

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 1922.

ORPHEUM'S CHIEF
FORESEES BRIGHT
ERA FOR THEATRE

Martin Beck, Visiting President of Orpheum Circuit, Finds Business in Portland House So Encouraging That He Promises Early Start on Construction of Second House Here; Examines Frank J. McGittigan's "Oroscope" at Work.

Vaudeville is on the upgrade after a season made more or less woe for the producer because the public has not been in a money-spending mood, and for the artist because the producer, perforce, could offer no inducements.

All of which is from a statement by Martin Beck, president of the Orpheum circuit and one of the best known showmen in America, who was Portland's welcome guest on Thursday. Beck was doubly welcome, too, because he brought an announcement of early construction plans for the proposed Portland Junior Orpheum.

The reports from Orpheum managers, which have followed me around the country on this trip, Beck said, "have been very highly encouraging, and within the last three weeks the greater part of the restraint on the vaudeville industry seems to have been released. We are doing better business over the entire circuit, and that means only one thing—a revival of public interest in affairs of the stage after a very dull season."

"It is true that thousands of good acts have been idle in the East, but that is traceable directly to the general condition. People were not spending money for amusement—they seemed to be sitting back wondering what would happen next. But the booking offices report that conditions are improving from the viewpoint of the artist, and with the resumption of patronage there is, of course, greater demand for talent."

"It has never been possible, however, for us to book acts at a less average cost than heretofore, because the salary of an act is so much dependent upon other economic factors. The basis is, more or less, the standard of living for professional entertainers. The railroad fare, hotel expenses, wardrobe requisites and like items enter vitally into the determination of salaries, and until the cost of such things come down materially, it will not be possible for the Orpheum or any other circuit to cut pay. If we were to attempt it, we would lose our best talent without acts, for they simply cannot meet the obligations of constantly increasing costs and have a living wage left over."

"The Middle Western houses of the Orpheum circuit are enthusiastic about the showings they have made in the last few weeks. With the same vaudeville as always they are drawing far greater patronage than at any other time in the last two seasons, and the managers see in that fact the restoration of the usual healthy condition in the vaudeville business."

San Francisco has just today reported a fine outlook there, with current business far better than it has been at any time recently. The Portland house, too, Manager McGittigan tells me, is stepping forward with the rest, although it never has suffered the loss of business that some of the houses in less fortunate cities have."

These facts gave Beck's promise of a new theatre for Portland added interest, for he professed his sincere interest in the early erection here of a Junior Orpheum circuit. The new house will be built, Beck declared, upon a site to be selected from among those offered to him by local landlords prior to his arrival here—sites which he spent some time on Thursday in inspecting. He had several properties in mind when he came here, but at least one of those which he had much promise was discarded because of its distance from the main arteries of travel.

That work on the new house will start as soon as the ground can be purchased and the contract let is Beck's promise. It will cost approximately \$750,000 and will exemplify the last word in theatre architecture. It will be used exclusively for the Junior Orpheum attractions, and its presence will have no effect on the present Orpheum. The new house will accommodate two complete changes of program each week, with shows every day, Beck said.

The visitor had already promised the construction of a Junior Orpheum in Seattle before he came to Portland, but the Seattle house will be built coincidentally with the Portland theatre, he says.

Miss Chadwick Gets
A Setback When She
Asks for a Petticoat

"Other times, other customs," wrote the maker of proverbs. Which is leading up to the fact that Helene Chadwick was told the other day while at work before the camera. She shivered. Her teeth rattled. She asked for a petticoat. The property man went post-haste to the wardrobe department to fetch the desired garment. The chief keeper of the royal robes was incensed.

"We don't have any more," she declared. "Ladies don't wear them any more."

Miss Chadwick wants it understood that she desired the petticoat merely to keep her warm.

WHAT TO SEE—AND WHERE

STOCK
Baker Stock company in "Three Live Ghosts." Matinee Wednesday, Saturday at 2:30. Evening at 7:30.
LYRIC—Broadway at Morrison. Lyric Musical Comedy company in "Nearly an Act." Matinee daily at 2 p. m. Evenings 7 and 9.
VAUDEVILLE
ORPHEUM—Broadway at Taylor. Lillian Shaw; Clark Bergman and company headlined. 2:30 and 8:30 p. m.
PANTHEON—Broadway at Alder. High-class vaudeville and photoplay features. Afternoon and evening. Program changes Monday afternoon.
LOUIS HERRINGTON—Photoplay. Direction Ackerman & Harris. Vaudeville and feature. Afternoon and evening.
PHOTOPLAYS
COLUMBIA—Sixth at Stark. "Don't Tell Everything." 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.
LIBERTY—Broadway at Stark. Richard Barthelmene in "Tallie Davis." 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.
NIVOL—Washington at Park. Anita Stewart in "Her Mad Bargain." 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.
BLUE HOUSE—Eleventh at Washington. Harold Lloyd in "A Sailor Made Man." 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.
HARVARD—Washington at Park. Doris May in "The Poetical Age." 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.
PEOPLES—West Park at Alder. D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East." 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.
STARS—Washington at Park. "The Man of the Forest." 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.
GRAND—Fourth and Washington. Harry Carey in "The Fox." 9 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock the following morning.

REFLECTING A REALLY CHARMING COUNTEenance

DOROTHY GISH, pretty celluloid celebrity, takes a slant at herself in the old hall mirror, but she isn't vain enough to see in its depths the thousands who have admired her dainty work on the screen and throbbed at the romances she has portrayed. Miss Gish, credited with an initial professional appearance at the age of four years, has had much success in pictures since she tried her luck first with the old Biograph company when the industry was an infant. This actress is—sh-h-h!—less than 24 years of age; she has fair hair and blue eyes to set off her mere 60 inches of height.

What's A Flock of
Hair, More or Less,
Asks Al C. Raleigh

AL C. RALEIGH, alias Zack Moseley and alias several other things that his envied competitors are wont to call him, tells a port little news story about the hair that changed color over night. He is a dainty miss with flaxen hair, very possibly obtained from the drugstore, applied for a job as usher at the Columbia theatre, where Raleigh is manager. She measured up to the exacting specifications as to height and passed the intelligence test, but she was a blonde and, just for the sake of harmony, Raleigh insists that all his ushers be brunettes.

The girl, suffice to say, didn't get a job. Recently, however, a dead ringer for this same girl sought work as usher. "Haven't you a sister with light hair?" the head usher inquired. "Your image was here some time ago."

"I'm the same girl," the applicant responded, and I had light hair then."

She got the job and is a very good usher, Raleigh declares.

Doug. Got Joy From
Brother's Chagrin

When Douglas Fairbanks was asked recently what the greatest thrill was that he experienced abroad, he replied, "Watching my brother Robert's face when I drove the passenger plane over the English channel from Paris to London. You see, Robert knew I had never driven a plane before, but the pilot didn't—and the water was 6000 feet below."

LITTLE RICHARD RECOVERED

Little Richard Heidrick, the clever child actor, has recovered from an attack of diphtheria which for a time caused alarm.

News Notes on Show Shops
Broadway Facts and Fancies

By Earl E. Browlee
That the show business out-state is picking up and that the hopes of motion picture exhibitors are running high is indicated again by the plans of Partridge & Morrison, who own the Gem theatre at Tillamook. Leo Morrison of that firm was in Portland Thursday completing arrangements for the construction of a new theatre, a 750-seat motion picture theatre for the dairy city. Plans are already well along, it appears, for report has it that the firm has bought a big organ and has contracted for other equipment for the new house. Tillamook is happily located for the business of the exhibitor, Morrison declares, and there is ample demand for the new theatre. Partridge & Morrison are First National franchise holders in Tillamook.

Word of the tragic death of Theda, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Howland, at Los Angeles, has been received by Portland friends. Theda, aged 34, and her mother were struck down by an automobile as they were crossing a Los Angeles street a few days ago. The child was killed instantly and the mother is in a hospital recovering from severe injuries. Howland was a lyric company comedian and producer last season.

David Brill, heretofore manager of the Universal Film exchange, departed for his former home in New York city on Wednesday. Brill will work out of the New York office as a salesman. In the meantime the local harness has been fitted to the sturdy shoulders of J. L. Frasier, who came up from San Francisco to take charge of the local office.

Arthur Sullivan, former Portland newspaper man, is the latest member of the Jensen & Von Herberg staff. Sullivan has been selected as associate editor of the "Show" and will be in charge of the "Show" section of the paper. Sullivan is a well-known figure in the show business and has been active in the industry for many years.

An arrangement of songs of the South by Henri Kates, Liberty theatre organist, will feature Kates' concert this afternoon. Other numbers for the musical event are "Hindustan," "Spring, Beautiful Spring," "Moonlight," and "Neapolitan Nights."

January 22, Monday, has been set by (Continued on Page Six, Column Four)

C. S. Jensen Wrecks
Dreams of Healthy
Canadian "Honker"

C. S. JENSEN, head of the extensive Jensen & Von Herberg theatre interests, took a "shot" Thursday morning. Not that he's given to such indulgence, for this is the first time in the proverbial canon's age that he has stepped out for such a frolic. In company with Dr. E. C. McFarland, chronic sportsman, and C. M. Hill, manager of the Portland Paramount exchange, Jensen journeyed to the vicinity of St. Helens and a well-known duck lake.

The shot he took, therefore, proved to be in the general direction of a healthy looking duck flying high overhead. "Deadshot Dick" had nothing on Jensen, and the fowl came tumbling down, but it proved to be, instead of a duck, a huge wild goose—a regular Canadian "honker."

It is easy to believe that the big bird was the prize sample in the bunch Jensen brought home early Thursday afternoon. He brought down a nice mess of ducks in addition to the goose.

Jane Novak's Story
Reveals Long Battle

Here's a tip to film-crazed maids who think they can enter stardom overnight with curls and a lipstick. Jane Novak, starting in her own pictures, recently celebrated the anniversary of her entry into stardom. She first began film work eight years ago as extra at \$2 and \$3 a day, for the old Vitaphone down at Santa Monica. She had to furnish all her costumes and party dresses. Then she worked only three or four days a week, and when she was put "on quarantine" of \$15 a week, considered herself lucky. Indeed, Jane worked hard, had ambition, and today is a success and one of the most popular stars on the silver screen.

GEORGE COHAN IN
PATHETIC PLIGHT
ON OLD BROADWAY

Famous Yankee Doodle Kid, an Exile From His Own World, May Be Counting the Cost of the Sudden Flurry of Temper That Sent Him Scurrying to London to Escape the Impositions of Actors' Equity Members.

By Westbrook Pegler
United News Staff Correspondent
New York, Jan. 7.—The Yankee Doodle Kid, as an outsider looking in on Broadway, has become a pathetic, if belligerent personality on the street whose very spirit danced in his little frame only a few short seasons ago. George M. Cohan, the Yankee Doodle Kid, still speaks out of the southwest corner of his mouth, still jabs home the pat "lines" of his conversation with that Cohanese poke of his forefinger. George M. Cohan is on and along Broadway again for a few days, but he is no longer "of Broadway."

He will sail for London again January 14 to produce some of his old successes there with English actors. He will use English actors because producing plays in England for the English people, he believes their own players should have the jobs. He will put on "The Tavern," "The Actor," "The Actor," "Seven Keys to Bald Pate," "Wallingford" and a new play, "The Pretext."

But whatever his motive, Cohan has punished himself. It isn't the money. It is the plight of little Johnny Jones, meeting along Broadway, meeting old friends in the theatre lobbies at night as an outsider. Cohan is a rich man. The loss of the season's profits will not hurt him. But it hurt him to be called an enemy of the actors. George Cohan, who in his time, without ever telling it in the Astor bar, gave thousands of dollars to this actor or that one in distress, never expecting, never wanting any payment but gratitude.

The Yankee Doodle Kid will never forgive the Equity. He thinks it will lapse before this season is over. Twelve hundred actors were thrown out of work for the season when the Equity forced him to quit the business in America. "Atheistic but still cocky as George M. Cohan. And a little older."

"Why, I'm the greatest actor in America," he said.

"Why, George, you don't expect me to believe that do you?" an astonished friend protested.

"Hell, no," Cohan exploded, "but I can make a lot of the public believe it. I'm a showman."

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Alas, even international influences which seem to furnish more enthusiasm than any other form of indoor diversions, haven't wrought about any disarmament of criticism in the dramatic situation. With native dramas dropping about us like falling leaves in stiff October winds, we were simply sitting on the edge of our seats, waiting for Ben-Ami to "put it over."

But dragging a Yiddish play from its native health to Broadway has only made matters worse. What is the matter with Broadway? Of course, transferring a folk play from the Jewish Art theatre and leaving all the atmosphere behind isn't exactly conducive to artistry. There is Ben-Ami, that rare young genius whose art shows like flame from the East Side of the East Side of Broadway two years ago. But now he has become Broadwayized. Perhaps you cannot transplant genius any more than a rare flower from its native soil. At any rate, although his first appearance on the English speaking stage last season, his appearance this year in "The Idle Inn" is a great disappointment. And as a production "Samson and Delilah" also lacked that fine theatre characterization of scenic effects of the right person in the right part that the Jewish Art theatre gave us. Ben-Ami opening again, all dressed up mentally, and no place to go dramatically, artistically, intellectually. All that seemed left to most of the audience was to cough. And, of course, from the first wave of bronchitis the fact that the play hadn't gone over was made apparent.

"The Idle Inn" is a folk play by Parats Hirshbein. It is a drama of superstition haunted Jewish-Russian village, the abduction of a young girl at her wedding. But for some inexplicable reason Arthur Hopkins, who stands for the highest dramatic ideals, gave this Jewish play, so utterly dependent upon atmosphere, a cast that might have stepped out of "Way Down East." And even Robert Edmond Jones seemed napping on his scenic effects. No wonder the audience, who had been somewhat suffocated in this unatmospheric condition.

Why in the name of Thalia and Melopomene is it that with so many fine Jewish actors and actresses playing Irish colons, Scotch lassies, et al; why is it when it comes to presenting a Jewish play we are given Mary Shaw for the motor, Eva McDonald for the bride, and so on down the ill-fitting cast?

Those who saw Ben-Ami in his own tongue and a strange cast, saw why a few American actors know it. An actor so imbued with his art as to be able to change even his physical height, how could he be so stupid as to let his own genius be directed by F. Richard Jones, who directed Miss Normand in her previous Sennett successes, "Mickey" and "Molly O'."

"Susanna" is a colorful story of romantic youth, love and romance. "Susanna" is plot, pageantry, spectacle, comedy and drama. The story fairly bristles with action through its entirety and is filled with the merry humor of the proven good judgment of that combination whose early prognostications of "Mickey" and "Molly O'" which at first doubted, were more than substantiated on the arrival of the productions.

RAY BACK AT HOME
Charles Ray has returned to his studio work after this longest vacation he ever had—a month. On his return, through a series of ovations along the way, Charles Ray presented in Washington one afternoon. Harding and Taft he met together at the White House, and Woodrow Wilson invited him to his house for a chat.

Meet Tom Ince, Barnstormer
Then Take Look at Him Now

By John B. Rieckle
I first met Tom Ince when both he and the world seemed very young to me, for I was launching my first theatrical venture. We were headed for Canada. How kindly the great dominion welcomed the exiles, for we were exiles being heralded as a company of Broadway's favorite actors. We made no attempt to conceal it.

I admired the bright youth amazingly but was most alarmed at the uncanny-

When Cohan flared up, suddenly angry at the Actors' Equity association, for attempting, so he said, to force the closed shop on him, there were many actors, full of the cynicism of Broadway, who said:

"Wise George! He sees a bad season coming and he's getting out from under."

Now, nobody but George M. Cohan knows whether he was shooting square when he withdrew from the producing business in America. Cohan said then, and he insists now that he passed up \$1,000,000 in profits for this season by disbanding his entire organization in preference to "taking orders" from the union as to whom he should hire for his plays.

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Doug Fairbanks is bustling about his studio already. He anticipates starting on a new picture—but he doesn't know as yet what it's going to be. However, Johnston McCullay, who wrote "The Mark of Zorro," is en route from Colorado Springs as fast as the train will carry him, and when he arrives there is going to be a big conference with Doug. Allan Dwan, who has been engaged to direct him, Lotta Woods, chief of the scenario department, and Kenneth Davenport, who wrote "The Nut," all sitting around a big table talking and plotting a story possibility. It is likely that Mr. McCullay will evolve a sequel to "The Mark of Zorro," and settle the problem.

In the meantime Mary Pickford is making preparations to begin the re-filming of "Tess of the Storm Country." She is going to New York soon for the final decision of the C. C. Wilkenning suit against her and so actual work will not be started until after the suit is settled.

But Brother Jack will arrive some time soon and Mary will busy herself supervising his next feature, "The Tailor-Made Suit," which will go into production immediately.

Mabel Normand Will
Next Do 'Susanna,' a
Film True to Style

"Susanna," an original story by Mack Bennett, has been chosen the next starring vehicle for Mabel Normand, and a notable cast has been engaged to support the little star. This film will be directed by F. Richard Jones, who directed Miss Normand in her previous Sennett successes, "Mickey" and "Molly O'."

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MINNIEVILLE HOUSE CLOSED
Minnieville, Jan. 7.—T. E. O'Neill has closed his Minnieville house at this place, and the room is being fitted for the grocery business of J. T. Irvine. O'Neill also owns the Rainbow, a large house.

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