

Rose Eytlinge Tells of Edwin Booth—Some Coming Attractions

ON THE STAGE

Columbia Theatre's New Stock Company and Some of Its Members

EVER meet Rose Eytlinge? No? You have missed a great and whole-some treat. For Rose Eytlinge is one of the really charming women of the American stage.

"Let us go into the box, where we will not be interrupted," she said, leading the way from the stage, through a dark, thick-carpeted passage, and pointing out the dangers of the journey as only a veteran from behind the scenes could do in daylight.

Rose Eytlinge adjusted her hat, which the velvet curtain had raised to a degree, and sat down in one of the big, comfortable chairs that Manager Welch has so thoughtfully provided for his patrons.

"Now, what is it you would have me say?" "Booth—about Booth—when did you meet him, and how?" The visitor trembled a little at the thought that finally he was talking to a distinguished actress of another generation.

"It—it—it is the correct costume, Mr. Booth," I stammered. "Aye, correct as to period," he replied, "but do you not realize that I am a court fool and our family lives very modestly—in fact, that I am a poor man?"

"I broke down and wept, but soon Mr. Booth came over to me and, stroking my hair in the most fatherly manner, continued: 'Never mind, girlie, never mind. The result is so entirely satisfactory that we will have to forgive Flordilisa all her extravagance.'"

"There is a fair example of the amiability of Edwin Booth. And that was only one of his numberless admirable traits."

"Because, in the first place, he was the son of Julius Brutus Booth, a man of the most extraordinary and sometimes vicious habits. Edwin was compelled to travel about the country with his father, who was without question sane and possessed of a wild temper, and not infrequently the 17-year-old boy was flung upon the stage at a moment's notice to play his father's part."



CATHARINE COURTISS, LEADING WOMAN COLUMBIA THEATER STOCK COMPANY.

most of her strength in a vain effort to soft-pedal Evelyn's observations. The performance was no longer of interest to a small radius of patrons. Everybody was wrapped up in Evelyn. Finally, unable to contain his admiration any longer, the kindly disposed old gentleman in front leaned far back.

Over at the Baker, where Bardou is showing play-lovers how much he knows about womanhood, while stage mechanism is reaching an exaltation in a temper, patronage has been all that could be desired. This means full houses. The production of "Cleopatra" was a stupendous undertaking for a newly organized stock company, and how well they "got away with it" is a matter of history.

"Fable Roman!" and after four nights of the bury-him-alive affair swung easily into a three-act comedy-drama that is, in spots, really charming. The young star suffered but little in the transition. It now remains for him to exhibit a power most rare in the presentation of one of Mansfield's great creations, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with which he begins his second and final week in Portland.

The vaudeville houses come in with the same old report—crowded houses night after night and day after day. That idea of the Bijou's alternating the ordinary vaudeville program with a real operetta, is about the proper answer. The presentation of Professor Zink's clever commiseration of wit and music, "A Night in Turkey," attracted hundreds of people who had never before, perhaps, looked inside the house.

The young Mr. Keane, now playing at Cordray's, gathered a group of newspaper men around him at the Portland Friday night and during the progress of a Dutch lunch unburdened himself of a few stories, not the least interesting of them concerning the noted Kentucky editor, Henry Watterson.

And now, out of the east, comes a new Richard Mansfield story. It concerns an enthusiastic woman admirer who called on him, engaged in plenty of "gush" over his greatness and cooed about his effective work in heroic and sometimes vicious roles.

when in the spirit of those great characters you forget yourself for days." "Aye, madam, and for nights. It is then I do those dreadful things—trample on the upturned features of my leading lady and hurl tendrilous at waiters."

Henry W. Savage's press agent gets off a good thing now and then. This week he claims that Jess Dandy, the Hans Wagner of "The Prince of Elsinore," returned to New York last week from a small town, where he had become the confidante of the local theatrical manager. The latter was discussing his prospects and his preparations for the future.

Politics has entered the stage door. A lot of vaudeville people are featuring a march called "Roosevelt and Fairbanks."

Lincoln Carter has come to the front with his weekly melo-drama, "Too Proud to Beg."

More politics—Henry Lee, the impersonator of celebrated characters, has added Alton B. Parker to his repertoire. May Robson has gone into vaudeville with a sketch known as "Checkers," but no relation to the play of that name.

"Jock's Little Surprise," in which Arthur Byron is to star, was very favorably received in New York during the week.

Charlotta Dean was the victim of one of those painful, exasperating stage accidents that will happen. Thursday morning in the scene where she is brought in wrapped to the point of asphyxiation in a canvas sheet, and thereafter revealed to the audience, she arose with her great blonde wig of "Cicopatra's yellow hair" on just one side of her head.

The Manhattan Stock company, which is to support Mrs. Fiske during the anti-season in a series of productions and revivals is now completing its list. It includes John Mason, George Arlson, Charles Cartwright, Robert V. Fergusson, William B. Mack, Henry J. Hadfield, Stanley Rignold, Francis J. McIntyre, W. L. Branscombe, Royden Elyms, Ludwig Lederer, H. Chapman Ford, Charles T. Terry, Nell Grey, A. E. Drake, James Midam, Otto Meyer, John C. Lindemera, Walter Hendrix, Robert Wurster, William A. Sheehy, George H. Hinchings, Laura McGilvray, Kate Fletcher, Cecilia Radcliffe, Emily Stevens, Lucy Spencer, Anne Gregory Allen, Mary Maddern, Mabel Page, Frances Whitstead, Gertrude G. Vane, Kate Oglebay, Daisy Yates, Mabel Stoughton and Maud Robinson.

In a delightful comedy, the Columbia Theatre company makes its bow to Portland audiences this afternoon. The opening of this beautiful playhouse is the gala event of the theatrical week, and it has been looked forward to with more than ordinary interest by Portland society. The advance sale is proof positive that the Columbia theatre will be thronged with the large and fashionable audience, while the friends of Miss Counties are giving every evidence of the fact that they are delighted to welcome this talented actress home to Portland.

The comedy drama is in four acts and was written especially for E. H. Sothern. The story deals with the ups and downs of Captain Lettarblair Linton, a young officer in the Irish Fusiliers. Lettarblair is in love with Fanny Madden, an heiress, and Fanny with him, as he is working off an old debt incurred by his father, who before his death had caused the ruin of the Crawford bank.

Small Talk of Stage People

Fourteen weeks for "The Prince of Pilsen" in London sounds good. Francis MacLennan, tenor, and Walter Rothwell, conductor, will be connected with Savage's big production of "Parafin," which Portland expects to witness.

Hazel Chaffee, a niece of General Chaffee, has "joined" out with "The Yankee Consul" and "An Oyster." Sir Charles Wyndham will make a feature of "David Garrick" during his American tour.

Tomorrow evening Fritz Schaff will be introduced at Chicago as a musical comedy star in a piece entitled "The Two Roses."

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Monologues

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JAMES KEANE at Cordray's Theatre.

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