

Where Lights
Along Rialto
Shine

MANAGER "BILL" FANGLE of the Heilig doesn't have to stretch his memory to recall when theatre patrons scrambled for a chance to sleep in the lobby of the old Bungalow theatre that they might keep their places in the box office line to buy seats to see David Warfield. And in the old days, too, didn't the "fans" stick in line for so long at 36 hours down at the old Marquam, where the queue used to string around from the Morrison street entrance, down Fifth street and around on Alder almost to Broadway—or Seventh as it was then? Sure they did.

But the day of the "queue" so far as the road show house is concerned seems to be over for good, inasmuch as the order by mail system, in vogue for some time seems more satisfactory all around. In the old days it used to cost money for those who could afford it, to pay messenger boys and others to stand in line for them. Buying privileges were abused too, and it used to be charged that influential patrons were allowed to reserve the choice seats of the house before the box office sale opened. This was not the case, but anyway the mail order plan is more satisfactory.

Even so, it has its peculiar angles. For instance this week Manager Fangle received from a woman in Hood River a money order covering the price of two good seats with the request that two such seats be reserved for her. That was all. She didn't say for what attraction she wanted them, or for what night, or matinee.

Then, when her letter had been made ready for return with the request that she be more specific, arrived a wire saying that the tickets were wanted for "Saturday matinee."

Still no specification as to what matinee, and inasmuch as tickets were being sold for two Saturday shows, it was necessary for the Heilig to wire her for the date, so that the tickets might be reserved satisfactorily.

And then one wonders why the men behind the ticket windows grow gray.

After a month's delay a carload of new chairs for the Peoples arrived Thursday noon, and they're now being placed in the new "palace of the peacocks" after show hours at night. Manager Jarnuth has received many compliments on the appearance of his theatre since the reopening a week ago.

Valley towns are to be entertained by the Alcazar Stock company of Portland. Not the Musical Players organization, however, but the company that was lined up two weeks ago to take the boards at the Alcazar when it was believed that the musical comedy season would have to be suspended.

The Alcazar Stock company will feature oldtime melodramas and comedies. At the local Alcazar business is picking up.

While in the East recently Jensen and VonHerberg approved contracts for a unit orchestra to be installed in the new J. & V. theatre to be erected in Seattle this spring. The new organ will cost, it is said, about \$100,000.

Mr. Jensen returns to Portland optimistic as to the future of the motion picture industry. The advent of Wall street interests into the producing end of the business, he looks upon as a good omen, figuring that it will not only stabilize the financial end of the game, but that it will result in the making of bigger and better feature pictures.

There has been a touch of gloom about the offices at the Liberty the latter part of the week because of the suffering of "Junior," Noble, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Noble, who was broken and bruised by an automobile in front of his home Wednesday evening. The little chap's legs were broken and his body and head area mass of bruises. As "Junior" told the story, the accident to his father Wednesday night after the doctors had fixed him up at the hospital, he and a companion were riding down the runway on a kiddie-car when the automobile crashed into them on the street.

"Didn't you see the auto?" asked his father.

"Yes, I saw it, daddy," quivered "Junior," "and I held out my hand for the driver to stop, but he didn't do it."

"What happened then?"

"That's all I remember," said "Junior." The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Noble and their little son hope for his quick and complete recovery.

The advent of Marcus Loew into the Ackerman & Harris vaudeville organization of Hippodrome theatres is marked locally by the changing of the name of the local Hippodrome to "Loew Hippodrome." It is promised that future programs playing at the local house will be presented in the same order and with the same personnel as they are in the New York houses controlled by the Loew interests. The acts will come to Portland from Seattle after playing the Loew houses all the way from New York, and from Portland will go to San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles and San Diego, and on East again into New York via Kansas City and St. Louis.

The Tacoma "Hip" has been closed, and Nick Plerong, who was manager there, following his house management in Portland, is at present unattached. He is visiting in Portland.

Walter C. ("Kewpie") Smith, formerly manager of the Portland Hippodrome and later with the Spokane house, is understood to be slated for a berth at either the Salt Lake City or the Denver theatre.

Ralph Ruffner, formerly manager of the Columbia here, has recently retired as manager of the Rialto, San Francisco.

Lieut. Jim P. Anderson, widely traveled, pioneer film exploitation man, and raconteur, is in Portland this week, managing the appearance at the Sunset of Aurora Mandiganian, Armenian refugee, appearing personally in connection with the film story of Armenian tragedy, "Auction of Souls," in which she plays the leading role. Ralph Winsor, manager of the Sunset has absorbed some of Anderson's "pep" too, which in addition to what he already had has him chasing around like a wild man.

Which reminds us that Winsor denies that J. J. Jennings has decided that he can make more on a lucrative lease than he can on the show business, and that consequently the Sunset as a theatre will "pass out" in about a month or six weeks. Such seems to be the case, however, though Ralph needn't worry, inasmuch as he's a newspaper man and newspaper men never go hungry—if they can help it.

SHE PLAYED IN THE TRENCHES

ELSIE JANIS, who seemed to get nearer the hearts of the "doughboys" while over the sea than any one of the many other theatrical persons who entertained for their benefit during the participation of the United States in the world war. Elsie Janis, or "Captain Elsie," as the soldiers have nicknamed her, is back in pictures now, her newest release being "The Imp," due soon for local screening.

Farrar Gives Real Thrill
Disrobes From Waist Up

New York, Feb. 7.—Leon Cavallo's grand opera version of "Zaza" was carried to success recently on the back of Geraldine Farrar at its initial New York production in the Metropolitan opera house.

Early in the first act Miss Farrar, impersonating the alluring French music hall actress in the title role, entirely disrobed from her waist upward with her back to the audience. Thereafter the opera's triumph was assured. David Belasco, who was in the audience, told the United News that "Zaza" would become Miss Farrar's greatest role.

Miss Farrar's startling realism was due to the fact that Zaza's dressing room, behind the scenes in a Paris music hall, occupies part of the stage during act I.

ENTERS IN STREET CLOTHES

Zaza enters in her street clothes and changes into her stage costume. This is the way Miss Farrar made the first change without using the screen: First, she dropped her dress, revealing a combined petticoat and bodice of yellow silk with heavy figures on it. Then she nonchalantly slipped out of this stunning garment. There was some fluff of silk and lace underneath. From the waist up there was a soft little pink "unmentionable" with pink shoulder straps. Parisian music hall actresses like things loose. Also they do not wear corsets.

Miss Farrar stood still long enough

for these observations to be made. She turned her back to the audience then and raised her hands to the shoulder straps. A thrill of expectancy swept through the theatre.

THEN AUDIENCE GASPS

With a dainty movement Miss Farrar passed the shoulder straps over her bare arms. The soft little pink thing dropped. The audience gasped. But the garment checked its startling flight at Miss Farrar's waist. Thence upward the star of the Metropolitan opera house stood revealed in the altogether. Her bare arms, back, neck and shoulders were surmounted by warm, luxurious auburn hair, providing New York's opera patrons with a sensation new even for them.

A maid in the dressing room held out a one-piece music hall costume, done in spangles and gay silks. This sparkling refugee embraced Miss Farrar, who went into it with quick, enveloping action. The dress, which was self-corseted, slipped about Miss Farrar like a long protecting breast plate. Miss Farrar turned round and faced the audience. She was snugly garmented in front. The maid started hawking the dress behind.

The thrill was over and the tension audibly relaxed. It was the most daring delineation of the bold, passionate music hall favorite any "Zaza" audience has ever seen.

Los Angeles
May Lose Out
As M. P. Center

Because the "City of Angels" is so far away from New York city, motion picture wiseacres are predicting that Los Angeles is due within a short time to lose its prestige as a motion picture producing center.

It is declared that Los Angeles is too far from the center of distribution and from the financial center of things as well, to hold its position against the big interests now getting into the game in the East. The circumstance that a number of large producers are building immense studios in and near New York city adds to the gloom for our southern neighbor.

advises against an immediate remarriage and suggests as a subterfuge that the lover pretend to marry a goldchild of Mme. Dumoulin. Madame consents, but her lover discovers a real affection for the gold child and they are married.

The small showhouses around the Montmartre district are playing miniature revues in which the invariable theme is the prevalence of strikes and labor troubles throughout France. One other feature that is never lacking is a travesty on the difficulty of finding an apartment in Paris.

George M. Cohan
'Subs' for Actor
And Makes Good

As a theatrical minute man George M. Cohan has earned the nickname of "Sure Fire George." Time and again he has saved an attraction from either disaster or temporary inactivity by respectively improving the weak spots or jumping into a cast that for one reason or another needed a regular actor in an important part. His most notable grand and lofty act of substitution took place when on an hour's notice he replaced Robert Hilliard in "A Prince There Was."

Recently he saved the two performances of "The Acquittal" at the Cohan & Harris theatre by fairly hop, skip and jumping into William Harrigan's char-acters of Joe Conway, the most important role in the play.

Cohan had come into town at 11 o'clock in the morning after working most of the night on a new play in Atlantic City, and was greeted by the news that Harrigan was down and temporarily out from illness. Cohan had been closely associated with "The Acquittal" during its rehearsals and preliminary trial period, but that was a number of weeks ago.

Nevertheless he went on at the matinee performance and, so far as could be observed by the audience, was better perfect. He gave a rarely unctuous performance, and added new touches of comedy of the Cohanese sort.

Olden Operas
Win Favor
in N. Y.

By Madge Arthur
NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—A revival of the works of Gilbert and Sullivan has been in progress at one of the theatres in this city since early in the fall. "It's a miracle," said an old New Yorker to me. "It's like putting a new sense of appreciation into the understanding of the modern theatre goer."

"Of course," he continued, "in a city of this size there would be found enough old timers to welcome an occasional revival of the sort of thing that delighted them in their youth, but these old stand-bys, however faithful in attendance, could not have brought about the Gilbert and Sullivan vogue that has prevailed throughout the entire season."

REVIVAL GOES GOOD

"There was nothing in the outlook to warrant expectation of such success. How could a public educated so largely to the enjoyment of rude wit, swift, glittering jazz music, soft sentimental songs as offered by modern 'comic operas' and musical shows be supposed to accept anything brought out from the closet of a jazz-less, old fashioned past? I confess I have been amazed as well as delighted at the achievement of the Society of American Singers."

Now, as one who happened not to have been born until after the last of these historic Gilbert and Sullivan had had its original vogue, I have been inclined to resent the implication that my parents (or was it my grandparents) were better equipped for an appreciation of gems of wit and music, than are we of today.

Rather early in the season, I read in one of the morning papers that a performer in these revivals had said the audiences consisted of "middle-aged persons and nuts." Being, I trust, neither of these, I had remained away until recently I learned that the present "younger generation" was being caught in the net. And now I have had the satisfaction of being present on a "first night" of a Gilbert and Sullivan production which had not been produced in so many years that it was practically brand new even to the "middle-aged" and the "nuts" in the audience. No one knew what was coming, and you had not the disadvantage of feeling that persons around you were more familiar with the music than yourself.

OLD-TIME PLEASES YOUNG

The opera was "Ruddigore" which had not been sung anywhere in the United States since the spring of 1887—33 years ago! Just think of it! There could scarcely be a person in the house under the age of 60 who would remember a bit of its story or a note of the music. We were all alike eager and expectant, and—how we did laugh and applaud. I became a Gilbert and Sullivan convert on the spot; I fear I will, or have become a "nut."

Surely what can be funnier than a corps of "professional bridesmaids" who having been endowed to officiate at the marriage of each village maiden, are in fear of losing their jobs because of the hesitancy of the village maidens to wed, and who madly implore the most sought-after girl in the neighborhood to make a choice of her suitors and give them a chance to get busy?

This girl, being an orphan, with none to guide her footsteps, has reared herself by the aid of a "book on etiquette," which she carries about with her and consults on all occasions. Then there is a piece-loving baronet who has been condemned, under a witch's curse, to commit a new crime every day, or die, and whose ancestors step from their frames in his picture gallery to confront him.

MUSICAL SCORE LINGERS

The whole story is an irresistible mixture of comedy and melodrama, with musical score that lingers in the memory. One of the New York papers in speaking of "Ruddigore" said: "It comes with peculiar refreshment in this period when vulgarity and inanity are the dominant element in that invertebrate mongrel which masquerades as 'comic opera,' but which is seldom comedy and never opera."

A revival of public interest in long-forgotten operas like "Ruddigore" doesn't seem to me in the least "miraculous," and I am only hoping that I shall be able to hear all the Gilbert and Sullivan works before the season at the Park theatre closes, and that we of the "present jazz generation" will prove that we are not so utterly besotted with inanity as many of our forebears appear to think.

In the Middle West Alice Lloyd is billed in a number of cities as a counter attraction to Harry Lauder.

WEDNESDAY!

HAROLD

HENRY

Master

American Pianist

February 11, 1920

HEILIG THEATRE

Seats Now Selling at
Heilig TheatrePrices—Lower Floor: \$2.50, \$1.65.
Balcony: \$2.50, \$1.65.
Gallery: 85c, 50c.Direction Ellison-White Musical
Bureau, Portland, Ore.TODAY
AND UNTIL FRIDAY
AT MIDNIGHT

The Peerless
Star in a Drama
of Tremendous Strength

~ the Phenomenal ~
as
Sigrid, the Dancer
in
**STRONGER
than DEATH**

As Segrid Fersen, NAZIMOVA has a part that ranks with her Nora in "A Doll's House" and her Hedda in "Hedda Gabler," two Ibsen plays that established her as the foremost actress in the world today—

THIS IS PRESTIGE!!!

THE LIBERTY'S
PROGRAM DE LUXE
THIS WEEK IN-
CLUDES NUMBERS
OF MORE THAN
ORDINARY
INTEREST

1. LIBERTY EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY
Choice News Bits compiled and re-edited by the management.
2. SELECTED COMEDY
3. MURTAGH AT THE CONSOLE
Playing "Fu-Ji," by Oliver G. Wallace.
4. LIBERTY REVIEW
Odds and ends of interest compiled by the management.
5. PROLOGUE TO THE FEATURE
The High Priest of Vishna calls upon the gods of fate to pass upon his achievements. Introducing Mr. Earle Alexander as the High Priest of Vishna.
6. NAZIMOVA IN "STRONGER THAN DEATH"
Showing how life's big moments are lived in a crucial half-hour.
7. EPILOGUE OF THE FEATURE
During the enactment of the seventh reel the character of the temple scene is brought to life on our stage and dances the Dance of Death. The Danseuse... Alya May Brown

AND TODAY AT 12:30

MURTAGH

AND OUR MIGHTY \$50,000 ORGAN

OVERTURE TO "ZAMPA" Herold
"WATERS OF VENICE" (Valse Lente) Edwards
"AH, MOON OF MY DELIGHT" (From "A Persian Garden") Liza Lehman
BOUQUET OF IRISH MELODIES Arr. by Murtagh
"River Shannon," "Wild Irish Rose," "A Little Bit of Heaven,"
"Tumbledown Shack in Athlone"

"FUJI" Oliver Wallace

A CONCERT DE LUXE

LIBERTY

DIRECTION OF JENSEN-VON HERBERG

LIBERTY CORNER

NEXT SATURDAY—Portland's Funny Farical Favorites
Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "What's Your Husband Doing?"