

Alan Dale Tells of Things Theatrical

(By Alan Dale.)
 LONDON, Aug. 4.—After all, it was unnecessary. I might have left myself a pleasant illusion. It was silly. It was unpardonable—that visit of mine to the Garrick theatre to see "The Fairy's Dilemma," by W. S. Gilbert, just before it was going to close. Why didn't I let it close in peace, without rubbing, from a mistaken sense of duty?
 Gilbert to me—was one of those sacred traditions in which I verily believed. Whenever I have wanted to express a condition of humorous topsyturvydom I have used the adjective "Gilbertian." Whenever modern comic opera has pulled upon us and we have turned from it in weariness of spirit—well, I always had Mr. Gilbert's perfect libretto to fall back upon, as models of craftsmanship. Genuine satirical humor was in fact, W. S. Gilbert.
 And then to go and see "The Fairy's Dilemma!" To sit ruthlessly through a most laborious effort to revive the ashes of a juvenility that was evidently past revival. To wait for three hours and not the demolition of the pet adjective "Gilbertian" and to watch actors and actresses trading upon the glory of an old name, when the label and nothing more was there. It was cruel. It was in fact, saddening.
 As first I asked myself if, perchance, my own outlook had changed. As we "get on" in years, the things that entertained us in the "first flesh" often seem so difficult to swallow today. We used to laugh so easily, and in such a luxury of light-heartedness. Was W. S. Gilbert in "The Fairy's Dilemma," just as amusing as ever, and was I who was "out of taste"? Such a condition, of course, might well be.
 But alas! It wasn't. Brimming over as I was with all sorts of respect and admiration for the splendid librettist of "The Mikado," of "Pinafore"—also for the inspired author of "Engaged"—there was no gnatstingling the fact that "The Fairy's Dilemma" was wretchedly dull; bewilderingly far-fetched, and miles behind the times. It was behind Gilbert's own time, too. Years ago he would never have offered such rubbish to a thriving public.
 He called it an "original domestic pantomime," and the program had this note, which I append: "In modern pantomimes the scenes of the Harlequinade have no ostensible connection with the fable of the piece; but in old-fashioned pantomimes the good fairy invariably interposed at an important crisis of the story and transformed the four principal characters into Harlequin, Columbine, Clown and Pantaloon. "The Fairy's Dilemma" is a reversion to the old order of things."
 But it is poor old Gilbert's dilemma—not the fairy's. For in his attempt to make a chestnut mix-up of lovers "humorous," by means of a couple of "supernatural" characters, the good fairy and the Fairy Rosebud, he is driven to terrible extremes.
 In this production at the Garrick theatre, which was a handsome one, there was a good old-fashioned transformation scene—offered as seriously as though the whole thing were an irritating Christmas pantomime—and called the Revolving Reins of Radiant Rehabilitation, after which came the old-time "clown piece," not one bit funnier than the hodge-podge with which every English playgoer is afflicted at Christmas time.
 The spirit of loyalty, reverence and tradition is so keen in England that although the old-time clown-piece is obnoxious to modern ideas of humor and is a revival of other periods in the stage's history, playgoers endure it. Managers stage it year after year. At it is always the same thing, with a clown, harlequin, pantaloon. Clown trips up nurse-girl with baby-carriage; pantaloon steals sausages from butcher's shop; harlequin dances, columbine in flimsy muslin skirts revives on a pivot. Children, as soon as they reach years of discretion, are religiously taken to see this. It is as though they could not get on in life until they have sampled the "clown piece." Nobody takes it, but it is kept alive, simply because it has been alive.
 And in "The Fairy's Dilemma" you-not this clown-piece without a scintilla of humor. Gilbert transforms his English baronet of the household cavalry into

Bourchier, as clown, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh as columbine suggested risible possibilities. They miscarried. Not a laugh, not a titter; nothing but smug wonderment at the appalling stupidity of the act.
 Occasionally a Gilbertian quip flashed factfully. "I am going to the Revolving Reins of Radiant Rehabilitation," says one character. "My telegraphic address is 'Realm!'" I cornered that, and beg to offer it as all I gleaned from this Gilbertian attempt at "rehabilitation."
 A funny thing occurred in connection with the "curtain raiser" that formed part of the bill. The energetic Mr. Bourchier during the earlier part of his season at the Garrick put on "A Lesson in Harmony," by the poet Laureate Alfred Austin. I suppose he thought that with two such names as Alfred Austin and Gilbert he could make no mistake. But London wouldn't have "A Lesson in Harmony." It was no use; the piece failed to please.
 So the poet laureate, as a curtain-raiser, was succeeded by a dramatic critic, if you please! A little play by Malcolm Watson, called "The Conversion of Nat Sturge," was substituted. In this a bishop, catching a burglar red-handed in his library, offered to let him go if he would wed the bishop's weak-minded old ward! And the burglar preferred prison. I thought that if the burglar had been asked to sit through "The Fairy's Dilemma," he might also have preferred prison.
 The joll has passed. Beginning today the dramatic season starts again in Portland with new houses, new companies and new plays to divert the people, who are coming back from the coast and the mountains filled with a desire to once more settle down in a parquet seat, and see the villain properly executed at the critical moment. As of yore the vaudeville we have with us always and the four variety houses will continue to change their bills weekly and to continually improve the nature of their offerings, though at present Portland vaudeville is the sort that attracts favorable comment.
 Cordray's is the first of the regular houses to open and this afternoon the first performance of the season will be given. "The Runaway Match" is the



GRACE DARNLEY AT THE STAR THEATRE.

dances. Those who have once seen these wonderful dancers know what that means.
 Miss Dullie Castle has been engaged to take the place of Edna Foley in singing illustrated songs. Russian soldiers marching to the seat of war will be shown by the vitascopes. Traitor and Butcher are comedy sketches of the highest type. Their expert, eccentric and grotesque dancing is famous. Lord and Rowe, black-face comedians who are very different from most of their kind and infinitely better, will let the audience see how much amusement to the square minute they can provide. The Kelleys are great character actors, who already have many friends here.
 The Eljou is the place for vaudeville. Every afternoon and evening.
 ★ ★ ★
LESLIE'S NEW BILL.
 Just as wine improves with old age so does the Lyric improve as the time rolls on, and each week sees a better performance. The elite theatre goes of the city attend this house every evening. The bill last week was a strong one, but this week's bill outclasses it from the beginning to end. The bill is as follows: "The Four Comedies," Jugglers, Mortons, in a sensational comedy juggling act; Whitehead and Diamond, the comedy singers, acrobats and dancers; T. J. Ray, in illustrated songs; Walton, the greatest of all Chinese impersonators, a great act; the Two Fantas, in a comedy acrobatic sketch; introducing their little pig, Mike; Rudy Smith, in character songs; and the vitascopes, real pleasure in the punching of Columbus. All of which goes to make up a very strong and attractive bill for this week.
 The management gives \$15 in gold away every Friday night, \$5 at each of the three performances. Last week's bill closes tonight and the new bill opens at 2:30 p. m. Monday. Continuous performance from 2:30 today to 10 p. m.
 ★ ★ ★
AT THE STAR.
 Riding up the devil's chimney will be the feature act at the Star theatre for the week which begins on Monday. This feat is one that is only paralleled by the world-famous looping the loop, and in many respects it is a more spectacular feat. A huge cylinder, 16 feet high, is placed on the stage and "Cyclone," the daring performer, rides round and round at dizzy speed on the inside until he mounts in spiral circles to the top. Here he spins a few moments on his bicycle and then plunges downward again. As a thrilling act, riding up the devil's chimney may safely be described as the limit.
 The other acts on the new program include everything good. Paquita and Los Majos, the Spanish whirlwind dancers and musicians, will surely entrance the audience. McCarver and McCarver are two colored comedians who have complete control of the joke trust. Their rapid-fire witticisms will give the hearers not one minute in which to rest from laughing. James McGrath is a new style of laugh-maker who sends his auditors into convulsions of joy by simply telling them stories. Not to hear him is to miss one of the funniest 30 minutes of your life.
 A dashing sourette, pretty and chic, is Grace Darnley, who will sing and

Scott Seaton, Anna Roberts, B. Grassby, George Berall, M. Cytron, Edith Angus, Kitty Dwyer and Roy Bernard. The stage will be under the personal direction of William Bernard. Special scenery will be painted for each production by Frank King, one of the most celebrated scenic artists in the country, whom Mr. Welch brings from New York to paint exclusively for the Columbia. The orchestra, led by S. W. Driscoll, will consist of 10 soloists and the music will be one of the special features. Matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday. The regular night prices will be 15, 25 and 50 cents, with a few choice seats at 75 cents. For the night performances there will be 500 seats at 50 cents and 500 at 25 cents. At the matinees there will be 1,000 25-cent seats. Season reservations may be made at Rowe & Martin's drug store each day between 11 a. m. and 3 p. m., and at the theatre box office from 7 to 8 p. m. At the latter

Scott Seaton, Anna Roberts, B. Grassby, George Berall, M. Cytron, Edith Angus, Kitty Dwyer and Roy Bernard. The stage will be under the personal direction of William Bernard. Special scenery will be painted for each production by Frank King, one of the most celebrated scenic artists in the country, whom Mr. Welch brings from New York to paint exclusively for the Columbia. The orchestra, led by S. W. Driscoll, will consist of 10 soloists and the music will be one of the special features. Matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday. The regular night prices will be 15, 25 and 50 cents, with a few choice seats at 75 cents. For the night performances there will be 500 seats at 50 cents and 500 at 25 cents. At the matinees there will be 1,000 25-cent seats. Season reservations may be made at Rowe & Martin's drug store each day between 11 a. m. and 3 p. m., and at the theatre box office from 7 to 8 p. m. At the latter

Scott Seaton, Anna Roberts, B. Grassby, George Berall, M. Cytron, Edith Angus, Kitty Dwyer and Roy Bernard. The stage will be under the personal direction of William Bernard. Special scenery will be painted for each production by Frank King, one of the most celebrated scenic artists in the country, whom Mr. Welch brings from New York to paint exclusively for the Columbia. The orchestra, led by S. W. Driscoll, will consist of 10 soloists and the music will be one of the special features. Matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday. The regular night prices will be 15, 25 and 50 cents, with a few choice seats at 75 cents. For the night performances there will be 500 seats at 50 cents and 500 at 25 cents. At the matinees there will be 1,000 25-cent seats. Season reservations may be made at Rowe & Martin's drug store each day between 11 a. m. and 3 p. m., and at the theatre box office from 7 to 8 p. m. At the latter

Scott Seaton, Anna Roberts, B. Grassby, George Berall, M. Cytron, Edith Angus, Kitty Dwyer and Roy Bernard. The stage will be under the personal direction of William Bernard. Special scenery will be painted for each production by Frank King, one of the most celebrated scenic artists in the country, whom Mr. Welch brings from New York to paint exclusively for the Columbia. The orchestra, led by S. W. Driscoll, will consist of 10 soloists and the music will be one of the special features. Matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday. The regular night prices will be 15, 25 and 50 cents, with a few choice seats at 75 cents. For the night performances there will be 500 seats at 50 cents and 500 at 25 cents. At the matinees there will be 1,000 25-cent seats. Season reservations may be made at Rowe & Martin's drug store each day between 11 a. m. and 3 p. m., and at the theatre box office from 7 to 8 p. m. At the latter

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Catherine Countess
 Leading Lady at the Columbia Theatre.

Silence

(By Maurice Maeterlinck.)
 IT IS idle to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another.
 The lips or tongues may represent the soul, even as a cipher or a number may represent a picture of meaning, but from the moment that we have something to say to each other we are compelled to hold our peace, and if at such times we do not listen to the urgent commands of silence, invisible though they be, we shall have suffered an eternal loss that all the treasures there are in this world cannot make good. It is only when life is sluggish within us that we speak; only at moments when reality lies far away, and we do not wish to be conscious of our brethren.
 And no sooner do we speak than something warns us that the divine gates are closing.
 Thus it comes about that we hug silence to us and are very much afraid, and even the most reckless will not squander it on the first corner.
 There is an instinct of the superhuman truths within us, which warns us that it may explain itself, and it is by one whom we do not wish to know or do not love, for words may pass between men, but let silence have had its instant of activity and it will never efface itself, and indeed that is a life, the only life that leaves a trace behind, is made up of silence alone.
 Bethink it well, in that silence to which you must again have recourse, so that it may explain itself, and it is granted to you to descend for one moment into your soul, into the depths where the angels dwell. It is not the words spoken by the creature you loved who realize that you were, real as the creature that he made, but it is above all the silences that you have lived together that will come back to you, for it is the quality of those silences that alone reveals the quality of your love and your soul.
 As we advance through life it is more and more brought home to us that nothing takes place that is not in accord with some curious preconcerted design, and of this we never breathe a word. We scarcely dare let our minds dwell upon it, but of its existence, somewhat above our heads, we are absolutely convinced.
 The more fatuous of men smiles at the first encounter, as though he were the accomplice of the destiny of his brethren. And in this domain even those who can speak the most profoundly realize—they perhaps, even more than others—that words can never express the real, special relationship that exists between two beings.
 Were I to speak to you this moment of the greatest thing of all—of love, death or destiny—it is not love, death or destiny that I should touch; and my efforts notwithstanding, there would always remain between us a truth which had not been spoken, which we had not even thought of speaking, and yet it is this truth only, voiceless though it has been, which will have lived with us for an instant, and by which we shall have been wholly absorbed. For that truth is our truth as regards death, destiny or love, and it was in silence only that we could perceive it. And nothing save only the silence will have had any importance.
 "My sisters," says the child in the fairy story, "you have each of you a secret thought—I wish to know it."
 We, too, have something that people want to know, but it is hidden far above the secret thought—it is our secret silence.
 But all questions are useless. When our spirit is alarmed—its own agitation becomes a barrier to the second life that lives in this secret, and would we know what it is that lies hidden there, we must cultivate silence among ourselves, for it is there only that for one instant the eternal flowers unfold their petals, the mysterious flowers whose form and colors are ever changing in harmony with the soul that is by their side.
 As gold and silver are weighed in pure water so does the soul test its weight in silence, and the words that we let fall have no meaning apart from the silence that envelops them.
 If I tell some one that I love him, as I may have told you, I convey nothing to him, but the silence which will ensue, if I do indeed love him, will make clear in what depths lies the roots of my love, and will in its turn give birth to a conviction that shall itself be silent, and in the course of a lifetime this silence and this conviction will never again be the same.
 It is not silence that determines and fixes the favor of love. Deprived of it love would lose its eternal essence and perfume.
 Who has not known those silent moments which separated the lips to unite the souls? It is those that we must ever seek. There is no silence more delicate than the silence of love, and it is indeed the only one that we may claim for ourselves alone.
 The other silences, those of death, grief and destiny, do not belong to us. They come to us at their own hour, following in the track of events, and those whom they do not meet need not reproach themselves, for we can all go forth to meet the silences of love. They lie in wait for us night and day at our threshold and are no less beautiful than their brothers. And it is thanks to them that those who have seldom wept may know the life of the soul almost as intimately as the one to whom much grief has come, and therefore, it is that such of us as have loved deeply have learned many secrets that are unknown to others, for thousands and thousands of things quiver in silence on the lips of true friendship and love that are not to be found in the silence of other lips, to which friendship and love are unknown.
 Some More Messages.
 A disposition on the part of great railroad corporations to get possession of trolley lines which parallel and compete with their steam systems is conspicuous in more than one of the states of the Union. This is an interesting development in traffic conditions nowadays, and it is difficult to foresee how far it may go.
WHAT DID THE WOGGLE BUG SAY?

WHAT DID THE WOGGLE BUG SAY?