

Actor WM. H. CRANE Declares "the Old Man" Is Growing Younger Every Day---By Jingo!

By Charles Darnton.

AN expert accountant should be called in to straighten out Mr. William H. Crane's age. When a man tells you he is sixty-three and then dances a jig to prove it, how are you going to reconcile his figures with his feet? That sort of thing is apt to upset your mental calculations.

"I'm no spring chicken, you know," cracked Actor Crane. "But how was I to know? I found him the liveliest proposition I had ever tried to put into print. Talk about a 'running conversation!' His was so fast that even now my pencil is all out of breath. It was 'Father and the Boys' over again. Mr. Crane was just like 'Father.' Moreover, he asserted that the average father who lives in a city today is a fair match for the fast-gaited parent he has made popular at the Empire.

"The High Cockalorum."

"The 'old man' as he hates to be called, is growing younger every day," puffed Mr. Crane, as he filled the room with cigar smoke. "He is the high cockalorum both in his home and out of it, especially if he happens to live in a city. He refuses to be relegated to the chimney corner, and as for wearing carpet slippers--well, what's the matter with patent leathers? He tells all the funny stories at dinner and when the young folks go out to a restaurant he's right with 'em every time. If you don't believe it look over the crowd at the Holland House, Delmonico's, Sherry's and other restaurants. You'll find that the old boys with side-whiskers and their hair parted down the back are the life of nearly every party."

"You find--?" "I find that I haven't time to grow old," rattled on Mr. Crane. "I'm too busy keeping up with the boys. It never enters my head that I am getting old--and I'm sixty-three. Keep going and you'll keep young--that's my motto. And it seems to be the motto of most gray-haired men in a city. They won't let themselves grow old. If there's anything going on they want to be in it. They know that if they drop out they will be out of it for good, and they're not taking any chances."

"Old Man Crane? Never!"

"The best way to keep young is to keep with the young folks," barked Mr. Crane, snapping me up in the middle of my question. "Yes--sir--! What's the use of being in a hurry about getting old anyway? There's always plenty of time for that. Why, when I go out into the country in the summer time I make straight for the young folks. If there's a dance I like it down with 'em, if there's outside playing tennis or any old game I want to be in it. No one has ever called me an old fogey, by Jingo! And what's more, I'm not going to give 'em a chance to say it as long as I can help it."

"In town--?" "I began. "In town it's the same way," ran on the spry old youngster. "When I

walk into the Lamb's Club, for instance, the boys don't whisper: 'S-s-h-h! Here comes old Crane!' They sing out: 'Here he is! Come on!' After the papers had given me a send off on my new play, the boys started to take tips from the young fellows. I always wasn't it about time an ambitious young fellow had a chance? I'm as enthusiastic about a new part as I was forty-five years ago."

"Have you been on--?" "Yes, sir; I've been on the stage for forty-five years. Quite a spell, eh? But I'm not too old an actor to take tips from the young fellows. I always watch the youngsters on the stage, and when I see anything new I say to myself: 'By cracker! That's a good idea! I'll remember that.' Acting isn't a matter of age or technique, you know. It's

"I haven't time to grow old."

dramatic instinct that makes an actor. If a young fellow hasn't dramatic instinct, he'll never be an actor. There's only one thing to acting--dramatic instinct. That's what I call it, and I think it's original with me. I'm able to do better work today than I was twenty years ago. For one thing, I feel better. I never take a drink now but--"

He broke off to light a fresh cigar. "You smoke a great--?" "I smoke all the time," he puffed, burning off the end of my question with his match. "The doctors tried to stop me once, but I told 'em I couldn't get along without smoking. They advised me to change my brand and find a light cigar. I'd been smoking three-for-a-dollar cigars, and I suppose they were a little strong for a steady diet. It's all right now. I've got a mild cigar that doesn't hurt me at all. I've been told that I smoke a cigar on the stage more naturally than any other actor. Perhaps it's because I like to smoke. I never think about the cigar. It's perfectly natural for me to smoke, and I suppose that's why I do it natur-



H. Harman

"I haven't time to grow old."

ally on the stage. A cigar should never play the star part. But somehow or other, a cigar seems to belong to an American play. And, incidentally, I've produced more American plays than any other American actor."

Has to Be Genial.

"Whether I do or not," he answered ahead of time, "the public won't have me in anything but a genial American character. Now, I liked 'Business Is Business' and so did the critics, but the public didn't want to see me in it. They want to see me in a part that has a touch of American humor--something typical. It's easy enough to get what is called a 'Crane part,' but it's not so easy to get the part and a play, too. The part alone isn't enough--the play must be dramatic. I was afraid of 'Father and the Boys' at first, but after I had read it two or three times I began to see that the character of the father was backed up by a play of dramatic interest, and that the father's love for his boys

gave it human interest. That's the quality that is recognized by everyone. Why, at Rector's the other night a man about town--I think he used to be a bookmaker--told me that the old man's devotion to his boys made him weep. And the very next day a minister who had been to see the play told me the same thing. That settled it with me. It seemed to me that a play which exerted the same influence on a bookmaker and a minister must have a universal appeal. I think George Ade built better than he knew when he wrote 'Father and the Boys.' And did you ever see so many good lines follow one another? The way they come makes me think of what Nat Goodwin's uncle said one day when he was boxing with a fellow who knew how to handle the gloves. He was getting hit right and left when Nat stepped up and asked, 'What's the matter with you? Can't you see 'em coming?' 'Yes,' answered his uncle, 'I can see 'em coming, all right, but they come so fast that I can't stop 'em!' That's the way it is with Ade's lines--I don't think an audience can stop 'em--at least, not all

of 'em. But I'm right in the thick of them and they help me to be jolly. Now, in 'Business Is Business' I couldn't be jolly."

Business Kills Humor.

"I guess you've hit it," chuckled Mr. Crane, once more meeting me half way with his answer. "It's like this: A man with money enough to be in a big business enterprise thinks it a waste of time to crack a joke. His hasn't time to be jolly. That's why Wall Street ages men. Wall street and the get-rich-quick spirit are responsible for the destruction of a great deal of American humor."

"It's not what it was twenty years ago," came the ever-ready reply. "It's neither so quaint nor so picturesque. It has grown flip--that's the word--flip. The cities have an entirely new kind of humor, and every little town is following suit. One visitor from a city can change the humor of a whole village. Slang is used at the expense of humor. But the humor of slang becomes its strength. And is the only one I know who says really funny things and puts them in a vernacular of his own. But our whole scheme of humor has changed, and the American character has changed with it. The 'typical American,' as he used to be called, is not to be found to-day except in the more remote country districts. When I was playing David Harum I

used a lot of expressions that I had heard in Western Massachusetts, where I lived as a boy. My uncle was a great character. He pretended to be awfully pious, and always said a long prayer before every meal. But I knew he had the old Ebenezer in him, and it came out one day when a cow stepped on his foot. He wouldn't swear--that was against his religious principles--but on this painful occasion he blessed the cow and yelled: 'Bib! Jam! That jam thing to yell!' That was his way of making a distinction without a difference."

Laconic.

"I visited the proprietor in?" asked the visitor. "No, sir," replied the office-boy. "Is he in the city?" "Yes, sir." "Will he be back soon?" "No, sir." "To-night?" "No, sir." "Tomorrow some time?" "No, sir." "Did he leave any word for Mr. Nash?" "No, sir." "The stranger looked at the office-boy sharply. "When did he go?" "Yesterday afternoon."

A Wise Reflection.

"The earth," remarked the professor, "pursues its mighty way across space without interruption and on what you might call a schedule time."

A Concession.

MRS. KNICKER--Have you noticed that hard times have made several wants any more reasonable? Mrs. Boeker--Yes, Bridget has allowed us to take one of our children out of the asylum.--Harper's Bazar.



"WALL STREET AGES 'EM'"

"HERE HE IS! COME ON!"



A Midsummer Knight's Dream Story No. 4 By O. HENRY, the Best of All Short Story Writers

(From "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry.) (Copyrighted, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) DEAR READER: It was summertime. The sun glared down upon the city with pitiless ferocity. It is difficult for the sun to be ferocious and exhibit compunction simultaneously. The heat was--oh, bother thermometers! Who cares for standard measures, anyhow? It was so hot that-- The roof gardens put on so many extra waters that you could hope to get your gin fizz now--as soon as all the other people get theirs. The hostesses were putting in extra coats for bystanders. For when little woolly dogs loll their tongues out and say "Woo! woo!" at the heat that bite 'em, and nervous old black bombazine ladies screech "Mad dog!" and policemen begin to shoot, somebody is going to get hurt. The man from Pompton, N. J., who always wears an overcoat in July, had turned up in a Broadway hotel drinking hot Scotch and enjoying his annual ram from the calcium. Philanthropists were petitioning the Legislature to pass a bill requiring builders to make tenement fire-escapes more commodious, so that families might die all together of the heat instead of one or two at a time. So many men were telling you about the number of baths they took each day that you wondered how they got along after the real louse of the apartment came back to town and thanked 'em for taking such good care of it. The young man who called loudly for cold beef and beer in the restaurant, protesting that roast pullet and Burgundy was really too heavy for such weather, blushed when he met your eye, for you had heard him all winter calling, in modest tones, for the same ancient viands. Soup, pocketbooks, shirt waists, actors and baseball excuses grow thinner. Yes, it was summertime.

and your Catskills! There's more solid comfort in the borough of Manhattan than in all the rest of the country together. No, sir! No tramping up perpendicular cliffs and being waked up at 4 in the morning by a million flies, and eating canned goods straight from the city for me. Little old New York will take a few select summer boarders--comforts and conveniences of homes--that's the ad. that I answer every time. "You need a vacation," said the fat man, looking closely at the other. "You haven't been away from town in years. Better come with me for two weeks, anyhow. The trout in the Beaverkill are jumping at anything now that looks like a fly. Harding writes me that he landed a three-pound brown last week. "Nonsense!" cried the other man. "Go ahead, if you like, and boggie around in rubber boots wearing yourself out trying to catch fish. When I want one I go to a cool restaurant and order it. I laugh at you fellows whenever I think of you hustling around in the heat in the country thinking you are having a good time. For me Father Knickerbocker's little improved farm with the big shady lane running through the middle of it." The fat man sighed over his friend and went his way. The man who thought New York was the greatest summer resort in the country boarded a car and went buzzing down to his office. On the way he threw away his newspaper and looked up at a ragged patch of sky above the housetops. "Three pounds!" he muttered, absently. "And Harding isn't a liar. I believe, if I could--but it's impossible--they've got to have another month--another month at least." In his office the upholder of urban midsummer joys dived, head foremost, into the swimming pool of business. Adkins, his clerk, came and added a spray of letters, memoranda and telegrams. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the busy man leaned back in his office chair, but his feet on the desk and mused aloud. "I wonder what kind of bait Harding used."

young men greatly desired to arrange matters so that he could pay her millinery bills, and fix the furnace, and have her do away with the "Sewell" part of her name forever. Those who could stay on a week or two went away hinting at pistols and blighted hearts. But Compton stayed like the mountains themselves, for he could afford it. And Gaines stayed because he was a fighter and wasn't afraid of millionaires' sons, and--well, he adored the country. "What do you think, Miss Mary?" he said once. "I knew a duffer in New York who claimed to like it in the summer time. Said you could keep cooler there than you could in the woods. Wasn't he an awful silly? I don't think I could breathe on Broadway after the 1st of June." "Mamma was thinking of going back week after next," said Miss Mary with a lovely frown. "But when you think of it," said Gaines, "there are lots of jolly places in town in the summer. The roof gardens, you know, and the--the roof gardens." Dearest blue was the lake that day--the day when they had the mock tournament, and the men rode clumsy farm horses around in a glade in the woods and caught certain rings on the end of a lance. Such fun! Cool and dry as the finest wine came the breath of the shadowed forest. The valley below was a vision seen through an opal haze. A white mist from hidden falls blurred the green of a hand's breadth of tree tops halfway down the gorge. Youth made merry hand-in-hand with young summer. Nothing on Broadway like that. The villagers gathered to see the city folks pursue their mad drollery. The woods rang with the laughter of girls and maids and sprites. Gaines caught most of the rings. His was the privilege to crown the queen of the tournament. He was the conquering knight

of a laurel and pulled himself to Miss Mary's feet. On his arm he carried the wreath of roses, and while the villagers and summer boarders screamed an applause below he placed it on the queen's brow. "You are a gallant knight," said Miss Mary. "If I could be your true knight always," began Gaines, but Miss Mary laughed him dumb, for Compton scrambled over the edge of the rock one minute behind time. "What a delight that was when they drove back to the hotel! The top of the valley turned slowly to purple, the dark woods framed the lake as a mirror, the tonic air stirred the very soul in one. The first pale stars came out over the mountain tops, where yet a faint glow of--" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Gaines," said Adkins. "The man who believed New York to be the finest summer resort in the world opened his eyes and looked over the muzzle bottle on his desk. "I believe I was asleep," he said. "It's the heat," said Adkins. "It's something awful in the city these--" "Nonsense!" said the other. "The city beats the country ten to one in summer. Pools go out tramping in muddy brooks and wear themselves out trying to catch fish as long as your finger. Stay in town and keep comfortable--that's my idea."

Buffalo Bill Says We Don't Know What a Real "Man's Size" Blizzard Is.

—No. 11— My "Blizzard Ride" By Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody.) I WAS in Boston a few winters ago. There was a driving snowstorm, with a twenty-five-mile gale behind it and a tempera-ture about 15 above zero. The fall of snow was perhaps seven inches and there were some fair-sized drifts. Now, what do you suppose the Boston papers called that storm? Why, every one of them, on the front page, referred to it as a blizzard! Suppose a kitten were to scratch you on the hand and you were to show the scratch to people and say you got it in a fight with a man-eating tiger. Well, you'd get a lot of news about it. You'd be who speak of Eastern snowstorms as "blizzards." The East doesn't know what a blizzard is. The nearest approach you people ever had to a blizzard was in the storm of March 12, 1888. And you're still talking with wonder about that. What would you say if you saw a real Western blizzard? You aren't likely to. For the giant mountain walls of the Allegheny and Cumberland ranges cut them off. Perhaps you'd care to hear what a real "man's-size" blizzard is like? A Western blizzard is a blend of snowstorm, cyclone and tornado. It starts somewhere up in the Arctic regions and sweeps south, gathering force and fury at every mile, tearing up and hurling before it such loose snow as is already on the ground, and travelling at a rate that varies from fifty to eighty miles an hour. Sometimes these blizzards rush as far southward as the Rio Grande itself. There they are known as "northers." They are dreaded by man and beast alike. Let a herd of cattle sniff the far-off approach of a "norther" and the whole bunch will stampede. They can smell it miles away. Some Indians and a few plainmen, too, can tell when a blizzard is coming. But to the average man the only hint of it beforehand is the fact that there is unusually beautiful weather generally just before it arrives. The morning will be lovely and clear as crystal--just the sort of day for a long trip. Then in the afternoon a low cloud

and some soft, peaceful-looking snow flurries. And then--the blizzard. And black bad luck for the man who gets caught in it at any distance from shelter! The force of the wind breaks up the snowflakes into a sort of powder and sends them along in a stinging, freezing, smothering mass that looks like a solid wall. So thick is this "wall" that half the time a man can't see six feet away from him. The roar of the storm would often drown the report of a cannon shot a few rods away. The mercury drops to anywhere from 15 to 50 below zero.

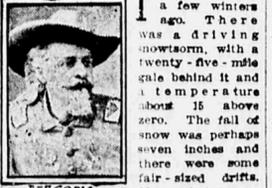
Now, do you see the difference between a blizzard and the worst of your Eastern snowstorms? Be grateful that the former are almost entirely confined to the plains and that the mountain walls guard the East from them. I was building a cavalry regiment once across country when such a blizzard overtook us. We were so far from the nearest fort to hope to reach it in time. There was only one chance for our lives. I remembered a line of foothills that were so situated that, with the wind blowing as it was, there was pretty sure to be a sheltered space (directly under a certain steep ridge) that would be free from snow and out of the wind. If we could find that spot we could camp there and keep alive and warm around our camp fires till the storm died out. But it was a slim hope at best. The gusts of wind blew the snow so that sometimes I couldn't see beyond my horse's nose. Again, for a moment or so, I could see for perhaps sixty feet or more. The trail was wiped out by snow. Even if it hadn't been, how could we have found and stuck to it in that whirling darkness? We were in the tightest horn of all my life. Every horn scout had there, are precious few of them! At the moment of direction developed almost as strong as a hunting dog's sense of smell. I was lucky enough to be by nature such a man. When the blizzard set in I had fixed in my mind the exact direction of that ridge. And I rode toward it, the others following me. I had to keep that one

think in mind every second. I couldn't shout, speak or yell to any one. All I could do was to keep my horse in that dead, straight line, over any sort of obstacle, and keep my thoughts and instincts all centered on the direction I had figured out. Not an easy feat when one's horse is plunging and foundering blindly through drifts and whirling columns of snow, with 30-below-zero temperature and a company of men whose lives depend on one's accuracy. The others could beat their arms together, dismount and stamp their feet to restore their chilled blood's circulation. But I had to keep on, without moving in my saddle. We were riding dead across the gale and the wind blew steadily against my right ear. I dared not turn my head to relieve the horrible pain in my ear, or put up my hand to shield it. For eight solid hours we rode. I had begun to fear my instinct; for once so good back on me, when, all of a sudden, we topped the ridge. Below us lay the sheltered, safe spot I had been aiming for. We were safe. The right half of my face was crusted deep in icy snow. My right ear was full of it. The snow-drift or whatever apparatus makes people hear--was frozen. I have never been able to hear much out of that ear since then. But I ought to be glad, I suppose, that I escaped with no worse hurt. For every man in the whole company was more or less badly frostbitten. My only wonder is that any of us reached the ridge alive.

The Story of the Presidents A New Educational and Entertaining Historical Series. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Will Begin in Monday's Evening World.

Trifles Light as Air. INDIGNANT AUTHOR (to friendly critic)--You say it is a bad play. What can you know about plays? You never try to write them! Friendly Critic--My dear fellow, I know a bad egg, but I never try to lay one!--Illustrated Bits. "Why do you say that May is a heroine?" "Don't you know? She's just dying for a man."--Detroit Free Press. He-I wish that you were poor, so that you would be willing to marry me. She--Evidently I am far more generous than you. I wish you were rich, so that I might be willing to marry you.--Chicago News.

The Letter. My Dear Dear Husband--Just received your letter ordering us to stay another month. . . . Johnny has simply gone wild like a little Indian. . . . Will be the making of both children. . . . work so hard, and I know that your business can hardly afford to keep us here so long. . . . best man that ever . . . you always pretend that you like the city in summer. . . . trout fishing club in the lake. . . . fond of . . . and all to keep us well and happy. . . . come to you if it were not doing the babies so much good. . . . I stood last evening on Chimney Rock in exactly the same spot where I was when you put the wreath of roses on my head. . . . through all the world. . . . when you said you would be my true knight. . . . fifteen years ago, dear, just think . . . has always been that to me. . . . ever and ever, MARY. The man who said he thought New York the finest summer resort in the country dropped into a cafe on his way home and had a glass of beer under a electric fan. "Wonder what kind of a fly is getting on my head?" he said to himself.



W.F. CODY