

ous accident, seek companionship with the animals in the barn, and even with the flowers in the garden."

Man is a social animal, and a lineal descendant of those who largely depended for their preservation upon their strong gregarious instinct. To be left alone was extremely dangerous, and the soul of the child remembers this, although the safe conditions of the present render such fears useless.

#### Physiological Fears

AMONG physiological fears may be mentioned first the fear of water, which, as has already been noted, is more frequent among boys than girls. Some children when washed, scream, stiffen out, their eyes bulge, and they are almost convulsed with fear. Merely seeing or hearing the water poured in a dish, or the noise of a stream is sufficient to frighten some. Some consider their ablutions done when they have dipped the tips of their fingers and touched their cheeks. On the other hand, some

take to water like a little duck. If a layman is asked to explain this fear, in all probability he will reply that it is due to the disagreeable and painful sensations of cold and wet, to which the skin of children is very sensitive; but ask a scientist, and he will scorn such a simple and common sense answer. He will tell you that it is an instinctive, paleopsychic vestige of a fear which originated perhaps "in the Permian age of the great amphibia, or at any rate between the Devonian and Carboniferous age of fishes and the gigantic reptiles of the Triassic and Jura." In plain English he means that this fear was born when the animals began to leave the sea, which is the original home of all life, and to live more and more on land. As they wandered farther and farther from the sea and became less and less aquatic, then those who had the strongest fear of water would avoid any opportunity to return to it and consequently survive. The others would return and perish because of their unfitness

to live in water as before. Now we have inherited the fear of water from these early survivors. Such is the scientific explanation.

Not a few children have a strong fear of wind, their excitement and unhappiness being frequently in proportion to the strength of the wind.

The fear of fire is the strongest of all fears, in some children. One young woman writes that just to hear the word fire sends chills all over her, and her heart seems suddenly to stop. Some, if they awake at night, must always make a tour of the house to see if there is a fire anywhere. One girl is so afraid she will burn her hair that she cannot bear to see, much less use, a match.

The fear of thunder and lightning, as has been seen, is the most common of all fears. Some rush to their mothers in great agony, others sweat and are unable to move; some feel with every flash as if they had been pounded on the head; some shut

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# BEATING THE GAME

By NORA DUNBLANE

Drawings by F. Foster Lincoln



"Isn't He a Sight?" They Said.

walked past the stage manager, straight up to Blank himself, and drew him aside. The women followed him out of the tails of their eyes.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed the soubrette, "he's making a touch! Mr. Blank has given him a bill! Oh, now they'll have to keep him!"

"Oh!" wailed the ingénue, "would you have thought he would have given it to him?"

"Do you suppose Mr. Blank could afford to say he didn't have it," demanded the soubrette,—"he, with his reputation for money?"

The leading woman was silent.

During the rehearsals that followed the stage manager fell into the daily habit of shouting "Putrid!" at the efforts of Le Grand Bluffem. Le Grand always smiled—not bitterly, but humbly. Then he would say:

"Would you just mind doing it for me? I always have more confidence to try after I watch your work."

When a stage manager finds that an actor really appreciates him, how can he consistently call the man a fool?

Finally rehearsals drew to an end, and the company started upon its Western tour. Before they had been out a week it was discovered that Le Grand Bluffem always had a paper from the last town that was played, and that the paper invariably contained a most flattering notice of himself. The soubrette, walking down the main street of a town one day, saw the back of a shiny gray coat disappear within the portals of the newspaper office. Later, on entering the hotel, she saw the same coat, accompanied by another coat, disappear within another portal, labeled "Bar."

"Our heavy man apparently has a friend in town," she remarked to the hotel clerk as she asked for her key.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "that's one of the fellows on our paper."

Next day Le Grand showed the company a very beautiful notice of his work, which he afterward mailed to Blank in New York.

The week before Christmas the company did not play, but was left to enjoy life in Joliet, Illinois. Le Grand went up to Chicago, and did not return until Saturday night. He was resplendent. A new winter coat touched his heels. An exceptionally effective hat crowned his head. A diamond of startling dimensions flashed from his cravat. He went directly to the business manager, and with his infallible cheery smile drew a folded contract out of his pocket.

"I am awfully sorry to leave Mr. Blank's management," he announced briskly; "but you can see what has been offered me by a Chicago firm."

The business manager took the contract and jerked it open. "Bosh! This isn't half so good as the job you've got!" he remarked testily.

"I can't agree with you," replied Le Grand beamingly. "There are some understandings for the future in connection with that contract which make it of great value."

"Well, you've got to play your two weeks, and then I don't care when you get out!" retorted the business manager irately.

"Oh, no," contradicted Le Grand gently; "I return to Chicago to-night. I have no contract with Mr. Blank. Not being sure of my ability before rehearsals, he did not give me one. Afterward I dare say it slipped his mind."

The business manager blinked. The company was to move on, and westward, at five next morning. He let fall an expression not used on ordinary occasions.

"I tell you what I'll do," said Le Grand thoughtfully. "Of course I should think of my own interests; but I really like you so awfully well, and the company is so congenial, I'll agree to let this Chicago affair slide, as I haven't actually signed it yet, if you will call me worth ten dollars a week more." Le Grand remained.



Le Grand Strolled Up Broadway.

From then on the company began to sip the joys of real travel. Le Grand set them all an example in conduct. He never failed to smile cheerily. He never became hurt at anything that was said. He never acted as though he was sick of the sight of his fellow workers. He could breakfast on a greasy doughnut at four o'clock in the morning at some way station with as much apparent relish as though he was swallowing a parsley omelet at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

But his example was not altogether emulated. The leading man in particular refused to learn from him. His mouth began to droop chronically at the corners; and now and again, while waiting in a snow storm at some picturesque junction for a train that was two hours late, he would hurl wicked epithets at the absent head of the man who did Blank's booking. When the selfish and unfeeling company, like the common herd they were, would look a trifle bored, it was always Le Grand who would lend him a sympathetic ear. Once, during one of his outbursts, Le Grand smiled enigmatically, and shook his head.

"What's the matter?" asked the leading man sharply.

"I can't see why you are so foolish as to stand it," said Le Grand slowly. "A man of your ability! Why, only in the last town a newspaper friend of mine was saying how out of your element you were in this crowd. You ought to be on Broadway, or at the very least in an eastern company."

The leading man indulged in a blasé smile. But for sometime afterward he was extremely thoughtful. The following Saturday night, when he found a puddle from a bursted water pipe in his dressing room, he gave his notice.

Le Grand went to the business manager. He knew the leading part. He would be willing to play it at his original salary. He was well liked, as his notices proved. Surely, it would be an advantage to the management merely to supply a new heavy man.

The business manager refused. But a few days later he came to Le Grand and told him he had thought it over. The following week Le Grand Bluffem became a leading man.

In May the company returned to New York. Le Grand, in a becoming spring suit and a very large hat, took a daily stroll up Broadway. After everybody he had ever met, together with all the agents and some of the managers, had been shown his contract for the coming season, he went to the country to rest for the summer.

Regardless of Le Grand Bluffem's acting, who can deny that he is a clever actor?