THE JOURNAL

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INDIAN HANDICRAFTS

"The Red Man's Present Needs" is the title of an article in the April North American Review by Hamlin Garland, in which the writer, drawing upon his own extended experience and observation among the Indians obtained during his study of western life for his book and magazine work, offers some criticisms upon the Indian policy of the government and makes some suggestions that are worthy of consideration.

In the first place, Mr. Garland calls attention to the widely differing conditions under which the Indians of the various reservations live and the consequent unwisdom of trying to apply the same rules of treatment of the red men to all reservations. Policies which prove wise and profitable at one post or reservation might prove very unwise and unprofitable at another owing to the difference in disposition of the Indians themselves, the character of the soil and other resources of the reservations, the climate and the degree of proximity to white settlements.

Mr. Garland not only offers criticisms but makes suggestions. In the first place, he would depart from the allotment in severalty plan far enough to plant groups of each tribe on the watercourses of its reservation in settlements of four or five families so that the Indian might enjoy that which is indispensable to his happiness and contentment—the society of his fellows. He would have more care taken by the government in the matter of providing farmers for education in agriculture and stock raising. He would have a matron as well as a farmer that the Indian woman might be taught at least the rudiments of successful housekeeping. He would have schools established in the farming districts and the children collected there rather than taken off the reservation. He would have the missionaries exercise a little more common sense with regard to the habits and customs of the Indians, and exhibit a little more liberality with respect to their amusements. Moreover, the Indian whenever he takes his allotment should henceforth be regarded as a citizen free to come and go as he pleases the same as his white neighbor. This would remove the restrictions with regard to the staying always on the reservation. Finally, he would not abolish the reservation and government aid until the Indian has become more capable and self-reliant than he is today.

But, perhaps, the most interesting and valuable suggestion offered by Mr. Garland, and the one to which we wish to call particular attention, is that wherever a tribe has a peculiar aptitude for an art, as for instance, canoe building, blanket making, basket making or pottery making, they should be encouraged to rescue perishing forms and symbols and aided to develop new processes and methods built upon the old. The Jicarilla Apaches, for example, are fine basket makers. These articles are in great demand, but no effort is made to encourage the industry or to provide a suitable outlet for the product.

Speculators in these goods drive sharp bargains with the Indians for their baskets, blankets, pottery and curios of various kinds, obtaining them at ridiculously low prices and retailing them to fanciers of these goods at very high prices. These industries properly managed, might be made a source of great revenue to the Indians and render them more than self-supporting if the government could be induced to appreciate and encourage their facility in their native handicrafts and provide for profitable disposition of the goods made.

The suggestion appears to be an exceedingly practical and useful idea. The curio shops of the country, east and west, are stocked with baskets, blankets, pottery and other articles manufactured by the different tribes, many of which are much sought after for their artistic merit and interest. Under proper government supervision these industries could certainly become a source of much revenue to the Indians themselves, while contributing immensely to the development of their selfrespect and general thrift.

The reports say that Bishop Edsall of the Episcopalian diocese of Minnesota, created a sensation at the meeting of the diocesan council in St. Paul last night by declaring that no married minister should have a compensation of less than $800 a year and a rectory. And the bishop ought to have added that there should be no rebates in the way of subscriptions to church undertakings.

THE DIFFERENCE CONDITIONS MAKE

A cablegram from Manila says that army officers think the people in the United States do not understand conditions of warfare in the Philippines, implying that if they did there would not be such a general condemnation of severe methods as is now to be heard on all sides.

That is the defense that is always made by soldiers and settlers who are harsh to native peoples. It is the time-honored excuse for every injustice done on the frontier to the American Indians. Every time a person or paper in the east has criticized the conduct of cowboys and soldiers in killing Indians the answer has been that the critic did not understand the conditions.

Such an answer is an explanation, not a defense. The conditions are different, but they do not justify the crime, though they may powerfully tend to make a murderer of an ordinarily humane and tender gentleman. Wherever the white races have come into contact with the dark races there have always been deeds that shock the people at home, though the actual perpetrators of these horrors defend them. If our troops in the Philippines revenge outrage with outrage and death with death they are doing only what has been done on the American frontier a hundred times—if not by soldiers certainly by civilian and volunteer Indian fighters. The Seventh cavalry fourteen years afterwards thought it was justified in "revenging" Custer's massacre by shooting women and children in the fight at Wounded Knee. When Colonel Chivington and his regiment of Colorado volunteers killed 2,500 men, women and children at Cherry Creek they doubtless thought that the peculiar conditions on the frontier justified them in putting an end to all friction with this particular tribe. When the English bound Sepoys to cannon's mouths in India they thought they were justified. When Waller shot his treacherous scouts he thought he was justified.

While it must be admitted that people sitting quietly in their homes 6,000 miles from the scene of war have no license to make general criticisms, or attempt to say without full evidence whether a particular piece of severity was unjustifiable and barbarous rather than warlike, it is well known that the white man, surrounded by foes and adverse physical conditions in the distant tropics is apt to decline in moral vigor and to replace tenderness of feeling with callousness. Far away from the scrutiny of all officials except those who take the same view of conditions that he does, endowed with absolute authority over his district and in command of soldiers who have all of the white American's characteristic contempt for the black races, it is no wonder that now and then an officer has lapsed from the high standards required of him.

The trial of General Jacob H. Smith will throw some interesting light on the peculiar conditions of warfare in the Philippines and how they affect officers and soldiers. Here is a man known to be kind and tender-hearted and considerate. Yet he is charged with ordering Major Waller to kill all hostile natives over 10 years of age. If the charge is proved it will in turn give proof of the moral deterioration that accompanies warfare in the Philippines. But while he is on trial General Smith is entitled to the presumption of innocence, and his ready critics on this side of the Pacific must remember that in the most civilized warfare spies and deserters and traitors are treated with scant consideration and that the rule of retaliation is not unknown or undefended.

How happy the Northern Securities crowd must now be. Time after time have they protested their eagerness to have the courts pass on the legality and goodness of their company. It is hard to reconcile their professed hopes with their efforts to prevent the courts from acting, but if we take their expression as sincere, Mr. Hill and his friends are now objects for congratulations.

AMERICANS WANT AMERICAN ARTICLES

Complaints are made by hardware and furniture dealers of western Canada that Canadian manufacturers do not finish their goods so neatly and attractively as American manufacturers. It is admitted that in many articles of everyday use on the farm and in the workshop the buyer would pick the American make if prices were the same. The tariff makes the price favor the Canadian article.

The Canadian manufacturer is now warned that he must finish his product in a superior manner or lose the big trade of the American settlers. The latter are accustomed to American farm machinery and tools, each farmer usually having his particular favorite brand, and they will willingly pay a somewhat higher price for American goods, especially when they appear to be better than Canadian goods.

At present one-third of the agricultural machinery and general farm supplies sold in western Canada are made in the United States. Unless the Canadian tariff should be greatly increased the proportion will remain as large and will probably increase. Instances have been reported of American farmers settled in Canada willingly paying $50 to $70 more for an American harvester than they would pay for one made in Canada.

In these facts there is a suggestion for American manufacturers and jobbers. The Canadian tariff wall is by no means a barrier to all trade between the United States and western Canada. In a large measure it will be offset in districts settled by Americans by sentiment and custom. It is not likely that the tariff will be greatly increased. There is a strong party in western Canada that stubbornly opposes any suggestion that calls for taxing the western farmer for the benefit of the eastern manufacturer.

Two thousand farmers have contracted to raise beets for the St. Louis Park sugar factory this year. If there is to be no help for the Cubans and no relief for the consumers, our own beet sugar factory is entitled to its full share of the prosperity a protective tariff of 94 per cent gives the industry. If considerations of international trade and duty are to be abandoned for the sake of stimulating to the utmost degree the beet sugar industry it is to be earnestly hoped that Minneapolis and Minnesota will get their full share of the development. The local factory seems to be prosperous, and each year enlarges its output. Its management does not seem to be much frightened by the possibility that Cuba will be given a reduction of 20 per cent in the American tariff duty on its sugar.

The times do change. Even the supreme court understands that a new legal question may be raised by a merger corporation that is unlike anything in the corporation line we have ever had before.

RUSSIA RECEDES

The information comes with a strong degree of positiveness from Washington that the actual terms of the Russo-Chinese treaty, as received by our government, reveal a most astonishing recession of Russia from her attitude of defiance with respect to her tenure of Manchuria.

Under pressure, perhaps, of the gravely revolutionary domestic condition in European Russia, as well as because of the Anglos-Japan treaty, which commits those powers to the defense of the integrity of the Chinese empire, with the avowed moral support of our own government, Russia has signed a treaty with China looking to the same end, agreeing to withdraw her troops in twelve months, except an inconsiderable force to protect the railway to Dalny in the Liao-Tung peninsula. The evacuation of Nieu-chwang was conditioned upon the evacuation of Tientsin by Germany, who has not as yet made any promise of doing so, or of withdrawing from Shantung province, where she has established a colony, and claims the hinterland back to the Yellow river.

In the signed treaty it appears, however, that Russia proposes to get out of Manchuria within a year, bag and baggage, abdicating both civil and military domination, and surrendering her claim to exclusive railway and mining privileges, her railway lines, built at large cost, to be handed over to the Chinese authorities.

Such a transformation of the character of old Adam Zad, if really genuine, is the most astonishing case of an Ethiopian changing his spots on record. It is true Russia receded rather ingloriously from the San Stefano treaty she forced from Turkey in 1878, and which handed over to her Turkish territory from the Balkans down to the Aegan sea, but she, in that case, found herself face to face with all the big powers of Europe, who threatened her with war if she insisted upon retaining her plunder. But, in the case of Manchuria, she has constructed an extension of her Siberian railway through Manchuria, from Khulan-Chou on the main line to Port Arthur and Dalny, with another branch to Nieu-chwang, the thriving port at the head of the Gulf of Liao-Tung. Russia has had heavy garrisons at this place, at Mukden, the capital, and all other important points, with a Russian political agent at Mukden. With all the evidence of intended permanent occupation all the other powers have been repeatedly assured by Count Lamsdorf, the czar's minister of foreign affairs, that Russia intended to withdraw from Manchuria when "order was restored." This statement has always been received with great incredulity by the other powers, as the duplicity of Russia had been demonstrated on many previous occasions, and it is known that she has assumed some kind of protectorate over Mongolia and maintains it. But the altered Russo-Chinese treaty seems to be received at Washington, and by the diplomatic world generally, with an astonishing degree of confidence. It has been believed that Russia would not risk losing a trick in the big diplomatic game which China has been playing without trumps, but something has happened which has suddenly changed the range of Russia's vision.

In the first place, with the exception of the United States, the powers were at the fall of Peking in 1900 preparing to make good their "spheres" and respective hinterlands in China. Great Britain is not excepted because she was gravitating, notwithstanding her profession of friendship for China, toward reaping equivalent advantages with the other powers.

Into this concert of wicked intentions our government, through Secretary Hay, threw a bombshell in the shape of a demand for a pledge by all and singular of them to abstain from violating the territorial integrity of China and to secure the preservation of the commercial rights of all nations in China.

After much a-hemming and hawing, Mr. Hay's proposition was acquiesced in by the powers. It is true Germany and France and Russia held on to what booty they secured. Great Britain and Japan held on to what they had formerly gained by conquest from China, but our government called a halt upon further predatory acts, and Russia now promises to withdraw absolutely from Manchuria, an example which Germany would do well to follow as to Shantung province.

It is true Russia has not withdrawn yet; it is well to wait and see whether performance will follow promise before extolling Russia too heartily. A leading reason for Adam Zad to loosen his grip from his prey is that Russia is apparently on the verge of a revolutionary movement, stimulated by the wholesale arrests of university students, whose leaders declare that the time has come for a change in the form of government and are using all their influence to unite the discontented workmen and all the groups of the revolutionary class. The troops withdrawn from Manchuria will probably be sent to European Russia to provide against possible uprisings.

The Washington dispatches indicate a probability that the interstate commerce bill will be amended so as to permit pooling by railroads under government supervision. That would have been done long ago if it had not been for the opposition of certain big shippers who were enjoying special favors at the hands of railroad traffic men which they could not hope to have under a properly regulated pooling system.

Congressman Charles W. Thompson of the Fifth Alabama district purposes to get the negro question out of national politics by taking a party of northern congressmen on a trip through the south. This is a more sensible way of studying the problem than calling names in congress and in newspaper editorials.

General J. Franklin Bell, who has finally pacified Batangas province, island of Luzon, well deserves the special congratulations sent him by the president. The general has accomplished a task that might well have taken years.

We learn from a morning contemporary that the trouble with Frank R. Stockton was that he didn't know anything about mergers. How inferior to J. J. Hill and J. P. Morgan are all other men!

There was just a little doubt as to who would succeed Judge Morris in the eighth district. J. Adam Bede has kindly given out a luminous interview that spares us further annoyance.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

Pension Commissioner Ware says he expects to be skinned, but it is a safe bet that his book will leap redhanded into its thirteenth thousand.

A Connecticut law will allow a man to catch but thirty trout in one day. There ought to be a law to prevent the man who catches two small ones from swelling the account, when he casually mentions it at the grocery store, to "thirty large speckled beauties, the law's limit, gentlemen."

The Yale Criminal Club has been formed. It will be much in evidence "after the game."

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" has gone to seed, but the author has thrown a new novel into the breach.

There are two new revolutions threatened. One is in Nicaragua. The other, in the Chicago Woman's Club, promises to be more dangerous.

The old dray horse looks at the price of meat with a shudder.

Now and then a "dollar bull" comes out of his fence corner, looks over the winter wheat weather map, and retires bellowing.

General Miles is allowed to stay in the room, but he must raise his hand before he may speak.

The mere idea of water cure is what is the matter with Henry Watterson.

Mrs. J. B. Read startled the charter members of the original Sorosis society by a paper on "Women I Have Met," in which she said of the society woman that "the surest way to gain her friendship is to tell her that she is charming, clever, the most beautiful of all women, so fascinating to men; call her a 'beautiful sinner' and so on, and so on. She will never tire of such rubbish." The ladies all asked one another, "Does she mean me?" and have been very distant with her since.

A little country store in Georgia combines "ice cream, embalming, millinery and tooth pulling." When business is slack in those lines, it is usually pretty good in "books and bacon." If there is anything in the community the American shopkeeper intends to have it.

Notes From the Field.

The Mabel, Minn., Tribune tells of a man who was "all run down" and tried some patent medicine in vain. It seems that he was run down by an automobile.

The Forum Society of Fergus Falls gave a mock trial the other night before the high school and its friends. Hans Hanson and Leonard Nelson were attorneys for the state. Harold Braatelien acted as attorney for the defendant, August Linn, who was supposed to have murdered a man named John King. The examination and cross-examination of the witnesses was very interesting and showed much keenness. Hans Hanson's speech to the jury, in which he summed up the evidence, was clear, convincing, and a model of oratory. Had the case rested here the jury would probably have returned a verdict of "guilty." Harold Braatelien summed up the case for the defendant and his speech also was logical, full of knowledge of the law, and ended with a fine appeal to the jury for the life of his client. During both speeches, the audience was deeply interested. A feature of Harold's passionate plea for the defendant's life which pleased the audience was the defendant's small brother, who sat near by weeping. This bit of realism probably saved the prisoner's life. After a brief wait the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" and August Linn now attends the high school safe from a felon's fate.

A Pine county justice of the peace, if the Pine Poker can be believed, has posted the following:

NOTICE TO LOVERS.

On and after this date, I will present an elegant chromo, parlor lamp or a glass water set to any bridal couples married by me. All marrying done in the most artistic way, either in private or in public. Runaway couples married at any hour of the day or night, and pursuers thrown off the scent. Reduced rates to those who have been married before. A red lantern hangs in front of my door in Pokegama town, at night. No dog kept. Night bell directly under lantern.

R—t D—r, J. P.

March 20, 1900.

Omar Rendered Into Yankee.

Wallace Irwin of San Francisco, whose slangy "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" had such a run last winter, no matter if they were published in San Francisco, is out with "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr." The edition has eight horrible Pipe Dreams and one modified case of Delirium, which are called, on the title page, "eight illustrations and cover design by Gelett Burgess." Mr. Burgess is better now and will soon be out of the hospital. It is hoped his health is not permanently impaired.

Mr. Irwin has taken the Rubaiyat and he has had sport with it. Old Omar, with his simple jug of wine, would hardly recognize the Baccanallian revel in which Mr. Irwin has enshrouded his verses. The lady whose presence Omar desired in the garden talks modern slang in Mr. Irwin's verse in a most distressing way. For instance:

Ah, Love, th' Invisible Buskin at the Gate
Illumes your Eyes that languored gaze and wait
And in their Incandescence seem to ask
The world-old Question: "Is My Hat on Straight?"

A Grand Piano underneath the Bough,
A Gramophone, a Chinese Gong, and Thou
Trying to Sing an Anthem off the Key—
Oh, Paradise were Wilderness enow!

Mr. Irwin also introduces his old friend Khayyam to the tobacco evil, thus adding a vice to his repertoire of which the Persian never dreamed. He sings:

Mark how Havana's sensuous-philtred Mead
Dispels the cackling Hag of Night at Need,
And, foggy-aureoled, the Smoke reveals
The Poppy Flowers that blossom from the Weed.

Come, fill the Pipe, and in the Fire of Spring
The Cuban Leaves upon the embers fling,
That in its incense I may sermonize
On Woman's Ways and all that sort of Thing.

While the tired Dog Watch hailed the sea-merged Star
I heard the Voice of Travelers from Afar
Making Lament with many an Ivory Yawn,
"There's Comfort only in the Smoking Car!"

The book is not due to come out before May 26, but advance sheets tell the whole sorrowfully story. "It is funny," the countryman said, when he went to hear Mark Twain lecture and by mistake got in where Joseph Cook was holding forth, "it was funny, but it wasn't so dam funny!"

—A. J. Russell.

AMUSEMENTS

"York State Folks" at the Metropolitan.

Arthur Sidman's good works live after him. A quaintly truthful impersonator of the folk who live in the small towns of central New York, he contrived before death overtook him to perpetuate in an idyllic drama the characters he knew so well and reproduced so perfectly. It was only a few years ago that Mr. Sidman contributed a turn in a vaudeville bill here that instantly struck every one who saw it with its truth, its sincerity and its kindly humor. It was a York state sketch, and it contained the embryo of the beautiful play which is now being produced at the Metropolitan.

It is impossible not to recognize the debt Mr. Sidman and his play owe to the pioneer in realistic rural drama, that gifted master of stagecraft, James A. Herne. He it was who demonstrated by "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres" the effectiveness of a return to natural methods. But Mr. Sidman has gone farther than the founder of the new school in forsaking convention and getting back to real life. He has not found it necessary to introduce either the mawkish melodramatic touches or the impossible comedy of the rustic in the city that mar the Herne masterpieces. Instead, he has taken a few apparently commonplace incidents out of the lives of some quaint but very human villagers and out of them woven a play of compelling interest and convincing sympathy. The story is simple and unaffected—such a one as might happen in any rural American community—and yet it powerfully holds the attention. There is no villain, only an obstinate old man used to having his own way. There are no thrills save those that naturally stir the heart when love is winning its wonted triumphs over less worthy passions. There is no horseplay or buffoonery artificially contrived by caricatures of rustic characters, but the comedy flows as naturally and unrestrainedly as if there were no audience whose laughter was to be won. This absence of conscious endeavor and of straining for theatric effect is one of the play's chief charms, as it is one of the finest achievements of the playwright. For let it not be supposed that because no creaking or whirring is audible there is no machinery. On the contrary, the machinery which actuates the play is so cunningly devised as to be noiseless.

The just restraint under which Mr. Sidman put himself in the devising of the play and the working out of its characters has also had its due influence on the players in the present company. Fortunate is that playwright who can impose upon those who enact his work the limitations that have ruled his own conceptions. The actors in "York State Folks" impersonate Mr. Sidman's characters in a reverent spirit in that they never permit themselves to reach for effects or step outside the characters they present.

Ray L. Royce plays the part Mr. Sidman intended for himself—that of the old village organist and organ-builder, whose long and simple life has been sweetened by noble and uncomplaining self-sacrifice. He plays it with gentle sincerity and kindliness, revealing the nobility of the man mostly by such little touches as the rescue of the cat, which had been put out for the night, from the rain. The genial humor of the musician, with not a breath of malice in it, glows throughout the play, warming all who come within its radiance, and finally thawing out even the wintry obstinacy of the other old man, played by James Lackaye. Mr. Lackaye has in this portrait added a companion masterpiece to his wonderfully true Martin Berry in "Shore Acres." His Simon Peter Martin is a marvel of effective characterization, thoroughly consistent from first to last. He is the successful man whose native obstinacy has been fed upon the pride of achievement until it has overshadowed his whole character. Mr. Lackaye pictures the progress of the old man's heart trouble and the part it plays in breaking down his pride so that natural affection may have its just sway with fine art.

Another notable impersonation is that of Ernest Lamson as the loquacious young horse trader, whose jealousy of the dudish music teacher (played by Osborn Searle) leads him into some foolish but very funny actions. Mrs. Sidman, who plays the girl over whom the young men are at odds, exhibits probably the most faithful York state dialect in the cast, and besides presents a sprightly and natural picture of the village girl who is pretty and knows it. Lydia Knott is sweetly interesting as one of the principals in the love story around which the play turns, and rises to her one opportunity for deep feeling admirably. Kate Jackson, as her mother, beneath whose surface petulance is revealed a warm heart, is very effective. Randolph Currie plays the opposite part to the girl in manly fashion. These are the characters chiefly concerned in the telling of the story, but the picture is filled up with a number of well differentiated and quaintly humorous characters—the parson, the storekeeper, the leader of the band, the workers in the wagon works, the advance agent of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show—all capitally done. Nor should the two little tots who play their parts so naturally and well be forgotten.

Few plays are so carefully and artfully staged as "York State Folks." Mr. Sidman gave all the little details of his production the most painstaking attention and they all contribute to the illusion which, for lack of a better name, is called "atmosphere." Each scene is true to life and original in conception. The croaking of bullfrogs, the chirping of crickets and the intermittent flashes of the fireflies in "Maple Lane" form striking examples of this phase of Mr. Sidman's stagecraft. It is pleasant to know that "York State Folks," after its present brief stay, is coming back the latter part of next week to fill out its engagement.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

"The Dairy Farm" at the Bijou.

Those who have struggled with the orthoepic difficulties of "truly rural," and to whom the expression suggests nothing more attractive than late hours and headaches, will probably not appreciate "The Dairy Farm," Eleanor Merron's play at the Bijou this week; but the man whose boyhood recollections center about life on a farm and who finds pleasure in the restrospect what he found disagreeable in the realization, will enjoy the play.

"The Dairy Farm" is a "truly rural" play, with one or two melodramatic, and therefore strenuous, incidents to break the even tenor of its course. There is a rule in The Journal office against saying that a play, or anything else, for the matter of that, "holds the mirror up to nature"; and even if there were not, the quotation would not be altogether apt in this case, for Miss Merron has not silvered her glass evenly, and the result is an occasional distortion of the image that caricatures rather than counterfeits the celebrated old dame. However, the good in the play overbalances the bad sufficiently to make adverse criticism seem captious.

According to an announcement on the programs, "The Dairy Farm" is the "only play in the history of the drama that has three century runs in the principal cities of America, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia." Moreover, Minneapolis also looked upon the drama and found it good, for when the piece was first presented here, last season, its reception was such as to warrant a return date, so that this is its third visit.

There is little reason, accordingly, for an extended review of the play at this time. Suffice it to say that it tells a pretty love story in unconventional fashion and among unconventional surroundings; that its action occurs in the middle fifties, before the war, and that an interesting touch is added by the introduction of a brief political discussion, during which the hero of the play urges his friends to vote for "Free soil, free men, freedom and Fremont."

The company contains no star, but its members work together, and the result is a smooth, even performance. Mac M. Barnes is the Squire Hurley. The part is along conventional lines, but Mr. Barnes plays it effectively. Sarah Newkirk is played by Sarah Ward, and Nathan Newkirk by John Milton. Together with Louise Everts in the role of Lucy they made a pronounced hit with last night's audience. Theodore Rook has overdrawn the character of Simon Crum, yet, allowing for the exaggeration, his work is consistent throughout. He has made the character wholly despicable, which was just what the author intended. Miss Helen Hartley as Eunice Jane Perkins, a later-day Mrs. Malaprop, and William R. Walters as a runaway slave, are good in their respective roles.

An innovation for which the management should be praised is the absence of a male quartet. At the close of the first act the farm hands come in from the field for supper, but they do not sing as they come. While this is a violation of all accepted traditions, it must be accepted as a step in the right direction.

The scenery and "properties," especially those of the first act, are well devised to preserve the illusion of time. Anachronisms, oftentimes laughable in a production of this kind, are not noticeable.

—J. S. Lawrence.

HIS ONE HIT

BY RICHARD KANN.

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Hampton had been sitting there in a perspiration half an hour then. He had come in before 7 o'clock, taken half an hour for his make-up, and had thirty minutes to put in on his part before his dressing-room mate arrived. Of course every one knew he never would get off the text. Hadn't they heard him at the afternoon rehearsal, when he made every one of them ask who he was because he was letter perfect, and they knew he hadn't been given the part until that morning?

Temple had been taken suddenly ill and wired that he couldn't go on that night. When you know his part was thirty-two sides and he had no understudy, you may imagine how the other principals felt when the stage manager introduced old Hampton and explained that he would play Temple's part in the evening.

Hampton had a queer stride that didn't help their peace of mind, but the first time over the parts he showed that he knew what the center of the stage was, and he got it every time, and when they discovered that he knew all the business, and Temple's business at that, they naturally wondered where Buscoe had found him.

GRASPING THE COLD IRON RAIL, HE GUIDED HIMSELF TO THE BLAZE OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

But Buscoe was not a talkative stage manager. He sat at the prompt table and held the book, but he had nothing to say to Hampton. He had evidently said it before he called the first act.

None in the company knew him. A man with a sick wife on his hands and five years of one-night stands on the road as his latest record usually isn't on intimate terms with a picked cast for a big metropolitan revival. But Buscoe knew him. Buscoe and Hampton had done one nights together more than five years ago, and Buscoe knew that Hampton's one ambition was to play Temple's part, just as well as Hampton knew that Buscoe's hope was a trip to London to stage some big production or other. Naturally enough, when Temple wired that he couldn't go on that night, Buscoe had telephoned to the agencies, located Hampton and two hours afterward handed him Temple's part.

Hampton took the part home and laid it on Jennie's bed. Then he cried. Jennie had been crying a good deal anyway, because she felt herself slipping away from the world. She saw the name on the outside cover of the part. She knew that the biggest revival of the season was being played and that Temple had made the hit of his career by simply reading that thirty-two pages of manuscript. She had never ceased to be sure that if Dick ever had a chance he would do the same thing. It meant a good deal to a sick woman who hadn't much longer to wait for him to get the part.

And it meant a good deal to him, too, since he had rehearsed it with her times innumerable, in the certain hope that some day he would be given a chance to play it. Five years of one nights didn't seem long just then. To-morrow, after he had made his one hit, it would be almost a joke. After they had finished crying Dick kissed her, and they both laughed, Dick with a laugh he had used for two seasons in "The Red Scarf."

Then he propped her up in the bed, handed to her the manuscript and asked her for the first cue. So the rehearsal that Hampton had that afternoon at the theater wasn't by any means the first one.

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Hampton was fairly startled when the overture began. It may have been because on the one nights he was accustomed to two violins and a piano, or maybe only to a piano. Then he pulled himself together, and when the boy called "places" he stood in the side entrance as cool as the prompter and waited for the drop to go on. The next minute he heard his cue. Well, what happened after that no one has ever tried to explain. No one in the company ever thought enough about it to think an explanation necessary, and of course Hampton couldn't explain if he tried.

The one big scene that Temple had at the end of the third act fell flat played by Hampton. It went over the audience's head or was thrown too directly into their teeth. Anyway when Hampton made his exit there was no applause except from the back of the house, and Hampton had been in the business long enough to know what that meant. Even on the one nights the ushers were worthy of their hire.

Temple had been getting at least three curtain calls at every performance. Everybody knew that. Temple used to say that a phonograph would get a round on his last speech. And Hampton, after ten years of work, got the ushers.

Every one in the company was sure he was pleased since he got through it without spoiling the scene, since he had had but one rehearsal. And Buscoe was not to be found, for the first time in his life, when the drop went up on the fourth act.

Hampton wasn't on in the fourth, but he took such a time to get into his street clothes that he wasn't ready to leave until the others were, and he went out with his hat in his hand. Grasping the cold iron rail, he guided himself to the blaze of electric lights that marked the lobby entrance and seemed to be spelling out the name upon it. That was the last time the company saw him.

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Bowler, from whom Hampton rented his little flat, and if it hadn't been that flats are built with thin walls, the company would have altogether forgotten about Hampton. But Mrs. Bowler knew Buscoe, and she came down the next afternoon with a message. Mrs. Jennie Hampton was dead.

Mrs. Bowler had heard Hampton come in about half past 11 the night before. She had heard the doctor, who was still there, tell him something. Then it became so quiet that she fell asleep, although she had intended to remain awake and offer what help she could if anything happened. She didn't awaken until the sun crept through the window in the morning. Still it was quiet in the next room.

Then, she said, Hampton began to speak. Mrs. Bowler couldn't repeat what he said, but she knew that he was explaining about the play the night before—how, at the end of the third act, the audience called for him; how they called for him until the curtain was raised and he bowed to them; how he took the leading woman by the hand and led her to the footlights, and finally how he had gone out in front of the curtain and bowed to them again. Mrs. Bowler knew enough about the theater to know what curtain calls were, and Hampton was telling Jennie that he had six, while the most that Temple ever had was four. In fact, Mrs. Bowler became so excited that she actually went into the room to congratulate Hampton upon his success.

When she opened the door, she saw Jennie smiling feebly and Hampton at the foot of the bed, animated, earnest, convincing, happy. And Jennie was beaming. She was still smiling, Mrs. Bowler said, when she fell back on the pillow and closed her eyes. Hampton shivered and stopped his story.

So Mrs. Bowler came down for Hampton to tell Buscoe that Jennie was dead and to bring one other message, which no one but Buscoe seemed to understand. As she told it, it was like this: "Tell Buscoe that I've made my one hit."

Daily New York Letter

A Church Ballroom.

April 22.—In order to keep the young people of his parish from attending moonlight picnics and Saturday night entertainments in public halls, the Rev. Martin Caroll, pastor of St. Vincent De Paul's church in North Sixth street, Williamsburg, will have a ballroom in the new parish hall he is going to have built in Briggs avenue, near North Sixth street. Father Carroll has one of the largest Catholic parishes in Brooklyn, about 9,000 souls. The Saturday night dances will be under the supervision of the priests of the church. There will also be card rooms for the boys and young men, and other amusements.

The Assault on Adam.

The question as to whether or not Adam and Eve ever dwelt on this earth is a subject that is tantalizing the staid Presbyterian ministers of the presbytery, who were in session at Elizabeth, N. J., for two days. They adjourned in deep perplexity. Their perturbation was due to the action of two young men, who, while seeking admittance to the pulpit, asserted that the story of Adam and Eve was mythical.

The young men are Gilbert Lovell and Harrison K. Wright. Lovell is a graduate of Yale and Wright was educated in Union college.

The convention struggled with this bold assertion, and took many votes, but failed to agree. Some said that the Presbyterian church always had taught that Adam and Eve dwelt in the garden, and that they were tempted, and now two young striplings, as it were, proclaimed to the world that there never was any garden and no Adam and no Eve. The proposition was startling, and the young men, who never had preached, but wanted to, were denounced by several of the pastors as heretics. Others said, "Let them come in and we will pray for them, and they will soon know better."

The Rev. Dr. Joseph M. McNulty of Woodbridge said "the church had reached a critical point."

"We find," he said, "young men coming forward and denying what we have regarded as essential. I don't like this kind of teaching. This sort of material ought not to go into the ministry. The story of Adam and Eve is not mythical. It is an historical fact. I don't believe in putting men of this stamp into the ministry, and shall vote against it."

More of the elder members took this view. The Rev. E. B. Cobb thought the young men needed praying with.

The debate finally became heated, and the moderator said everybody ought to go home and think the matter over. Accordingly he called a special session for Monday, April 28, when all must be present and decide the momentous question.

Schwab Beats the Record.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the steel trust, made another fast run from Philadelphia to Atlantic City in his automobile, Red Dragon, Saturday, lowering the record he made a week ago. Mr. Schwab, with several friends, left this city at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. Philadelphia was reached at 12:40 o'clock, the run of ninety miles having been made in two hours and forty minutes. The party dined at the Bennevue and rested until 2:30 o'clock, when the trip to Atlantic City began. The run was made in one hour and forty-eight minutes, beating all previous records by twelve minutes.

The Hall Divorce Case.

Supreme Court Justice Keogh has signed the decree granting an absolute divorce to Mrs. Minnie C. Hall of New Rochelle from her husband, Pierre C. Hall, son of the late Thomas G. Hall, the millionaire tobacco manufacturer of New York. The defendant is also very wealthy. The lawyer for Mrs. Hall made every effort to keep the divorce proceedings secret. The Halls were married on Nov. 21, 1888, at Long Branch. The marriage followed an elopement. The co-respondent named is Renie Leontine Abry. Mrs. Hall had not lived with her husband for several years. She is given the custody of her pretty daughter, Marie Louise Hall, who is 9 years old, and Hall is directed to pay to the plaintiff an annual allowance of $1,000.

Miller Appears in Public.

William F. Miller, of the 520 per cent Franklin Syndicate, was brought down from Sing Sing yesterday to testify before Supreme Court Justice Smith in Brooklyn in the suit of Trustee John A. Lord against Henry A. Seymour and Frederick Johnson, composing the firm of Seymour, Johnson & Co., to secure $140,000 which it is alleged was paid into the firm by Miller before it went into bankruptcy. Miller testified that Colonel Ammon had told him that he had invested $100,000 with Seymour, Johnson & Co., and that he had given Ammon $40,000 in bonds. Justice Smith took the papers and reserved decision.

"Fat Boys" Trading.

Henry A. Everett and Edward W. Moore, head of the Everett-Moore syndicate, arrived here to-day with President Lang of the Toledo Railway and Light company, to dispose of their holdings in that company to a New York syndicate which has had an option on it. The three spent several hours to-day in the office of Seligman & Co.

The Toledo Railway and Light company is one of the most important of the thirty enterprises the Everett-Moore people controlled when they failed some months ago. It consists of 101 miles of street railways in and around Toledo, and all the lighting companies. At the office of Moore, Baker & Co., the Everett-Moore firm here, this statement was made to-day by G. M. Walker, counsel for the firm:

"The visit is in conformity with a general plan for the rehabilitation of a majority of the enterprises involved in the trouble by the disposal of those which can be most readily sold. One of these properties is the Toledo Railway and Light company. It has a bonded indebtedness of $10,000,000. The Everett-Moore holdings in this company amount to 70,000 shares, and President Lang has 10,000 shares. They have been offered to the syndicate at $30 a share about, which is $2,400,000. The option expired to-day, but after a long conference it was decided to extend the time until to-morrow, when a definite answer will be given by the syndicate.

"On the Northern Railroad of Ohio, running from Cleveland to Akron, an option is held by some New York and Boston interests, which option expires on Wednesday. This sale, it is expected, will be consummated, and the amount involved in this purchase is about $2,000,000."

Defective Page