

came out before the curtain, politely acknowledged the kindness of the audience and the success of the piece, and winked. The audience quietly laughed back to him in the most friendly and sympathetic way, and Wallack retired.

It is hardly necessary to say that a first-night failure in London or in any other part of Europe is an entirely different thing. Everyone is familiar with the facts. There are interruptions, sometimes becoming violent and frequently running comments extremely witty or sarcastic. A little incident at the Court Theater, London, amused me much, and shows how matters having nothing to do with the play affect its success and the interests of the theater. An extra row of stalls had been put on, pushing the pit back, and there was a disturbance in the pit before the orchestra came in which continued for sometime after the curtain rose. The gallery, not being interested in this special case, called out vociferously: "Pit, be quiet!" The gallery finally conquered the pit and insisted upon the play proceeding.

This active public interest in the theater in London, this sense of personal proprietorship, or part-

nership, among the pit and gallery, is never exhibited here. One may see something of it in Paris, in Rome, in Milan; but never in America.

A typical illustrative instance, out of hundreds of such instances, was the first night of "The Armada" at Drury Lane. Before the curtain rose the experienced theater-goer could tell that something was wrong. There was a seething, noisy turbulence in the pit, packed with more than a thousand persons, which foreshadowed trouble. The moment the overture ceased and the curtain was about to rise there rose from the pit such an uproar of yells, boos and catcalls that the whole theater was astounded. The gallery, having no grievance of their own, tried to stop the pit and added to the uproar. The curtain went up amid this noise; the actors came on and began the play; but not a syllable could be heard, the outcry being incessant.

Finally the actors stopped, the curtain went down and the assistant-manager came out in front to ask what was wrong. He was too confused to learn the trouble; the interchange of words and shouts did not reveal the cause, and the curtain

went up again. Again the yells began, worse than before. The actors were nonplussed, and the curtain went down again.

Then Sir Augustus Harris the manager came out in front of the curtain exceedingly pale, as he had a year's work and many thousands of dollars at stake, and had not the remotest idea why the pit had rebelled. After commanding and obtaining silence, he asked what was the matter. A voice replied that four persons had been allowed to enter the theater before the doors opened and were now occupying seats in the center of the front row of the pit.

The great injustice of this will be understood from the fact that a long line of persons—a thing which happens frequently in London—had been waiting all day long, since seven o'clock in the morning, some of them, to obtain good seats in the pit. Sir Augustus replied that this was of course without his knowledge and that the four persons must leave the house immediately. They were two men and two women, well-intentioned persons who had no knowledge of their great transgression,

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BABA HADJI, OLD ISMID'S MASCOT

By Emma Paddock Telford

LIFTING one thin pink leg after the other with the majestic stage strut of a provincial Hamlet, Baba Hadji perambulates Hamadieh, the business quarter of old Ismid, the ancient capital of Asia Minor, venerated and admired by all beholders. He is at once that city's pet, mascot and patron saint, hobnobbing with the boys and girls on their way to school accepting the salaams of staid officials and swarthy merchants with catholic impartiality and becoming dignity, and bulldozing into immediate submission the hordes of mangy and disheveled curs, those irrepressible scavengers of every Oriental city.

While Hadji continues his self-appointed guardianship, the city is safe; for, as every true believer will tell you, where "Father Pilgrim" takes up his abode there peace and plenty dwell; for is not the stork also one of the faithful, visiting each winter the Kaaba at Mecca (hence his name "Hadji"—Pilgrim), returning with the spring to nest and rear its young in the domes of village mosques, the spreading branches of the cemetery cypress-trees or on the chimneys of the devout?

While there are plenty of other storks in Ismid—as witness the old cypress-tree in the village cemetery where three cart-wheel nests furnish a sort of communal dwelling—Hadji is the only one who has ever taken to the curb, associating familiarly with the business men in all their daily avocations. Though on terms of intimate friendship with Ali the grocer, Hussein the cafeji, and Bakir the mahaleb vender, he reserves his warmest demonstrations of affection for the good-natured butcher Achmed Chaoush. Hadji has a fine taste in mutton, and having been hospitably entertained by Achmed in times past has continued to bestow upon him his daily patronage.

It is a pleasing sight to watch Hadji go to market. Putting on his stagiest stride, he advances upon the open booth, where carcasses of lamb hang discreetly veiled from the hungry flies. If Achmed is there Hadji receives his favorite cut and withdraws.

If the master of the shop is absent, Hadji waits a reasonable time, then summons him. Spreading his wings wide and throwing back his head so as to touch his back, he rapidly strikes together the two mandibles of his great bill, producing a clatter not unlike the sound of castanets. This he keeps up until served to his satisfaction.

In Northern Albania, when a mother whose child has been born with a running sore sees the first stork, she places a stone on her baby's head, saying: "Head thy poultice! Head this stone!" and the sore begins to heal from that instant.

The Greek children, when they see the storks coming, sing a song beginning: "Welcome stork, O Father Pilgrim!" while the Armenians have a charming folk-song, though full of sadness as are all their ballads:



It Is Pleasing to Watch Hadji Go to Market.

Stork, fly down, fly down and rest—
On our poor roof descend and rest!
Upon our ash-tree build thy nest!
Of all the birds we love thee best!

Stork, when thou away didst hie—
From our ash-tree far didst fly—
The with'ring winds did moan and sigh,
And caused our smiling flowers to die.

The brilliant sky was overcast,
Dark clouds across it drifted fast;
They broke the snow above amassed—
Came Winter's flower-destroying blast.

Beginning on Varaca's height,
Beginning on Varaca's height,
Soon all our earth with snow was dight,
And our green field was glist'ning white.

Stork, our little garden here,
Wrapped in snow, lay cold and drear
And all the roses of the year
Lay withered on their icy bier.

The high reputation that the stork enjoys for parental affection is not based on the Rooseveltian idea of numbers, but on the survival of the fittest and the devoted effort to make the single pair reserved from each brood worthy of their high calling. Mother Stork usually lays three eggs for a setting. After these are hatched, account of stock is taken and the most promising pair, male and female, are set aside for bringing up. The third—poor superfluous creature!—it matters not whether male or female, is simply thrown overboard. Quality, not quantity, is the stork's idea of ideal parenthood.

The stork is a strict monogamist, and infidelity is punished according to the old Mosaic law. That the father bird sometimes jumps too rapidly at conclusions is evidenced by the following true incident that occurred the past summer in that same old town of Ismid. A mischievous boy climbed up to a stork's nest in the absence of the prospective parents, and taking out all the stork's eggs replaced them with goose-eggs, which are similar in appearance.

When hatching-time came, the father looked at his new offspring with the greatest astonishment. The mother, apparently called upon to explain the unprecedented phenomenon, was unable to do so, or at least furnished no excuse that found acceptance. A few days passed, then the outraged father disappeared, returning with a large convoy of his "gentlemen friends," who thereupon proceeded to beat the unfortunate mother, who was held responsible for this outrage of the proprietries, to death.

As a rule the stork is a gregarious bird, traveling in vast flocks, estimated—by counting a single patch of birds when lighting on a place for rest and food, and multiplying by the number of patches—at between thirty-five and forty thousand.

The coming of the stork in Asia Minor in the early spring is watched for with the greatest interest by both Turks and Christians, and various indeed are the auguries drawn from the circumstances connected with its first appearing. Should Baba Hadji happen to bear in its beak an ear of corn, farmers take heart, for the harvest is sure to be abundant and a year of plenty is assured. A bit of rag is bad luck indeed, for it foretells a year of sickness. If he holds a piece of glass or bright stone, a year free from war, plague and famine is predicted, and everyone may hope to attain his heart's desire.

If, as Baba Hadji comes into view, his beak is pointed skyward, sad indeed are the hearts of the superstitious villagers, for the Pilgrim Father is displeased with them and turns his head away. If on the contrary his beak is pointed earthward, all is jubilant, for the people believe that he is murmuring in his bird way, "Salaam aleikum!" (Peace be with you!) and one and all the pious make reply: "Aleikume Salaam! Khosh geldiniz, Baba Hadji!" (On thee be peace! Welcome, Father Pilgrim, welcome!)