On The Stage

MISS LOUIS POWER AT THE BAKER THEATRE

CATHRINE COUNTISS AT THE COLUMBIA

THE BURGOMASTER AT THE MARQUAM GRAND

ADELAIDE WALTERS AT CORDRAY'S THEATRE

RUSSELL REED AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

EDITH ANGUS AT THE COLUMBIA THEATRE

JULIA ROMAINE AT THE LYRIC

Columbia — Columbia Stock company in "Under Two Flags."
Cordray's — Jules Walters" "Side-Tracked."
Baker's — Melbourne MacDowell in Sardou's "Fedora."
Marquam Grand—Wednesday night, Gordon's Minstrels; Thursday, Friday and Saturday night and Saturday matinee, "The Burgomaster."
Empire—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Lyric—Vaudeville.
Star—Vaudeville.
Bijou—Vaudeville.
Arcade—Vaudeville.

"Setting aside the character of the performers, the mother who allows her daughter to go to the playhouse permits her to associate with the vile and the shameless. The association is bad and blighting to the morals. The woman of bad repute is there. The playhouse teaches that marriage is not the sacred thing we have been taught to believe, and incidentally and directly the home itself is assaulted."—Rev. Dr. Hollingshead.

Here, indeed, is a pretty mess!

A Portland minister has seen fit to attack, in a public sermon, one of the greatest commercial and industrial institutions of the world—the stage. In the strongest language at his command he condemns everybody and everything connected with it, sparing, as will be observed, not even the audiences.

"Setting aside the character of the performers." Indeed? There is an implication in that quotation that stirred the profession. Does the doctor know whereof he speaks? Is he familiar with the characters of these men and women? If so, why set them aside at all? Why not deal with all the facts? It would shock the congregation less, perhaps, than did the remarks actually made.

Charity is a cardinal principle of Christianity, and may it ever be. (We are dealing now with the "set aside characters" and not that too general subject—the stage). In what profession, or business, or religious body, will the doctor find the good principle exemplified so radiantly as among stage folk? When was there a time of national calamity—the Galveston horror, the Johnstown flood, the frightful Iroquois affair and a score of others—when the theatrical profession has failed to come forward with relief totaling thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of dollars?

When has a fellow professional found himself or herself in need, that relief has not been instantly at hand? Who have founded greater and grander institutions for the care and protection of their sick and poor than these people so rudely besmirched? Perhaps you would call this merely "professional protection." Perhaps. And thank Providence that same exists also in the ministry!

Here is one instance with which the writer happens to be familiar. At the close of last season an opera company of 50 or 60 people closed a short engagement in Chicago in financial difficulty. The company was worthy but if had toured the south during Lent and the result was a treasury quite as depleted as Mrs. Hubbard's cupboard. Most of the members had homes in New York, but no money to take them there. Salaries had ceased two weeks beforehand. Hunger or a worse fate stared eagerly at the stranded thespians. In fact, the former had them already in its clutches. A benefit was proposed. The house was donated. That was only ordinary. Then five managers volunteered the services of the people performing in five Chicago houses. A good bill was arranged and the program announced, when Miss Ethel Barrymore, playing in the city at that time, sent a message that she would consider it an honor to appear for the benefit of the disbanded company. In order to appear on the bill on the date set she would be compelled to cancel a matinee which would have netted from $600 to $800. Such a concession was not to be expected of an established star, playing to crowded houses, but she made it.

She did more. By wire she secured the consent of Mr. Frohman, her manager, to produce her one-act play, "Carrots," with a cast of nine people. Refusing even to deduct her expenses from the receipts, she had every bit of scenery transferred from one house to the other, instructed her company to make-up at her theatre and drive in closed carriages to the other—this, on account of lack of dressing-room facilities—and on top of all, when she appeared with her nine people at the stage entrance the womanly little woman insisted upon paying at regular rates the admission of herself and company to the stage. A similar instance is perhaps not on record, but this is only one of thousands of charitable acts chalked up on the heavenly credit sheet of the theatrical profession.

Can people of this character form an "association" that is "bad and blighting to the morals?"

The learned divine says, with the force of brevity, "the bad woman is there." Whether he means behind the footlights or in the audience is not clear, but it matters little. Is not the bad woman everywhere? In the department stores, in the hotels, the restaurants, the street cars—anywhere and everywhere? Was it ever a difficult task to find her in society? Is business to cease because of the "bad woman?" No. She is omnipresent. Why draw a distinction between a young girl rubbing elbows with her at a soda water fountain on the one hand, and breathing a part of the same atmosphere in an audience of hundreds?

As to the moral influence of the drama, which is so strongly condemned, can it be possible that Dr. Hollingshead foregoes the theatre entirely? Let us see. Take, for example, some of the plays Portland has witnessed within three weeks:

"Cleopatra"—suicide; result of sin.

"La Tosca"—executed; result of sin.

"Gismonda"—lives to love; result of obeying sworn oath to church.

"Captain Lettarblair"—villainy defeated; predominating lesson of forgiveness.

"Lord and Lady Algy"—society hero degraded for drunkenness; intended elopement frustrated; man and wife living apart are reunited. (The cigarettes constitute the "blight.")

Consider some of the lesser plays. In "A Mexican Romance," the villainess repents and takes the veil, while the villain is killed. In "The Octoroon" we all remember how the sufferings of Zoe end in a tragic fate for the pursuing villain. "On the Bridge at Midnight" is a continuous lesson in the wages of sin. These cheaper works are worthy of mention because it is there we find the most impressionable of our population.

No, doctor, you, or I, can think of only two plays put on here recently that a child should be denied—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Fabio Romani." And a wise mother need only mention their ghastly nature to satisfy the young one's craving for them.

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Now that the Marquam Grand has brushed the cobwebs from its doors, the season is on. It is full of promise. Manager Pangle has already announced more than a score of high-class attractions, of which Kyrle Bellew will be the first, and looking over Mr. Welch's schedule, the prospects are good for a long season of excellent bills at the new Columbia. Mr. Baker's contract with Melbourne MacDowell is for two weeks more, during which that splendid actor will produce "Fedora," beginning today, and "Theodora," the drama in which Mrs. Brune was so successful. Just what to do after that—whether to preserve the stock company so carefully drilled by Mr. Eemelton or book in "combinations" for a while—is a question the management has under advisement. In either event, the Baker should retain its loyal following. Mr. Cordray is moving along quite nicely, thank you, with the Stair & Havlin bookings. Later he will present some notable members of the Independents, including Blanche Bates, unless, perchance, Belasco should see fit to keep that charming western girl in New York for another season and cancel the contract now in Mr. Cordray's pocket. Meanwhile, the Empire is holding its own. As Mr. Wiedemann explains in his curtain speeches, the one object of the management is to make it the family theatre of the town. He has a good start in that direction.

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The managers for days and days have been complaining of the hot weather and blaming it, solely, for less than capacity audiences. This sudden change, if it lasts, will doubtless help the business, for it is quite beyond Portland's good humor to enjoy a play in a sweltering temperature.

At the same time, the weather is not entirely to blame. A manager has to feel around some to discover what his clientele is hankering for, then let them have it. Some things are selected for the people's amusement that the summer taste would not patronize on the north pole.

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It filled one with genuine regret to read in the press dispatches that Edwin Varrey is lying at death's door—perhaps dead, before this is printed. He is one of the veterans of the American stage. He was in the cast of "Our American Cousin" the night of Lincoln's assassination. Who does not remember him with Joseph Jefferson? It wasn't more than 10 years ago—it might have been yesterday—that Jefferson and Florence entered upon a joint starring tour. They presented Jefferson's old favorites, "The Rivals" and "The Heir at Law." In all of them Varrey was a pronounced figure.

In the cast of "The Rivals" he played Sir Anthony Absolute, probably the greatest thing he did. Jefferson was Bob Acres, W. J. Florence the Sir Lucius, Viola Allen the Lydia Languish, Mrs. John Drew the Mrs. Malaprop and Fred Paulding, Julia Marlowe's husband, the Captain Absolute. There, indeed, was a great cast—perhaps the greatest the venerable Jefferson ever drew around him. And Varrey gave way to none of them. His memory will live as long as those plays exist.

The season in New York is at its height. Among the new plays, the great successes are John Drew in "The Duke of Killiekrankie," Lulu Glasser in "The Madcap Princess," and Edna May in "The School Girl." Those spoken of with less enthusiasm are "The Spellbinder" and Ezra Kendall's new play, "Weather-Beaten Benson." Edna May's return from London after four years in a musical comedy that was boosted to the skies, seems to have fulfilled all expectations. The metropolis critics actually enthuse over it—truly a novelty.

RACE WHITNEY.

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A PORTLAND PLAYWRIGHT.

Melvin G. Winstock, business manager of Cordray's theatre, has written a melodrama entitled "His Last Drink," and has given to James Keane, who recently played a successful engagement at Cordray's theatre, the exclusive producing rights for two years from date. Mr. Keane has agreed to spend $10,000 on the piece and will very shortly take a flying trip to Chicago and New York to procure pictorial printing and have constructed the necessary mechanical apparatus for a worthy setting to the remarkable and thrilling story of the local dramatic author.

Robert Ralston is the owner of a great mine and is the father of the heroine. The girl was beloved by two men, one a rascal and the other easily led into temptation. Lucile, the daughter, marries the latter and after their child is born the villain, tempts the hero to drink and causes an estrangement between husband and wife, all the while pretending friendship for the husband. A murder is committed and suspicion is fixed upon the hero, the real guilty party being the villain. The evil one and his partner in crime plan to do away with the grandchild so that they can secure the property of the murdered mine owner and place the little one in a boat, which being cast adrift is about to be whirled over a thundering cataract when the father climbs out upon the limb of a tree and saves the child at the peril of his life. They go through many perilous adventures. The parted husband and wife are finally reconciled through the little child and in the end the villains fall out over their ill gotten gains and meet their well deserved fate in a death struggle over the side of a little mountain cliff.

The humor of the play is supplied by an Irish inn keeper and sea captain and Rastus Caesar Honeycomb, the descendant of the last king of Ethopia. The whole play furnishes abundant opportunity for wondrous scenic display and Mr. Keane has agreed to give it a worthy production.

Plays and Players

Alan Dale is frantic with praise of John Drew in his new comedy, "The Duke of Killiecrankie." In the course of a column review, he remarks:

"The dialogue is full of jolly, good, spontaneous things. 'The prime of life,' says the widow, 'is exactly five years ahead of whatever you are.'

"A newspaper reporter called to 'write up' the abduction of Lady Henrietta, is indignantly confronted by that damsel, who hurls shafts of satire at cheap journalism.

"'Madame,' says the reporter, 'I admit that the paper costs only a half-penny, but I deny that it is cheap. And please remember that the paragraph of today wraps up the parcel of tomorrow.'

"John Drew was in luck. He had a role that fitted him. It fitted him even better than it fitted young Graham Browne in London. For the first time in many seasons Mr. Drew came out gallantly ahead, and his familiar manners—that he cannot change—rushed into happy niches. There was a resting place for the sale—if not soul—of his art."

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Writing to a friend, Sarah Bernhardt described her vacation season at Belle Isle as follows:

"You ask for a program of the day's employment here. I append it in schedule form. It will show you that I give my lungs and muscles a fair share of work to do. In all weathers, up between 5 and 6. Shooting immediately. Eight a. m., back home, gun exchanged for fishing net, and I go shrimping. Eleven a. m., bath and toilet; 12:30 p. m., luncheon. After luncheon, siesta. The siesta is compulsory and sacred. It is my first instant of bodily rest after the moment of getting out of bed; the first instant of immobility and silence. We lie down on wicker sofas against the fort, sheltered from the sea breeze. Then 'mum's the word!' Each one meditates, reads or sleeps as he or she feels disposed. Afterward to work. In the studio opposite the fort each inmate has a special corner. For myself I read manuscripts, learn or look over parts, or I take up the sculptor's chisel. At 5 tennis. Then dinner, then music, then bed, and we begin all over again."

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Frank Daniels, who started in for automobiling early in the summer, switched to yachting as a pastime as soon as he moved into his summer home at Rye, N. Y. Visitors to the residence of the quaint comedian during the last few weeks have been amazed at the transformation his cottage has undergone. In his yachting enthusiasm Mr. Daniels has completely altered the appearance of his piazza and the front of his house. The porch has been reconstructed to resemble the after deck of a steam yacht. The rails are of wire cables painted white. The front steps have been removed, and instead guests now go under the porch and climb up through a companionway. The deck is fitted up with steamer chairs and nautical paraphernalia. A dozen life preservers hang conveniently in case any one should fall off the water wagon. An awning is rigged up just as one would find it on board a yacht, and a flag pole going up through the roof is fitted with rigging suggesting sails. On each side of the porch are large red and green lamps.

"And whenever I come home late from the club," says the comedian, "I can distinguish which side is port and which side is starboard. Then I know how to get safely into snug harbor. It's a great scheme."

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It is a generally conceded fact in Europe that no actor of the present day and few actors who have ever lived possess the genius for "making-up" for a part as does Ermete Novelli, the great Italian artist who is to make his first visit to America this season under the Liebler & Co. management. His Shylock, his Othello, his Louis XI and his Nero all bear indisputable evidence to the verity of this claim, as do many of his comedy roles. No one is as clever as Novelli in painting on his countenance the physiognomy of the character he is to personate. Every evening he is to be found in his dressing-room an hour before the play begins. Seated before the mirror of his little dressing table he invariably lights a cigarette and at the same time holds a discussion with seven or eight friends, seated where they can, in the midst of coats of every hue, trousers, vests, shirts, wigs of all colors and all dimensions. While he smokes and talks, Novelli twists with master hand the hair of the wig which he will wear later. He combs and brushes it, gives to the hair, white or black or golden, straight or curly, the form and place which he thinks is appropriate to the character. Then he turns to his face, which can be that of a man of any age, from the imbecile dude of 25 years to the husband of 50, ridiculous and contented; from the face all wrinkles and from the white beard of Shylock to the handsome and melancholy profile of Hamlet, to the irascible face of the "Burbero Benefico," and the black lowering physiognomy of Othello. With the rapid and almost feverish hand of the artist he puts a few touches under his eyes, on his cheeks, about his mouth and even on his forehead, so that the edge of the wig cannot be seen even at close quarters, and so he stands completely transformed and unrecognizable. Novelli's achievements in this line are a constant source of wonder and admiration to his friends. No actor living, it is said, can approach him in the art.

steel buttons, representing spangles. The garment was made and presented to him by two little school girl friends, who sewed on every button. It weighs nearly 15 pounds.

Charles R. Taylor has brought suit against Murtel Hope, the actress, to recover $15,500 damages for alleged breach of contract. Miss Hope, it is stated, agreed to produce a certain play and to pay Mr. Taylor 20 per cent of the gross receipts for the use of it. Instead of so doing, Miss Hope married the author of the play and retired from the stage.

Heinrich Conreid has returned from Europe and announces his plans for the Metropolitan Opera house. It will open for a season of 16 weeks on November 21 with a revival of "Aida." Later 10 performances of "Parsifal" will be given. The house has been redecorated at a cost of $54,000.

Riggs and Daley's "The Telephone Girl" company has stranded in Devils Lake, N. D. Fine place to strand, that!

The American Bankers' association purchased the entire seating capacity of the Knickerbocker theatre for September 15 to see the performance of "The Madcap Princess," the new comic opera. The common public was not admitted.

Among the attractions booked to appear at the Marquam Grand the coming season, is Charles B. Hanford in a superb revival of "Don Caesar de Bazan." Mr. Hanford is no stranger to the theatre goers of this city and his visit from year to year is looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation. Miss Marie Drofnah will be Mr. Hanford's leading lady and Frank Hennig, the leading man.

Here are the jaw-breaking names of the characters in the newest oriental war drama, "The White Tigress of Japan," produced in New York: Czar of Russia, Paul Starkovitch, General Viedomosti, Lieutenant Slavitzy, Colonel Stovitz, American Minister, General Amano Jitsuke, Raymond Grant, Bob, London Jack, Baron Rothburg, Chang Fow, Osaka Tomoso, Kolf Rickshaw, Hecker, Lieutenant Sanda, Beriskey, Kinume, Countess of Ogawa, Amida, O-Yone. The management seems to have made an international affair of it.

Announcement is made that the ill-fated Iroquois theatre in Chicago will open as a vaudeville house on September 15. The plan is to conduct it on the cheap-price policy, cutting under the scale in vogue at other vaudeville theatres of the better class in Chicago. The Vaudeville, as the Iroquois has been rechristened, is not to be under the management of Rich and Harris, as was stated some time ago, but of Hyde and Behman.

The next attraction at Cordray's theatre will be "The Hills of California," in which Frank Bacon has made such a splendid success. This rural drama, so full of quaint humor is drawn from purely American sources and has established itself as an American classic. It ranks with the best of its kind by a native author.

Monologues

MISS COUNTISS AS CIGARETTE.

"Under Two Flags," beginning with today's matinee, will introduce the Columbia Theatre company in a new field, that of romantic drama. Ouida gave to the world a novel that holds the reader's attention and stimulates his imagination. The dramatist has taken her plot and given to the theatre-goers a play of thrilling interest.

In it Blanche Bates won fame and fortune. That it will add to the reputation of Cathrine Countiss and the Columbia Theatre company is already a certainty, for never has Portland had the opportunity to see a finer production than will be presented at this beautiful theatre today. It has long been Miss Countiss' ambition to appear as "Cigarette, the soldier of France." To leap on a spirited horse, to dash at the risk of her life up a steep incline, amid a sand storm, produced so realistically that it would frighten the most staid bit of horseflesh—that has been Miss Countiss' most ardent desire. A southern girl, thoroughly at home in the saddle, a dare-devil, this thrilling scene has no terrors for her and she has refused to follow the traditions of other stars by placing a substitute in her stead to incur the danger of making this breakneck ride. In "Under Two Flags" her admirers will not only see her as a hoydenish girl, burning with patriotism for her country, a coquettish lass, but also a heroine who saves her lover's life at the sacrifice of her own.

Mr. Baume also has a part full of nobility of character, a man of honor who gives up his own reputation to save his brother's and who protects a woman's good name by losing his own. Mr. Baume's role is more serious than those he has taken in the past, and today he will display to his audiences new and more subtle powers.

The dramatization of Ouida's famous novel, which the Columbia Theatre company will present, is by Edward Elsner, by far the best and most brilliant rendition of the plot of this great romantic novel. It is the one in which Blanche Bates achieved her greatest success, and the Columbia company in its full strength will present the play without abridgement, a feat that few stock companies are able to undertake.

The story of the play, which follows Ouida's plot minutely, deals with the careers of two brothers, Bertie Cecil Royallieu, taken by Mr. Baume, and Berkeley Cecil Royallieu, played by Mr. Bowles. They are the sons of a nobleman, Lord Royallieu, a dignified part which falls to Mr. Berrell's able hands. Berkeley has forged a check for a large amount. The banker to whom the check is presented is confused by the similarity in appearance of the two brothers and suspects Bertie Royallieu instead of his brother.

The hero of the play finds himself between two fires. In order to prove his innocence he would not only have to announce his brother's guilt, but he would also, in order to prove an alibi, compromise the reputation of Lady Beatrice Guinevere, in whose society he had been, unknown to her husband, at the time the crime was committed.

Bertie does the honorable thing. He flees to Algiers, enlists in the army, and there meets Cigarette, the child of the people, the daughter of the regiment, "a soldier of France." This fascinating creature he learns to love and is loved in return. But ill luck still pursues him. He incurs the enmity of the colonel in command of the French forces in Algeria, strikes his superior officer, and is condemned to death. Then occurs the famous scene in the play. In the midst of a fierce sand storm, Cigarette learns of her lover's peril, mounts a horse and rides to his rescue. She arrives in time to save his life, but gives up her own as a sacrifice.

This is merely a glimpse of the main plot of the play. There are other stories charmingly interwoven in the play which give to each member of the company an excellent opportunity to display their versatility. There is a military and society atmosphere to the play, an air of intrigue, of deception and of noble sacrifice; in fact, the romantic air that Ouida weaves into her novels with such a charming appearance of reality. The play is full of brilliant stage pictures, and the scenic effects produced by the magic brush of Frank King cannot but make a never to be forgotten production. From London to Algiers, from modern society surroundings to oriental luxury, from barracks to the desert, the audience is transported as the plot is unwoven. Soldiers and sheiks intermingle, women of society dazzle and Turks and chas-

Small Talk *of* Stage People

"Is she tall? Say, if she fell down, she'd be half way home."—"The Burgomaster."

"San Toy," the pretty musical comedy, will be an early attraction at the Marquam Grand.

Mrs. Pat Campbell will produce "The Sorceress" as the first production of her New York engagement.

Apologies to Roy Bernard. She it was who played Bo-Peep so cleverly in "Lord and Lady Algy"—not Miss Bahryte, as inadvertantly stated.

William A. Brady, the man of monster revivals, has now engaged Slyvia Lynden to appear in the old-timer, "Siberia."

Joe Jefferson is entertaining his old friend, Grover Cleveland, at his home on Buzzard's bay. Both have recovered from their recent illnesses.

Marie Cahill of "Nancy Brown" fame will be the leading lady of the stock company when Lew Fields opens his new theatre in New York.

Blanche Partington in the San Francisco Call thus establishes the pronounciation of Kyrle Bellew's name: There was a young actor named Kyrle—
Permit me this rhyme to unfyrle,
To explain here and early
That to call the man Kyr-le
Sets his cherubic temper a-whyrle.

Nance O'Neil is rehearsing a biblical tragedy by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled "The Tents of Assur." The play will be produced at the Tremont theatre, Boston, in October. It is said to be built around the character of Judith.

Nat Goodwin, who is likely to visit the coast this season, will begin his New York engagement with a recently acquired play, "The Usurper," at the Knickerbocker, New York.

In his warring costume in "Gismonda," Melbourne MacDowell wears a jacket that is adorned by over 5,000