

ANOTHER PORTLAND GIRL WINS PRAISE FOR WORK ON STAGE

Ethel von Waldron Has Rapidly Come to the Front in Shirley Stock Company at Spokane.



ETHEL VON WALDRON.

ANOTHER Portland girl has "arrived," theatrically speaking. Ethel von Waldron, who is spending a few weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Jones, at their home on Mill street, is the latest of Oregon's daughters to achieve a marked stage success.

Time was, and only a very short time ago, too—little more than a year—when Miss von Waldron was playing bits with the Baker Company. The discerning ones saw splendid possibilities in the young actress and predicted great things for her, but few of the most enthusiastic expected her to accomplish so much within such a short time.

It will be remembered that she was promoted from the Baker to the Empire during the engagement of the Seaman Stock Company in the Spring of 1897, where she played "second business" and leads. Her success was so pronounced that friends after seeing her in lead-

ing roles were more than ever convinced that she possessed real acting genius. A year ago she was engaged as ingenue of the Jesse Shirley Company, at Spokane, the leading stock organization between Seattle and Winnipeg. In this company, which contains some of the finest stock actors in the country, her ability was immediately recognized, and within a few weeks she was called upon to assume leading roles, during the absence of Miss Shirley. She made a tremendous hit in a number of trying parts and became a great favorite with Spokane audiences. She is the idol of the theater-going public of the Washington city.

Miss von Waldron is a pupil of Rose Bylone to whom she ascribes the thoroughness of her preliminary training. Although a mere girl, just out of her teens, she has already accomplished as much as most actresses aspire to in a lifetime. She will return to Spokane for next season, which will be her last in stock, as she expects to go out in a New York production the year after.

Evil of Tipping Makes Parisians Cringe, Declares Miss Emilie Frances Bauer

American Woman Tells of Disagreeable Incident of Tour Abroad. "Reduction Sale" in Paris—"Doing" the Art Galleries.

PARIS, July 24.—(Special Correspondence.)—The longer one remains in Paris the better one can appreciate the cry of "Paris! Paris!" There is indeed only one Paris, whether we take this from one standpoint or from another. To attempt to describe the fascinations of Paris, one would have to know individual tastes, as there are pleasures for all. Not least of the joys of Paris is the shopping season, for it must not be believed that "reduction sales" are exclusive delights of America. Here the season is in full blast and it is quite as different from American sales as the rest of the customs of the country. It is not astonishing to see the entire sidewalk blocked around the whole building of the largest and best known shops in Paris. There are tables placed in rows, and upon them is to be found piles of nearly everything in the store. Of course, the very finest goods are not exposed in this manner, but what is there includes some very attractive values.

But to the American eye, the bargains are not the real attractions. The interest lies in watching "Paris shop." Such sights are utterly inconceivable in this country. The windows at the silk counter of a New York department store. There is no such thing as caste. Far from it, the elegant madame is shoulder to shoulder with some burly peasant whose great sack, into which she piles her purchases, she drags around with her much to the discomfort of those who have known comfort at some former time. The windows are made as attractive as possible, and between those glued to the plate glass and the omnium-gatherum around the tables there is very little chance for the wayfarer.

As to prices, very low and very high. The lower things seem to be in America, the higher they are here, the vice versa. Let no one be deceived on the matter of francs, because instead of regarding them as quarters, which they well might be, they are almost treated as we treat nickels, and really do not buy much more either in the way of favors or anything else. It may be that the Parisian can make 100 francs last a little while, but I have not found the American who has wrought this problem to a satisfactory conclusion. These 20 centime tips that you hear about are all right if you can get out of hearing quick enough, but otherwise not.

At the station the man who carried your light grip while you struggled with the heavy one cries out in a voice that sounds as though it had been put through a megaphone, "Oh, madame, that was not worth my time. I have 16 wives and several children (or vice versa) and madame looks as though she could give more than 60 centimes. I paid 10 centimes to get to the station," etc., etc., as long as you are within hearing distance. If you have been sufficiently kind and perfectly content, and remitted one that in the midst of life we are in misery, but those who do nothing at all but chase up a cab that you are about to enter and open the door for you, or who busy themselves in other needless ways to make you feel like a thief if you do not give them a couple of coins for doing so.

Ask a man which corner to turn for a certain number, and he never leaves you until you have reached the number at which rate a cab would have been less expensive. If you drop a package before you have time to pick it up three or four will have scrambled for it. Politeness? Not a bit. They know that they can force a couple of sous. It is in this side of Paris that strikes me as degrading and it is infinitely worse than the water at the Waldorf-Astoria, who turns up his nose at a dollar bill. There is something in the air which kills the pleasure of giving and receiving. There is no such thing as a kindness or a courtesy, as the moment you have received something you feel the disposition to throw off obligation for the amount of a few sous, and if you do not, you feel that it was expected even if it was not. This feeling becomes very disagreeable as you go further up the scale and there is no doubt that there have been hotel officials who felt less embarrassment at receiving a tip than I did at giving it. It is a miserable system and one which robs the people of the thing which can best be described as self-respect. They receive a tip because they are poor, and it is very widespread, too, alarmingly so. However, it was to describe the beautiful side of Paris that I began this letter, so I will not obtrude the squalid side.

Every one does the galleries and museums in his own manner. I doubt that any one does them as I do. I first pick out my gallery, and then go over the same grounds four or five days in succession. It was thus I saw the Louvre, and the same way the Luxembourg, the latter place is decidedly too small to carry to advantage the paintings there exhibited. In the room where the Impressionist collection hangs, there is not one picture properly displayed. It is strange that with such propensities for details such an important one should be overlooked at a gallery of this size and importance. There are some pictures of great beauty which they will not let you see, but hang that the true lover of pictures can hardly find true pleasure in this well-known place. The last time I paid my respects to the exquisite workmanship of Louis-David, Bonnat, Benjamin Constant, Gerome and many others I saw a picture which would have been worthy the brush of any of them. Before the portrait of a Cardinal in glowing red robes, by Bonnat, stood a young mother, and I could not quite make out whether she wished to see the pictures and could not rid herself of the 15-month-old child which she carried on her arm. At any rate she was losing no opportunity to educate the infant to admire the art that she and her "nest-on-pas que c'est joli" was as naive as the infant's contemplation was calm—but it was calm. It looked very knowing and perfectly content. The funniest thing to see at these galleries is two people struggling to talk French to each other as they ask for information and both turn to their own party and explain in English what the other said, but it is dangerous to jump at the conclusion that they are both Americans, because the chances are that one is English and the other American and the English do not like to be asked whether they are Americans. Will anybody answer why it flatters an American to be called an American? It certainly flatters them to mistake them for French and I have not discovered yet what nationality does not imply a compliment to their way of thinking. I know now, however, that I never was so glad of being an American, and I love to make the Eagle's speech.

No one need tell me that this trait is what makes us unpopular. I know it is supposed to be the case, but I think it is something else, something that will keep us from being popular. Among the keen pleasures of Paris, just strolling around the streets and boulevards has a joy that can not be classified. One wanders and wonders, and one gets lost and getting lost is quite as delightful as finding oneself again. The secret of this delight in wandering aimlessly is that when you start out to find a definite point you keep thinking of that all the time and many more beautiful and more interesting things are passed almost without a thought, but when wandering aimlessly you always find yourself in the presence of something of interest whether the home of your favorite perfume or the establishments of Worth or of Paquin, and then there is a statue around the corner for everybody you ever heard about, and let me whisper—for a lot of people you never heard about and never would have heard about had you not come to Europe. But this must not be told aloud, as the French people will forgive bad grammar, but pronunciation had a very special peculiarity—but why enumerate? They want to know that you are up on the subject of their history and their literature. Speaking of bad grammar, however, I am just getting ready to go into Germany, and I wish earnestly that I could trade off some of my pronunciation for somebody else's grammar. My most recent discovery—the English pronounce French worse than those of any other nation, and the French pronounce English as badly as the English pronounce French. The Cafe Chantant! This is the great Parisian night, even if one dare not call it a pleasure—but pleasure it is, of that there is also no doubt. It is too well known to need repetition that Paris understands the art of painting, of sugar-coating vice until it loses the horror, and in this lies the greatest danger of this wonderful city. There are all grades of these houses and the Marigny is the highest class which does not mean that it is any the more particular as far as morals are concerned either on the stage or in what goes on around the house. The performance is far beyond anything that the vaudeville stage of America has ever shown as the same degree of art is obvious here as everywhere else and no matter how daring the costumes, and they are daring beyond the power of pen to describe, they are so wonderful in cut, in color, and in fit, and the women are so beautiful that one comes near forgetting the other side of it. The audiences during the Summer are largely American and these are undisciplined in astonishment of what is allowed. There is no city in America where such undisciplined soliciting would be tolerated, and the worst feature of it is that the young American students in Paris take as models for fashion the demi-mondaine who are to be found at such resorts. In this, however, there are long stories to tell which might influence some parents to keep their children at home or to send them into the hands of responsible people in their own country if they must leave home for study or for atmosphere. EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

UNEARTH BUST OF NERO Workmen Discover Valuable Work of Art in France. PARIS, Aug. 8.—(Special.)—During the excavations in the court of the old Roman Theatre of Vienna, in the 15th Department, workmen from Grenoble have unearthed a bust of a Roman Emperor in marble, life size, the head wreathed with a crown, to which is hung a double row of large pearls. The nose is broken on the right side.

NO FRIEND OF LOTTERIES Clemenceau Quite Willing They Should Be Abolished. PARIS, Aug. 8.—(Special.)—Deputy Anthine Menard is unhappy about lotteries. He considers that there are far

too many, and also that the poor people for whose benefit they are supposed to be gotten up, do not receive a fair share of the profits. All these and more he aired in an interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies concluding with the submission of a resolution to the effect that no new lotteries should be authorized until the house had voted a bill for the settlement of the whole question. M. Clemenceau, who was in his wittiest vein, replied that he agreed with some of M. Menard's criticisms. He said that during the

past four years the ministry of the Interior had been asked to authorize lotteries exceeding a grand total of \$20,000,000. Personally he had refused permission for \$6,250,000, and had granted it for \$757,500. He was not inclined to grant any more permissions until the present lot had been drawn for, but no special law was needed. "It is not I who should complain if I were freed from this care," M. Clemenceau added, amid laughter. "Take the lotteries from the minister of the Interior, and you will rid him of an awful bother."



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PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER CO. BULLETIN NO. 10.

The Tungsten Electric Incandescent Lamp

This new electric lamp was invented and first used in Germany and Austria. It is now being made in the United States and has recently been placed on the market. It marks a revolution in Electric Lighting and brings the cost BELOW THE COST OF GAS.

The lamp is similar in appearance to the ordinary incandescent lamp, except that the light is whiter and more intense and the bulb is frosted on the tip. It furnishes the same amount of light as the old lamp at about ONE-THIRD the cost for current. The first cost of the lamp itself is higher, but this is more than made up in the saving in current in the first few weeks of operation.

The following table shows the relative cost of operating a 200-candle-power Tungsten lamp and a 200-candle-power gas arc lamp burning from three to 18 hours per day each day of the month:

TABLE NO. 1. Hours Per Day, 200 C. P. Gas Arc Cost, 200 C. P. Tungsten Arc Cost

From the above it will be seen that all can now use the modern Electric Light, with its freedom from heat, odor, dirt and imperviousness of the air, at less cost than gas. These lamps can be had from dealers, who will furnish fixtures, shades and wiring and install them so that a maximum of light at a minimum of cost will be obtained.