# Franklin Fyles Visits Some of the Queer Amusement Places on the Pike

## Biggest Show Houses at the Fair Bear the Names of "Creation" and "Hereafter"...Russia and India Have Theaters and the Latter Employs Oriental Dancers...Other Attractions

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—The biggest two show houses thus far on the Pike at the fair bear the names of "Creation" and "Hereafter." One purports to illustrate the placing of man on earth and the other where he goes to on leaving it. "Creation" gives also a practical exhibition of earthly evil of the present era, for you can get drunk if you stay long and swallow hard. The theater is in the front of an extraordinary construction of lakes bordered by moving sidewalks and alcoves in which thirst may be slaked, but not with water. At these drinking places you may step out of your boat or off the sidewalk. Your trip ticket has a stop-over privilege with no time limit. The management is liberal about that and hopes you will be the same in buying beverages. I don't know what would be the treatment of a man who brought along a flask of whisky in his pocket or a keg of beer under his arm. Theaters, to enter which you have to pass alongside of cafes, are not uncommon. Here you go through the theater to get to the cafes. But you are at liberty to turn about after seeing the show and so avoid the temptation to bibulous indulgence.

The show is a biblical panorama, but not merely that, for it is also an object lesson in stagecraft. Charles Fechter, the German actor who gained fame here in broken English, had an idea that by topping a stage with half of a dome, the open half toward the auditorium, very realistic skies might be produced. He convinced some wealthy men that he was right, and they provided the money for him to make the experiments. He rebuilt a New York theater from the footlights to the rear wall very expensively, because his plan involved not only the hoisting of the dome aloft when it was not in use, but also much of the scenery. So he built the tower-like structure over the rear portion of what is now the Fourteenth-street Theater. Fechter's mechanical ingenuity didn't come to anything that profited him or his backers, yet his system of handling scenery came into use afterward, and now his dome is utilized to make the "Creation" panorama a remarkable spectacle. By means of a moving-picture machine, all sorts of atmospheric phenomena are thrown upon that convex surface in a closer imitation of nature than I have ever seen elsewhere. Some adaptation of the principle would be practicable in dramatic productions.

God's creative week, as recorded in Genesis, is here shown day by day. The first view is a chaos of formless matter in molten turbulence. Slowly in the dimness we see water and land separating from each other, the former steaming from fire underneath, and the latter upheaved in belching volcanos. Arable shores appear, first with scant vegetation and gradually with herbal growths till forests come into view. The illusions are perfect. They are produced by introducing sections of scenery from both sides, what stage experts call set pieces, and they are finely painted and ingeniously illumined. The next progress is the making of the sun to rule by day and the moon to rule by night. The sun is the more novel and artistic representation. Its diffusive light reveals the landscape before the orb itself shines through and dispels the clouds. The moon makes a more ordinary entrance. It rises from behind an expanse of water, on the rippling surface of which it glimmers, just as it has in a thousand plays. But the spectators prefer their old theater acquaintance, the moon, to the much superior stranger, the sun, and applaud her vigorously.

After five days' developments have been illustrated, the creation of humanity is omitted. The artist has not presumed to picture how God made man in His own image, nor even the evolution of woman from the man's rib. We see Adam and Eve first in the Garden of Eden. A boy and a girl impersonate them in a small size to fit the environment, and they must have eaten already of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, as their nudity is modified with fig leaves. Divine rest on the seventh day is allegorically represented, and garishly, too. And it is therein made to appear that not Edison, but the Creator, invented incandescent electric bulbs.

Visitors to "Hereafter" start hellward in one theater and end by seeing heaven in another. All the sights are strictly orthodox, with no concessions to modern skepticism. The people are seated a quarter of an hour at the outset before a stage on which a show of spooks is given. Was London's excitement over what were known as the Cock Lane ghosts so long ago that you have never read about them? The sight of men and women in the air astounded folks in a public square. The apparitions posed daily above the heads of the people, in the dusk of nightfall, until the town was puzzled or terrified, according as calm curiosity or agitated superstition moved it. A Professor Pepper, after amusing himself awhile with his invention, by means of which he could project the reflections of solid objects into space a few feet away, told how he had worked the illusion through an upper window of his house. The Pepper device has been used variously for theatrical purposes. Here on the Pike it provides a prefatory show in the "Hereafter" establishment. The stage is set for a small, black apartment. A man from the audience is induced to take a seat in a chair beside a table, where a phantom waiter brings to him a repast which he can neither see nor feel, but which is visible to us out in the theater. An equally impalpable girl sits on his lap and throws her arms around his neck and he doesn't know it.

"Now that we have shown you there is supernaturalism on earth," says the guide very solemnly, "follow me and I will reveal some of the horrors of hell below."

What ensues is a travesty of Dante's "Inferno." We follow the guide—two hundred of us, the time I was there—down and through dark passages and past caverns of torture for the damned. Most of these exhibits are no more impressive than the things seen in the chamber of horrors in a museum, unless the beholder is a yap from Gawkville. The only one that approaches Dante, yet still is very far away from his descriptions and the Dore pictures, is a hot lake with a devilishly lurid light falling on the agonized faces of men and women floating in water which smells and steams with sulphur. The other thing worth describing is less weird than melodramatic. We come to a chamber where the guide promises an audience with Satan himself. The rock breaks away and there stands his Majesty, the King of Hades. He is exceptionally tall and his pose is haughtily austere. Te wails of his tortured subjects fall upon our ears. Suddenly he springs towards us with a fiendish yell and the lights are extinguished, leaving us in dreadful darkness. That was delightfully successful. Several women screamed and when the place was lighted one of them lay in a faint.

Soon after that we follow the guide up a steep pasasge and take seats in the second theater, on the stage of which we see four pictures illustrating the search of the Wise Men of the East for the infant Jesus and their finding of Him. These are thrown on a canvas by a stereopticon, and an effort is made, without avail, to get a spectacular effect with changeful lights and shades. They are commonplace. Not so is the final disclosure of the show, which has lasted about an hour. The stage setting is changed to a scene of fleecy clouds and soft illumination in heaven. Angels float in and out and roundabout with gently waving arms and wings, and they look divine to most of the folks who have just seen the imps below. Hymns are sung finely by invisible men and boys while the angels float among the clouds. An unimaginative cynic might sit there and bethink him that the contingent from the angelic hosts are quite mortal ballet girls, showing legs through thin white draperies, and that the heavenly choir is made up of the same chaps who, a few minutes earlier down below, howled and wailed as the torturers and the tortured. I tried to join the majority in their feeling of awe as the performance ended with a swirl of the angels and a sonorous finish to the hymn of "Jerusalem."

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Russia and India have theaters on the Pike. As yet no play has been given in either. Both are devoted to native songs and dances that are characteristic of those countries. The Russian performances are as cool as the gooseflesh of St. Petersburg in winter, and the East Indians are as warm as the sweat of Calcutta in summer. Where the curtain rises on the Muscovite show you see a rear row of twelve men on their feet and a front row of twelve women on their knees. I say women and not girls for conscience's sake. It is polite usage to call female ballets and choruses girls as long as they live, and to fix the average of age midway between sixteen and forty, which keeps them collectively under thirty. But the years of these Russians ranged upward from forty, not downward. They are women, sure enough and of a most respectable aspect. It was a shock to see when they rose to their feet that their skirts didn't reach below their knees. The possibility that those matronly creatures might do something indecorous gave rise to a dread rather than hope. But they did not. The hems of their frocks were never flapped up an inch, and the feet, in Polish boots, were never lifted more than shin high.

This exhibition might be given without offense in a church. Indeed, it would seem more appropriate there than in a theater, so unbroken was its staid dignity. The singing was mostly hymnal, whether religious or patriotic, and the folk songs were not gay in tunes, whatever they may have been in words. Altogether circumspect was this representation of Russian peasant customs on occasions of village festivity, and it was faithful, too, except in the vocalism. These performers may have been born peasants, but not for many a year had they farmed it for a living. All had been musically educated. I have no doubt it is true, as told to me by a Russian, that some of them were from St. Petersburg choirs and others from that city's operatic choruses. I am further willing to believe that the soprano soloist has been a prima dona in opera earlier in her career, so cultured and strong was her voice.

The Russian native dances had energy, but no grace. The Polish ballets seen on our stage away back in the time when "The Black Crook" was young, but which have faded out of sight, were professional forms of these amateur originals. The Kiralfys, who came to this country first as a dancing family of two girls and three young men, were wonderfully nimble in the Polish exercises, and a recollection of that quintet made these unideal Russian representatives seem all the more clumsy. While a woman was singing, with her arms akimbo and her booted feet making time, a man darted forward from the line and stamped demonstratively around her. Probably his motive was amorous, but she received him stolidly and he soon retreated to his place with no show of chagrin at the rebuff. Another man made a more vigorous onslaught, stamping harder, swinging his arms and joining his voice with hers in song. She smiled amiably at this one, but wouldn't let him touch her, and nothing came of his wooing. A stalwart woman led the whole company in a single file of hoppers, skippers, jumpers and stampers around and around the stage. All sang while doing that. The instrumental music was faint. The dancing was set to the rhythm of singing tongues and stamping soles. The troupe did not quit the stage during the half hour of the show, but kept to their two lines, except when the dances employed them. They seemed rather offish, perhaps because American sympathy is with their enemy in the Korean war. And then again they may have been apprehensive of the hostile Japanese, who outnumber them at the fair and are building a stronghold on the Pike, preparatory to an invasion of Tokio actors and geishas. However, the Russians roused themselves for the final song and dance, which was much like the walk-around with which our negro minstrels used to end their shows, each in turn taking the center for a pigeon wing. And they wound up with the "Star-spangled Banner," God bless 'em!

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East Indian native songs and dances are given in a theater which is a part of British India on the Pike. They employ twenty men and ten young women, whose skins vary from the blackness of a full-blooded negro to the lightness of an octoroon; and so, when a lifting of the stage curtain discloses them standing in a double row, they look at sight like a company of American minstrels. We half expected the man at the middle to say: "Be seated. We will now have opening chorus." What he did say was that his companions were the most wonderfully gifted artists that had ever been induced by fabulous renumeration to come out of India. Of course, that wasn't so, and one yellow fellow grinned as if it were a joke. However, they proved satisfactory as to ability, and some of their doings were new in this country. The women took seats on a raised platform and made a picturesque group with their Oriental costumes and languorous poses. But the men, who had a row of chairs on the stage level, were more numerous and more gorgeous. That was a novelty, for at Chicago femininity was predominant in the show.

Four men at each end of the line were so very resplendent with bright hues in headgear and other toggery that I took them to be rajahs, if not real ones then good imitations. The whole party joined in what the middle man told us was a sacred hymn of India. The male voices came out well in it, but the feminine were shrilly nasal and the beating of castinets and tom-toms didn't make an accompainment that sounded religious. As soon as that was over my mistake as to those two quartets in royal purple, blue, yellow, red and all the other colors known to East Indian dyers, with multi-colored stones and metal janglets all over them, was made clear by their introduction as Singaleese dancers. They went across and around the stage again and again, in a single-file like American Indians in ceremonial dances, with similarly high knee-action and couching attitudes. A different set of eight men in less pompous raiment gave a Singaleese stick dance, which was a kind of pat-a-cake game with raps of short wooden wands instead of spats of hands. This was odd and lively.

But the women interested us more than the men. We expected something wicked of them and we got it, for the official censor of the Pike had not yet passed judgment on this opening performance. Yet there was nothing new in the wickedness. It was much the same couchee-couchee sort of thing that had been revised the week before in the Street of Cairo, except in a refreshing variation by two Nautch girls, tall and tawny, with hair of midnight and eyes of noon, with figures shapely and supple. It is true that they made the boneless portions of their bodies quiver once in a while, in the familiar manner of Eastern muscle dancers, and some of their exercise was passionate, but they were no more gross than the typical Spanish fandango senorita, and they were somewhat like her in gracefully free-limbed action.

The couchee-couchee creatures use their feet scarcely at all, as probably you are aware, but roll and loll their heads, wabble and wriggle their bodies and are repulsively lascivious. There were three of those in this troupe. A young one was so scrawny that her bones had little flesh on them to wig-wag signals of indecency, but the two others were old, ugly and fat. The truth ought to be told, so that visitors at the fair who wish to see that exhibit may know where to find it and those who don't may know to stay away.

FRANKLIN FYLES.

### Colgate's Life Insurance.

New York Press.

The man who carries $1,500,000 on his life in a single policy is worth taking a second look at. James Colby Colgate is a most unassuming gentleman of forty-one years, who looks as if he were a splendid risk. His late father, James Boorman Colgate, lived to be eighty-eight. The son took out the policy for $1,500,000 a few days after his father's death. The old gentleman left a large fortune and some of the finest greenhouses in the world at his Yonkers home. Much of his fortune was made in gold. He was president of the Gold Exchange for several years. James Colby's mother is a daughter of Gov. Anthony Colby, of New Hampshire, a chum of Daniel Webster. Colby established the Colby Academy and Colgate the Colgate Academy. Both men were stanch Baptists, and both helped the Union in the "uncivil" war.

### The Lesson of the Birds.

I sometimes think, when sorrow makes a feller sorter moan,
Of the birds that keep a-singin' just like trouble was unknown!
I make no doubt they have their grief—as bitter as the rest,
And yet they sing their sweetest songs above an empty nest!

That mockingbird there, in the blooms, is making holiday,
Yet vandal hands have wrecked its home—have stolen its young away!
That little lodge of straw is mute, where chirped its tender brood,
Yet how it sends its song to God—and life a solitude!

But just let trouble come along, and human hearts they sigh,
And send their wailing messages a-ringing to the sky!
The world is then no friend to grace—a shadow dims the light,
The stars shine through a storm of tears, and phantoms fill the night!

For all our souls, heaven-gifted—for all our human words,
We read life's sweetest lesson in the music o' the birds!
And the kind God teach that lesson, when skies above us frown,
To leave the moaning to the winds and sing the sorrow down!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Bijou Fernandez
Who Was Married in London.

## Stock Company at Park Theater

"Give me the rights to 'Charity Ball,' old as it is, and I'll agree to get out of the theatrical business," said John A. Preston, of the Holden Stock Company, which will produce this play at the Park the last half of the coming week. "Owning the rights to it is like owning a bank, a mint, or having license to steal. Every stock company that has been organized in the last sixteen years has taken a turn at 'Charity Ball,' because it is a favorite with people who go to the theater and for another reason that is just as good, it contains every line that is known to stock company work. 'Charity Ball' was written by H. C. Demille, who before he died must have rounded up a fortune with it. The rights to produce it are now owned by Mrs. Demille, who makes her home in New York. That the play is popular, that stock companies have to play it, is indicated by the price a company has to pay for the privilege of producing it—$200 a week in advance—and it is on the boards somewhere in the country practically all the time."

Before the Holden Company takes up "Charity Ball," it will, beginning with to-morrow, put on "Resurrection" again for three days, because of demands it has had from Park patrons for this story of peasant life in Russia and Siberia. This play was given by the company earlier in its season here.

"Charity Ball" will bring out the full force of the company and in addition, Miss Blanche Cartwright, of Indianapolis, will play an ingenue part in it. During the winter she was with Howard Hall in "The Man Who Dared," playing a brief engagement at the Park in that melodrama. She attended the Girls' Classical School, Knickerbacker Hall and other Indianapolis schools, and has a loyal following among the pupils of these institutions.

The last time "Charity Ball" was seen in Indianapolis was when the stock company gave it at the Grand four or five years ago. It tells the story of a young minister who quarrels with his brother after he hears a confession from a girl which implicates the brother, the strongest scene coming after the girl has returned from a charity ball and revealed her secret. Miss Bernice Howard, Miss Lottie Emmons, John A. Preston, John F. Bailey, George Mackey, Jack White, Jack Ward Kett and others will have prominent places in the cast. Alice Berry, for her singing specialty, will give "Stars and Stripes, Good-bye."

### When I Was Ill.

He brought me flowers when I was ill,
And placed them where I saw them bloom;
And all the while they used to fill
With perfume delicate my room.

I was a maiden, young and fair,
And he had culture, rank and wealth;
The flowers, and his kindly care,
Helped lure me back to hope and health.

But now that I am well and strong,
No more he comes—he passes by;
And, tho' I would not do him wrong,
I wish that he had let me die.

—Thomas F. Porter, in Boston Globe.

# The Parting of Weber and Fields Source of Regret to New York People

## Last Performance Together at the New Amsterdam Theater Called Out a Big Audience...It Began with Mirth and Ended with Tears...Rose Coghlan Appears at Hammerstein's Vaudeville..Bijou Fernandez Marries..Ada Rehan to Star

Rose Coghlan
Who Is Again Appearing in Vaudeville.

Ada Rehan
Who Will Star with Charles Richman.

Staff Correspondence of the Journal.

NEW YORK, June 3.—The parting of Weber and Fields has furnished the principal topic of conversation in New York theatrical world this week. The famous manager-comedians went through their familiar comic antics for the last time together at the New Amsterdam Theater the other night; for the last time did the long, thin, nervous Fields knock the tub-like little Weber about the stage, and for the last time did "Meyer" choke the breath out of "Mike." The big, overflowing audience laughed uproarously as of yore, and then, strange to relate, went home in tears.

The bill presented by the "Weberfields," as New York had come to call the company, was the same as that given in Indianapolis at the Park last March, at a time when the ever-industrious press agent was overworking his typewriting machine in making the most positive denials concerning the rumored ill-feeling between the partners. The outlandish "Whoop-dee-Doo," with its broad burlesque and its delightful chorus, opened the performance, and the ridiculous travesty on the play of "Catherine" closed it. While the show was in progress there was nothing to suggest that it was a farewell performance, aside from the actions of Peter Dailey, who made a monumental ass of himself. Dailey is a funny comedian—that fact is granted—but he doesn't know where to draw the line in his everlasting "kidding" and "joshing" while in the glare of the footlights. Common sense should have told him that, although the performance was, as usual, meant to amuse the audience, there was precious little about this parting night that was amusing to those lifelong friends, Joseph Weber and Lew Fields, who, after the bitterness of their quarrel had worn off, were sorrowfully agreeing to disagree.

The other members of the company respected this feeling that existed between the separating comrades, and while they did their best to entertain the crowd in the theater, they felt that the occasion was one that called for a certain amount of dignity. But Dailey—Dailey, the humorist—Dailey, the tactless—Dailey, the irresponsible—what did Dailey do? Well, when he made his first appearance, he shook hands with the orchestra leader, and, in mock tears, bade him a pathetic farewell. Some people thought that this was very good fun, indeed, and laughed loudly. Of course, this mirthful approval encouraged Dailey to continue his interpolated references to the parting of the men who had always been so dear to each other. He always found applause awaiting him, for there are many blockheads in every audience here in New York as well as elsewhere. But other people in the auditorium—and not people that were lacking in sense of humor, either—looked daggers at the bulky comedian whose display of bad taste was annoying, to say the least.

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When the curtain fell on "Catherine," the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne." Not a single soul made a move toward leaving the theater. Everybody sat still and waited, feeling certain that something was going to happen. Then, as loud applause filled the house, the curtain rose again, and there on the stage stood the "Weberfields" in a semi-circle, holding hands. Down came the curtain again, but now the audience was thoroughly roused and cheers were added to the hand-clapping, together with yells of "Speech!" "Speech!" So up went the curtain once more, and Pete Dailey, the irrepressible, stepped forth and announced that he would appoint himself master of ceremonies. He called upon each of the stars of the company in turn for speeches, introducing John T. Kelly, whom he called "the child artist," as the first talker. Dailey tried his best to turn the whole affair into a farce, and would have succeeded, too, had it not been for the fact that it was apparent to every other member of the company, and to every person in the auditorium, that Weber and Fields themselves were laboring under very deep emotion. Little Weber battled manfully to swallow the lump that insisted upon working its way into his throat and Fields finally gave up trying to keep back the tears that rolled down his painted cheeks.

Kelly, as hoarse as he was that night in Indianapolis when he announced that he was "suffering with a little colt," made a villainous speech. He meant well, good old chap that he is, but it couldn't possibly have been worse. What he said I couldn't record here to save the life of me, but the gist of it all was that he was very sorry that his two friends and fellow-actors had seen fit to bring their twenty-six years' partnership to an end. Louis Mann was the next speaker. He started out bravely, as if he were sure of his waters and would have smooth sailing, but his bark of eloquence got into a choppy sea, like the English Channel, and after struggling aimlessly about in a fight against overwhelming forces, he floundered helplessly ashore. Why is it that actors, as a rule, are such bad speechmakers?

Charlie Ross declared emphatically that "the whole thing was business suicide," meaning the parting of Weber and Fields, and the gallery applauded vociferously, under the impression that this was an original and brilliant remark. His wife, Mabel Fenton, showed that she was his better half by making a little speech with some sense in it, expressing her downright sorrow that "the boys," as she called them, "could not get along together." That little talk upset Joe Weber and Lew Fields more than anything else. Lillian Russell made a few commonplace remarks, but Frankie Bailey could only weep when called upon, and stand first on one foot and then on the other.

And then it was up to Weber and Fields to say something. They looked utterly miserable as Dailey dragged them forward. The audience rose to its feet as one man and cheered them. They clasped hands. "Speech!" roared somebody. But there were no speeches left in Weber and Fields. All they could do was to blurt out that they were "awfully sorry."

And then, as the chorus girls gathered around them to say good-bye, the final curtain fell on the house of Weberfields.

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Cheer up, ye vaudeville-goers of the mid-West, and the next time that you are disappointed in a vaudeville programme, don't let anybody make you feel worse by telling you cheerfully that "you don't get the real thing in vaudeville out your way."

I sat through the show at Hammerstein's Victoria the other night. The admission prices at Hammerstein's are three times as high as they are at the Western vaudeville houses, "but then, you know, you get the very cream of vaudeville," your New York friends will tell you. Three hours did the performance last—three long, dreary, sixty-minute hours, and only twice was there anything on the progamme that awakened me from the stupor into which the first act sent me. And these enlivening bits in the bill were nothing more remarkable than a good mimic and a team of acrobatic comedians that we see on the Western circuits every season!

The "headliner" of the programme was that well-known actress, Rose Coghlan, who, when given a good part in a good play, is equal to the task imposed upon her. But in this "vaudeville vehicle" of hers she is burdened with a cheap melodramtic role and a stick of a "leading man" who is so frightfully self-conscious that he continually surveys with approval his well-fitting dress suit and listens in raptures to the sound of his own voice.

The sketch is a one-act thing called "The Ace of Trumps," written by a Mr. Ferguson, who has evidently been reading the family story papers. Miss Coghlan plays the part of a much-married woman from London who comes to New York for the purpose of breaking into the smart set—with a "jimmy" if necessary. She tries to "work" a young Wall-street broker into standing sponsor for her, but he knows "that she is a woman with a past, an ex-keeper of a gambling house and a she-devil," and he refuses to give her a lift. She points a finger of scorn at him and hisses a few uncomplimentary utterances through her teeth.

"Oh, why," she cries, "why should you men live double lives, while we poor, weak women must stand and fall by one?"

The audience is supposed to be immensely affected at this point, despite the tangle of inconsistencies which the woman's character presents. As the play progresses the story becomes so wonderfully complicated, Miss Coghlan becomes so intensely melodramatic, and her leading man becomes so powerfully impressed with himself, that the whole affair takes upon itself a grotesque aspect and the auditor wiggles out of boredom into wild amusement. But that falling curtain is a blessing to be thankful for!

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All of the regular theatrical attractions in New York will soon be out of the way, and the amusement places will then be given up wholly to the light-weight summer shows. "The Southerners," of which I wrote last week, seems to be in for a prosperous run at the New York; De Wolf Hopper's big revival of "Wang" is enjoying crowded houses at the Lyric, and the frivolous musical piece, "Piff, Poff, Pouf," is "turning 'em away" from the Casino. "The Man from China" wound up its career at the Majestic a few nights ago. Even Charlie Bigelow's funmaking could not save the piece from failure. The next big theatrical event will be the opening of the Aerial Gardens, atop the New Amsterdam Theater, next Monday night, the attraction being the new musical review, "A Little of Everything," in which Fay Templeton is to make her appearance on Broadway, after several months of retirement from the stage.

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An interesting piece of theatrical news is that Ada Rehan, the foremost of American commediennes, will star next season with Charles Richman, who was formerly leading man at Daly's Theater and who has made a success during the last season in the play of the revolutionary times, "Captain Barrington." Miss Rehan and Mr. Richman have often acted together at Daly's, and it is thought that such an alliance will prove a most profitable one.

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The news comes from London that the American actress, Bijou Fernandez, has just been married to the English actor, W. L. Abington. Both were members of Amelia Bingham's company when that organization was playing "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," last fall, and were seen in Indianapolis in that comedy. The bride's mother, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, is one of the most prominent New York dramatic agents.

LOUIS W. JONES.

# A Natural History Study

## A SNAPPING TURTLE

By Ernest Harold Baynes

NOT far from where I live, there is a good-sized pond with a bottom of mud—soft, rich mud, which the oldest inhabitants declare to be unfathomable. However this may be, it is not to be fathomed with any available pole borrowed from a farmhouse near by, and the bank, when you jump upon it, sways up and down, causing a movement on the surface of the water, and making you wonder what would happen if you should break through and slide into the ooze only a few inches beneath you. But this same mud, which would mean death to the man who should be so unfortunate as to get into it, is a paradise for a thousand creeping and crawling things inhabiting this sheet of water, which is known by the suggestive name of Doleful pond. Great eels live here, among the roots of the water lilies, and among the stems of the pickerel weed which lines the banks, we may see the squirming forms of many-colored, well-fed water snakes. Often while walking along the shore we may startle a six-foot black snake, too, and if we pursue him he will surely glide to safety in the treacherous waters of Doleful. Decaying logs, lying half-submerged near the bank, mark the spots where once grew trees, which, unable to keep their footings in the unstable mud, fell forward into the water to make landing places for the beautiful painted turtles, which come out to bask in the sun, and which scramble back again with many wiggles if we chance to cross their danger line.

But among the inhabitants of Doleful pond, the one which interests me more than any other, is a huge female snapping turtle, which long ago I named Medusa. A mighty creature this, tipping the scales at fifty pounds, and with a moss-covered shell which fits snugly into a medium-sized washtub. Powerful, scaly legs she has, and her broad, webbed feet are armed with claws which would not disgrace a bear. But perhaps it is her head which is of greatest interest to me—that big, snaky head at the end of a telescopic neck, which enables her to snap at an object a foot or more in front of her shell. The merciless, coldly blinking eyes are set close together near the top, and as you look at them you know exactly what to expect from the horny jaws beneath, in case you are ever so unfortunate as to allow your hand to come within reach of them. Wonderful jaws these are; their knife-like edges, with the quick-moving, enormously powerful muscles behind them, make them suggest a steel trap and a pair of pruning shears combined. To complete her "beauty" she has a thick, tapering tail, covered with smooth scales beneath, but with a ridge of long, horny teeth along the top.

The first time I met Medusa was several years ago, and if I had not met her that time I am afraid I should never have met her at all. She had been captured by some enterprising boy as she was crossing the fields to lay her eggs, and had been put up at auction in the public square of a certain New England town. Bidding was still brisk when I arrived upon the scene, a representative of the local hose company and another from the police department, both being determined that the turtle should figure prominently at a dinner shortly to be given by his own organization. Fortunately for the old lady, I saw other uses to which she might be put, and, as I bid a few cents higher than any of my opponents cared to pay for soup, she was knocked down to me. I took her home in a hack, and the driver, who "wasn't afraid of nuthin'," came within an ace of losing a finger through carelessness. I put a private mark on her shell, and after observing her for some weeks I set her at liberty in Doleful pond. I did not see her again until next spring, when I came upon her suddenly as she was lurching through the tall grass of a meadow. I did not disturb her, but watched her from a distance until she had deposited her eggs in a hole which she made with her big claws in the side of a sand heap. After she had covered up her treasures, I uncovered them again, and counted over twenty spherical eggs, about the size of the large white alleys which boys use as "shooters" in marble time. Then I overtook my old friend on her way back to the pond, and tested the strength and sharpness of her jaws by holding out to her a green twig about the thicknes of my little finger. With marvelous speed her head would shoot out, the savage jaws would meet and, with a click like that made by the pruning shears she snipped off pieces of the twig, an inch at a time. Then I turned her over on her back, and watched a fine exhibition of muscular strength, as, with her long neck for a lever, she turned her huge bulk clean over on the grass.

The next time I met her, I was walking along a little stream which runs into the pond. I could see some large object moving down the stream just below the surface, but it was a minute or more before I was sure it was a snapping turtle. As soon as I saw the tail trailing behind, I leaned over and took hold of it. Such a scramble that turtle made for its liberty, digging its claws into the bed of the brook, and kicking with all its might. But out it came at last, and I was interested to find, by my private mark, that it was the same old snapper I had bought in the square nearly three years before. Since then I have caught her several times; each time experimenting with her until I learned some new habit or some new trait in her character. Whatever else may be said of her character, she is not deceitful. She is nasty tempered and she looks it. She hates me in spite of the fact that I once saved her life, and she never seeks to mislead me about it. And I respect her, not so much for this as for the strength of her jaws, and I show my respect by keeping my hands well out of her reach.

# SPHINX LORE

## Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour

Communications for this Department should be addressed to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Me.

### TOLD BY MR. CHATTERALL.

The Doldrums Hotel is considered the best
For weary ones bent upon quiet and rest;
I was finding it dull as a hermit could wish,
When arrived, unexpectedly, Mrs. Mann-Fish.

No place can be slow where that lady abides;
She draws all men out, as the moon draws the tides;
I was happy to meet her, as never before,
And I'd liked her in old times, as Marion More.

### 1005.—DECAPITATION.

She was an heiress, though I've heard
Her wealth was not extremely large;
Her guardian-uncle much preferred
In every sense, to "keep his charge."
So when she ONE, the day she came of age,
He lost his ward, his temper and his wage.

She ONE with young FIVE Mann, the while
Pale morning reddened in surprise;
On horseback, true romantic style;
And when her guardian THREE his eyes,
Their gallant steeds had TWO five miles or more;
So then, be sure, he THREE his mouth, and swore.

He filled the air with "SIXES" dread,
But soon the exercise forbore;
Since hard words break no bones, 'tis said,
Nor fill a pocket or a FOUR.
He made up his accounts in proper fashion,
And added nothing for his recent passion.

* * * * *

She always had been an excitable girl,
All a-quiver for frolic, sensation, and whirl;
Quite ready a runaway match to devise,
For the sake of enjoying her circle's surprise.

Now, like other people who have their own way,
She must sit her down afterward, even as they,
To work out the problem that waits for all such,
And asks, "Did you gain then, or lose? And how much?"

### 1006.—TERMINAL ELISION.

"Eden," they named their residence;
Idyllic spot, where he and she
Might dwell with rural innocence,
Cradled in Nature's flowery THREE.
FOUR most delightful resting-place, no doubt,
But Mann and wife continually fell out.

The serpent into Eden came,
All stealthily, as serpents do;
Suspicion was the creature's name—
More dire than cobra, asp, or TWO.
Once Marion thought her bridegroom loved herself;
Now, slightly altered, feared he loved her pelf.

As she upbraided, he replied,
Far more in anger than in sorrow;
If strife to-day they put aside,
They certainly would ONE to-morrow.
Somewhat as intermittent fevers run,
With each amendment followed by FOUR ONE.

* * * * *

So they furnished the neighbors material for chat;
(We owed them some gratitude, surely, for that);
Till the subject was changed by Mann's sudden decease,
When we hoped that both parties were resting in peace.

"Brain fever," said some, "but what could you expect?
Perpetual quarrels will have such effect."
But other some shook their wise heads in disdain;
They admitted the fever, but doubted the brain.

### 1007—TRANSPOSITION.

None like the Widow Mann could drape
The veil that floated down her back,
A most becoming cloud of crape—
(She always looked her best in black;)
And those who criticised, as some had done,
Allowed that now "She couldn't well be ONE."

Upon a TWO I saw her stand,
When sunset crimsoned all the west;
Blooms of the THREE in one fair hand,
Against her heavy sables pressed.
Before the glowing sky as thus she stood,
I thought her pose exceptionally good.

Well, I suppose she tired of grief—
Grew FOUR, as English rustics say—
She sought society's relief;
Her humor changed from grave to gay.
And soon the gossips whispered, none too low,
"The dear departed is not FIVE; O no!"

* * * * * * *

There were small, quiet diners, and quieter teas,
There were drives over asphalt, and walks under trees;
All offering solace, the best to be had,
To a soul that was bored, but imagined 'twas sad.

Night jasmine no longer took Marion's eye;
She turned to an orange tree blooming near by;
The flowers hung on high, her endeavors to mock,
But she reached them by mounting a rough wooden block.

### 1008.—CHARADE.

His name was Fish. "A queer fish, too;"
So many people spoke of him.
"A land-shark, very well-to-do,
Who lately got into the swim."
Great TWOS of land he might possess, but then,
THREE seen a host of much more TOTAL men.

Now everybody smiled to see
The lady set her widow's cap
ONE such an oaf. How could it be
That he should ONE-TWO her? Mayhap
To own the earth was her unspoken wish,
For soon she landed this well-landed Fish.

This time the wedding was in church,
With lights and flowers, and all the rest;
The organist was on his perch;
The bride was beautifully dressed.
"She lost no time," said one who archly beckoned;
"No," laughed another, "she has gained a second!"

* * * * * * *

They went to a ranch on a far Western plain,
Where "the Baron and Baroness ruled their domain,"
As the papers alleged, but some readers said, "Pooh!
The domain there is barren and barrenness, too."

The lady declared, when she'd tried it a week,
'Twas so lonely she really forgot how to speak.
Though she soon recollected, when once she returned,
But as for her consort, he never had learned.

### 1009—ANAGRAM.

#### O, Endure Stabs.

A self-made man, as all agree,
But such a dull and lumpish lob,
One felt inclined to think that he
Had never finished up the job;
Yet he had won his way through storm and stress,
Successfully,—if wealth implies success.

Now Marion tried with all her might,
His speech and manners to improve,
But found the hardened creature quite
Impossible to mend or move.
A dolt her keenest scarcasm could not rouse;
(He'd driven mules, and sailed on lumber scows.)

Sometimes a matrinomial jar
Like Leyden jars may thrill and shock;
But more exasperating far,
Is beating at a senseless rock.
Worse than a partner given to dissension,
Is one who never pays the least attention

* * * * * * *

'Twas in some local feud, insurrection, or row,
Poor Fish lost his life, though I can't tell just how,
But the lady I met at the Doldrums' front door,
Said, "You see I am just the same Marion More."

Well, she was. How she drove all our vapors away!
How the dullards grew bright, and the grumblers grew gay!
She was Queen of our circle, with courtiers galore,
And I thought that she soon would be marryin' more.

### 1010.—Curtailment.

A solitary horseman came,
A chief from the militia camp;
His war-worn face was red as flame,
His charger was all ONE and damp.
The sun shone hot, as summer suns will do;
This fact explains the color and the TWO.

This cavalier was thin as FOUR,
And stiffer than a Hindoo FIVE;
The braid and buttons that he wore
Would dazzle any man alive.
So some one spoke, by envy moved, no doubt:
"A wooden major, on a THREE turned out."

Yet as he clanked across the sill,
Instinctively we moved aside,
And almost held our breath, until
Excited Mrs. Smalltip cried:
"O SIX, they say he's taken Number 'Leven,
The very finest room in all the SEVEN!"

* * * * * * *

Now, I don't know why men in government blue,
Or that hideous khaki outshine all our crew;
But the weak and the wary alike they befool,
And we all must acknowledge the uniform rule.

I've a blue suit myself, but it lacks all the charm,
Likewise the brass buttons that work half the harm;
And the major's fine sword would look silly on me,
Though, if I can't use it, why, neither can he.

### 1011.—Palindrome.

Brave Major Bird would never flinch
Before the fire of all our eyes;
"He looks a hero, every inch,"
Sighed Marion, glancing corner-wise.
The most impressive hero still is he,
Who never battle saw, nor yet will see.
She wore a moony, pensive smile,
And laid aside her girlish laugh;
She talked in sentimental style;—
You cannot catch old birds with chaff;—
And all who saw the Major, soon inferred
His portion was to be the widow's third.
They carried flowers and fans, designed
To signal questions and replies
They laid down books, much underlined;—
O friend of mine, if you are wise,
Touch not such tokens, though they lie a week;
K*E* N*V*R *N* T* N*T*, N*R *V*N *E*K.

* * * * * * *

They gazed on the moon, and they counted the stars,
They observed the position of Venus and Mars;
And astronomy being best studied in pairs,
When they turned their stares upward, I just turned upstairs.
So the Major's brisk siege, as you well may suppose,
By an active engagement was brought to a close;
I kept, for the most part, conveniently blind,
But be sure I looked on when the treaty was signed.

### 1012.—LINKED CHARADE.

I took it as a compliment
That they should ONE-TWO me, COMPLETE,
Before the TWO-THREE cards were sent
To all the neighboring elite.
They claimed me as THREE-FOUR in these affaires,
Though the alliance was entirely theirs.

The day was so extremely bright,
I wished smoked glasses I might don,
And some one felt impelled to cite—
"Happy the bride the sun shines on."
Our bride responded to the well-worn phrase—
"I always do have pleasant wedding days."

Then silence fell; we almost heard
The fall; and no one made reply,
Until, to cheer the lady-bird,
"I hope you always will," said I.
Thereat the groom scowled like an angry zany—
I wonder does he want the next time rainy.

* * * * * * *

The rice fell in showers, like a snowstorm severe.
And I saw an old shoe hit the Major's big ear;
But we told one another 'twas all very nice,
And the sparrows, I know, had a feast on the rice.

Yet I say here and now, as I said there and then,
I never will dream upon bride-cake again;
For Mrs. Mann-Fish-Bird appeared to my sight,
And as a winged mermaid, dismayed me all night.

M. C. S.

### ANSWERS.

988.—
"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever—
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."

989.—Horse-man.

990.—Amos Barton, Milly Bartin; Sir James Chettam, Celia Brooke; Daniel Deronda, Myra; Felix Holt, Esther Lyon; M. Gilful, Caterina; Tito, Romola; Tertius Lydgate, Rosamond Vincy; Aaron Winthrow, Eppie; Fred Vincy, Mary Garth; Adam Bede, Dinah Morris; Will Ladislaw, Dorothea; M. Tryon, Janet Dempster.

991.—Amaryllis, violet, china aster, primrose.

992.—1. Mississippi. 2. Missouri. 3. Ohio. 4. Tennessee. 5. Cumberland. 6. Connecticut. 7. Hudson. 8. Delaware. 9. Potomac. 10. Illinois. 11. Wabash. 12. Scioto. 13. Muskingum. 14. Yellowstone. 15. Colorado. 16. Gila. 17. Columbia. 18. Red. 19. Shoshone. 20. Iowa. 21. Cedar.

993.—Blase, bales, sable, Basle, beals.

994.—

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| P L U<br>O K O<br>U T T | F H E<br>H E A<br>R T O | Y M Y<br>M Y S<br>T E R |

995.—Beagle, eagle. 2. Scorn, corr