate electrical effects will be used to add to the brilliance of the scenes. The company has made many friends during its engagement here and occupies a high place in the regard of the local public. Each of the ten principals is an artist and the chorus and pony ballet are equally attractive. "Olivette" is too well known to require any particular explanation of its merits. The Zinn version is better than the original for it combines all the good things in the old and adds many new things to the piece. On Sundays and incident nights the performances are held at Cordray's theatre. Otherwise at Shields' Park, where the cool breezes blow.

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