

Old Time Actor, Still in His Prime, Tells of Personal Experiences With Beautiful Reader of Lines.

When Mary Anderson Was Queen of the Stage

Mansfield a Different Man On and Off the Stage—When Rose Eyttinge Received the Plaudits of the Multitude.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY

The following list of books will be on inspection in the circulating department of the public library for one week, and will go into circulation on April 6.

- Davidson—Memorials of Thomas Davidson. ed. by W. H. Knight, 1907.
Plutarch—Lives from Plutarch, by F. J. Rowbotham, 1906.
Half—The Spirit of Old West Point, 1907.
BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.
Allen—The North Pacific; a story of the Russo-Japanese war. by Grades.
Baylor—The Little Prospector.
Benson—Book of Sports and Pastimes.
Blodgett & Blodgett—First Reader.
Boswell—Lives of Samuel Johnson.
Hawthorne—Paradise of Children.
Koch—A Little Journey Through the Great South Sea.
Mansfield—The autobiography of Mansfield.
Parkman—La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.
Tomlinson—Campfire and Mad Anthony.
DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.
Kennedy—Thirty Seasons in Scandinavia, 1907.
Smith—The Real Latin Quarter, 1901.
FICTION.
Bland—Oswald Bastable and Others.
Fitzpatrick—Jock of the Bushveld.
Horniman—Lord Cammariegh's Secret.
Lincoln—The Old Home House.
Silberrad—The Good Comrade.
FINE ARTS.
Daniels—Speed Swimming, 1907.
Morse—Henry Moore, by Frank Maclean, 1905.
Powers & Powers—Outlines for the Study of Art. 2 v. 1907.
Sturges—Opera; a Sculpture From Augustus to Constantine, 1907.
HISTORY.
Belgnobos—History of Mediaeval and Modern Civilization to the End of the Seventeenth Century; tr. by J. A. James, 1907.
Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States; the Narrative of Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, ed. by F. W. Hodge, 1907.
Trevelyan—Garibaldi's Defense of the Roman Republic, 1907.
LANGUAGE.
Ahn—Praktischer Lehrgang zur Schnellen und Leichten Erlernung der Englischen Sprache. Ed. 4, rev. 2v., 1907.
LITERATURE.
Browne—Complete Works of Artemus Ward (pseud.). Rev. ed., 1898.
Holmes—Grandmother's Story and Other Poems, 1891.
Long—American Poems, 1774-1900, 1905.
Stantbury—The Later Nineteenth Century, 1907.
Tabb—Selection from His Verses, by Alice Meynell, 1907.
Virgil—Opera; ed. by T. E. Page, 1898.
Welsh—Digest of English and American Literature, 1890.
RELIGION.
Cook—Successful Adult Bible Classes and Why They Are Doing, 1904.
Schlaparelli—Astronomy in the Old Testament, 1905.
SCIENCE.
Beddard—A Textbook of Zoogeography, 1907.
Behrens—The Microscope in Botany; tr. by A. B. Hervey and R. H. Ward, 1886.
Brooks—The Foundations of Zoology, ed. 2, rev. 1907.
Comstock—How to know the Butterflies; a Manual of the Butterflies of the Eastern United States, 1904.
SOCIOLOGY.
Benson, comp.—State of Oregon; Measures Referred to the People by the Legislative Assembly, 1908.
Jarome, comp.—Statistics, Bibliography and Reprints on the Question "Election of Senators," 1902.
Monroe—A Brief Course in the History of Education, 1907.
Patrick—Pedagogical Pebbles, 1898.
Post—The Prophet of San Francisco, 1904.
Purdy—The burdens of Local Taxation and Who Bears Them; Opinions of economists, 1901.
Purdy—The Taxation of Personal Property, 1906.
USEFUL ARTS.
American Railway Association—Standard Code Train Rules, 1906.
Atlas—Portland Cement—Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction, 1907.
Cromie—Fancy Dumb Bell and Marching, 1907.
Ellis—The Teaching of Agriculture in the Public Schools, 1906.
Lloyd—The Skin, Its Care and Treatment, 1906.
Odell—Laying and Finishing Hardwood Floors, 1906.
Them, 1904.
Rollins—What Can a Young Man Do? 1908.
Schwappach—Forestry; tr. by Frazer Siebel and E. A. Nobbe, 1904.
Siebel—Compend of Mechanical Refrigeration and Engineering, ed. 7, 1904.
Stinchfield—Railroad Men's Catechism, 1907.
Wrightson—Sheep; Breeds and Management, ed. 5, 1905.

It was to be the usual newspaper interview. There wasn't even a gleam of hope left to be extinguished by the deadening reply of the hotel clerk that Mr. Lawrence was not in, but had left word if the gentleman called that he was to please wait, and wouldn't the gentleman read a back number of the Black Cat while he was doing so.

As it was to be a commonplace afternoon anyway the interviewer bowed the neck to the Black Cat with unaccustomed grace and retired to his revel of love and murder. He finished the Spanish assassin story; he skimmed through the automobile accident-love tale and had dreamed over two pages of the discussion of the servant girl problem when the kindly apologetic face of the actor appeared between the portieres and rescued him from his felicitous enchantment.

No one could have mistaken Atkins Lawrence's vocation. The manner of speaking, the tones of the voice, the way he had of walking through a dark hall as though he were under the eyes of thousands and knew that he was not to show that he was aware of the presence of the eyes, all bespoke the actor as clearly as if the traditional scene-painter were literally splashed over his two shoulders.

When he spoke it was with the easy grace and courtesy of a day that is gone by. Plainly he was not of that Bowery school of acting whose alumni are the dominant note in the theatres today and whose unflinching bad manners make an acquaintanceship with the green room something to be avoided whenever possible. The interviewer's curiosity was aroused.

It was destined to be still further excited before the afternoon grew much older. In the first place there was Mrs. Lawrence, who was young,



Atkins Lawrence, When He Supported Rose Eyttinge.

but young in a pleasing old-fashioned manner, which didn't jar with the white hairs of her husband, and between whom and Mr. Lawrence there seemed to be the most unusual and charming bond of sympathy and understanding.

Mrs. Lawrence delved down into the trunk after the books—odd little brown paper covered ones, such as green grocers once took family orders in and may yet, for that matter, and the leaves of which, here and there, still bore traces of orders for dinners that were cooked and eaten 30 years ago.

It was curious to read those comments on the work of a great woman and to pick out occasionally the traits that have come down without interruption to reviewers of our own day. Then as now, it seems, the eye of the critic was easily dazzled by a bit of realism in stage setting. For on one page was found the following—by whom written and in what city unfortunately the clipping did not show:

"Miss Anderson in 'Love' is certainly out of her element. She may feel the emotion, but surely she does not depict its tender passion, its soft and fiftal changes. Her voice may whisper sweetest vows or in softest murmurs tell of deepest adoration, yet there is a lacking of earnestness beneath it that tells of the actress, not the lover. She is a painter who paints from the copies of great pictures rather than from the figures themselves and it would seem she imitates actresses instead of following nature, and does not rise to the point of real personation."

But the delightful bit comes later on—"Last night her countess was not marked by any display of genius. However, the lightning and thunder in the second act was remarkably well done." (Sic) A "real rainstorm" and real water in a millrace caused similar joyous comment here not long ago.

But if now and then the reviewers of those days may have failed in their appreciation of Mary, Atkins Lawrence is as loyal today as he was



Mary Anderson at the Age of Nineteen.

when, more than a quarter of a century ago, he stood beneath the balcony, a graceful young Romeo, and told that wonderful Juliet of his undying devotion.

"She was my first love," said Lawrence smiling across the table into his wife's eyes, the wife who guarded the treasures of Mary Anderson as carefully as ever did vestal watch the ancient fires. "I worshipped her, as we all did. There was something in her character so sweet and pure and so apart from the little quarrels and disagreements and petty affairs of the rest of us that it inspired the best that was in us and influenced us to try and be like her. I cannot say that she was a great actress—it was not that—she was a genius—one of those whom the Greeks called demonic. Her acting was at times crude—it was not finished work because it was scarcely work at all—it was something within her that spoke and bade her move as it commanded. It is a thing difficult to explain. But she was the most wonderful of women."

"And yet during our tours she was the life of the troupe. She was company for all and kept the car in a roar of laughter until it was time to cease and go to the theatre for the evening performance. She was a girlish romp and I never knew an actress to be so universally loved by all who came in contact with her."

"There were envious tongues that said Miss Anderson was not sincere in her religious duties and that she attended church for effect. A little instance came under my notice at Memphis, Tennessee. The Saturday paper contained the announcement that Miss Mary Anderson would attend services at Father O'Reilly's (the poet priest's) house. As she was very popular in Memphis a large crowd gathered, partly for worship, partly from curiosity. This came to the knowledge of the lady and she did not go near Father O'Reilly's church, but made a detour on foot with her brother Joseph and entered a small, unpretentious chapel situated in the suburbs. It was a chapel for the poorer classes. There she completed her worship and returned to the hotel, disappointing those who expected to have a good stare at a real actress off the stage."

"Ah, she was a wonderful woman, a wonderful woman—but too good for the stage. She did not like it. She continually longed to leave it and make a home for herself and some good man. And when the opportunity which she desired came she took it and the American stage lost not its greatest actress, but its greatest genius."

The veteran mused over the clippings—Sothen, the elder Sothen in "Dundreary," which the younger Sothen recently revived; Edwin Booth in "Hamlet" and "The Apostate and Henry VIII," and one never-to-be-forgotten occasion when he played with Edwin Forrest as Laertes in "Hamlet" in 1868. By a coincidence Mr. Lawrence is now playing with the nephew of the great Booth—Creston Clarke—and in him he says he finds all of the great tragedian's loveliness of nature and so much of his genius, so many of his mannerisms, that he is frequently startled.

Adelaide Neilson, Fanny Davenport, Adelaide Moore, Agnie Ward, Helen Houghton, Helen Dane, Kate Girard and dozens of names which have been forgotten by this generation were gone over by him. He knew the late Richard Mansfield intimately and played leading man in his company some years ago. Of Mansfield he has many entertaining recollections.

"He had an extremely quick temper and a fiery tongue," said Mr. Lawrence. "He would discharge one of his actors at a rehearsal and meeting him an hour later would completely forget that he had done so and would insist on his returning to the company. At rehearsals he was uniformly overbearing and was not inclined to be chary of any one's feelings. Having a very sharp tongue he used his biting sarcasm with effect. But after rehearsal he would be as pleasant as any one could be. He traveled with a train of nine special cars while producing "Richard III" and usually passed through the cars several times a day inquiring after the personal comfort of each member of the company. He cared little for money. It was grandeur that he desired and he spared nothing to secure the effect he wished. This continual nervousness and irritability of character, this devotion to his art ideal, was the only thing in the world that killed him."

"At one time he was rehearsing the company and Dan Harkins was supposed to make an entry. Harkins was stout and didn't come in to suit Mansfield."

"Mr. Harkins, you waddle," called out Mansfield.

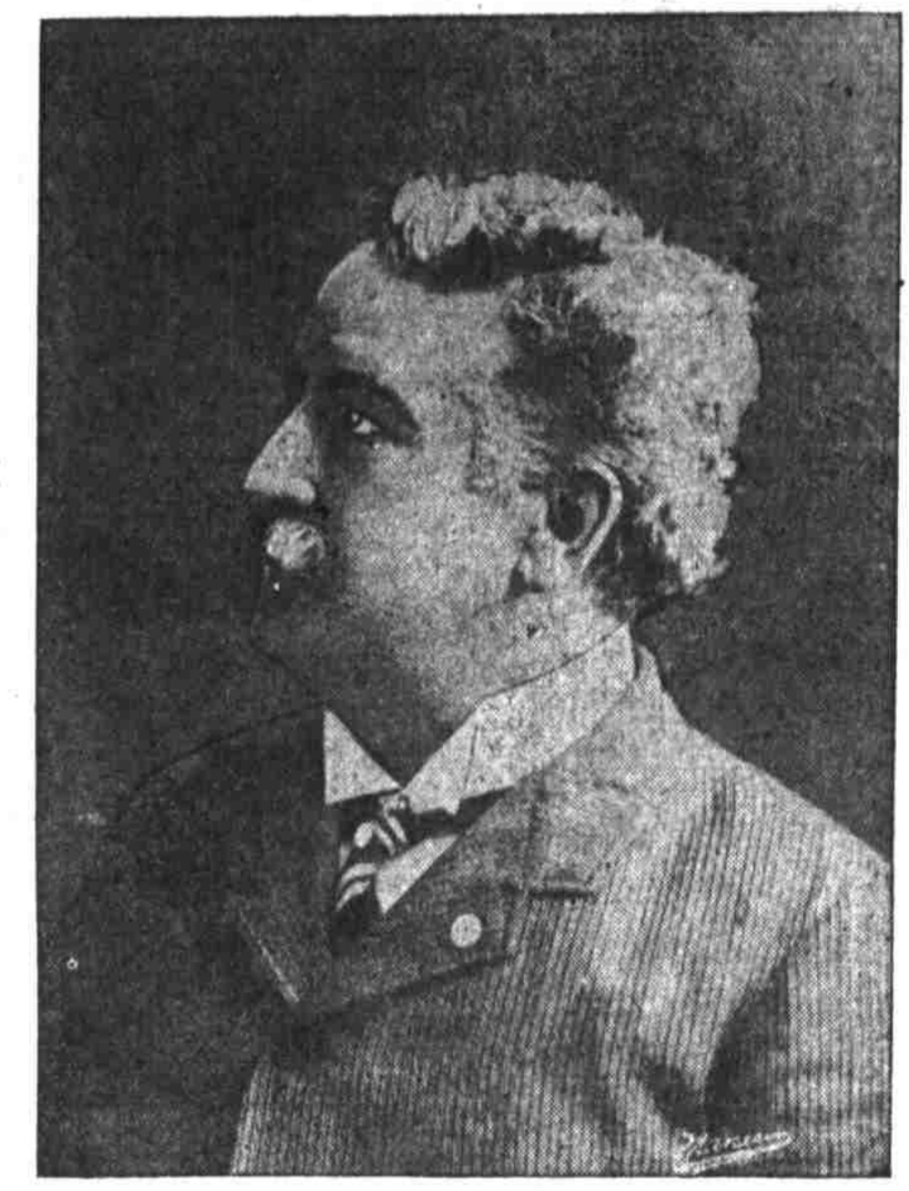
"I was not aware that I waddled," Mr. Mansfield, replied Harkins.

"But you do waddle. I can see that you waddle," retorted Mr. Mansfield. "Make that entrance without waddling, please."

"Harkins made the entrance again, but not to the satisfaction of the manager, who called out, 'Harkins, you still waddle.' This made Harkins mad and he retorted, 'Well, Mr. Mansfield, do I waddle like a duck?'"

"You do," replied Richard, 'and I shouldn't wonder if you were web-footed.'"

As he started to replace the books in their box the reporter came across two notices that are of peculiar interest to Portland people, telling as they do, of the early triumphs of Rose Eyttinge, the beloved Portland



Atkins Lawrence as He Appears Now.

actress. Mr. Lawrence was leading man with Miss Eyttinge when she played "A Princess of Paris" nearly 30 years ago. A Louisville, Kentucky, paper said of the performance: "The piece gives Miss Eyttinge even better opportunity for the display of her varied talents as a fine emotional actress than 'Felicie.' It was admirably done throughout—as a whole, an intelligent and well proportioned impersonation, delicate in the love scenes and strong in passion and grief. Miss Eyttinge's performances certainly can be highly commended and are deserving of large patronage." Then followed lengthy descriptions of the gowns worn by Miss Eyttinge, three costumes made by Worth, a princess robe, a maize-colored moire antique and a white satin court dress. She may remember them.

Another notice said of the Portland actress: "Miss Eyttinge impersonates Lionette de Courlin and does it in a manner to be expected from as conscientious and finished an artist as she unquestionably is. Her portrayal carefully avoids all over coloring and exaggeration, while it does not lack in repressed intensity and is rich in those subtle and clearly defined shades and shiftings of expression in which Miss Eyttinge is so exquisitely skillful. She dressed the part handsomely, though she is by no means as attractive in appearance in a blond wig as she is in hair the dark color of her own."

It was a strange trick of fate that brought Lionette de Courlin and the Count de Courlin together in Portland—though neither knew of the presence of the other in this city—Miss Eyttinge back from years spent abroad and Mr. Lawrence playing a bloodthirsty gentleman in a wild west play. But whatever Atkins Lawrence may be playing, east or west, he is ever the youthful Romeo off the stage—youthful and gallant and just sentimental enough to cushion the rough and tawdry spots inevitable in the life of the traveling actor. There seemed nothing incongruous in the talk of Mary Anderson in the room of the little hotel frequented by theatrical folk. It was not of Mme. de Navarro he was talking, but of Mary. He brought out the old picture of her taken when she was just 19—showing the exquisite girlish profile and then one of himself, taken while he was playing Romeo to her Juliet. The yellow newspaper clippings and the old photographs and the intimate talk of the men and women whose names mean so little nowadays provided the atmosphere—they explained to the reporter that which is often so difficult to understand—the devotion to an art that is usually held barren; the feeling of the old-time actor for "the profession," unreasoning and unreasonable, but very real, and a something which, if lost, will be the worse for the stage. For the drama is but successful illusion.

STRAY TOPICS FROM OLD NEW YORK

NEW YORK, March 28.—A wild whirl nearly 100 feet in the air, a sudden dip to the ground and then a plunge beneath the waters of a small lake is the sensation promised visitors to Coney Island this summer. This is the newest "thriller" that has been added to the hundreds of attractions that make Coney famous the world over.

On the upper part of Fifth avenue, in the millionaire district, where pure, old-fashioned sentiment is supposed to have no place amid the mad rush for social distinction, stands a quaint two-story frame house. Surrounding this reminder of simpler and less extravagant days are the modern palaces of Gotham's multi-millionaires. This little wooden structure is tucked in behind the palatial residence of James M. Constable, at Eighty-third street and Fifth avenue, and in this house Mr. Constable was born. When he built his magnificent home on the corner he found it impos-

sible to destroy the home about which clustered so many happy memories of his boyhood days, so that he not only preserved the house but has kept it in repair ever since.

A new field of endeavor has been discovered for the charitably disposed in New York. It consists in helping to solve the traffic problems that are presented every night at Brooklyn bridge when the thousands of weary, hungry, workers fight for places in the seething crowd, where every one is trying to get the same train. The first, however, to volunteer his services is "Brother" White, for so he has become known to the rush-hour Brooklynites. He is a big, smooth-faced man with silvery hair, derby hat, fine clothes and generally a curtness adorning the lapel of his coat. No uniform, brass buttons, shield or ferocious looks to terrify the rushing crowd, but on the contrary a firm but gentle voice and a happy smile for all are his sole weapons by which he keeps the crowd in order. He stands on a bench overlooking the crowd, and from his position is able to spot the trouble-maker. And then you hear his voice cry out in gentle tones that never fail to accomplish what the policeman relies on his club to do, some suggestion or advice to the excited, nervous, hungry crowd. "Don't push that little lady there," he shouts to a woman with a baby in her arms, and all the time singing out to the crowd, "Take it nice and easy now; there's lots of time."

SWALLOWS 16 CENTS; CHILD DENIED SKATES

Gothamites are awaiting with interest the installation of 155 new street railway cars of the "day-as-you-enter" type, which will be in operation by the first of April. The new cars will be eleven feet longer than the cars now in use and the platforms so large that 20 persons can stand there comfortably at one time. These platforms are divided into two compartments, one for entrance and the other for exit. The conductor stands on the rear platform and takes the fare as the passenger enters. Only 75 persons, the number that can be carried comfortably, are to be allowed to enter the car, and no one can stand on the platform after he has paid his fare. This will lessen the number of strap-hangers materially and give more breathing space to those who have seats. It loosens up a compartment claimed for the new cars is that of preventing women from getting off backwards. This is done by placing the "grab handles" on the front side of the doors only. By means of this arrangement women will be obliged to face in the direction the car is going when they step down.

Philadelphia, March 23.—It was bad enough thought little Pauline Fagenburg, of 803 Cherry street, to swallow her money, but infinitely worse to lose the pair of skates for which she was saving. She went yesterday when told by the doctors at the Pennsylvania hospital that they could not return the money.

NINETY KILLED BY DYNAMITE EXPLOSION

Palermo, March 28.—A terrible explosion in this city has caused great destruction; the street is covered with wreckage and 200 meters of edifices have been destroyed. It is believed to have been produced by a clandestine manufacture of dynamite.

DESPERATE MOTHER'S PRESENCE OF MIND HALTS HORSE AT PRECIPICE'S EDGE

Hartford, Conn., March 28.—When it seemed certain her two children would be killed at the bottom of a culvert, Mrs. Lee Hayes of East Hartford, this afternoon lassoed the hind legs of a horse that was plunging over a cliff with her children and the youngsters. Though she threw the valuable animal so violently that he probably will have to be shot, she was happy tonight because her little girls were safe.

PILGRIMS DIE

Constantinople, March 28.—Notices from Mecca, Medina, and Yemba advise that there are 100 deaths a day among the pilgrims from cholera morbus.