

MISS TEMPEST'S PHILOSOPHY

A Dressing Room Chat with "Penelope" in London.

GLAD SHE IS COMING TO AMERICA

Definition of Happiness—Why She Changed from the Operatic to the Dramatic Stage—American Plays Abroad.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The Comedy Theater, Pantons street, managed by Charles Frohman, is the headquarters in London of the peculiarly frothy and pliant plays with which the names of certain popular playwrights and their folk are intimately associated in the public mind.

He speaks of Mr. Frohman as "The To and Fro Man" and expresses surprise that with all ships so easy of access as he has heard they are the energetic manager does not eliminate the slow going four days steamer.

Further pleasanties along this line were interrupted by the entrance of a very small boy whose elaborate uniform marks him of the messenger class.

He is Mr. Frohman's Sanctimonious. You know perfectly well that it is not polite to ask personal questions, but Miss Marie Tempest, with whom you have an engagement, has not arrived and you can't look at Mr. Frohman's picture forever.

You must interview somebody, for the interviewing habit once fixed is not to be eradicated, and there is an affinity of purpose between you and Messenger, for he too is waiting for Miss Tempest.

"Would you mind telling," you inquire blandly, "why you wear your cap so far on your head?" Messenger stands rooted to the spot. It is easy to root him, for his feet once placed are not easily uplifted.

"I wonder why I do," he answers reflectively, with the manner of a Chesterfield in spite of his size and costume, and you feel that you should not take advantage of him in this way, without informing him of your purpose, but it is too late to retreat.

"Do you know, madam, I never really gave the subject serious thought before." You begin to be nervous under his penetrating eye. "I shall make it my business, however, to devote my attention to the subject you have suggested."

You murmur something about its not being of paramount importance, but Messenger, the subject having been broached, is not going to let you off so easily.

"Of course it is important, madam, if you are concerned about it. Why do I wear my cap so far on my ear?" His Anglo-Saxon is Johnsonian.

Sparring with the Messenger. You correct him. You didn't mention ear, you said head.

"Oh my head," he corrects. "Possibly our friend can tell us." You have learned your London well enough to be feeling in your pocket by this time, and the doorkeeper's suggestion that it may be as a matter of balance does not disturb your search.

"Balance is exactly the word I wanted. That is why I wear it as I do, madam. It is merely, I assure you, a matter of balance; perhaps we might go further and attribute it to the force of, well, say action. Does that seem satisfactory?"

You hand him a sixpence and feel that he has the best of you in every way, while he places heels together, gives you a military salute and goes whistling down the comedy corridor, just as Miss Tempest's motor car drives up.

It is six years now since she played to an American audience, but she does not look a day older, and having seen her in her present success, the popular "Penelope," you are forced to a conclusion reached long ago that she acts with more telling effect on the near side of the footlights than beyond them.

There is a variety of expression on the mobile face, and certain nuances of manner which are too delicately artistic to carry long distances. It is like looking at a Meissonier hung above the line. As she darts here and there in the big dressing room, giving directions to her two maids, answering your questions, stopping suddenly to laugh at some thought or word, you are rather sorry that the audience gathering in the auditorium cannot enjoy the scene.

She speaks first of the big dressing room with its crumpled covered easy chairs, its mahogany washbasin, its generous lighting and of makeup arrangements. You have compared it to its advantage with some of the rooms dedicated to like purposes, where with scarcely room for two and the maid, who have interviewed celebrities in New York playhouses.

Tired of Dear Old London. "You don't really like it?" she repeats crisply. "I think it's an awful hole, but then you haven't lived in it four years, and I have; that makes a difference. I'm so tied by the leg here that I feel as if I might just as well bring my bed and stay."

"What's the use, I've said, of going back and forth? You know of course how you get to hate a place where you stay and stay and stay, not that you really hate it, but just the thought of it and the monotony—anything but monotony for me."

"That's the reason I am so perfectly delighted with the idea of going to America."

this fall. Yes, of course I am. Didn't you know it? Certainly, to play "Penelope." Now, don't tell me after seeing it that you think anybody else could play it. You won't? Thank you. I knew as soon as I saw you that you wouldn't tell me that.

"Do you think I've changed much? What else could you say? But do you honestly believe they will be glad to see me again? I'm crazy over America. I've crossed the ocean twenty-two times, always with these two maids, who are sick as soon as they see a gangplank, and I have to take care of them all the way over. Twenty-two times! Think of that."

"Yes, in November, and I suppose I will play Mr. Maugham's piece all the time I am there, if it is liked and of course it will be, don't you think so? I believe there are certain little touches in that clever work that nobody but Americans could appreciate. It's extra-or-di-narily bright, don't you think so?"

Extraordinary is London's smart word at present, and Miss Tempest uses it in nearly every sentence.

Maugham and Fitch and Business. "Isn't it fine that a man makes his success when he has practically all the world before him to enjoy it in? So many, and it seems to me that is the great tragedy of life, get what they want, but they get it when the spirit of enjoyment has been killed by friction and disappointment and the waiting and worrying. If I had to define happiness I should call it getting what you want in life when you want it. Oh, Mr. Maugham is really a lucky one."

"Clyde Fitch is another, isn't he? And their work is much alike? Yes? Extraordinarily so. I should say, only perhaps Maugham's is a little more subtle, the dialogue a trifle more sophisticated, but that may be that he has not written as much as Mr. Fitch has. Mr. Maugham says he got to know women by reading their magazines. Do you believe it? I wonder if Clyde Fitch did, too?"

Miss Tempest interrupts herself to say that you cannot stay a minute, not a single minute after she begins to get ready for her part as it makes her too terribly nervous to have anybody around at that mysterious moment of her career and you promise with great emphasis that you will run the very second you see the beginning of preparation. The conscience of both being satisfied, you sink into your chair with a staying expression on your face, and Miss Tempest begins to prepare for her cue as if nothing had been said on the subject. She lights another cigarette and takes up the phrase at the point of dislocation.

What she Wants to Play. "Next to 'Penelope,' I should love to play 'Truth' in America. I suppose there is no question that it is Mr. Fitch's masterpiece; it does not seem to me that there could be. But the reviving it is a matter of taste entirely.

"I might be accused by the friends of Mrs. Bloodgood of trying to institute comparisons and that would be the furthest from my thoughts. It is one of my best parts and one in which I have always taken special interest; besides that, the psychology is so interesting. Oh, the hundreds of women I know just like that, who would rather lie than eat, lie, and live the most finally it gets to be second nature and they don't know when they do it. They are absolutely ignorant of the havoc this pleasing custom creates and they go on until they come a cropper as they did in the play or else they simply leave a pernicious trail of evil behind them entangling others in a web of deceit, the innocent sufferers for the guilt."

Plays She Enjoys. "Besides my own matinees here at the Comedy, I have played also several times this season in special performances. The ones I enjoyed the most of all were the innocent sufferers for the guilt, particularly 'Caste.' Wonderful how that lives. The audiences seemed keen to catch every word. It just shows you that the real human touch never fails and has no epoch. That is alive today, and think how old it is."

"Why aren't American plays popular in London?" you ask the conversation has turned in a transatlantic direction.

Miss Tempest turns her hand with a quick birdlike motion which is one of her characteristic poses, lights another cigarette and answers: "I thought they were, that is some of them. Certainly Mrs. Wiggs of the Cobbe Patch" came in on rubbers, no one over here had ever heard of it, and it had a tremendous success. You understand that is because it is the one play that has depicted Americans as the average Englishman believes them to be? I wonder—I really wonder, I never thought of that before. Extraordinarily!"

Trouble with Americans. "The trouble is that Americans expect all their plays that come over here to succeed. You ought to be satisfied with a fair average. A lot of our plays go to you and are flat failures, but I think it is true on both sides that the really fine play gets and keeps its hearing."

Miss Tempest by this time is arrayed in a very charming frock of light blue voile, a morning house gown which fits her figure without a wrinkle. It is made in princess style and trimmed with lace insets, the abnormally high collar finishing a champagne tinted change, more elaborate for the next scene, and takes from its box a picture hat of black with a huge white aigrette.

"Am I going to wear these gowns in America? Mercy no. I've worn them through the season and they're ragged, just rags. I wouldn't dare come to New York unless I had the very best in gowns, the cry beyond the last, so to speak."

"I am not even having them made yet, for I intended to wait until the final fashions for the winter are decided upon. I shall have them done in London, as I always do, but on Paris models. I would never buy a gown anywhere but in Paris if I had the time, but I never have the time, and if you have the time, you may not have such a range of choice, that is all."

Heroes Before Footlights. "If a man felt as afraid at the moment of facing the battlefield he would turn and run. I believe that the footlights have shown on more heroic people than the glare of war itself. Sometimes the tragedy of these struggles will be written by one who knows—the bodies crippled with pain and sickness, the aching heads, the tired brains, the exhausted villains and the heroines, loathing their virtuous words, who have obeyed the signal and gone on as if the applause of the ticketholders and lukewarm notices in the press the next morning were all that they could possibly desire."

"I think I have been more lucky than some in being able to turn my talent in another direction before it was too late, and my dear enemies had the right to say that I did it because I had to. I didn't have to but I had common sense and a certain presence, and it's good for me to hear, as I frequently do, the 'Oh, why did you leave opera?' instead of the silent ignoring of the subject, which is worse, a thousand times worse, than any hostile criticism. Extraordinary how eloquent that silence can be."

"But I have not given up my music entirely, only I have changed its position into the secondary rather than of the

primary importance in my scheme of life, which does not mean that I value it less on that account. Many a night after the curtain rings-down on the last act, if I slip into a change of clothes here or, if I have time, at my house on Cumberland Terrace, and appear later at a concert or in a drawing room, I have had more success in this line during the present season than ever before, and I could sing every afternoon and every night if I wanted to. I still give the preference to the songs of Chaminade, which are tremendously liked for drawing room work in London, and are to my mind the most perfect ever written for the purpose."

Same Old Story of How Easy It Is to Get Money. Joe Miller of Kansas Gets Good Sleep, but Loses His Bedmate and a Lot.

Want of money makes bedfellows do strange things. When Joe Miller wandered into Omaha from the peaceful village of Mankato, Kan., he had no idea that he was going to lose all his coin. He came here, he said, because he had heard a great deal about the town and he wanted to have a good time.

Soon after he arrived at Union station he was accosted by a young fellow who told him that he also was a stranger in the city. His name he gave as E. O'Neil, and his home as Casper, Wyo. It was his proposition that the two should take in the sights of Omaha together. Miller readily agreed to this, and off the two went to have a big time.

After supper they took in all the places of amusement getting back to the Arcade hotel shortly after midnight. At the suggestion of O'Neil they hired a single room to cut down expenses. He said there was no use spending money for beds when it could be used to have a good time.

Both piled into their little bed and Miller soon was dreaming of the folks at home.

How long he slept he does not know. Awakening in the daylight, though, he missed O'Neil.

"Maybe he has gone down stairs ahead of me," he thought. When he pulled on his pants, however, he found his wallet gone and then it dawned on him that O'Neil had taken his money and disappeared. At the office he learned the room had not been paid for and nothing was known about O'Neil.

Miller was wise enough to go to the police. That at least is what James Kenney, 137 Douglas street, and Clara Hoeve believe. They are reporting in jail now for pulling off a hugging match in the park on Capitol Avenue between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

They attracted the attention of persons living in that neighborhood, who notified the police. The officer who was sent to get the couple was told that several couples had been making a business of doing their loving in that park. The residents of the neighborhood wanted the police to keep an eye on the park.

Eight More Shopping Days of Our August Clearing Sale of Furniture Carpets, Rugs Miller, Stewart & Beaton Lace Curtains and Draperies

413-15-17 South 16th Street. The policy of this store has been to dispose of all merchandise purchased for one season, at its close.

To accomplish our purpose we are making still greater sacrifices each day. All odd lots, all broken lines and discontinued patterns together with special purchases made for this month of August will be offered on sale for the following eight shopping days at specially reduced prices.

Space doesn't permit detailed descriptions. We cannot say much about each item, but the reductions in price speak for themselves. Sale is in force in every department from the basement to the sixth floor, inclusive.

Table with 3 columns: Item Name, Price, and Description. Includes sections for CLUNY LACE CURTAINS, BRUSSELS LACE CURTAINS, ARABIAN BATTENBERG LACE CURTAINS, NOVELTY LACE CURTAINS, IRISH POINT LACE CURTAINS, and NOTTINGHAM AND CABLE NET CURTAINS.

Great Values in Furniture

Table with 3 columns: Item Name, Price, and Description. Includes items like Simplicity Bed Davenport, Oak Davenport, Oak Leather Couch, solid mahog. Davenport, bent glass China Cab., oak China Cabinet, oak China Cabinet, oak Extension Table, oak Buffet, oak Buffet, solid mahogany Chiffonier, solid mahogany Chiffonier, solid mahogany Chiffonier, solid mahogany Dresser, solid mahogany Sideboard, white Iron Bed, white Iron Bed, Ivory and Brass Bed, Vernis Martin Bed, Polet Brass Bed, Square Tube Brass Bed, mahogany Library Table, mahogany Library Table, mahogany Parlor Table, mahogany Library Table, Morocco leather Arm Chair, mahogany Divan, mahog'y fine Side Chair, mahogany Arm Chair, mahogany Divan, loose cushions.

Special Portiere Sale

Table with 3 columns: Item Name, Price, and Description. Includes items like Mercerized Armure, tapestry border, Silk Tapestry Portieres, Oriental designs, Duplex Silk Armure Portieres, Monk's Cloth, Galloway Border Portieres, Tapestry Portieres, wide border, Tapestry Portieres, Oriental border, RUG BARGAINS—ROOM SIZES AND SMALL SIZES.

Begining Today New Train Service Will Be Inaugurated Omaha to Portland Via Union Pacific

"THE SAFE ROAD TO TRAVEL" Electric Block Signals Perfect Track Dining Car Meals and Service "Best in the World" will leave Omaha daily at 1:00 A. M., and arrive Portland 8:30 A. M. of the third day. This train will consist of chair cars, standard and tourist sleeping cars, dining car and observation car. The Omaha to Cheyenne sleeper will be placed ready for occupants at Union Station, daily at 10:30 P. M.

New Local Train BETWEEN Omaha and Grand Island

carrying day coaches only, will leave Omaha daily at 5:30 P. M., arriving Grand Island 10:40 P. M. For information relative to rates, routes, etc., call on or address CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1324 Farnam St. OMAHA, NEB. PHONES, Bell Doug. 1828 and Ind. A-3231.

Lovers Arrested for Hugging

Trouble is Not in the Act, but the Place, the Same Being a Public Park. If does not pay to hug in the parks in broad daylight. That at least is what James Kenney, 137 Douglas street, and Clara Hoeve believe. They are reporting in jail now for pulling off a hugging match in the park on Capitol Avenue between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

TOLSTOI'S AID IS EXILED

M. Guseff Banished for Two Years for Circulating Author's Pamphlet on Death Penalty. TULAR, Russia, Aug. 21.—M. Guseff, private secretary to Count Leo Tolstoy, has been exiled to the province of Perm for a period of two years, after having been found guilty of circulating Tolstoy's pamphlet entitled "Thou Shalt Not Murder," which is a plea against the infliction of the death penalty.

50 Switzerlands in one

expresses in a limited degree only, the magnificence of the scenery in the Canadian Rockies viewed en route to the ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION Stopover without extra charge at the famous resorts: Banff—Lake Louise—Field—Glacier. This "Land of Enchantment" is reached only by the Canadian Pacific Railway Through trains to Seattle from St. Paul daily at 10:30 a. m. Low Excursion Fares from all places to Seattle and all Pacific coast cities and return. Alaska and return from Vancouver 166. by Can. Pacific steamship. Tickets for sale by agents of all railways. Send for literature and information. A. C. Shaw, General Agent, Chicago. A BEE WANT AD—will prove indispensable to your business after you have once experienced the quick results of Bee advertising.

Advertisement for RISING BREAST and MOTHER'S FRIEND. Includes text: "And many other painful and distressing ailments from which most mothers suffer, can be avoided by using Mother's Friend. This remedy is a God-send to expectant mothers, carrying them through the critical ordeal with safety. No woman who uses Mother's Friend need fear the suffering incident to birth; for it robs the ordeal of its dread and insures safety to life of mother and child, leaving her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. The child is also healthy, strong and good natured." Includes logo for MOTHER'S FRIEND and text: "See by writing to REGULATORY CO. Atlantic, Pa."