"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne

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Ten Nation-Famous New York Murders

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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NO. 8—THE BLOODSHED IN ASTOR PLACE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT. Forrest, American, and Macready, English, were rival actors. An organization known as "The Native Americans" in New York used this rivalry to stir up general ill feeling against Macready. The rivalry increased, Macready accusing Forrest of having hissed him. The English star's performances in America began to be punctuated with yells and the throwing of decayed fruit.

(Continued.)

NEXT day a denial appeared in the papers and Macready writes of it:

"Philadelphia—A card or letter signed "Edwin Forrest" appeared in print, dated Philadelphia, Nov. 21, 1848, which contained the following passages: 'Mr. Macready, in his speech last night to the audience at the Arch Street Theatre, made allusion, I understand, to "an American actor" who had the temerity on one occasion "openly to hiss him." This is true, and, by the way, the only truth which I have been able to gather from the whole scope of his address. But why say "an American actor?" Why not openly charge me with the act? For I did it, and publicly avowed it in the Times newspaper of London, and at the same time asserted my right to do so.'"

Macready played throughout the country, finding zero weather everywhere, and in May (1849) bent his steps toward New York. In anticipation of his coming, Rynders and Bunkline had been most heroically busy. When the Macready three-sheets went up announcing "Macbeth" for the opening night, our worthies of the Empire Club caused to be struck off this stirring fulmination:

WORKINGMEN!
Shall AMERICANS or ENGLISH rule in this city?
The crews of the British steamers have threatened all Americans who shall dare to express their opinions to-night at the English Aristocratic Opera House! We advocate no violence, but a free expression of opinion to all public men.
Workingmen! Freemen! Stand by your lawful rights.
AMERICAN COMMITTEE.

None, dinner giver, diarist and gentleman about town, but first of all and above all a worshipper of things English, furnished for the opening night this report of what took place. Says the scandalized Hone:

"May 8, 1849—Mr. Macready commenced an engagement last evening at the Opera House, Astor place, and was to have performed the part of Macbeth, while his rival, Mr. Forrest, appeared in the same part at the Broadway Theatre. A violent animosity has existed on the part of the latter theatrical hero against his rival, growing out of some differences in England; but with no cause, that I can discover, except that one is a gentleman, and the other a vulgar, arrogant loafer, with a pack of kindred rowdies at his heels. Of these retainers a regularly organized force was employed to raise a riot at the Opera House and drive Mr. Macready off the stage, in which, to the disgrace of the city, the ruffians succeeded. On the appearance of the Thane of Cawdor, he was saluted with a shower of missiles, rotten eggs, and other unsavory objects, with shouts and yells of the most abusive epithets."

Macready writes:

"New York, May 7, 1849.—Rehearsed with much care. * * * Went to theatre, dressed. My hair-dresser told me there would be a good house, for there was an unusual stir.—a great crowd outside. My call came; I had heard immense applause and three cheers for Mr. Clark and Macduff. I smiled and said to myself, 'They mistake him for me.' I went on; there came the greatest applause, as it seemed, from the whole house. I bowed respectfully, repeatedly. * * * It did not cease, and I began to distinguish howlings from the right corner of the parquette. At length I became visible there was opposition. * * * I at last walked forward to address them. * * * They would not let me speak. They hung out placards—'You have been proved a liar,' and flung a rotten egg close to me. I pointed it to the audience and smiled with contempt. * * * At last there was nothing else for it, and I said, 'Go on,' and the play, Macbeth, proceeded in dumb show, I hurrying the players on. Copper cents were thrown; some struck me; four or five eggs, a great many apples, nearly—if not quite—a peck of potatoes, lemons, pieces of wood, a bottle of asafoetida, which splashed my own dress, smelling, of course, most horribly. * * * I looked directly at these men as they committed their outrages, no way moved by them."

A committee of New Yorkers begged Macready to appear again at the Opera House. "They would protect him." Macready accepted their "protection," obeyed their call. And this, the next day, is what Hone had to say of the business:

"May 10.—The riot at the Opera House on Monday night was children's play compared with the disgraceful scenes which were enacted in our part of this devoted city this evening, and the melancholy loss of life to which the outrageous proceedings of the mob naturally led.

"When Mr. Macready appeared he was assailed in the same manner as on the former occasion; but he continued on the stage and performed his part with firmness, amidst the yells and hisses of the mob. The strength of the police and their good conduct succeeded in preventing any serious injury to the property within doors and many arrests were made; but the war raged with frightful violence in the adjacent streets. The mob—a dreadful one in numbers and ferocity—assailed the extension of the building, broke in the windows and demolished some of the doors. I walked up to the corner of Astor Place, but was glad to make my escape. On my way down, opposite the New York Hotel, I met a detachment of troops, consisting of about sixty cavalry and three hundred infantry, fine-looking fellows, well-armed, who marched steadily to the field of action. Another detachment went by the way of Lafayette Place. On their arrival they were assailed by the mob, pelted with stones and brickbats, and several were carried off severely wounded. Under this provocation, with the sanction of the civil authorities, orders were given to fire. Three or four volleys were discharged; about twenty persons were killed and a large number wounded."

Says Macready:

"I went gally, I may say, to the theatre, and on my way, looking down Astor Place, saw one of the Harlem cars on the railroad stop and discharge a full load of policemen; there seemed to be others at the door of the theatre.

"My reception was very enthusiastic, but I soon discovered that there was opposition, though less numerously manned than on Monday. I went right on when I found that it would not instantly be quelled, looking at the wretched creatures in the parquette, who shook their fists violently at me, and called out to me in ravage fury. I laughed at them, pointing them out with my truncheon to the police, who, I feared, were about to repeat the inertness of the previous evening. * * * My first, second, third scenes pass over rapidly and unheard.

"At the end of the fourth, one of the officers gave a signal; the police rushed in at the two sides of the parquette, closed in upon the scoundrels occupying the centre seats, furiously vociferating and gesticulating.

"As well as I can remember, the bombardment outside now began. Stones were hurled against the windows in Eighth street, smashing many; the work of destruction then became more systematic; the volleys of stones flew without intermission, battering and smashing all before them."

(To Be Continued)

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

Learnin to Forget.

HOW can one break up an unworthy attachment?

In the first place, I am a great admirer of the virtue of loyalty, and I think a person should be very certain that an attachment is unworthy before attempting to destroy it. But if the destruction is finally resolved upon it becomes almost wholly a matter for the individual will.

Changes of scene, the cultivation of new friendships and other exterior aids are but superficial in their effects. The thing that really counts is the determination of the individual to forget the unworthy friend or lover. It will take time for this resolve to work out successfully, but, sooner or later, I believe that success will be attained.

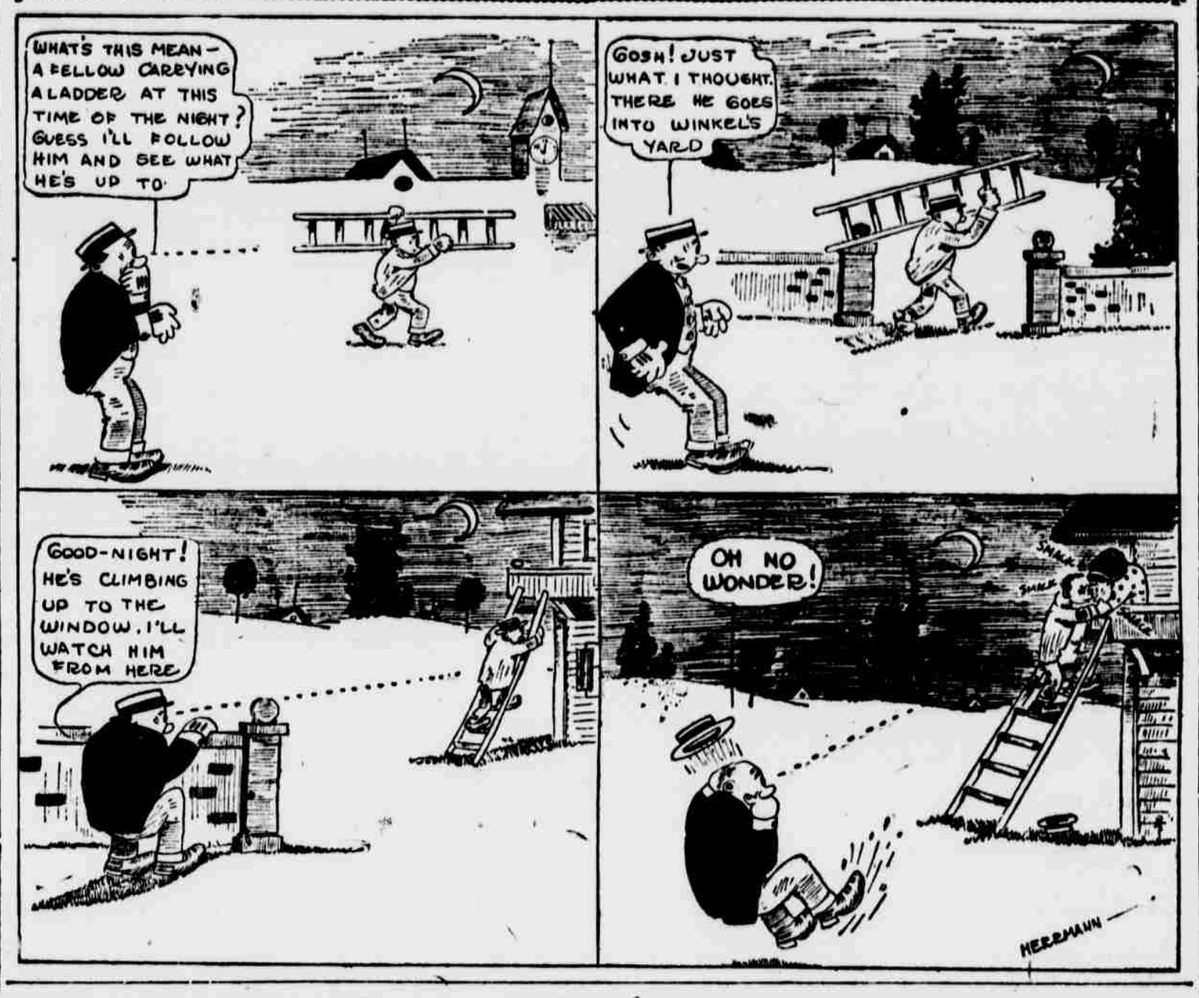
"B. H." writes: "Last Sunday I happened to meet on a boat a young man whom I have seen occasionally. He spoke to me, and I did not ignore him. Did I do wrong?"

On general principles it is not wise to speak to a man to whom you haven't been introduced.

"K. S." writes: "A man is paying me attention and I like him very much. But he plays cards until 4 o'clock in the morning, and my friends advise me not to marry him. What is your advice?"

That a gambler is not apt to make a good husband.

No Wonder!



The Destroying Angel

A Summer Romance of New York

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Brass Bowl," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hugh Whitaker, a New Yorker, marries Mary Lawlins to save her reputation when she is deserted by a chauffeur with whom she has eloped. Then Hugh goes to the south seas, where he is reported drowned. He returns to find Mary is a famous actress under the name of Sara Law. Mary has won the nickname of "The Destroying Angel" because several men who loved her have died violent deaths. Mary and Hugh are wrecked on an island off the New England coast. They confess their love for each other. But after their return to New York Mary declares she does not love him and that she is going back to the stage. Hugh does not believe her love for him is dead.

CHAPTER XVI.
Black Out.

TOWARD 8 o'clock in the evening Ember met Whitaker in the dining room of the Primordial and together they proceeded to the theatre to the dress rehearsal of "Faith."

They succeeded in taking their seats without attracting attention, either from the owners of that scanty scattering of shirt-bosoms in the orchestra—the critical fraternity and those intimates bidden by the manager to the first glimpse of his new revelation in stage craft—or from those occupying the stage.

The latter were but two. Evidently, though the curtain had been up for some minutes, the action of the piece had not yet been permitted to begin to unfold.

Whitaker gathered that Max had been dissatisfied with something about the lighting of the scene. The manager was standing in mid-stage, staring up at the borders.

Aside from him, the only other occupant of the stage was Sara Law. She sat on a stone bench, with her profile to the audience, her back to the right of the proscenium arch, so that she could not, without turning, have noticed the entrance of Ember and her husband.

"Go ahead," snapped the manager.

An actor advanced from the wings, paused and addressed the seated woman. His lines were brief. She lifted her head with a startled air, listening. He ceased to speak, and her voice of golden velvet filled the house with the flowing beauty of its unforgettably sweet modulations.

That opening scene was one, perhaps, unique in the history of the stage. Composed by Max in some mad, poetical moment of inspired plagiarism, it not only owned a poignant and enthralling beauty of imagery, but it moved with an almost Grecian certitude, with a significance extraordinarily direct and devoid of circumlocution, seeming to lay bare the living tissue of immortal drama.

But with the appearance of other characters, there came a change. The rare atmosphere of the opening began to dissipate perceptibly. The action clouded and grew vague.

Sara Law herself lost an indefinable proportion of her rare and provoking charm—the strangeness of failing to hold her audience in an ineluctable grasp seemed at once to nettle and distress her.

Max himself seemed suddenly to wake to the amazing fact that there was something enormously and irremediably wrong. He began to halt the action, to interrupt the scenes with advice and demands for repetition with exasperating frequency. He found it impossible to be still, to retain his seat, or control his rasping, irritable voice.

Subordinate characters on the stage lost their heads, and either forgot to act, or overacted. And then—intolerable climax!—of a sudden somebody in the orchestra chairs laughed in outright derision in the middle of a passage meant to be tenderly emotional.

The voice of Sara Law broke and fell. She stood trembling and aghast. Max, without a word, turned on his heel and swung out of sight into the wings. Four other actors on the stage, aside from Sara Law, hesitated and drew together in doubt and bewilderment. And then abruptly, with no warning whatever, the illusion of gloom in the auditorium and moonlight in the proscenium was rent away by the glare of the full complement of electric lights possessed by the house.

A thought later, while still all were blinking and gasping with surprise, Max strode into view just behind the footlights. Letting, he swept the array of auditors with an ominous and truculent stare.

So quickly was this startling change consummated that Whitaker had no more than time to realize the reappearance of the manager before he caught his wrathful and venomous glance fixed to his own bewildered face.

Simultaneously he saw Max spring toward the box with a distorted and snarling countenance. He was tugging at something in his pocket. It appeared in the shape of a heavy pistol.

Whitaker had not grasped the real import of this when he was caught by Ember and tripped and sent sprawling on the floor of the box. As this happened he heard the voice of the firearm, sharp and vicious—a single report.

Unhurt, he picked himself up in time to catch a glimpse of Max, on the stage, momentarily helpless in the embrace of a desperate and frantic woman, who had caught his arms from behind, and, presumably, deflected his aim.

In the same breath Ember, who had leaped to the railing round the box, threw himself across the footlights with the lithe certainty of a beast of prey and, seemingly in as many deft motions, knocked the pistol from the manager's hand, wrested him from the arms of the actress, laid him flat and knelt upon him.

With a single bound Whitaker followed him to the stage; in another he had his wife in his arms and was soothing her first transports of semi-hysterical terror.

It was possibly the quarter of an hour later that Ember paused before a door on the ground floor dressing room gangway of the Theatre Max—a door distinguished by the initials "S. L." in the centre of a golden star. With some hesitation, with even a little diffidence, he lifted a hand and knocked.

At once the door was opened by the maid Elise. Recognising Ember, she smiled and stood aside, making way for him to enter the small, curtained lobby.

"Madame—and monsieur," she said with smiling significance, "told me to show you in at once, M. Ember."

From beyond the curtains Whitaker's voice lifted up impatiently. "That you, old man? Come right in!"

Nodding to the maid, Ember thrust aside the portieres and stepped into the brightly lighted dressing room.

"I am intruding"—he suggested gravely with a slight turn back toward the door as if offering to withdraw.

"No." The word faltering on the lips of Mary Whitaker was lost in an emphatic iteration by Whitaker.

"Sit down!" he insisted. "As if we'd let you escape now, after you've kept us here in suspense"—

The wife answered for both: "It is settled, dear friend. I can struggle no longer. I thought myself a strong woman; I have tried to believe I was a genius bound upon the wheel of my ill-starred destiny, but I find I am"—the glorious voice trembled slightly—"only a woman in love, and no stronger than her love."

"I am very glad," Ember repeated, "for both your sakes. It's a happy consummation of my dearest wishes."

"We owe you everything," Whitaker said with feeling, dropping an awkward hand on the other's shoulder. "It was you who threw us together, down there on the Great West Bay, so that we learned to know one another."

"I plead guilty to that little plot—yes," Ember laughed. "But, best of all, this comes at just the right time—the rightest time, when there can no longer be any doubts or questions or misunderstandings, no ground for further fears and apprehensions when 'the destroying angel' of your 'ill-starred destiny,' my dear"—he turned to the woman—"is exorcised—banished—proscribed,"—

"Max!"—Whitaker struck in explosively—"Is on his way to the police station, well guarded," Ember affirmed with a nod and a grim smile. "I have his confession, roughly jotted down, but signed and attested by several witnesses. I'm glad you were out of the way; it was rather a painful scene, and disorderly; it wouldn't have been pleasant for Mrs. Whitaker.

"We had trouble in the beginning clearing the theatre. Human curiosity is a tremendously persistent and resistant force. And then I had some trouble dealing with the misplaced loyalty of the staff of the house.

"However, eventually I got Max to myself—alone, that is, with several men I could depend on. And then I heartlessly put him through the third degree—forestalling my friends, the police.

"By dint of asserting as truths and personal discoveries what I merely suspected, I broke down his denials.

"He owned up, doggedly enough, and yet with that singular sort of pride which I have learned to associate with some phases of homicidal mania. I won't distress you with details. The truth is that Max was quite mad on the subject of his luck. He considered it, as I suspected, indissolubly associated with Sara Law.

"When poor Custer committed suicide he saved Max from ruin and innocently showed him the way to save himself thereafter, when he felt in peril, by assassinating Hamilton and later Thurston. Drummond only cheated a similar fate, and you"—turning to Whitaker—"escaped by the narrowest shave. Max hadn't meant to run the risk of putting you out of the way unless he thought it absolutely necessary, but the failure of his silly play in rehearsal to-night, coupled with the discovery that you were in the theatre, drove him temporarily mad with hate, chagrin and jealousy."

Concluding, Ember rose. "I must follow him now to the police station. I shall see you both soon again"—

Whitaker followed him almost immediately into the gangway, but found that he had already left the theatre.

For some minutes he wandered to and fro in the gangway, pausing now and again on the borders of the deserted stage. There were but few of the house staff visible, and those few were methodically busy making ready to leave it. Beyond the dismal gutter of the footlights the auditorium yawned cavernous and shadowy, peopled only by low rows of chairs ghostly in their dust cloths.

The street entrances were already closed, locked and dark.

On the stage a single cluster stand of electric bulbs made visible the vast, gloomy dome of the flies and the white-washed walls against which sections of scenery were stacked like cards. An electrician in his street clothes lounged beside the doorkeeper's cubicle, at the stage entrance, smoking a cigarette and conferring with the doorman while subjecting Whitaker to a curious and antagonistic stare.

The muffled rumble of their voices were the only sounds audible aside from an occasional ringing of boot-heels in the gangway as the actor after another left his dressing-room and hastened to the street, keen set for the clash of gossiping tongues in theatrical clubs and restaurants.

Gradually the building grew more and more empty and silent, until at length Whitaker was left alone with the shadows and the electrician and doorman. These betrayed signs of impatience. He himself felt a little sympathy for their temper. Women certainly did take an unconscionable time to dress!

At length he heard the sound of two pairs of feet hurrying along the lower gangway. He turned to join his wife at the stage entrance. Elise passed them, burdened with two heavy handbags, and disappeared into the rainwashed alleyway. The electrician detached his shoulders from the wall, ground his cigarette under heel and lounged past them, with a slight nod to the woman, to the switchboard.

Mary Whitaker turned her face, shadowy and mystical, touched with her faint and inscrutable smile, up to her husband's.

"Wait," she begged in a whisper. "I want to see"—her accents broke—"the end of it all."

There came a hissing and clicking from the switchboard. The gangway lights vanished in a breath. The single cluster stand on the stage disappeared and the house disappeared utterly with its extinguishment. There remained only a single dully burning bell in the doorman's cubicle.

Whitaker slipped an arm around his wife. She trembled within his embrace.

"Black out," she said in a gentle and regretful voice. "The final exit. The last curtain. End of the play."

"No," he said confidently in tones that rang—"no; it's only the curtain to the prologue. Now for the play, dear heart—the real play—life—love"——

In the darkness their lips met in the first kiss of their married life.

(THE END.)

Men of Initiative

Modern Americans Who Have Led the March of Progress

By Julius Chambers

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11—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., Modern Abolitionist.

A SLENDER, grayish-eyed man, about to leave his office for an important directors' meeting several blocks distant, is met at his door and suggests that the promised interview take place on the way to his destination. The incident recalls to me a similar walk and talk with the father of this man on the streets of Cleveland one raw March day in 1871—before the son with whom I am now conversing was born!

At that time John D. Rockefeller sr. was younger than is his son to-day, and did not possess his equipment of training or wealth.

John D. Rockefeller jr. has the face of an idealist rather than of a practical philanthropist, but in this instance physiognomy is no key to character. Like his father, he would have been rich at fifty had he started with nothing. He is frank, and, knowing the subject on which I want him to talk, goes straight to the point:

"The Bureau of Social Hygiene, recently organized, is a permanency. It is not the outcome of a few speeches, temporary enthusiasm or resultant from political disclosures. It has been incubating for more than two years. It took concrete form after investigation by a Special Grand Jury, of which I happened to be chosen chairman.

"You will recall we were created especially to investigate the white slave traffic. We did so. No inquiry of the kind can be complete. We realized that but appalling conditions were disclosed that furnished bases for permanent work. Separate personal conferences were held by the original organizers of the bureau, with more than two hundred physicians, lawyers, presidents of banks and commercial organizations, clergymen, merchants, settlement workers, labor leaders and social and political reformers. At first we thought of a large and popular body; but we abandoned that plan because such bodies must be composed of busy people whose enthusiasm, even in the best causes, soon wears out.

"Forces of evil are never seriously alarmed when they hear that 'reform committees' have been formed. That is the reason. We have organized like an institution of learning. We are not dependent upon a wave of reform. We are enlisted for the war, which may last until the millennium."

There was an earnestness, a depth of sincerity in the words of John D. Rockefeller jr. that carried conviction. One of the most serious problems known in the history of mankind had been grappled by a man who recognized its immensity, the disheartening precedents of thousands of years of failure, and frankly admitted doubt of complete solution. One thing made clear at the outset, however, was that the present attempt must NOT be claimed as AN EXPERIMENT. Mr. Rockefeller and his associates comprehend the magnitude of the task they have undertaken, and their courage is as prodigious as are their hopes.

The Abolitionists of 1850 engaged in what appeared to most people to be a hopeless contest against African slavery. They endured criticism and suffered personal violence and loss of friends. But they never despaired.

John D. Rockefeller, the younger, has undertaken a work apparently as hopeless as that of Garrison, Phillips and Greeley. Slavery always had existed and would continue to the end of time, asserted the doubters. By analogy the critics of Mr. Rockefeller cite the same facts regarding the social evil and are equally positive it cannot be checked.

But the son of the wealthiest man in America, undaunted by the record of history, now leads a crusade against the white slave trade—an infamy equal in every degree to negro slavery!

Mr. Rockefeller sincerely believes his mission has been indicated to him from on high. He says in the simplest manner that light came to him one day while rereading St. Paul's appeal to the Almighty:

"What wilt THOU have me to do?"

His confidence in the efficacy of prayer is absolute.

"Why go to lawyers and physicians for advice?" he asks, "when God's advice is free?"

You feel that he is a man of absolutely clean morals, and, therefore, the ideal champion of a forlorn hope. With such a leader and such resources at command, the despair of philanthropists in the past becomes a guarantee of successful warfare against vice in the future.

The Hedgeville Editor.

By John L. Hobbe.

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HENRY CARPENTER says that his new stenographer has agreed not to tell the office secrets to more than three friends.

THE meanest thing that Mr. Derks ever said about his wife is that she doesn't deserve a better husband.

OLD FORK says that young men to-day are afraid to think for themselves; they want predigested thought.

MR. HENDERSON says that when his wife hears a good story she multiplies it by two and then divides it among the neighbors.

STOP THIEF!

The great Laugh Story of the summer, novelized from the successful play of the same title, will begin serial publication in The Evening World to-morrow.

This is a romance that carries laughs and thrills in the same breath. Don't miss it. You can't afford to.

"Stop Thief!" will begin in to-morrow's Evening World.