

Few Shakespearean Actors Now

By J. F. S.

HANGING in a shadowy corner of the wall near your library fireplace you probably have a nicely framed card bearing that familiar motto "To be, or not to be" and warning about disturbing Shakespeare's bones.

I, too, have one, but I turned its face to the wall last Monday night and went to see Charles B. Hanford play "Antony and Cleopatra." No one has had the affrontery to restore it to its proper position yet. Even the infamously neat Japanese chamber boy has left it alone. He understands that until those dear posters showing the great Shakespearean struggling, in his frock coat and black string tie, book in one hand and chin in the other, dreamily gazing out upon the members of his company in dress rehearsal, have been covered by the "paper" for the latest thriller at the Star, the inscription will have to continue looking up the chimney piece.

For Mr. Hanford gave the bard's bones an awful rattling and the skirts of his chorus girls blew the sacred dust about considerably. And in spite of his efforts to strew bobcat skins around in an artistic fashion and otherwise lend what the press agent calls "scenic investiture" to the performances, they were a frightful bore. Gilt chairs do not a drama make, nor chorus girls a show. And productions of "Antony and Cleopatra" such as were given last week neither drama nor show, but a curious mixture of the two, which didn't appeal to the audiences.

And yet Mr. Hanford is making a commercial success out of his Shakespearean persistence, it is said. In the smaller cities they flock to see him. He has kept at it so long that his coming is looked upon as an event of some importance. There is a very wide popular respect for Shakespeare, even if there is no wide understanding of him. "The Merchant of Venice" is in the curriculum of most secondary schools and if one has worked over it himself for some time he naturally has a desire to see some one else stagger over the lines. "The Taming of the Shrew" is a merry enough comedy which is also well known. "Antony and Cleopatra," while it contains many scenes of marvelous power, does not "play" well. There is little enough relation between the various acts in the original, and when Mr. Hanford gets through picking out a morsel here and a morsel there the result is scarcely edifying.

But in spite of all that, if you think you will go to see this play merely to hear the many fine lines recited intelligently you are again disappointed. The beauties of the bard's language are trampled and run into unrecognizable shreds. You can take the play yourself and read it and go into raptures over many of the passages. But you can sit in the theatre and hear Miss Wilson gurgle over Cleopatra's lines and watch Mr. Hanford mope those of Antony and get absolutely nothing from it. If you don't know the play this will probably irritate you, provided you have any natural curiosity about what the people are doing. If you do know it you will tear your hair and probably leave the theatre.

And yet we are taken to task in what really seems to be all seriousness and told that we should grasp this seldom offered opportunity of seeing the really great pieces of the English drama. We are told that Mr. Hanford was one of the "Big Four" with Frederick Ward, Louis James and Katherine Kidder. That's a bad indictment, but it doesn't succeed in making either Mr. Hanford or his productions excessively entertaining. He is occasionally funny, but the man who goes to a serious production and is forced to laugh audibly is a nuisance and shouldn't go to the theatre. One can't help being suspicious of a talk of love of art when that devotion doesn't work an improvement in the recitation of the master's phrases and his majestic blank verse.

There is a curious dearth of Shakespearean revival in the country just at present. Henry Ludlowe is giving a series of plays in New York, but is almost alone in his presentation of the famous classics, so far as competition is concerned. Ethel Barrymore says she is going to play Rosalind in "As You Like It" in September and if her fond hopes are realized will devote herself for all time to Shakespeare. She says she wants to drop "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "Cousin Kate" and "Her Sister" for good and all.

Otis Skinner, who is playing as Colonel Philip Bridau in the Hudson theatre, New York, admits that he, too, has Shakespearean ambitions, but says he hasn't much hope of fulfilling them. "Every man in this profession longs for Shakespeare," said Mr. Skinner in an interview the other day, "and every one believes that he can act Shakespeare a bit better than others who are acting characters in the creations of that dramatic master mind. But what does it amount to when one plays 'Hamlet'? You simply invite the comparisons of everybody and are compared with everybody else. And to what end?"

"I am convinced that Shakespeare has been overdone for the present. All this talking and preaching about Shakespeare will not make the public theatre audience love him any more nor crave him more fervently. I believe that if his plays were left alone for a generation or two then the public would cry for them again and then we could have a Shakespeare revival and have it successfully in answer to a public craving."

"I feel convinced that Shakespeare wrote his plays to entertain his audiences. All the philosophy that has been read into Shakespeare was done after Shakespeare himself had done with his plays. He created them to entertain his people of the theatre, and the world of professors and students has been busy ever since explaining what Shakespeare meant. His plays filled the needs of the period, just as the plays of the present fill the theatrical needs of today."

The Shakespearean actors of the old school are rapidly diminishing in number. Frederick Ward typifies them and he goes around lecturing on the degeneracy of the stage and the vulgarity of the popular taste.

Perhaps the popular taste is vulgar. Probably Mr. Ward is right. But we aren't yet vulgar enough to enjoy the combination of vaudeville and Shakespeare that was handed out at the Heilig last week.

E. H. SOTHERN

PROMISES MADE BY THE PRESS AGENTS

(Continued from Page Four.)

ion, "What Women Will Do," which comes to the Empire for the week starting Sunday matinee, March 22. Judging from the reviews of this charming play has received from all sides and the enormous support and patronage awarded it, the above statement seems to be a safe one. It has never been a love story more beautifully told or delicately worked out, and coming from the pen of such a successful playwright as the author, places the play far above the average melodrama.

"The Stowaway" at the Lyric.

There are few plays on the American stage that equal for sustained interest that wonderfully realistic comedy-drama, "The Stowaway," which the Allen company will present for the week commencing tomorrow night. For a number of years it has been a favorite on the high priced circuits and never fails to draw capacity houses. It was recently re-staged at the Lyric, and the management gobbled it up immediately.

It requires some of the most elaborate stage settings that have ever been used on a local stage, those showing the yacht of a millionaire as it threads its way across the sea and the boat of a poor fisherman as it is blown up by a storm. The Allen company will make one of its strongest bids for favor in the piece being admirably cast. Yerna Breen will be seen as the beautiful, heroic little lad, and Forrest Seabury as the stowaway, from whom the play takes its name. The entire roster of the company will appear in the cast. Rupert Drum having a particularly effective role.

Manager Flood and Director Allen

with the assistance of their staff provided elaborate equipment, and the play will be given in all its entirety. It is a delightful story, full of pathos, laughs and heart throbs. You cannot afford to miss it. Moving pictures, the latest Pathe film that can be obtained in New York, will be shown between 10 and 11 o'clock. Matinee, Saturday and Sunday.

Bill at Pantages.

Characteristic enterprise is shown in the announcement that the famous tragedian and star, Melbourne MacDowell, will head the new bill at Pantages for the week opening Monday. Assisted by the widely known actress, Virginia Brown Tresscott, MacDowell will present the tragic dramatic sketch "The Oath," in which his abilities as an eminent interpreter of important roles in the world of dramatic art are shown to fine advantage. The MacDowell-Tresscott appearance is one of the most notable in the history of the theatre here, and their appearance at any house other than the popular and enterprising Fourth street establishment the price of success would be \$2.

MacDowell will be remembered as one of the greatest interpreters of Sardou plays. He starred with Fannie Davidson, his wife, for several years, covering the entire continent with great success. He has the same personal magnetism and ability that marked his earlier successes, while Virginia Drew Tresscott has been hailed as the legitimate successor to Fannie Davidson in her stage presence and acting ability. She is a woman of histrionic gifts, depth of feeling and intellectual power. Her appearance here will be of especial moment in view of the fact that she is a native Oregonian and has hundreds of personal friends in this city.

as sung by noted stars of the grand opera stage. Matthews and Harris have a new farcical creation in their "Adams the Second," which has been going big the country over. Carlisle and Baker, colored aristocrats, have a new musical act in which ragtime and dandy melodies figure. They use two pianos in their act and do some clever playing. Frederick and Burr, comedy jugglers, are classed among the best, and those who have been fortunate enough to see their work say they stand in a class apart.

Jean Wilson, the popular harpist,

will sing a new illustrated song and the biograph will reel of something new in the moving picture line. The bill of the past week, just concluding, has been one of unequalled values with an all-star aggregation of vaudeville people. Murphy and Willard, the Florenz troupe, Polk and Collins, Marlon and Pearl, Arthur Huston, Jean Wilson and the biograph make up the billing. See it today by all means.

At the Star.

"On Thanksgiving Day" will be presented for the first time in Portland at the Star theatre this afternoon, and will be the attraction for the week at this popular house. The French stock company appeared in this play a year ago in Seattle and scored a decided success. The critics of Seattle declared "On Thanksgiving Day" one of the best plays of its kind that had been presented in that city in many seasons. Practically all the best plays of the past year in Seattle will be seen at the Star theatre this week.

The scenes in "On Thanksgiving Day"

are laid near a small village in New England state. It is a pastoral play, for the most part, and the story is one of those wholesome, quiet and interesting affairs which never fail to win the regard of a city audience. Owen Davis is the author of the play, and as is well known to the patrons of the Star, every play of this author which has been produced by the French stock company has been an artistic and financial success.

There are few dramatists who are more

skilled word-painters than Mr. Davis, and in "On Thanksgiving Day" he introduces a number of new character types. Among these is the "jumping Frenchman," a character little known in the west, but common in the "down east" country.

"On Thanksgiving Day" tells a simple

and direct story in four acts, and the interest is so well sustained that there is no time during the performance when the play does not hold the attention. Each act will be well staged under the direction of George Berry. Matinees will be held today, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Tomorrow afternoon the new program

of vaudeville will be offered at the Grand, and while the past week has seen a good show, the new one will be even better. The four corners of the earth have been searched for clever vaudeville specialties, and the result is a program which will delight all who like this light and lively entertainment. The position of headliners goes to Gilday and Fox, who are said to be England's foremost Hebrew impersonators. They were a success in London, and were brought to this country during the rage for advanced vaudeville in the east. They have been secured by Sullivan & Constantine, and now come to the Pacific coast for the first time. This act is considered one of the most amusing Hebrew delineations seen in America.

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Grand presents a girl act, such as are now coming into vogue in the larger theatres of the east. May Redale and her village out-cups will appear in a bunch of singing and talking specialties grouped into a rural playlet. There is a return which will make one of the hits of the week, if the Portland audiences are like those in other cities. Armstrong and Levering are giving a bicycle act. They are expert cyclists and every

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News Notes of the Windy City

CHICAGO, March 11.—A new source of revenue to Uncle Sam that may eventually run into millions of dollars annually is part of the latest plans of the internal waterways commission. This is the result of the immense water power that will be developed by the construction of dams in the Mississippi and other rivers in connection with proposed government waterway projects. The annual value of the unused water power of the United States at present is placed by experts at the enormous figure of nearly \$2,000,000,000, or more than the value of the gold and silver in the country, including coal and iron as well as the precious metals. It already has dams at the headwaters of the Mississippi, and the commission urged in his last message, will call for the construction of dams which will produce hundreds of thousands of dollars in revenue to the government. A way is thus opened for the rivers greater highways of commerce. A way is thus opened for the national resources. Whether this water power will be leased or used direct to the government, or whether in either case it will provide revenue which should go far to take care of the upkeep of the canals and river channels, when once these are completed.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

James Forbes' new comedy, "The Travelling Salesman," which Henry B. Harris will present with Thomas W. Ross, is now in rehearsal at the Hudson theatre, New York, the cast being completed, and which includes William Beach, Elene Foster, Ernest Lamson, Herbert T. Moore, M. D. Blakemore, Nicholas Burnham, Edward Dresser, Frances Golden, Martin J. Fuller and Marion Kerby, the latter to appear in the leading female role.

"Marta of the Lowlands," which is a masterpiece of Angel Guimer, was written for the greatest of Spanish actresses, Maria Guerrero. She has played it throughout Spain, Mexico, and South America as the leading medium of her repertoire, and it has proved its universal appeal and power by becoming a popular classic.

"Yes," "Eddie" Foy admitted to Charles Darnott—"I'm straight—I'm going to play Hamlet. Of course, I know I couldn't make a living as Hamlet, but I'm going to work at it for 12 months in May, and if I can get by I'll be satisfied. They Shakespeare is food for thought, and as long as I can buy my bread and butter I don't see why I should go hungry, do you?"

"No, sir; Hamlet wasn't sane. He went insane by setting his mind on one thing, and then he drove himself crazy. Look at the people in this town who are money mad! Money drives them crazy, and then they drive me crazy. Did you ever hear of a tramp committing suicide? Did you ever hear of a bum blowing his head off? Hamlet was a character because his mind is set on one idea. His first speech to his mother—'Seems madame! Nay, it is, will be the keynote to my performance. And you know where I am. You can't play it modern. That's the trouble with most actors—they're going to just cry out. I'll be careful to keep my voice down. I want to make the part sympathetic, and when I die it'll go down stage—close to the audience."

Henry Arthur Jones, since the failure in New York of his play, "The Evangelist," and of "The Hypocrites" in London, has been suffering from ennui, and has been advised to take a long rest.

Lloyd Bingham, Amelia Bingham's husband, is planning to produce in Miss Bingham's production of "A Modern Lady Godiva." Bingham some years ago quit the stage to become a stockbroker.

Grace George is to play Beatrice in the play, "The Girl in the Mac," at the Heilig. Mr. Worthing is eventually to be starred by Mr. Brady.

It was reported from Rochester last week that Henrietta Croshaw will leave the stage temporarily this spring to go to India to claim a fortune left her by her grandfather, Charles Croshaw.

"Father and the Boys," the comedy by George Ade, which William H. Crane will soon appear in New York, is one of the American plays which Charles Frohman selected to produce in London.

Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach, collaborating, have produced a farce entitled "Going Some," which has been in rehearsal in New York for a week, and will be produced for the first time Easter Monday.

George M. Cohan is completing a new play, which his father, mother and sister, Josephine, will assist him to produce. The piece will be put on by Cohan and Harris at the Knickerbocker theatre, in New York, about the middle of April.

For the principal role in "The Servant in the House," Henry Miller has engaged Tyrone Power. This play will be produced early in the spring. It is the work of the famous English author, who arrived in America recently with his wife, Edith Wynne Matilda.

Trapped Partridges.

While out shooting partridges with three guns we were walking a small field of roots when we flushed a covey of five birds. They rose singly and we killed four of them. The fifth bird had hit carried on some little way and dropped in a patch of bramble, where we afterward found it.

On examination of the five birds two had no feet, only stumps, the two others had only one leg each, and the fifth was the only perfect bird among them. They were all old ones and the stumps were quite healed, though rather clumped at the end.

CHORUS GIRLS WHO STUMP NATURE'S HANDIWORK



The Chorus Group Appearing in "Coming Thro' the Rye," at the Heilig Next Week.

The beauty of stage women is so often a theme for derision and unpleasant comment that a little fact and philosophy regarding them brings with it a tinge of spleen. Strange to say, the really pretty girl does not make up as well as the one in whom nature has left certain deficiencies. A country lassie with the bloom of health upon her cheeks and the fire of energy in her eyes will look commonplace under grease paint when placed alongside of the girl who knows the secrets of the stage, yet lacks the natural charm she knows so well how to imitate. Even the city girl who has adopted

Points of Interest Near Denver

POINTS of interest easily reached from Denver should be made known to delegates and other people who intend to visit that city during the Democratic national convention next July. Cut this and paste it in your bag and you can familiarize your long before hand with the names of places that have become famous throughout the world as points of interest in Colorado.

Leadville, Colorado's famous silver mining camp, is 11 miles west of Denver, and is producing more gold than silver. It is 151 miles southwest of Denver in the heart of the mountains. The altitude is 10,200 feet and the population is 1,000. It is one of the largest mining camps in the world.

Idaho Springs is 28 miles west of Denver; Georgetown is 50 miles west, and from the point of the visitor travels over the famous Georgetown loop, which is a gigantic and costly railroad engineering feat. Central city, the scene of the first gold discovery in

Colorado in the late 50s, is 40 miles west of Denver. Boulder, one of the best of the mountains, is located about the same time as Denver, is 39 miles northwest, at the foot of the great mountains. The Colorado-San Juan Chautauque meets here each summer. Greeley, made famous by Horace Greeley's remark about going west and being a success, is 52 miles north of Denver in the heart of the largest irrigated farming district in the world. Steamboat Springs is 62 miles south, in the Pike's Peak district, are 72 miles south, and Glenwood Springs, a delightful bathing resort, is producing more gold than silver. It is 151 miles southwest of Denver in the heart of the mountains. The altitude is 10,200 feet and the population is 1,000. It is one of the largest mining camps in the world.

These places are inaccessible by railroads that climb steep mountain grades, skirt the edges of steep precipices, pick their way up serpentine gulches by the side of roaring streams, reach through deep, awe-inspiring canyons, wind around huge mountains until they make their way over snow-covered passes thousands of feet above the sea, then take the traveler down into beautiful, verdure-clad valleys, where man dwells in peace with the world and where the tourist journeys to regain health and strength to return home and take up anew the daily grind of life.

TRIBE OF CRIMINALS. TOPSY-TURVY CHINA.

The Maghaya's Greatest Pride Is Successful Burglary. From the Bengal Gazetteer. The Maghaya is born in an arhar field and schooled to theft from his infancy. He lives without shelter or food for the morning, perpetually moving from encampment to encampment, chased by the police and execrated by the villagers. His greatest pride is a successful burglary, and a prolonged drinking bout his most coveted reward.

Jack offers no terrors to the Dom; it is merely the result of being bungled at his trade. The first attempt to reclaim the Maghaya Doms in Champan was made by Mr. Know Sir E. Henry. He found the greater number of the adult members of the tribe were in jail. Every police officer was held responsible if any Doms were found in his jurisdiction, with the result that as soon as a Dom was released from jail he was usually returned either under the bad livelihood sections.

Agricultural settlements were established for the purpose of teaching the Maghaya Doms to be civilized agencies. The settlements serve as houses for the women and children, but the men are seldom seen. The females generally hawk stolen property in the villages and act as spies.

Some Things Which Strike the American as Queer.

China is the land of paradox. It is an absolute, despotic monarchy, it is also a very democratic country, with its self-made men, its powerful public opinion, and a states' rights question of its own. It is one of the most corrupt of nations, declares Samuel Merwin in Success; on the other hand, the standard of personal and commercial honesty is probably higher in China than in any other country in the world.

Woman in China is made to serve; her status is so low that it would be a disgrace for her to marry a man if he has a daughter; yet the ablest ruler China has had in many centuries is a woman. It is in fact where the women wear sack and trousers, and men wear stockings and robes; where a man shakes his own hand, not yours; where white, not black, is a sign of mourning; where the compass points south, not north; where books are read backward, not forward; where the titles are put in the wrong order, as in our stories—Theodore Roosevelt would be Roosevelt Theodore in China. Uncle Sam would be Uncle Sam in China. The Chinese are written upside down, as 8-4, not 4-8, where a bride walks blithely at her wedding in a sack and trousers, when he tells you of his mother's death.