"Poor Barrymore!" you hear very often on the Rialto these days.

"Poor old Barry," they say whenever men-about-town, wits, raconteurs, actors, first-nighters, clubmen, meet in the great centers of the world.

And Barrymore?

The mad actor neither knows nor cares.

"Leave me," he shrieks from behind the bars at the Amityville asylum, "I'm in the last lap of the pace that kills."

"In six months he will be dead," says Dr. Newton, who examined him a few weeks ago. "He is hopelessly insane, a paretic. He may not live that long."

"Good Fellows" Who Went the Pace That Kills.

So Maurice Barrymore, for years most conspicuous leading man on the American stage, matinee idol, prince of good fellows, brilliant wit, latest night owl, utter Bohemian and superb gentleman, having gone the pace, now pays the penalty.

Not so long ago it was "poor" John McCullough and "poor" Billy Scanlan.

Others whose good fellowship won the friendly but pathetic prefix were "Fritz" Emmet, Bartley Campbell, Charlie Hoyt, Steele Mackay, "Old Hoss" Hoey, George S. Knight, Tony Hart and Harry Kernell.

In each case the same story. The good fellow, prosperity, the pace that kills, the candle burned at both ends, wine, women, night turned into day, then, the nervous twitching of the chin, the quivering of the lips, the slurring of words, the loss of memory, and last but fatal forerunner of paresis, the thick utterances that could not be overcome. Next maudlin words from the stage, the breakdown, the madhouse, then death beckoning each of them to the wings.

Barrymore, Matinee Idol, Raved Over By Women.

All were matinee idols—Barrymore leader of them all. Women raved over his charm, his lovable nature, his cameo face, his velvety voice, his brown hair, his brilliant eyes, with that marvellously ability to flash, his splendid figure with that dash of devil-may-care about it.

They flattered, admired, threw opinion to the winds, loved him.

And Barrymore?

Poor Barrymore!

Yet the romantic actor for one so much admired was singularly unassuming. He made up on the stage to be an Apollo and Hercules combined, but by no means in the dilettante knock-about suit which he wore about town was he either the dandy or hero. On occasion his dressing on the stage was careless. On the opening night of "A Woman of No Importance" one axiom of Lord Ilesworth raised a smile that was not the creation of the author. "The art of tying a dress tie properly is the first step toward diplomacy," remarked Mr. Barrymore, as he touched his own ready-made tie.

"Barry's" Kindly Nature Illustrated.

Barrymore's kindly nature was always in evidence. A few years ago at a late hour on a Saturday night he picked up a shivering little dog on Broadway. "He's got the red mange," said the actor to his companion, "bue we can't leave him here." A hotel proprietor offered to care for him for the night. The next morning Barry appeared with a basket and in it he carried the dog to the veterinary hospital on West Twenty-fifth street. "A bad case," said the surgeon, "but I think we'll pull him through."

"People think he'll shake the pup when 'e gits well," said one of the hospital attendants, "but"—here he lowered his voice to a whisper—"eight weeks ago Mr. Barrymore brought a little kitten in 'ere what 'ad a broken leg. He took it, awoi, too, w'en it got well. He's a curious chap, and 'e'd fight for a kitten has quick as a friend. Very curious chap."

Of course every one knows that Barry was rarely letter perfect in a part.

"When at a loss for a word," he said, "I always light a cigarette."

Barry lit a great many cigarettes.

Anecdotes of the Famous Wit.

He had a poet's admiration of the fair sex. Recently at the Lambs', while rhapsodizing about a new star, some one interrupted with:

"But, Barry, the old flames!"

"This is the 'only flame!'" 'he said. "Those were only matches."

Once a wine agent intruded upon a parey of which Barrymore was one. The agent told Barrymore he was a man of good taste and all that, and wound up by saying:

"When you want a bottle of wine in future, will you not gratify me by asking for my wine?"

"Why, of course," answered Barrymore, most graciously, "I shall be delighted to ask for your wine. But heavens! suppose they should have it?"

Friends of Barrymore recently enjoyed a little witticism at his expense by Augustus Thomas.

The celebrated playwright had been mercilessly picking flaws in the actor's drama until the good-natured Barry winched.

"Oh, come, Gus!" he interrupted, "don't be quite so hard if it's not an 'Alabama.' Just remember that I wrote it in a week."

"Did you, Barry?" retorted Thomas. "Then you must have loafed."

Seeele Mackaye diagnosed Barrymore as an actor who in order to become famous "needed only a great sorrow." To Mackaye he invariably replied that he and sorrow were still strangers. Once, however, he went to Mackaye with a long face, a melancholy brow, low and trembulous tones, and, choking back a sob said: "Dear old Steele, when you made that jesting prediction about me and sorrow you had no idea how soon it would come true, and you cannot be surprised that I now come to you for your hear felt sympathy. Steele! Steele! my friend, I have broken my pet finger-nail!"

But varily he is suffering his great sorrow now.

The Sad Fate of Billy Scanlan.

"Poor Scanlan!" they began to say nine years ago, just as they say "Poor Barrymore!" today. Poor Billy Scanlan! How the women and little children loved him! To hear his name is to think of "Peek-a-Boo!" "My Nellie's Blue Eyes" and "Gathering the Myrtle with Mary." The children of a decade were rocked to sleep to the music of his "By-by, Baby, By-by!"

THE MAD ACTOR.

A TRUE TRAGEDY OF TODAY IN MANY SCENES.

THE CAST.

MAURICE BARRYMORE	Insane
JOHN McCULLOUGH ("Virginius")	Insane
WILLIAM J. SCANLAN ("Peek-a-Boo")	Insane
J. K. EMMET ("Fritz")	Insane
BARTLEY CAMPBELL ("White Slave")	Insane
WILLIAM HOEY ("Old Hoss")	Insane
GEORGE S. KNIGHT (German Comedian)	Insane
TONY HART ("Mulligan Guards")	Insane
HARRY KENDELL (Irish Wit)	Insane
STEELE MACKAY ("Hazel Kirke")	Insane
CHARLIE HOYT ("A Temperance Town")	Insane

But Scanlon, dead at forty-two, went such a pace as Barrymore never dreamed of. He literally turned night into day. He was the most enthusiastic and inveterate gambler I ever knew. In ten years, he lost at faro, rouge et noir, poker and every form of hazard more than half a million dollars. His whole time off the stage was given to games of chance. He rarely slept. He would play a matinee and an evening performance and would then ruch away and gamble until the next day's performance began. Then came the inevitable—recourse to stimulate. This hastened his downfall.

The Lonely Vigils of Mrs. Scanlan.

It was pathetic to notice the faithful, unceasing efforts which Mrs. Scanlan made to save her husband. Every night it was her custom to go to the theater and after the performance endeavor to get him home and to bed.

Often she took him in a carriage and started for a hotel. On the way he would stop the vehicle, telling her to wait a moment, and then would dive into a faro bank and remain until the place closed, oblivious of the fact that she was waiting for him. At other times they would go to supper after a performance and he, making an excuse to leave her for a moment, would not return at all.

How Gambling Killed The Author of "Peek-a-Boo."

So great a hold did gambling have upon him that the summer before his new play "Mavourneen" was produced he could not be persuaded to leave New York even for a day. And while he promised himself, his manager and his wife that he would write his songs and study his part he put off the work from day to day until two weeks before the initial performance.

Then he sat down and tried to study. To his terror and amazement he could not memorize a line. The pace that kills had been followed so constantly that his mind had lost its grasp. Physicians advised an entire change in method of life. But he was unequal to the task. He gambled and drank to the last. In "Mavourneen" he was often unable to sing the songs which he had written. At last on Christmas eve, 1891, the crisis came at the Fourteenth street theater. He stumbled to the footlights at the end of the performance bearing in his hands a floral harp which some of his admirers had given him.

"They say," he said to the astonished audience, "that I am out of my mind, but that isn't true. "My head is all right and so is my heart." He began to cry then. And there was no performance of "Mavourneen' next day.

A few months later they took him to Bloomingdale. Attendants there tell many pathetic anecdotes about him. Once an Italian organ grinder played "Sweet Molly O" under his window. He recognized his song and the recollection for a moment made him rational. The poor fellow threw himself on a couch and sobbed.

The Mad Actor at His Sister's Grave.

A few months after his arrivel at Bloomingdale his sister Sadie died. He was very fond of Sadie But when Mrs. Scanlan told him of Sadie's death he laughed gleefully in her face. But Scanlan did not forget, and a few days later he asked to be taken to Sadie's grave. So Mrs. Scanlan and the physician took him to Calvary cemetery. On the way over he repeated but one sentence. "Roses and green leaves for Sadie, roses for poor Sadie." They bought him a large bunch and he laid them tenderly on the newly-sodded mound. 'Poor Sadie," he said. "Even you had to leave me and now I am all alone."

In February, 1898, he died.

The Breakdown of "Genial" John McCullough.

The case of John McCullough was dissimilar to Scanlan's only in the kind of dissipation which lead to the same end. He was a bon vivant pure and simple. He literally sacrificed himself on the altar of good-fellowship. Genial John McCullough! No tragedy in which he ever played was so full of pathos as his last night upon the stage. His manager at the time, E. D. Price, tells about it:

"The theater—McVicker's in Chicago—on the evening of September 29, 1884, was crowded. The play was "The Gladiator,' Mr. McCollough enacting Spartacus. In the first act, where the rugged Thracian, weighed with chains, is brought captive into Rome, the great actor strode feebly to the center of the stage and stood with clasped hands and bowed head. When he spoke the empty sound of his voice struck terror to the hearts of the actors who stood about him and loved him. It was not Spartacus they knew who confronted them, but the ghost of Spartacus. He did not know what to do or where to move. 'What ——?' he inquired audibly of the prompter.

His Last Appearance a Tragedy.

"The last act was chaos. Some divined the truth. But others, thoughtless and rabid, believing McCullough under the influence of drink, scoffed and jeered as the curtain fell. Utterly exhausted the great actor was lifted to his feet. The sound of applause came to his ears. It was the rebuke of his sympathizers to the human jackels who snarled at the fallen lion. He staggered in front of the curtain. For an instant he stood irresolute. Then came the remembrance of insult. Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'if you had suffered tonight as I have suffered you would not have done this.'"

"That's the Way to Play Spartacus."

These were his last words in public from the stage. The applause this time was ringing and admirative, and John McCullough, with all his splendid dignity, made his last exit from the stage.

Half an hour later he emerged from his dressing-room refreshed and smiling. "That's the way to play Spartacus!" he said, "I never acted so well in my life." He had already forgotten the troubled scenes of that awful night.

He held his last rehearsal the next day. Never was a sadder scene enacted in a theater. It was a mock rehearsal. Again the tragedian's memory was a blank. At the end of the first act he suddenly demanded a rehearsal of "Richelieu." It had barely commenced before he strayed off into the fourth act, where the decrepit Cardinal-statesman is intercepted in the Garden of the Louvre by Baradas. The arch plotter says to his companions: "His mind and life are breaking fast."

Pathetic End of the Noblest Roman of Them All.

The tottering churchman, overhearing him, turns with reviving energy and cries:

Irreverent ribald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snof melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! My name is Richelieu! I defy thee!

As he muttered these words his voice rang out like a trumpet. A moment later he turned and left the theater. Every one present was in tears. Half an hour later, at his hotel, the great tragedian was told that he must take a rest. Fourteen months later the noblest Roman of them all quitted the forum of this life forever.

"Fritz" Emmett Another Victim of the Pace.

In a little rural cemetery near Albany is the grave of another stage idol who went the pace that kills. It is unmarked, the last resting place of "Fritz" Emmett, but in the summer you will find it strewn with posies that fair hands have scattered there.

"You'd be surprised," says John McKinney, the cemetery keeper, "were you to watch the goings on of all the people who ask to have the grave of Emmet pointed out to them. Some of them make me feel a bit queer, and ony young lady went on so the other day that I had all I could do to keep from weeping. President Arthur and Thurlow Weed are interred here, but one hundred people ask to be shown the grave of Emmet to one who inquires where Weed and Arthur are buried.'

The Last Stretch—Paresis; The Finish—Death.

Incipient paresis, the result of drink and irregular living, sent Emmet to the madhouse twice. He could not drink in moderation. When once he took a drink of wine it was the beginning of a serious debauch. His dissipations made him notorious in Europe and America, yet the people loved the magnetic fellow, and his name, like Scanlan's was a household word. Ten years ago he died, his body shattered, his mind wrecked.

The story of Bartley Campbell, of "Old Hoss" Hoey, of George S. Knignt, of Tony Hart, of Harry Kernell, of Charlie Hoyt is the story, with few variations, of Barrymore, Scanlan, McCullough and "Fritz" Emmet. It is the story of the pace that kills. Those who enter the mad race usually go to the finish. The last stretch is paresis, the finish is always death.

Puzzling New Optical Illusion.

Lines That Deceive the Human Eye.

From the New York Herald.

HERE is a new and remarkable optical illusion. You would think to look at this diagram that the two heavy black lines were curved. As a matter of fact they are exactly parallel. This may be proved by holding them up edgewise to the eye.

The divergent lines which strike out from the center are, of course, responsible for the trick. They lead the lines of vision astray, and make you think that the two parallel lines are further apart at the center than they are at the ends.

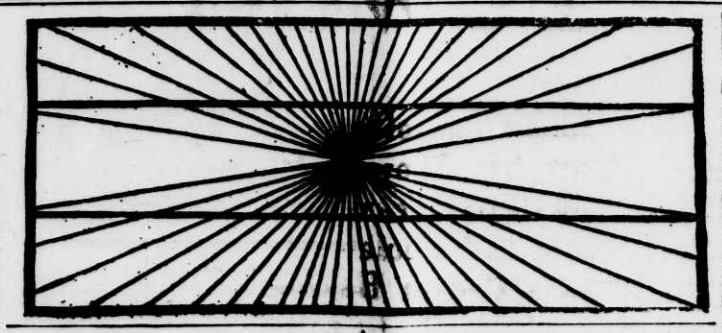
(From European Edition of the Herald.)

To the Editor of the Herald—

The "ring trick"—referred to in your issue of March 24—is one of a number familiar to students of experimental psychology, and, like so many curious toys and society marvels, has a deep scientific interest. I beg to offer you the main lines of an explanation which would possibly be complete if worked out in entire detail with exact reference to the physiological and psychological factors involved.

In the first place, our appreciation of distance and, in a more general scope, our appreciation of "externality" are the result of many complex processes, involving the co-ordination of the direct visual sense with, particularly, the sense of muscular exertion and the sense of touch. The analysis of the elements on which this appreciation depends led Berkeley to the enunciation of his theory of vision and to his subtle and, at first, apparently paradoxical theory of idealism.

Berkeley's positions are now, however, not only accepted, but are found quite reconcilable with the "common-sense"



doctrine of Reid and others of the Scottish philosophers.

The synthesis which we make philosophically has, in the course of our development, been also made physiologically in our constitutions. The sense of distance is the resultant finally of all our senses, but the immediate appreciation comes from the factor, which may not emerge absolutely into consciousness, of the adjustments in each eye due to the incidence of the beams of light falling upon it.

Other factors aid in the appreciation—the vividness of the impressions on the retina, the sense of relation to other objects.

Now it has been ascertained by various experiments that when the eye is fixed long on the same object, not only the nerves of the retina become fatigued, but also the nerves and muscles of the exceedingly delicate systems of apparatus involved in visual adjustments. In the ring problem, if we gaze fixedly at the uppermost line it seems at first nearer than the second curved line (proceeding downward). But as a consquence of the fatigue referred to, the second line at length produces the more vivid nervous impression, and it will be observed that little more than such changes are necessary to produce the "optical illusion" which is the basis of the puzzle.

ARTHUR LYNCH.

Paris, 22 Rue Chaptal.

Automobiles in Church.

A twentieth century edifice indeed will be the First Church of Christ, Scientist, now being erected under the direction of Mrs. Eddy's chief disciple, Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, a few blocks above the Hotel Majestic, in Central Park West. It is to be a palace of granite, to cose in the neighborhood of $600,000 and is to have massive columns in front supporting a huge dome and inscriptions telling that it is Mrs. Eddy's own church.

The distinct concession to twentieth century progress and comfort will be a room in the basement where automobiles may be stored during services. Mrs. Stetson numbers among her disciples many persons of wealth, and for their benefit this innovation has been determined upon.

No objection will be made to the use of automobiles on Sunday, and should worshippers attend services and then take long rides in the country their action will not be made the subject of any pastoral remonstrance.

Burt—What are you doing nowadays, old man?

Rust—Writing a biography.

Burt—Oh, I haven't got so far as that. I am now engaged in collecting anecdotes and witticisms. When I have got enough of them will be time enough to make up my mind upon whom to bestow them.—Boston Transcript.

A rice kitchen is to be maintained at the Buffalo fair by the Rice Association of America. Rice will be served in various forms, showing its value as a staple article of food.