

"I—I am trying to," faltered the motress.

"Yes, you are trying to—that's it. Won't you please stoy trying, and DO IT NOW!"

The comrades out in front seemed terrified. The actress tried harder.

"As I say," continued Mr. Bernard.

"we are professionals. So we will have to do it all over again. That was not a bit like it NOT A BIT like it! Cecil. you are rot to go up stage. How can digarette talk to you if you do? Now then: "I know, you are in love with the filter Pheasant." Say it just that way, and then down stage. You understand? Now, all of you. Again, once more."

Bernard resumed his sent on the plane, but was up again the next minute.

"I can't hear a word. Can you hear"

plane, but was up again the next minute.

"I can't hear a word. Can you hear?"

turning to the "sound-gauge," out where the andience would be later. "Well. If you can't hear, stop them, rell. STOP them. Rake, I haven't heard a word you've said since you came on. I can't hear you. Can't hear a word you say. Now, agaid."

An improvement. Up again, shedding his coat.

"Cecil. Cecil, how often have I told you." he should. "There's no door THERE. You can't get out THAT

Cecil. Cecil. now often have 1 told you?" he shouled. "There's no door THERE. You can't get out THAT way."

"Well, where in—; where is the door, Mr. Bernard."

"There, THERE." indicating the space between a water bucket and a broom.

Bertle Cecil retraced his steps and slipped through the "door" not through the open side of the stage, without kicking over the bucket.

Dermard found something to occupy his mind elsewhere.

"Miss.—"he exclaimed. "I cen't understand why you are never perfect in this mans. You never have been perfect. Tou don't know your libes, nor your situations. No, you don't know them. You didn't know them yesterday. You seek know them today. Mr.

Less Elma —— ever been perfect in this peace? I had you has she ever been perfect.

magnatine gun sould not have de-ged these phasages more rapidly.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

dering what words were being spoken among the several whispering groups.

Buddenly, Bernard jumped straight up in the air and landed in the middle of the desert of Algiers. The performers on the stage stopped short in their performance and looked at him especiantly. He took a long breath, appeared to count ten, then began in a soft and evenly modulated tone:

"Ladies and gentlemen. Come back, please. Come BACK!"

"They came—those who had just made an exit.

"Now, allow me," extending his hands upward. "this would be lovely, this would be great, ladies and gentlemen, if we were amateurs. But," and his pause was cloquent. "but, unfortunately, we happen to be professionals."

Looks of curious interest from the players out in the auditorium.

"Unfortunately," resumed the stage director, "we are professionals. My dear Miss —, can I not induce you so sencentrate your mind upon this seems for a moment—just for one little moment. Can I not!"

"I—I am trying to," faltered the sectress.

"Yes, you are trying to—that's it.

At the end of four hours the company vent home to lunch and a fine was perfect for nim who was not perfect on the morrow.

Somebody ought to dramatise Will Bernard.

Who said Portland would support three stock companies?

The Empire closed last night. Manager Wiedeman's plans are almost perfected. He announced yesterday that October 3 the Empire will reopen as a dime vaudeville house. It was not expected that the lesses would allow the House to remain idle while he went on paying the rent. There was a rumor, unsubstantiated, that other managers in the city, realizing that the supply of theatricals in this city only covers the demand, would buy the lease from Wiedemann and close the house indefinitely.

The other sensation of the week was the change at the Baker, Miss. Deane receiving her discharge and Miss Fuller succeeding her as leading woman. Miss Deane threatens a suit for three weeks' sainty in lieu of three weeks' notice. She says that her discharge was the result of Mr. Baker's inability to pay 3150 a week, an assertion which the management meets by saying that the actress was released simply because she would not study her lines and therefore could not study her lines. The surface here study her lines here the surface of the surface of the surface of the surface o



slaughter Cecil.

"Now, march — MARCH—MARCH!"
screamed Bernard. "Kerrigan, do you think this is a WALTZ? Why don't you march? Why i'm't you?"

Kerrigan seemed hopoless. He was pute a half day's salary and a sceene hand substituted. So it wint on, the risge director correcting posts, changing inflections of tones, the g-stures and ateps, watching every movement like a huwk and acting a good deal like that bird at times with patience cessed to be a virtue.

Small Talk of Stage People

Eleanor Robson has captivated London with "Mercly Mary Ann."

"Letty," by Pinero, is roasted by New York crities. Faversham and Carlotta Nillson are both slapped at.

No more comic opera for Francis Wilson. He will star in a farce called "The son. He will star in a farce called "The said and the Barge," beginning at Frohman's new London theatre.

Instead of trying it on "the dog," Savage invited 150 chorus girls to view the first and private performance of Ades "The College Widow." It looks to be a hit.

"How," asks a curious San Francisco writer, "do actors spend their time in dressing-rooms between scenes and actes." Dressing and undressing, mostly. Cecella Loftus, no longer with the Hamilets" and "Froud Princes," is doing what is described as a "drematic novelette" in a New York vaudeville house.

"The Spellbinder" was a failure at the Herald Square. New York, and has been shelved. Six Broadway theatres are now dark, an unusual condition for this time of year.

Arthur Byron has been singularly unfortunate. His new starring vehicle, "Jack's Lditte Surprise," has been taken off the Rialto as a failure. A couple of years ago he started out in "Petticoats and Bayonets," which lasted three weeks. One of the interesting events of the early season at the Baker will be the presentation of "The Sign of the Four," a dramatization of one of A Coman Doyle's Shericek Holmes stories.

By applying at the box-office, the parrons of Cordray's theatre may reserve their seats for the entire season in advance and secure the same choice seats all the time.

Portland is soon to see Frederick Warde and Kathryn Kidder at the Marquam Grand in Wagenhais & Kemper's big production of "The Sign of the Four," a dramatization of one of A Conan Doyle's Shericek Holmes stories.

By applying at the box-office, the parrons of Cordray's theatre may reserve their season, the name of 140 players, stage hands and musicians are registered. Their season beam September 15 at Chicago in "Romeo and Juliet."

The all-star cast of "The Two Orphans," put



comedy, "Jenny." A revival of "L'Aiglon" is also in store.

Loretta Jefferson, a daughter of Joseph Jefferson, will continue the family traditions to the sixth generation by making her professional debut on September 14 with her father at Lebanen, Pa., in the role of Menie in a revival of "Rip Van Winkle."

The measure of the ideas of some authors as to what the public demands may be conjectured from the fact that the lyrics man of 'The Maid and the Mummy' has produced a song the inspiring title of which is 'Oh, Gee! It's Great to Se Crasy.' On the same plan it must be intellectually sublime to be an idiot.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that the two most conspicuous stage managers of London are now in New York directing the production of English importations.

J. A. E. Malone, who is the general stage director for Edwardes, is patting on "The School Girl," and Dion Bencicault, Frohman's chief aid in London, is making the New York production of 'Letty.' Charles R. Bacon, who was for 18 years manager of the Boatoniane, has been placed in a like relation to the Savage English grand opera company, Mr. Bacon is a capable business man, a manager of taste and tact, and a very paltern of personnal and commercial honor.

A philosopher who lives in the atmosphere of the stage, and who may have some vague memories of his Sunday school days, is on record to the effect that in the puerile drams all things are pure. Then, as if slated with his own discovery, he proceeds: "It's the sarry train that catofies the troups." "On life's stage we can't all have the center," "You never can tall by the looks of a troupe how far it can jump." "A sense of humor covers a multitude of sins."

Direct from his recont triumphant run at the American theatre, New York, Ralph Stuart brings his spendid scanio production of the stirring Russian molecting the stage of the same title, and was played for two tours of the Paulific coast with great nuccess by Mr. Stuart before he took it end to have the strips to the stage of the stage of the stage

TWO KINS NERS AT THE STAR

of the most interesting of the Sardou repertoirs, and its presentation by Mr. MacDowell is an event that theatre-goers should not overlook.

Stories of the Stage

While vainly seeking to ruin a western gambling house some seasons ago. Nat Goodwin, in desperation, promised 15 to every stage hand at the theatre should be finally succeed. One night, between the acts, he triumphed. He broke the rame. The \$5 bills were duly distributed.

On his next visit he was reminded of his former argument with the tiger. A man with a heavy black mustache, a large mole on his chin, and wearing khaki overalis touched the comedian's arm.

"Mistera Goddadwin, lasta time you play da town da gang get da five-a doi. You give-a me not da dam cent."

Mr. Goodwin hastily made good and the man disappeared. After the performance the actor was again accosted, this time by a smooth-shaven man in street clothes.

"Ach. Mr. Gootwin, you didn't was gif me no fit tollar bills yet for breaking up dot game of crabs. You missed me aiready."

"I sadmire gour versatility," said Goodwin, "but your make-up is rough. You still have the Italian's mole on your chia."

When Al Leech boarded the street car he was probably musing over his lines, and absently handed the conductor a buff slip of paper.

The conductor, overloyed at his opportunity, handed it back.

"This is a house and lot, if you save enough of them," he said, with a superior smile, "but you couldn't ride on this car if you had enough to win a block."

"Beg pardon," stammered Leech, "I did not mean to hand yon a cigar coupon instead of a transfer. There you are." Five cents, please," sniffed the conductor. "This is a pawn ticket."

"So it is "observed Leech, more contused. "I found that thing. Here is your transfer."

The conductor beamed.

"This has expired," he said. "It might have been good if you had watched what you were doing and wasted less time with coupons and pledges."

Leech handed him a nickel to be let alone.

"It accurs to me you are very parification."

The prowled. "I found that thing. Here is your transfer."

The conductor beamed.

"This has expired," he said. "It might have been good if you had watched what you were doing and wasted le

Monologues

The work was a platforware. "San and the control of the same and the standard and the charte next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Hally, Spiember 12 and 10 and 20 a