

WINNING SUCCESS ON THE STAGE

Jessie Bartlett Davis Explains Requirements for Success as a Singer—Individuality, Hard Work and a Smiling Face Are Vital Factors—Contrabos Must Be Willing to Wear Tights—Announcers of Success.

BY JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS—Prima Donna. Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.

A great many girls think that the battle for success is more than half won as soon as they get a position with a theatrical or operatic company.

There never was a more erroneous impression. The battle is only begun when the girl gets in the chorus or is given a small part. It becomes then a case of the survival of the fittest.

It has been splendid voices that I have heard for ten years. Many girls find after once they have been given a chance that it means hard work to forge ahead.

A soprano who had a small part with the Bostonians on a small tour. "Mrs. Davis, you make me tired going out there night after night, when I know you're sick and working so hard. You bet, I don't do that. When I don't feel well I don't work hard."

"Ah, my dear," I said, "you must love your public. You must work, and work hard, if you would succeed. Your audience doesn't know when you are ill. It expects you to do your best always. You will not get very far if you keep on as you have started."

My prophecy was only too true. One year after we had this conversation the soprano had retired from the stage. I believe she married.

When I was playing in "Fatinna" some years ago there was a girl in the chorus who had a magnificent contralto voice. She sang like an angel and I liked her. I wanted to see her ahead. One day I said to her, "Why don't you study my part? You learn the songs, the words and the business, and I will give you a chance to go on at a matinee. That will give you an opportunity to advance, and me a much-needed rest."

But she said I would mean too much work and I would mean too much in the chorus the last time I saw her. In order to succeed a singer must enjoy her work and the enjoyment must not be a mere passing fancy.

She must feel a certain indescribable sympathy with her audience. She must love her public, love to work for it. When I go out on the stage I always feel as if I were singing for some one out in front who is very dear to me.

Once Digby Bell said to me: "It is absolutely necessary for me to pick out a pleasant face in the audience and work to and for that face." There is a great deal in that.

A singer can tell instantly if her audience is sympathetic. It is almost impossible to make a success of a song if the audience is not in sympathy. I have worked like a Trojan to wake up a slow, sleepy assemblage. It is not always possible to do that, but often perseverance and determination will warm up even the most icy crowd.

A singer must learn what to do with cold audiences. When she goes before the footlights and sees in front of her a sea of faces that seem to say, "I dare you to entertain us," it means work, work, work.

The value of a smile cannot be overestimated. The singer shows by her attitude, by her pleasant face, that she is going to enjoy her work and her audience is at once predisposed in her favor. Even the homeliest face may become divinely fair if illuminated with a smile. If your audience thinks you are pleased it is illumined. Sometimes I think that the magnetism of a singer or an actress is merely her love for her public. Instead of being in the singer the magnetism is in the audience.

Individuality counts for much in a singer. Many a woman has made a success of an otherwise dreary opera by sheer force of her own personality. This is what managers are seeking. Let your ingenuity and your brains work out things. If you have good taste and good sense, the manager will be pleased and he will let you alone.

An opera singer must expect to put much time on her costumes. When I took the part of Vladimir in "Fatinna" it had been played for years. But I had a different idea of how to dress the part. I had to fight with the manager before he would let me have my own way in designing costumes, but in the end he gave me a free rein. The result was when I made my appearance on the stage there was a prolonged "A" from the audience. That is what a manager wants. That is what you get that on your first appearance, you know that you have interested your audience. And the first interest means worlds for you.

In the last act of "Robin Hood," Alan-a-Dale, the character I played

so many, many times, comes on masquerading in monk's gown, looking for his sweetheart. When the part of Alan was given to me I wanted a costume for the last act which should consist of white silk tights, a white doublet studded with jewels and a cloak of white broadcloth. Mr. Barnaby, certainly a veteran of the stage and a man well versed in the art of pleasing the public, advised against the broadcloth. But the cloak of broadcloth was made, and I wore it under the monk's garment. The first time I threw off my three or four guerdie costume and disclosed myself all in white, there was a long chorus of surprised "Ahs." After the performance Mr. Barnaby came to me and said: "Well, you got the 'Ahs' you were looking for."

A contralto who goes on the stage must make up her mind to wear tights. There is a sort of tradition that contraltos must be cast for men's or boys' roles. The librettist naturally chooses the soprano for his heroine, but the tenor for his hero. We have come to regard it altogether wrong for a basso to make love to a contralto. When I first went into vaudeville in Chicago I wore skirts for the first time in my stage life. And they were great annoyance to me—always getting in the way.

Once a meeting of women—I think it was at Chautauque—chose me for their ideal stage woman. But they said: "What a pity that Mrs. Davis wears tights!" This was published in some of the newspapers and brought a reporter to my dressing room. How I felt when I was playing men's roles.

"I never think anything about it," was my reply. "When I play a man's part I am a man for the time being. I never think anything about the costume. As shown, however, it is made of flowered material and trimmed with frills of the material and bands of wash ribbon and is exceedingly dainty.

The jacket is made with fronts, backs and side backs. The fronts are loose and hang in straight lines from the shoulders, but the back is slightly fitted, so giving graceful curved lines. At the neck is a big sailor collar that is slightly open at the front and the sleeves are in bell style.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/2 yards wide, 3 1/2 yards wide and 2 1/2 yards 4 1/2 inches wide, with 3 yards of ribbon for the waist. The pattern, 4637, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust.

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CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 24, 26, or 28, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inch" or "years" on the pattern.

Patterns of this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT—German scientists tell us that men are becoming scarcer every year. It is computed that in 3,000 years from now there will be but one man to 220 women; poor fellow!

An elephant's sense of smell is so keen that he knows of the presence of a man 1,000 yards away. The leg of a well-formed man should be at least the length from tip to tip of his outstretched hands. 1903 was an active year in the building moment, he was consumed by it; yet he thought bitterly, to what purpose, after all?

Some of this had come to him last night, the more he thought of it the more uncertain, miserable and deserted he felt. So it is not strange that it was not so much his own impure fate as it was the hopeless endeavor to discover the real reason for Fanny Glen's conduct which engrossed his attention that fateful evening.

He had failed miserably, officially and personally. He decided, against heart and hope at last, that he had made no progress in his love affair. The woman had given him no convincing proof—so he argued, rebellious against the conclusion to the last—that his professional future was a matter of indifference to her; nay, that his very life was a thing she would jeopardize or even forfeit lightly.

Lacy, as usual, had stepped in the breach and earned immortal fame. He had been certain at first that Fanny Glen had returned his swift, impulsive caress in the strong room, even in the peculiar circumstances under which he had bestowed it upon her, and he had therefore naturally inferred that she loved him. Indeed, when he thought of the look in her eyes when he strained her to his breast, altho he had the pistol pointed at her forehead, the conviction was strong within him. Yet, again and again this proposition presented itself to him, crushing his hope and breaking his heart: How could a woman who loved a man, and a woman especially who had become sufficiently conversant with military affairs thru her hospital service and other experiences in this war to understand what she was doing, have placed her lover in so dreadful a position?

And most damnable crushing thought of all, why had she not had the common decency after all to come and see him this morning? He was in trouble, and he suffered for her sake. She must know that, she must realize it. Why did she give no sign of it? His loneliness and his craving to see her were terrible. His desire to see her grow with every passing

her, for they will understand her situation. They will not expect her to return calls. On the whole, life on the stage is most pleasant if one knows how to do it, and the experience of very rare instances I have encountered only ladies and gentlemen in my work, the most kind and courteous people and the most considerate treatment. And when some day I shall say goodbye forever to the footlights it will be with a sad, heavy heart.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good, stylish and original in effect and not laborious for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

House Jacket, 4637. House jackets that are comfortable at the same time that they are inviting and attractive, are accounted as essentials by women of taste and discretion. This one is admirable for many reasons and is adapted both to the pretty new cotton and linen fabrics of the season and to challies, cashmeres, French flannels and

the like. As shown, however, it is made of flowered material and trimmed with frills of the material and bands of wash ribbon and is exceedingly dainty.

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WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity—Warmer and possibly light snow to-night; Thursday fair.

Weather Now and Then—Minimum temperature to-day, -20 degrees; a year ago, 15 degrees.

Minnesota—Possibly light snow flurries and warmer to-night; Thursday fair; variable winds.

Wisconsin—Possibly light snow flurries to-night or Thursday; slowly rising temperature; variable winds.

Upper Michigan—Generally fair to-night and Thursday except possibly snow in northwest portion; moderating temperatures; variable winds.

North Dakota—Generally fair to-night and Thursday; colder to-night; variable winds.

South Dakota—Partly cloudy to-night with possibly snow flurries in east and central portions; Thursday fair with colder in southwest portion; variable winds.

Montana—Generally fair to-night and Thursday; colder in east and south portions to-night; westerly winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS. The cold weather is extending eastward and southward, and since yesterday morning there have been falls in temperature of from 18 degrees to 25 degrees from the middle Gulf coast northeastward to New York state.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES. Observations taken at 8 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperature at last twenty-four hours:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Minimum Temperature. Locations include Minneapolis, St. Louis, Buffalo, Chicago, Duluth, etc.

LAW CASE SETTLED ON BOWLING ALLEY

The Courts Were Too Slow For These Brokers and They Rolloed a Game to Decide.

New York, Jan. 27.—A new method of "getting around the law's delay" of court action by brokers, who were weary after a long wait for their case to come up in a Brooklyn court. One had sued the other for \$1,100 for office furniture. With their counsel they appeared before the judge, who was engaged with another suit.

ing trades. We have the statistics from twenty-one of the leading cities that show that in those cities 78,974 new buildings were erected, costing \$295,515,125 (some of these buildings, of course, are still under construction and will be so for some time, but the permits were originated in 1903). This total represents one per cent less than for the year 1902. New York had three per cent less in its record of 1902, Chicago 20 per cent less, Philadelphia 13 per cent less, Washington 33 per cent less, Los Angeles 36 per cent less, San Francisco 10 per cent less. Atlanta showed the greatest gain of them all, 69 per cent, while Chicago showed the greatest loss. The totals of the different cities are interesting—\$93,000,000 for New York, \$34,000,000 for Chicago, \$33,000,000 for Philadelphia, \$17,000,000 for Pittsburgh, \$14,000,000 for St. Louis, \$13,000,000 for Washington.

For the first time in years there has been a falling off in the Soo canal traffic. But \$4,674,437 (one million) passed thru the canal this season, 1,286,709 tons less than in 1902. As it stands its commerce is three times greater than the Suez canal, and it was confidently expected that 6,000,000 would be carried this last year.

HOW GEORGE FELT A British Dental Joke.

The above small cut represents George as he really looks. The large cut shows how he feels after being fitted out with a set of false teeth.

serve her freedom, ay, her honor and reputation. She might have manifested a decent interest in his fate. The barest politeness ought to make a woman take some thought for a man who was about to be shot for her sake, he thought bitterly.

Well, he swore to himself if she should find him as cold as ice, as indifferent as a leaden ball, he would show her that he appreciated his true value not only her heinous conduct, but her criminal neglect as well. He would make her understand that it was not love for her that kept him silent. Oh, no! Simply the obligation of a gentleman, a man of honor, albeit a Quixotic one. Oh, noble resolution! He would go to his grave silent, leading upon her the weight of an obligation, from which she should never escape. When the war was over she might marry the man on the Wabash whom she had been so anxious to save that she had pretended love for him—Sempland! Yes, he would be under obligation, too, this union sailor, for to Sempland would be due his possession of Fanny Glen.

The imprisoned officer ground his teeth in rage at that thought, and down the long apartment. The moments dragged miserably. He wished they would assemble that court-martial and have it over with. He would not care what they did, he thought, savagely. He was sick and tired of the whole business—the war, the south, General Beauregard, Fanny Glen, everything. He played at cards for purposes indeed. He had sacrificed himself to save her, and here they were both prisoners apparently for no reason, as unsettled as ever.

Poor Fanny Glen was infinitely more surprised at the sight of her lover than he had been at the sight of her. Not until she had fairly entered the

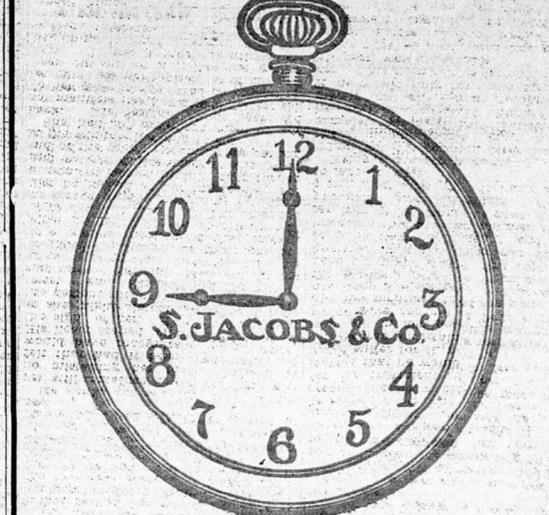
room and the door had been closed behind her had she realized that she was not alone, and that he was there. She stood rooted to the spot, waiting to see what he would do. Had he followed his first impulse, which would have been to sweep her to his breast, he would have found her unresisting, submissive, acquiescent. The kiss which had been given her last night still trembled upon her lips. It was for the taking, she was his for the asking.

Yet his first movement, save for that cold, perfunctory salutation, had been one of indifference amounting to contempt. He despised her, then? He hated her. She had brought him to a terrible position. Ah, well, he would be sorry for her when he learned her reason, and he would be more sorry for his treatment of her when he learned that he would be free and she would suffer for it, not he.

There was something very attractive, after all, in her possible martyrdom which gave her not a little comfort. She was surprised that Sempland had not been immediately summoned to the general's presence when she had been put under guard. She supposed, however, that the delay was due to some military technicality, and she imagined that the next moment would see him called from the room in her presence. Ah, she would be left alone, most miserably, forlornly alone to face her fate.

Being a martyr is certainly a fine thing, but the position loses half its charm unless people know it. To complete her melancholy satisfaction, he—and he considered himself the martyr, not she!—must recognize it if he would only turn and speak to her. This silence, this immobility on his part, was unbearable. She coughed gently and took a step or two across the floor toward him. He gave no sign that he heard her. How cruel he was! So despot, so determined, so masterful! She abandoned a masterful man! She coughed again, and this time a little more insistently. Still no attention. It was discouraging!

When Will It Stop?



In response to many requests The Journal announces a watch contest for this week exclusively for ladies. The prize is a lady's gold chatelaine watch and pin with a fine American movement, with the latest art nouveau finish, a watch that any lady can be proud of. It is on exhibition in the show windows of S. Jacobs & Co., Jewelers, 518-520 Nicollet avenue.

The watch will be wound and started at 9 a. m., Thursday, Jan. 28, and allowed to run down. Now, the question is, "When will it stop?" The ladies who wish to try for the watch will only have to send in an estimate of the time the watch will stop. The lady who comes nearest to the time the watch stops will get the watch. In case of ties the first estimate received will get the watch.

The announcement of the result will appear on The Journal's Want Page Saturday evening. Estimates must state time of stopping of watch in hours and minutes. For example: "8:11 p. m., on Sunday"; "3:01 a. m., on Saturday," etc. All estimates must be in the office of The Journal by 8:30 o'clock, Friday morning.

No payment or condition of any kind is attached to this matter, except only one estimate from a person will be allowed. Use this coupon and mail or send to Watch Editor, The Journal.

Watch Editor, The Journal

I estimate the watch will stop at a. m. or p. m. day.

Name

Address

FAMILIAR. A TRUE SPORT.



"They say the English are slow to appreciate humor, but Lord Chumpleigh always laughs at his jokes." "That doesn't prove anything. He's heard them all before."

"It's too bad. Brassie finds golf interfering with his business." "So he will give it up, eh?" "Certainly! he gives up his business to-morrow!"

A LITTLE TRAITOR TO THE SOUTH

A War Time Comedy With a Tragic Interlude.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Bishop," "The Southerners," "Woven With the Ship," "Hohenzollern," "Border Fights and Fighters," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," Etc.

CHAPTER IX—Continued. The Confession That Cleared. "Yes," she said faintly, "it is as you say. I alone am to blame. Let mine alone be the punishment. I will tell all to the court. He must be cleared!"

"It is just," said Beauregard. "You have committed an act of treason against the south. There is, however, some excuse for your action, and your testimony as few women have received to the depth and power of his passion. He loved her indeed. There was a joy in that thought that set her heart beating. The general drew his subordinate into a corner of the room,

where they conversed earnestly for a few moments. Then they came back to the general's quarters. "Adjutant General Wylie," said the commander-in-chief, "you will take charge of Miss Glen. You will follow him, Miss Glen. I will communicate my further plans within an hour."

There was something intensely pathetic in the droop of the little figure, in spite of the comforting thoughts that had come to her, when the girl rose and followed the soldier from the room. The general was almost persuaded to call after her a reassuring word or two, but restrained himself and said nothing.

CHAPTER X. This Time the Woman Pleads. It is conceivable that a man could manage to bear without repining the loss of fame and fortune, that he could survive deprivation of rank and station with equanimity, nay, more, that he might even contemplate with a philosophic indifference an impending forfeiture of life—provided he had love to sustain him. But when that love is lost, and consequently everything is gone, he has to fall back upon conscious rectitude alone, which is well enough in schemes of philosophy, but most inadequate in emergencies and crisis of real life.

opening session of the court. General Beauregard was remarkable for his promptness and celerity, and he had declared that the young man should be tried immediately. He had wondered about the unnecessary delay. But no stern featured, dignified officer presented himself, instead of which Sempland's astonished gaze fell upon the man who had taken her to the court. The door was instantly closed and locked behind her without a word of explanation from those outside, and she was alone in a locked room for the second time in twenty-four hours. There was a difference in the situation that morning, altho the man did not know it. On this occasion Fanny Glen was a prisoner as well as he.

He could not see her face as her veil still remained down, yet there was no mistaking her form. Indeed he felt that had it been midnight he would have recognized her presence. His heart leaped within his breast at the sight of her. He thought it beat so she might almost have heard it in the perfect silence that had fallen between them. His first impulse was to run toward her and take her in his arms once more. Above all his troubled conclusions of the night before, the recollection of that instant when he had held her so closely still remained dominant. In her presence he almost forgot everything but that. Yet he looked at her impassively for a moment, bowed slightly, then turned and walked deliberately to the other end of the room, resuming his station at the window looking to sea.

She had an excellent view of his back. The beating of his heart did not manifest itself outwardly after all. To her gaze he appeared as impassive, as motionless, as if he had been cut out of iron like the grating bars. It was a most unsatisfactory beginning to what must prove an important interview. They played at cards for purposes indeed. He had sacrificed himself to save her, and here they were both prisoners apparently for no reason, as unsettled as ever.

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To be continued to-morrow.