

HARRY LAUDER, the Scotchman Who Sang His Way Out of a Coal Mine

By Charles Darnton.

Do you remember the old song, "Down in a Coal Mine?" Well, Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian who has put "advanced vaudeville" into kilts at the New York Theatre, isn't singing it now—now that he has sung his way out of a coal mine to music hall fame and fortune. "Down in a Coal Mine" remains hidden in his old repertoire; it is part of his past, his dark, deep, underneath-the-ground past. His "rise" had been remarkable. Had he ever dreamed "way back, down there, of one day mounting to the heights of a "headliner?"



"Ay," he answered, as he rubbed in ruddy Scotch color, "I had th' thought in me that one day I would be a gr-reat man."

Before I had quite recovered from this frank admission of greatness, the "great" little man pursued the subject to these friendly shores:

"I had just a wee bit o' doubt whether I'd be as gr-reat here as over there. Yes, I was a long time comin', but when I struck I didna strike and miss. I felt a wee bit timorous about their not understandin' my word plays here, but I say about th' Yankees what I said about th' English when I first went to London—they laugh whether they understand me or no. In two or three weeks' time, when they get to know th' meanin' o' my words, my success will be gr-reater than it is now."

Plugged with Himself. He WAS satisfied with himself. I could see that in his smile and I guessed as much from his few modest words. Occasionally his words dropped upon the heather and picked up a "shistle," but I'm not good at picking up shistles. All the Scotch highballs from "Sandy" Dingwall and Sandy Hook could brook a burr like Lauder's.

"What, anyway," I remarked, seeking safety in Scotch thrift, "this says better than a job in a coal mine."

"Oh, man!" was all he said, but his smile spread into dollar signs and his eyes turned to "sillar."

I should hate to tell you what he got for. I don't know. But in order to keep him here for five weeks, I am told, Mr. Erlanger has denied himself tickets to "A Grand Army Man," and that Mr. Klaw will wear his last winter's face-furs straight through the season. Whether vaudeville advances or not, Lauder is "going some" on the variety list.

"When I got five shillin' on top o' my weekly pay for singin' sentimental ballads at concerts, I tell y' it was a job," said Lauder, going back to the old days.

"Then you sang in the days when you were a miner?"

"Max an' seven songs a night," he replied. "Scotland, y' know, is a gr-reat country fr' societies, th' Forsters, th' Templars, an' a' th' rest o' them, an' they dearly love havin' a bit o' a jollification. It is in order when they come out best among the singers in the town that gets the concert, and," with that same pleased smile, "I did very well."

"You had an easy time o' it?"

"Easy, man!" exclaimed the risen miner. "Would you call it easy if you had to rise at 6 in the morning to go in the mines. Many's the time—"

A knock at the door cut him short. "Mister La-w-d-e-r!" followed the

"Here, boy—BOY!" he yelled. The caller came back and put his head through a crack of the door.

"What do you mean, boy, by callin' me same an' then r-runnin' off like

we went away the next day on the steamer, and, oh, what a beautiful dinner! I nae saw a beautiful supper. Well, after the dinner came the dessert, and after the dessert one o' Eccle Mac's Feggy's daughters took a fancy to MacKie, then MacKie took a fancy to her, then she threw a conversation lozenge at MacKie, then MacKie threw a kiss at her, and then her brother he threw a chair at MacKie. When I saw that, says I to myself, 'There's goin' to be a row here,' so I turned to MacKie, and says I to MacKie, 'Mack, come on, and away we went!'

"Marvelous personality—wonderful magnetism!" exclaimed an enthusiast from the press department.

"I love to work with him," cooed the pretty little girl, who was waiting to be Lauder's Scotch bluebell in the dance.

"Hi! he!" laughed the colored lady who dresses the determined young ladies who hang by their teeth, "at man suty has funny laige."

"It was a 'great' audience that choked the wings, and it was not broken up until Lauder came off after a friendly altercation with the audience, saying:

"That was easier than giving 'em another song."

"You like to give 'em a talk?" I remarked, when we were back in the dressing room.

"I like to get 'em started sayin' things to me," he said, "so that I can send back somethin' hot. I'm always ready to get 'em back at a moment's notice, and on a night in a way that he's not likely to forget in a hurry. I was just walkin' on when he calls out from th' gallery, 'Where's yir pick, Harry?' I takes one look at him an' then I says, wither-in-like, 'It's down in the mine, where I'd be now if I was as ignorant as you.' That settled him, I can tell you."

"You're never reminded of the mines here, I suppose?"

"'Twas only last night that I was given a little surprise on that order," he said, with an energetic nod. "I was trying to get off the stage when someone called 'chop twa!' Do you know what that means? Well, it's a cry they have in the mines when they're lowering or hoisting the cage. If they want the cage to stop midway in the

hot fight. The people at large seem to be a little sore on the organization. A few deals lately have been a little raw, and some of the papers are kicking. Good Lord! If it wasn't for the newspapers, what a cinch a Boss would have in running a city! It'd be like taking pennies from a baby's bank. But—"

"Then you think there is some doubt about the election?"

"I wouldn't go so far as that. It'll be a tussle, but with plenty of cash, and the right man for Mayor—mark me, I say AND THE RIGHT MAN—we ought to win."

"The woods are full o' right men," replied Wainwright. The money is the chief thing to consider. That is why I asked you here today. This is an election I'm getting at. As soon as an elector is a grant from the Borough Street Railway, he'll sign for a franchise for a car line from Blank avenue to Dash street, along the river front."

"I see," nodded Horrikan. "And as you own the City Surface Line and as that is the Borough Street Railway's worst rival, you want the Borough's franchise bill killed when it comes before the Board of Aldermen."

"You're wrong. To paraphrase your own words, you know a bit about politics. I want the Borough Street Railway's franchise granted and I want that franchise to be perpetual."

"But I don't see what you're driving at. If you intend to merge the Borough Street Railway with your own City Surface line, its charter will become void."

"I don't mean to merge them. I own both roads, and I run them separately. 'The — you do!'"

"That's a little surprise, eh? I haven't made any parade of it. I just went quietly to work," through Gibbs, and bought up a majority of the Borough stock. Now don't you see how I'm granting of the franchise and the new — at I control the road will work when we are made known? 'Sure! I'll send that stock sky high."

"You'll scoop in a million or two?"

"A million or two?" echoed Wainwright, scornfully. "Nearer —"

"Hold on!" interrupted Horrikan. "What's that noise?"

He had jumped to his feet with an alacrity that was surprising in so large a man and was listening intently.

"That clicking?" asked Wainwright. "Oh, that's only the private wire in my office."

"Private wire? Any operator?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Suppose he should happen to be listening to us?"

"Who? Thompson? Absurd!"

"I don't know. I'd rather —"

"Nonsense. It's Thompson, my private secretary. A man who's been with me nine years. I trust him as —"

"But I don't. I don't trust anybody. Send him into some other room."

"I can't. In his absence some important message might come, and if he wasn't there on the very moment to transmit it to me I might lose thousands. He's all right if ever a man was. I trust him implicitly."

"Oh, all right, then. Go on with what you were saying."

"I want the Borough Street Railway franchise made perpetual. Catch my drift?"

"Sure. But the papers and the property-holders will make a big kick."

"Let them. They'll soon get hoarse and have to rest their throats. As long as we get the votes what do we care?"

"Yes, yes!" agreed the Boss, impatiently. "That's all right, but what I want to know is: How does all this

concern ME?"

Horrikan threw himself back in his chair, uplited clear in one corner of his mouth, thumbs in waistcoat arris-holes, and eyed his host, quizzically. Wainwright did not even pretend now to understand. Still, instead of giving a direct answer he went on with seeming irrelevance:

"I am a public spirited citizen. I believe civic welfare would suffer by any change in municipal administration. So to keep the present party in power, I am willing to donate to it \$200,000 toward election expenses."

"That sounds pretty good at first as it goes, but maybe you didn't hear something I asked you a minute ago. What I want to know is: How does all this concern ME?"

"I'm coming to that. As I said, I am a public spirited citizen. I'm also a good friend. Such a good friend that I'm always glad to put my friends on anything in the market that looks particularly promising. Suppose I carry for your account at the market price (that is, just now) 1200 shares of Borough Street Railway stock?"

"Well?"

"That franchise is granted Borough stock will go up at least 25 points within two days. That would clear up for you a profit of—let's see—about \$75,000."

Horrikan had pulled a pencil from his pocket and was figuring on the back of an envelope.

"Surely, that is a generous —"

"Generous, maybe. But I'd like something more. Say 5000 shares at 60c. Then at the 25 point jump —"

"I'd make," consulting his figures on the envelope, "something over \$300,000. That sounds better to me, hey?"

"But, Mr. Horrikan!"

"You've got my terms. Take 'em or leave 'em," he said. "I've offered as best I can, very well," conceded Wainwright with lame graciousness. "Anything to oblige an old friend."

"Good. So, we see \$200,000 for election expenses and my personal account receives 25,000 shares at 60c."

"And now comes the question of the right man for Mayor. We've got to get a man who's got a chance of being elected. Again Horrikan paused, rising to his feet, still like some ponderous cat, his head bent slightly, as though catching a faint or distant sound.

"What's the matter?" asked Wainwright, looking up.

"Nothing," returned Horrikan. But he hadn't returned his seat. Instead he talked he began to pace the room in apparent aimlessness, yet every turn of his head was directed toward the door of the adjoining office.

"You see," he said, "we must have a shadow of a show to win. We haven't a chance of winning unless we are careful to choose the best man possible. In fact, Mr. Wainwright—in fact —"

"His wanderings had brought him to the office door. With the last word he suddenly jerked round and said:

(To Be Continued.)

Likes to Talk Back

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From Caine we went back to the mine. "I was in the coal mines till I was over twenty," said Lauder, as he kicked off his kilts. "But all the time I hoped to get out. I was always lookin' ahead to the day when I'd be on the stage. I remember one day—I was on the night shift then and having no days to rest—when I walked down into the low and saw a pair of Chinese boots in a shop. 'I'll sell ye th' boots for five shillin'," said the man. 'I'll take them,' said I. 'And what are ye goin' to do with these Japanese things?' asked the wife when I brought the boots home with me. 'Put them away,' says I. 'I'll find a use for them yet.' About that time I went to the Christmas pantomime in Glasgow where Vespa Tilly was playing the principal boy. Well, sir, fifteen years later I was playing the principal comedian in the pantomime. It was the same theatre, and I was playing it, mind you, in my Chinese boots. 'I've been sayin' all that time I was out of the mines at last!'

"Take this simple tale to heart. If you're in a hole cheer up, tune up anyway to get up!"

A Lad from Glasgow. "Where did you find that character of the half-witted lad?" inquired a Scotchman who had dropped in to see his fellow countryman.

"In Glasgow," answered Lauder. "There's many a lad like him there. Hild Caine came to my dressing room with tears in his eyes one night to tell me that my acting of the boy was the most beautiful, the gr-randest thing he had ever seen. He cried as he was telling me, poor man!"

Gum Chewers Poor Thinkers.

By J. M. Mitchell. HERE are forms of indigestion said to yield readily to the gum chewing habit, which promotes the flow of saliva and helps the digestive fluids act. This surely is a comforting thought, and if the increase in the ranks of gum chewers may be taken as an indication, dyspepsia must be almost extinct, writes J. M. Mitchell in the Chicago Tribune.

Nervousness in some forms finds relief in the "chew" that chews, but as a general thing the relief of the subject is offset by the increasing nervousness of the man across the aisle, so that each cure makes at least one more victim—and progress at that rate is slow.

One thing is certain—you can't chew gum and think at the same time with any degree of success. You may chew gum and work mechanically, you may read with gum in your mouth and perhaps not miss anything in the author, but when it comes right down to good, hard mental effort you cannot concentrate and achieve the best results of which you are capable while your jaws work incessantly. That champing is just so much wasted energy and as soon as you dissipate your force and keep your thinking powers reduced to the lowest point—

Just put it down in your note book as a fact that no man can think deep, logical, or well balanced thoughts while his jaws are working overtime.

Pointed Paragraphs.

POLITICAL honesty might be good policy. Why doesn't some pretty party try it? You will never know the true value of a dollar unless you earn it yourself.

A homely girl is always willing to admit that her pretty rival hasn't any sense.

When a man kisses a girl for the first time she tries to act so that he will think it her first experience.

What the world needs is more workers and fewer knockers—especially fewer knockers who work their victims before wielding the hammer.—Chicago News.

"The New Mayor" "THE MAN OF THE HOUR" George H. Broadhurst's Successful Play.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

will be so grateful. Well, I won't detain you any longer. Good-by."

"Good-by, Judge," answered Wainwright, tolerantly.

"Good-by, Mr. Horrikan," went on Judge Newman, with effusion.

A grunt from Horrikan, who had turned his broad back to the visitor, was the only reply, and the Judge departed to hear the message of hope to Mr. Newman.

"Have you any special objections to Newman?" asked Wainwright.

"No," said Horrikan, "except I think perhaps there's men who can do better by us. You know how much it means sometimes to have the right judge handle your case."

"I think at a pinch we can manage Newman and him," said Wainwright.

"Oh, if it is a favor to you, all right. But it doesn't do these judiciary fellows any harm to keep them guessing awhile. It makes 'em end teaches 'em to mind. Sort of keeps them in their places, you know. And now won't you tell that butler of yours not to let us be disturbed?"

Wainwright complied, and the two settled down to their deferred talk.

"How about the election this fall?" began the financier.

"We're already crowding, but just between you and me it's going to be a

"I don't mean to merge them. I own both roads, and I run them separately. 'The — you do!'"

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