



Scene From "Linger Longer Letty" At The Baker.

BY LEONIE CASS BAER.

THE years roll along and the rising generation seems to prefer its vaudeville with rah-rah and jazz. In New York a week or so ago when Fritz Scheff was singing her famous "Kiss Me Again" song, some of the audience were not even conscious of the fact that she was singing. They were so busy with the efforts of the little woman to please those who really wanted to hear her. No one has ever sung "Kiss Me Again" like Fritz Scheff sings it, despite the train of imitators who attempt it.

Emma Carus, clowning comedienne, has bobbed her blonde hair and had it dyed red.

May Yoke, known to the world over through her romantic marriage to Lord Francis Hope, who was owner of the famous Hope diamond, will make her last public appearance this week—not before the footlights, which brought her fame and several husbands, but at an auction house in Fifth avenue, where she will superintend the sale of her most treasured possessions, mementoes of better days. After the sale she will seek seclusion with her husband, Captain John Smuts, cousin of General Jan Smuts.

A few months ago the former musical comedy star returned to New York after an experiment at farming in southern California, hopeful that once again she might right on as stage. She admitted yesterday that while the managers were friendly for old times' sake, they made it plain that younger faces, younger talents and younger voices were knocking bits these days. So the one-time Lady Hope has renounced her right to things theatrical, and is on a long journey to South America with her husband to inspect mahogany forests.

Two of the sale offerings stand out as mementoes of the greatest moments of the actress' life. They are the photograph of the actress in a scene from the play "The Sign of the Cross," and a letter from the actress to the actress, written on it, and a robe worn by Pope Leo XIII, and his present to the actress, converted to Catholicism. The dowager gave May Yoke the robe as a wedding present.

There are several fine bronzes from Deep Dene, Dorking, England, long the home of the duchess of Marlborough, and a tapestry from the first princess of China, Yuan Shi Kai, when, as the wife of the emperor, she was living in China. She eloped with Strong, then an army officer, while the wife of Lord Hope, an act she saw as a sign that she has always regretted.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Pawle are in New York from their home in London. Mr. Pawle is to appear in his original role of Brook-Hoskyn in a musical version of "Pomander Walk." Russell Janney made the new play, and it is to go into rehearsals now that Mr. Pawle has arrived. Mrs. Pawle was Dorothy Parker, and her father is Louis N. Parker, who wrote "Pomander Walk" and "Disraeli."

Broadway's quick and snappy return to Professor Frederick Starr may cause that learned anthropologist to wish he had kept to the broader, more conventional aspects of his science instead of descending into the pulchritude of American girls and librarians to the disadvantage of the former, before a class of co-eds in the University of Chicago.

Speaking for Broadway, Florence Ziegfeld, America's greatest beauty editor, Leon Errol, who gathers individual beauties into pretty stage bouquets, and George Kessler, who puts them on parades with point out of a tube—a learned and lucky triad—would like, first, to know whether Professor Starr hasn't been looking at beauty through smoked glasses. But if he insists that he hasn't, if he maintains that seen with the naked eye, the American belle should make one of the 36 most beautiful women that ever lived, all younger than 25, now rehearsing for an inter-night entertainment to be held throughout the winter no further from Times square than you could heave an elephant by the right forefoot—a show which modesty forbids my mentioning by name? It can't be that he ever saw a beautiful American girl, or he wouldn't have said what they say he said. I hope people won't take his word without making some personal investigation of this important matter. Anyone desiring to be shown is invited to call at my place of business. The line



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forms to the right at the box office; tickets are from \$2 to \$4.25.

Whereas Kessler added the thought that there's nothing beautiful about monotony; and the Librarian complex is certainly a monotonous one. Grace Valentine has gone into vaudeville. She is known to us on this coast for her portrayal of Daisy in "Lombard Lane."

In London the Dolly sisters are in two reviews at the same time. They are appearing all through the production of "The League of Nations" at the Oxford theater, and then dash over to the Pavilion, where they appear in the last scene of "Fun of Fays."

A note of interest is the announcement of Thomas Wilkes, owner of the Majestic, of the opening of the Thomas Wilkes School of Dramatic in Los Angeles, under the direction of the veteran trouper, T. Daniel Fawcett. This new school is going to be more or less of a charitable institution to develop talent for Wilkes' many west coast houses. No person having any sort of showing of talent will be refused admittance to this school. In addition to Fawcett, a notable staff of teachers is being organized. W. Ivan St. John, a well-known figure in the film industry, is to be in charge of the business end.

The Baker theater will put on that delightful musical play, "Linger Longer Letty," which was the second of the "Letty" series and the last of the "Letty" series. The play, which was the second of the "Letty" series and the last of the "Letty" series, was the second of the "Letty" series and the last of the "Letty" series.

Star of Filmdom Will Headline Home and Mother Sketch.

Vera Gordon, who scored a tremendous success in the role of the mother in "Humoresque," the Fanny Hurst moving picture, is the headliner of the new Orpheum show. Miss Gordon will make her first appearance at the Orpheum this afternoon and her Portia engagement is for seven shows—four matinees and three nights—concluding with the matinee Wednesday. The added attraction is the renowned comedy couple, Jim Toney and Ann Norman, and the third feature is the act of Maurice Diamond and Helen McMahon, "Snapshots of 1922."

Although Miss Gordon has been achieving artistic success in the drama for many seasons it took a silent hit on the screen to win public recognition for her artistry. Vaudeville determined to bring Miss Gordon back to the speaking stage and commissioned Edgar Allan Woolf to write a play for her. The result is "Lullaby," a comedy dramatic playlet of heart throbs which gives her every opportunity to show the talent that made her one of the most sensational hits in the vaudeville world.

Jim Toney and Ann Norman are a standard act in big-time vaudeville and one of Broadway's greatest comedy drawing cards. This couple has not visited Portland for several years and in their former tour they were the big hit of a stellar show. Jim Toney has a style all his own, he is a great judge of comedy values and his partner, Ann Norman, is a perfect foil for his antics. Maurice Diamond and Helen McMahon also have attained great popularity in big-time vaudeville, and like Toney and Norman they have not been west for several seasons.

Other acts of this show, which is one of the most promising of the season, are Joe Bennett in "Dark Moments," Charles Harrison and Sylvia Dakin in "The Three of Us," a musical absurdity with Billy Hogue at the piano; Miss Robbie Gordene, the celebrated artist's model, in character studies and poses from old masters and original designs; the Rios, in a novelty surprise; Ethel News, Topical of the Day and Aesop's Fables, accompanied by the Orpheum orchestra; and the Orpheum orchestra under direction of George E. Jeffery.



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Mr. Strinsky was given an enthusiastic hand upon his appearance, and he invited the orchestra to arise down before a note had been sounded. The programme was beautiful in several particulars, not the least of which was the presence of John Powell as first soloist of the season in a hugely interesting work by Daniel Gregory Mason, and the exceedingly beautiful symphonic poem, "Tale of the Dead," by Rachmaninoff. Besides these was the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, with which the orchestra closed, with which he closed.

Mr. Powell is one of the finest pianistic talents given to the world by this country. He is a man of deep insight, of high ideals, of poetic fantasy, and he has an all-encompassing technical equipment which is capable of extraordinary dynamics, as well as of great climaxes. The work of Daniel Gregory Mason made a heavy draught upon his technique, not so much from the sheer load of fun as from the complexity of a piano fugue in one thing, but a fugue built between piano and orchestra, entails a knowledge of the brain.

Mr. Mason is not unknown in the orchestral world, but it is the first time that his name has appeared upon a Philharmonic programme, notwithstanding the fact that he has been presented by the Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Detroit and New York symphony orchestras. His chamber music has been presented by the Kneisel and the Fionaxley quartets and others, while among the pianists Oseip Gabriellwitz, Josef Hofmann, Percy Grainger and others have acted as his representatives.

Perhaps the most dramatic material that has ever come from his pen and brain is the cycle "Russians," which created much excitement for the superb interpreter, Reinhold Werrenrath. The work heard Thursday evening and repeated Friday afternoon is one of great fluency, freedom from midnight oil, and interesting effects, and while he might be expected to reflect the French school, having been a pupil of Vincent D'Indy, he has an



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HOBBY OF SELMAR JACKSON IS PIPES, AND MORE PIPES

Popular Leading Man of Baker Theater Stock Also Prefers Clean Drama to "Bedroom Farce" of Vanishing Popularity.

PIPES, and then more pipes, are the chief concerns of Selmar Jackson, popular leading man with the Baker Stock company, for if there is any one thing in his happy young life that Mr. Jackson cherishes above another it is his pipe. However, after puffing at a rare and motley assortment of pipes during the two seasons he has spent at the Baker theater, Mr. Jackson indulges in a pipe which "hod" wins most favor.

The fact is, this actor, off stage, is widely reputed as a pipe authority. He can pick a pure Italian briar out of any smoker's collection and he has been charged with knowing the first name of the man who made it. Yet given a leather setting on a mild summer afternoon, Mr. Jackson will draw as much real joy from a corn cob as from a fine meerschaum.

There is one huge bough of briar among all the rest, though, that must win the palm. Mr. Jackson admits that it is too big to be carried and a pipe, but it is a pipe, and it is a pipe. With that old bud, which will hold tobacco enough for an entire evening, is a relic of rest periods at some, where he can load the pipe, plant himself in a deep easy chair, and there find contentment that the philosophers describe as "absolute."

On the opposite side of the score board, and radically different in subject, are bedroom farces, the pet aversion of his handsome chap who has been delighting Portland theater patrons with his clean-cut character interpretations during the last two Baker seasons. The bedroom farce school of drama is taboo with Selmar Jackson, and he makes himself understood on that subject in no uncertain manner.

"Imagine any normal person paying good money to see a lot of salacious foolishness in the guise of drama paraded across a theater stage, when there is so much of the good and the clean and the honestly entertained in the world," he proclaims. "It just isn't reasonable."

"The producers of this questionable drama will tell you that the public at the pictures (having made pictures for Fox and others), and of vaudeville; yet he returned cheerfully to the stock stage.

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