

WITH THE SADIE GIRLS

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ROUGED AND BESPANGLED MULTNOMAH AMATEURS

Bert Kerrigan, the Sadie girl, plastered another ounce of cosmetic on his face three minutes before the matinee curtain rang up, yesterday afternoon, and then regarded himself affectionately in the glass that hung in his dressing-room at the Marquand Grand Theatre. Round him were clustered the remainder of the ballet that helped to make the Multnomah Club's presentation of the "Wizard of the Nile" the howling success that it was.

"I think we have the Sadie girls that are making Anna Held famous faded to a faro-way-well," said he.

"True ladies," remarked Mr. Gaylord, who also wore the pink lights that his orchestra play dance music, "do not use slang." And then he turned to me.

"Let me introduce Queen Cleopatra," he said, indicating a chemical blonde in the corner.

Contrary to the laws of etiquette as laid down by the Ladies' Home Journal, I shook hands with the lady, but she also had a matter-of-fact etiquette bearing heavily on her mind.

"I observed," said the queen in haughty tones that bespoke a lifetime in the purple, "I observed Obedience, my maid of honor, just now coming from King Ptolemy's dressing-room. As the young woman is probably not versed in theatrical customs I will inform her that she will get herself talked about if she visits the gentlemen's dressing-rooms." The Sadie girls giggled in hoarse baritone.

But Obedience made no maidenly attempt to blush. In a deep bass voice, she said that she had only gone in to get a cigar.

Outside, Elmer Allen, Allen, entered up and down in an endeavor to get the 210 people in the cast properly placed, and presently the tinkle of a tiny bell and the rustle of the drop told that the show was on.

George Eastman, attired in a weird costume that would have made the Ptolemy of ancient Egypt look cheap and tawdry, sat in the wings on the wheeled truck that would presently represent Cleopatra's barge to the people out in front.

"I'm twice as nervous as I was last night," he said.

Just then a shrill discord in the chorus came to my ears.

"That's nothing," said King Ptolemy. "That's Connie Stiles singing some Albinus notes. They have lots of variations like that over there."

Through a hole which a small boy had thoughtfully punched in the scenery Pro-

fessor Boyer could be seen, his baton beating emphatic protests against the Albinus notes, and finally Mr. Stiles was good.

"There's my cue," said the King, suddenly, and he disappeared from the barge, while a roar of laughter told of his entrance into public view.

And presently the Wizard of the Nile sat beside me.

"I believe I have stage fright," said the magician. "You know I never acted before in my life, and the sensation is peculiar."

"Two husky stagehands in the opposite wing gathered up the end of a rope attached to the wizard's seat and mine. "Here's where the barge sails down the Nile," said Bobby McCracken, and having no mind to make a theatrical debut, I hurriedly scrambled off my seat.

"Good-bye," said the wizard as the barge started to sail. I could hear him drawing deep breaths for a moment, and then he began to sing "What a Wizard Can Do."

The stage-carpet began to dispense information. "These boys," he said, "make up oftener than any professional women that ever played in the house. A new chorus girl wouldn't use as much cosmetic and rouge in a week as these men do at each performance. Why, one of the slaves has been hollering all afternoon because someone stole his lip rouge and an eye-pencil."

About this time, Louise Gerlinger began to sing "I've Been a-Maying," and the applause that rolled in suggested to Eddy Warnock that Louise's friends must have a hand-clapping machine concealed up in the gallery somewhere.

But when the singer returned from the stage center and the limelight he was in a mournful mood.

"If they only knew how weak and thin the applause sounds in here," he said, "they would clap louder."

"That's it," said the stage-carpet. "Some people would like the audience to tear up the seats and pound on the floor with them every time they sing."

Between the acts the ladies of the court, the Sadie girls, the pages and the royal guards smoked cigarettes and pecked approvingly through the scenery at the well-dressed house. The ballet dancers were much commended by their teacher, Miss M. Buckenmeyer.

"I never supposed," she said, "that men could be made into a good ballet."

But observe how all of them away from the hips, prouette gracefully and rise on their toes. A class of girls could not have learnt as quickly.

"Where's the stage manager?" asked an usher, who bore three cards on a tray. And as the manager read the cards, gloom gathered on his brow.

"Tell the ladies," said he to the usher, "that I regret that there are no stage precedents under which I can allow them to come back. I regret it exceedingly."

And then he tore up the cards, that the mystery might remain unguessed.

The curtain rose for the last act, and I hid myself to the property-room to inspect the property crocodile that had for 20 minutes chased the Wizard up and down the Nile. Sounds of a mirthful house called me forth.

"What are they laughing at?" I asked. "The Starlight Quintet," said the stage carpenter. "It's for seven encores; this is only the second."

"Starlight, starbright," the quintet was singing in waltz time, "tell me if its so."

An unsatisfied audience arose in its seats and demanded more.

"Mr. my," sighed King Ptolemy Eastman, as he rested for a moment in the wings. "I'm glad they like it, but—" And he mopped his forehead.

Once more the quintet invaded the stage. Once more they sang the lifting melody. Once more they danced as the orchestra swung into the rhythmic chorus, and once more King Ptolemy convulsed the house with his wooden-legged step and rubber-ball exit.

Of Ptolemy the audience was determined to have more. The thunder of stamping feet mingled with the staccato of the hand-clapping, and from the gallery the small boy swelled the tumult with cat-calls such as no feline could ever hope to imitate.

"I thought," said the King, as the orchestra returned to the charge, "that we agreed that we would not respond to more than four encores."

"What can we do?" inquired Abydos, who was to occupy the stage next. "I can't make myself heard in this noise. You'll have to stop it."

And so the quintet, voiceless, but pleased, queried the starlight once again in pantomime. King Ptolemy rocked hither and thither on his knobby legs, the audience wiped its eyes collectively and let the quintet and the King go, because it had no strength left to applaud with.

A. C.

black alpaca on, and a anchor of roses and gales alike made out some sort of white pocket. But they weren't no black fan, and it didn't look just right some-how, nuther, for to see her with that black alpaca on 'bout the fan, too.

I went back into the settin'-room, where all the neighbors and chief mourners was. After blowin' my nose considerably hard—Tilly was a good wife, the first and best I ever had—I says: "Where's Tilly's fan?"

"The Widow Holcomb's little boy (they lived next door) spoke right up and says: "Dye think she'll need it Mister Jones?"

"Miss Holcomb bust out laughin', and that oughter been a warnin' to be, but it wasn't. It was a year after when I married her. I buried her last summer, and I seen to it that she had Tilly's fan. Yes, sir, I seen to it that she had the fan."

T HE potency of some kinds of cheese is only excelled by the Belling gun. "Ach," said Mrs. Rumpelmeier, of 1174 Third street. "It was easy to get into der fire sale stores. I had lots of room yesterday at der paragon gounter, where I bought der 4-cent ribbon dot mein daughter got for 35 cents in Yauzer."

"However, did you do it?" asked Mrs. J. Johnson, who has housekeeping apartments on the same floor.

"It was foony," replied Mrs. Rumpelmeier. "I got tree pounds of Impurget cheese at der delicatessen store, and I carried it in mein basket to der fire sale place."

A great light dawned upon Mrs. J. Johnson.

HIS SCHEME FELL DOWN

G. C. Arbuckle Moves On With His Interchangeable Mileage.

A person by the name of G. C. Arbuckle has been in Portland this week attempting to gain money from business men in addition to their signing a petition asking the Transcontinental Association of Pas-

senger Agents to grant a universal interchangeable mileage system for commercial travelers. He also asked the Travelers' Protective Association for their indorsement, but, having some just experience with exactly the same proposal two years ago, they did not grant it.

The officers of the association said they would investigate the concern which Arbuckle represented, and he declared himself willing to wait until they were satisfied he was responsible. He waited two days and then apparently left town, for the officers have heard nothing of him since, and now feel certain that they came near being swindled.

Arbuckle's proposal was one which business men took ready interest in, as the interchangeable mileage system is something which the travelers have long been trying to obtain. Arbuckle told the business men here that he was the representative of the Commercial Men's Journal, of New York, and that this petition would be presented at the next meeting of the agent's association. Money, he said, was needed to carry on this work, and all contributions would be thankfully received.

He induced two merchants employing men on the road to part with small sums, and then called upon A. H. Devers, of the local T. P. A., to ask for the indorsement of the association. Mr. Devers was suspicious, and told him to go to the secretary, E. Sholley Morgan. Meanwhile he telephoned Mr. Morgan that he thought the man was a fraud, and when the solicitor appeared he was questioned closely. Drops of perspiration stood upon the brow of the man from New York, but he kept a cool face and almost convinced Mr. Morgan that he was in good faith. Among the letters which Arbuckle showed the secretary was one from the Portland Chamber of Commerce, signed by the president, B. Livingston. This indorsed the proposal, but not the man, and did not entirely allay Mr. Morgan's suspicions. The solicitor has not waited to learn the result of the association's investigations, and, fearing that he would attempt to work the same scheme in other cities, Mr. Morgan telegraphed the various Chambers of Commerce to be on the lookout for him.

Two years ago a man representing the same concern left Portland with \$700 of the merchants' money, of which they have never heard, and since then others with the same scheme have worked San Francisco for a larger amount. Within the past few days two men with a similar plan were arrested in Quincy, Ill.

A BAD RUNAWAY.

Yesterday afternoon a handsome bay horse attached to a light driving wagon was jogging down First street, when upon nearing Taylor, and without apparent cause, he started to run. He ran in close to the sidewalk, the wagon striking every telegraph pole, lamp post and other obstruction possible. Strange to say the horse made a circle of two or three blocks and stopped where he began just in front of Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.'s. The owner, after looking over the remains of his badly demolished rig, went in and bought one of those handsome Movers in the window. Some people, who saw the runaway, went so far as to say that the horse saw the beautiful new rig in the window and was determined to have one and proceeded to smash the old one after the most approved fashion.

ASSOCIATION STAR COURSE

At Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. Tomorrow night Dr. Lyman B. Sperry gives his great illustrated lecture, "America's Wonderland," in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. This is the fifth number of the star course, and is without doubt one of the greatest descriptive lectures ever given in this country. The pictures are beyond description. Single admission 50 cents, including reserved seat.

Something Wrong With Society. New York Mail and Express. That there must be something wrong in the state of American society is indicated by certain developments in the Burdick lawsuit at Buffalo. The people concerned in the episode which culminated in a horrible tragedy there were of the average sort of American "business" people. They were of native stock; they did not inherit dark and murderous tendencies from Asia or the sluggish Levant, nor bring poison vials or stilettos with them from Italy. They were, so far as blood, occupation and ordinary habits of life were concerned, typical enough of the country. And yet they seemed to have latent in them all sorts of dark impulses.

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TALES OF THE TOWN

"H EAVEN is but the vision of fulfilled desires," quoted Mike Roche yesterday. Mr. Roche does not believe in Omnipotence, and carries a volume in his hip pocket and sleeps with all four editions, and the Highway Act, under his pillow. "There was Joe McCabe's tramp now—but he had the fulfilled desire and believed it was a vision—amounted to the same thing; a taste of Heaven."

"What! You don't mean to say you haven't heard about that tramp? Why I've been telling it to everybody I knew for the last two years, and the beauty of it is, it's true. Joe McCabe, you know, is the general manager of the Colorado Midland Railroad, and like all general managers he has to make an inspection trip at regular intervals. Special train—elegantly fitted and appointed private car, all that sort of thing. One day he sidetracked at a place where he had to look over some bridge work or other, and it happened that dinner was served at that time. He finished what you can put down as a repeat—Joe's a high liver and nothing's too good on those trips or at his home. After dining he stood out on the car platform smoking a 2-bit cigar and noting the glories of a Colorado sunset. At that juncture a tramp appeared around the curve, laboriously hitting the ties with dragging feet. He was the trampiest, forlornest, tramp Joe'd ever seen. He came up, sized up Joe, the cigar, the special train and the whole layout.

"I say guv'nor," says he, "what's the show for a bite of 'chuck'?"

"I think it's very good, sir," says Joe, courteously. "Come aboard. Porter serve this gentleman dinner. Give him just what you gave me." The tramp took his seat and received a new white napkin with

great gravity. He swallowed the mock turtle soup and finished the fish without looking out the window, nor did he bat an eye when the general manager ordered a bottle of wine for him. He ate and drank and drank and ate until he was incapable of doing more of either. Then he rose up and passed out of the car.

"Have a cigar, sir," says McCabe, handing him a 5-bitter. The tramp accepted without quivering a muscle of his face.

"Have another—put it in your pocket," says the general manager.

Imperturbably as ever, the tramp pocketed the second cigar and left the car. He walked over to the strassy bary and in absolute silence sat him down and began to smoke. He finished the first cigar and lighted the second with the stump of it. He finished the second cigar, and his elbows were on his knees and his eyes were fixed on the rising moon when McCabe finally called out to him:

"Hello, old man, what makes you so gloom, are you sick?"

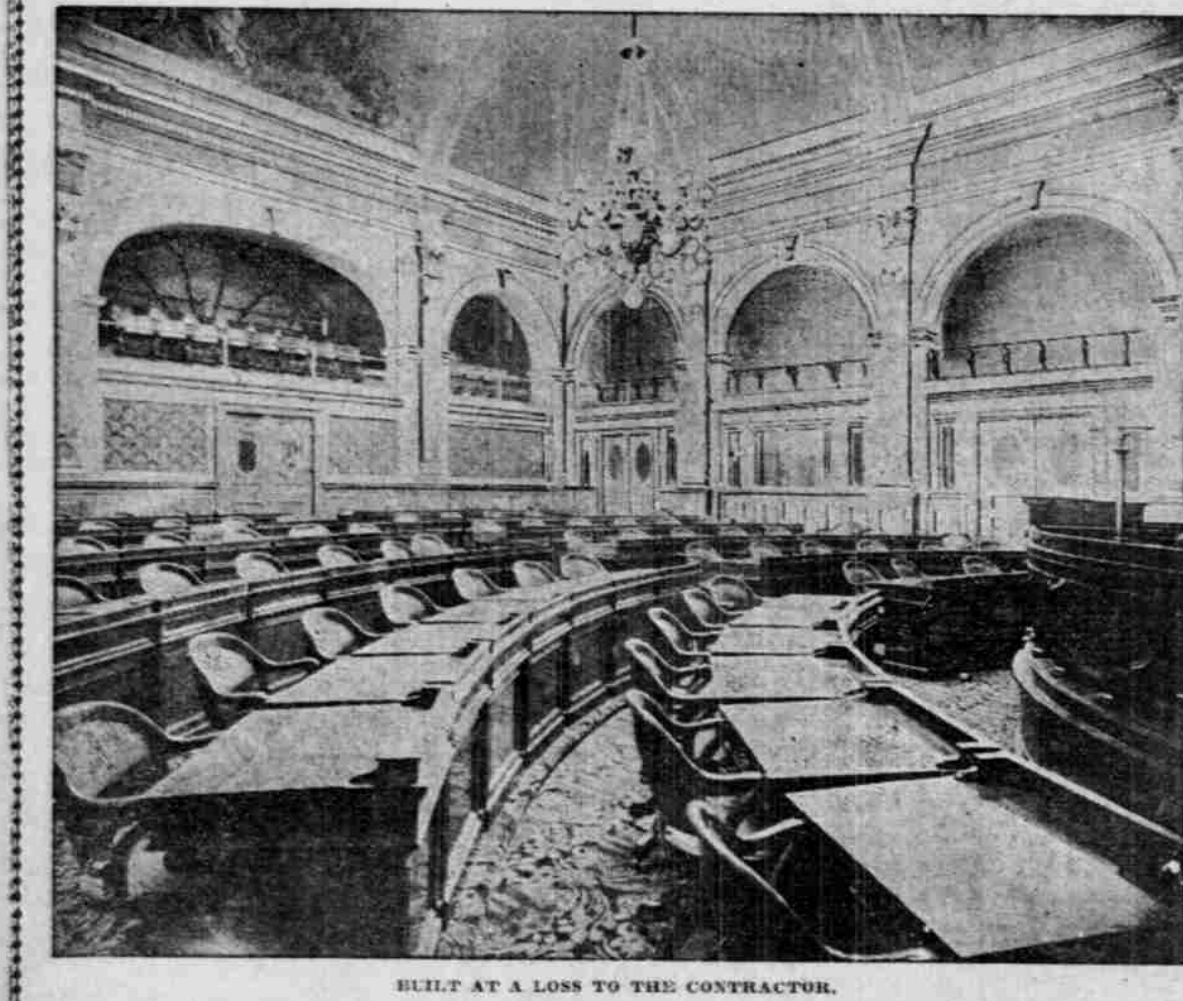
"No," replied the tramp slowly raising his head, "but I'll bet you \$100,000 to five home hairs that I'll wake up in four minutes."

You can't most always sometimes tell, perhaps Little Johnnie's gone to—?

I got her that black alpaca," said the old man with the Rubenesque wile-ers—Old Man Jones, of the East Side—and she allus carried her black fan that was give her by Cousin Lyman Fuller's aunt. And when Tilly died—she had a hard spell of typhoid, I tell you; I got her four doctors and she died—and her last words was: "Good-bye, Ezra, I'll meet you on t'other side."

"And they laid her out fine." The old man sighed heavily. "Coffin cost sixty-five. Hands crossed across her bosom, and that

PALATIAL QUARTERS OF MONTANA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES



BUILT AT A LOSS TO THE CONTRACTOR.

HELENA, Mont., March 27.—(Special.)—Montana was fortunate in the building of the Statehouse in which is the above elegant hall of Representatives. In other words, instead of the usual scandals and additional appropriations for extras, the state actually constructed its building at a profit.

When Montana became a state, the Government appropriated large tracts of land for the various educational institutions and Capitol building. Without irrigation, the lands were practically worthless, and, in order to have the building constructed, Colonel Thomas Cruse, a Helena banker, offered to subscribe to a bond issue, secured by these lands, for a sufficient amount to provide the funds.

The state received \$350,000 in this manner, and the contract was duly let. H. L. Frank, a Butte millionaire, obtaining a company for the purpose of constructing the building. Frank lost about \$10,000 on the contract, but a large part of this was of his own volition. In other words, he made changes for convenience and beautification of the building, well knowing that the extra cost would be his.

In this manner the state received a \$500,000 building for practically nothing, although now that the lands are to be irrigated, they will become valuable.