

LOTTA

ONCE ACTRESS NOW HORSE WOMAN, DOG FANCIER AND PHILANTHROPIST

Petite Actress Now a Business Woman, With No Yearning to Return to the Stage. To Work to Prevent Cruelty to Animals One of the Great Purposes of Her Life, This Former Stage Idol Says

HER eyes as full of fire and her steps as light as when she danced into the hearts of rugged California forty-niners, Lotta Crabtree, the most enthusiastic and perhaps the most successful woman owner of thoroughbred racing horses, in a remarkable interview given to a reporter in Boston recently says that the most serious purpose of her life is to prevent cruelty to animals.

These Pictures Show Lotta, From Her Latest Photograph, Her House and Two of Her Pets.



AMERICANS CRUEL

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"Why, your dog is a part of yourself, almost—a sort of family friend, and I love them almost as much as horses. They are more intelligent, but then they have always lived with man, and it is my firm belief that if the horse were given as much freedom, and if he weren't too large to come into the house and to follow you downtown, that he would prove to have an even higher ordered intelligence than dogs."

Prevention of Cruelty.

"Out West I've heard tales of how the ranch horses prove their friendship to their masters. One out in Montana, I've heard, from good authorities, has been known to rescue his owner when the latter had been tied to a burning pyre by Indians. He simply made use of the little trick that he had been taught of untying knots in ropes with his teeth.

"Did you know that one of my life purposes is to help prevent cruelty to animals," said Miss Crabtree, adding a new touch to her conversation. "I hope that expressing myself in the paper will help the cause along just a little.

"Oh, it is beautiful—marvelous—the courage the poor things show. If the public was not so desirous of seeing man and beast do the almost seemingly impossible things—dangerous feats of every sort—if only they would encourage naturalness, they would see even more wonderful things.

"It is a morbid desire that people have today, and it is on a level with the love of bullfights and gladiatorial combats.

"What I like in animal performances is the natural, cunning things that are prompted by their own intelligence rather than doing stunts that they don't understand about and risking their dear little lives.

"I wonder if people stop to think when they hear a tiny canary bird filling the house with music all day long, that it is a comes from a tiny throat not a quarter of an inch wide! Why, the very moon would be considered wonderful if it only appear once in two months.

"So it is with everything in nature, and yet man must demand life-blood to save him from boredom."

Miss Lotta is a dainty woman and lives surrounded by beauty and luxury. Every one who knows her must feel attracted to her, and her old friends tell of her great generosity and grace of heart.

"Do you ever have occasional indications to return to the stage?" was the natural query put to Lotta, for it does not seem quite natural to address her as Miss Crabtree. When with her there is the constant fear that you will forget and address her as Lotta, though she does not mind the slip, but accords the privilege as that of an old friend of the stage days.

"Not for a single day since I retired have I ever wished to go back even for one performance," answers the little woman. "I go to the theater a great deal and I enjoy it. I love to go, but on the stage, never. I remember discussing that subject with Joseph Jer-

play of mine and was offended. My plays were always innocent, of good moral tone, and it is worth something to be able to say that you kept the respect and admiration of women and children by wholesome methods.

"Occasionally I am reminded that there is a new generation now going to the theater, but the mothers have not forgotten me. Very often I receive a very gratifying letter from some woman who thanks me for the pleasure I gave her, and says she wishes she could take her children to see me now. To have a mother, who saw you when she was a girl, remember you, and tell you she would like to have her children see that kind of a play is quite a pretty compliment, isn't it? My unknown correspondents have always found me out, but since I bought Sonoma Girl and people were told where I was I have had letters from quite a number who remembered me in the old days. It is quite gratifying from old friends."

Lotta had been chatting for an hour and she had not mentioned one of her hobbies or fads. As every one who comes before the public in any form must have, Mrs. Crabtree is possessed of one devoted fancy, and it is collecting stamps. At her home at Mt. Arlington, N. J., she has a fortune in rare and artistic creations of this commodity, but her fondness for them is a part of her love of the artistic.

Many Farmers Are No Novices At Bunco Game

Lured by the distant appeal of fresh air, quietness, fresh eggs and entire liberty of action, the city worker picked a "jewel of a place," nestling in the hills. There the smothering of a typical green goods game grew upon each hour and each meal. He could not have longed for: fresh eggs; he was fed on canned salmon; he had to sleep on a bunk bed. Then, as he describes it in "The True Land of Bunco," in the September Outing Magazine, he made his final discovery. He says:

"Out by the barn stood a big red farmer's wagon evidently made ready for a trip to town. Its long body glistened in the sun and a dingy canvas rose like a huge tent over goods piled high within. Some one was busily grooming a horse in the dark interior of the barn hard by and I boldly approached the wagon and lifted the canvas. Shades of Ceres and Fomona! What a sight I beheld! Great square boxes not only filled the bottom of the wagon, but were piled in tiers one upon the other; full to the brim they were with carefully arranged rows of corn, jacketed in brightest green, with peas whose pods fairly bulged in plumpness, with beets of dull carmine and tomatoes of a ravishing crimson hue. Finally my eyes rested upon the egg-dozens upon dozens of them—and such eggs—great buff and white miracles that quite filled one of the largest boxes.

"I gazed upon this display of fresh-gathered treasure with mingled emotions. At first a consuming rage sent the blood coursing to my temples and I clenched my fists at the hideous memory of that canned salmon.

"And then I smiled—at a sudden and Heaven-sent conception of the humor of it all. I was the victim of a preconceived idea. In the target of the bunco steers I was the "come-on," the guileless, verdant one who, putting faith in men, leaves his happy home in the vain hope of achieving material happiness at a minimum outlay and meets disaster in the quicker wits of those whose easy prey he is. I sought out my landlady and paid my bill, not in anger but in humiliation, with that up-against-it feeling which leaves you conscious only of inferiority and the loser's portion. Then I went back to the city and its restaurants, there to await the arrival of my fresh country goods, my longed-for vegetables and my peace of mind."

Ballade of the Trolley-Ride.
Much they speak of the gay delight
Of the 5-cent tourist's jamboree;
Of the rural views that recall his sight,
The villas and vistas, and lawns and
leas,
And the sylvan brotherhood of trees,
Thus was my sultriness piled,
But I want no more of their nickel
spree—
A fig for the vaunted trolley-ride!
Fanned like sheep in the shambles light,
Urthins and daddies and heavyweight
shes
With peddlers' packs to encumber our
right,
Nor room in the crush for a mouse to
sneeze;
The sitters wroth behind rows of
standees,
To the paint they cling with their teeth
outside;
Villas (?) and vistas (?) and odorless
breeze (?)—
A fig for the vaunted trolley-ride!
Homeward bound with the shades of
night,
And wilder the scramble and struggle
and squeeze,
With oily mechanics to worsen our
 plight,
And laborers smoking their rank T.
D.'s;
With grimy Sicilians from over the
Whose picks and shovels we might abide
Could we dodge the fumes of their
garlic and close,
A fig for the vaunted trolley-ride!
L'ENVOI.
Princes, if I can't have one of these—
if auto, or bus, or trap be denied—
I shall wait my turn in a hearse, if you
enjoyed with them. I can say that no
woman or child ever came to see a

Owns Famous Racer Sonoma Girl.

LESS than a week ago Lotta bought the famous Sonoma Girl for \$25,000. Twice she saw her beaten in fair races, but it didn't worry her a bit—that is, the public was not permitted to see that it did. The art of the actress may have had something to do with the suppression of her emotions. When her horse had failed to make even a fair showing in the stake race that meant thousands of dollars to her, Lotta stepped from her automobile, walked over to the track and in sight of the crowd that filled the grandstand and lined the rail, stroked the sleek neck of the winner and stood at his side until the floral piece had been placed about his neck.

Then, smiling and apparently oblivious to her surroundings, she inclined her head and breathed the sweetness of the flowers. Some said it was acting; if it was, it was very neatly done. The crowd cheered her quite as much as it did the winner.

Lotta will not admit that she owns more than two racehorses—Sonoma Girl and My Star—but there are twenty racers in the Crabtree stables.

Fond of Animals.

Out at "Brother Jack's" place, in Massachusetts, where Lotta spends much of her leisure time in the summer, there are many evidences of her fondness for animals. From the broad veranda one can see the white sails of the yachting fleet. The house is large and homelike, with broad lawns and many flowers. If you go to see Lotta she greets you with unaffected cordiality.

You have only to express a wish and she will take you out to the stables or to the pasture where she calls the horses by name and they come at her command. A dog trots at her side with his nose at her finger tips. In the stable a merry-faced monkey quite as large as a child chatters in his cage and grins with delight when the dainty little woman chirps to it. Speaking of riding, Lotta paid a tribute to the girl of the West.

There are few better dressed women in the country than Lotta. Her gowns are not showy, but they are fine and well made, and she knows what becomes her and how to wear it. She spends much of her time in Boston, where she is known as a shrewd but gentle and kindly business woman.

The tax assessors figure her holdings in Boston at more than \$200,000 and her property is not all in this city by any means. A considerable part of that vast sum came to her through the box office during her thirty and odd years on the stage, some of it came from her parents who, like her, were stage people, and the rest is the result of successful speculation in real estate in Boston and in New York.

Lotta Talks "Horse."

Here is what Lotta said in her interview:

"I think we have at last solved the problem of Sonoma Girl breaking as

she did at the races," said Miss Lotta Crabtree before she started out yesterday, "and I am so happy and relieved to know that it is something she will get over.

At Buffalo, you know, on one of the turns, she was run into, the driver was thrown, and she ran away. And now her memory of that episode is so painful that she always thinks some one is going to run into her again. But she must learn to forget, and then she will be all right.

"She is a beautifully mannered mare and one that I am very proud to own. I had an offer for her Thursday, at a price even greater than what I paid for her, but I refused it.

"What do I like best about horses? Why, gameness is the chief quality that I admire in them. But, of course, speed counts. There must be some of both in a horse, but I really prefer courage and pluck in a horse of moderate speed rather than faint-heartedness in a faster animal.

"I am passionately fond of trotters and always have been. It seems so wonderful to me how they can do things that we can't do. They can gallop and let them fall so lightly, and endure it all, mile after mile. I don't believe the public half realizes quite how wonderful it is.

"High speed is the craze this year even more than last. Why, former favorites of the race track are losing favor this year before the speedier horses that are appearing.

"The question in my mind is, Will the taste of the public rebound next year and not demand such swiftness?"

"Because, if it doesn't, I can't imagine where the horses will come from that will be able to satisfy them."

"Which do I prefer, form or speed?"

Well, form makes smooth speed, of course, although there is really no rule about it. Sonoma Girl's driver says that when he is driving her he really doesn't realize just how fast she is going, because her gait is so smooth and so poetically graceful.

"Oh, I certainly prefer form to sheer brute strength in a horse, even at the sacrifice of a little speed and endurance.

"What I love most to see is the way they ride out on the California ranches, where a slip of a girl will go out to the corral, single out a broncho, and lope bareback like the wind, with that easy, graceful swing over the mountain roads that none could imitate in a tight-fitting riding habit.

Nature Her One Great Passion.

"Nature is my one great passion. I always prefer what is most natural in animals or people. Not that I love to see Eastern girls riding so easily and smoothly through the parks in their riding habits. But it seems to me that there is the same difference between these two styles of riding that there is between 'natural dancing' and ballroom dancing.

"The first comes spontaneously to the rider or the dancer as the means of expressing the exuberance of being alive. The second is the fruit of careful training, and it is exquisite, but artificial.

"Of course, all that sort of thing means a great deal of skill, and any amount of training, but it isn't graceful and beautiful.

"I have only a couple of horses, My Star and Sonoma Girl, but my brother with whom I live has eighteen or twenty nice racers, a good many of

them on the farm down here at Squantum, where I am spending the summer. Our twelve favorites are Sonoma Girl, of course, and then Stella Oakes, Roan Wilkes, My Star—who was the fastest green pacer last year—Hall Direct, who is the best bred stallion in the world, they say, and Roberts, Jenny Scott and Mary Scott—both of the same family—Emma D., Lord Autograph, Nut Boy, and Gentry Starr.

"Oh, I must tell you how dear My Star was yesterday. He was roaming around loose on the Squantum farm when he came to my neighbor's baby in her little carriage.

"The child's mother was afraid for a moment that he was going to harm her, but just imagine! He leaned his head down and licked the baby's face gently with his tongue, and he came

back and repeated the horse-kiss several times during the day!

"Doesn't that show breeding, now?"

"And I do think that America is the most cruel nation on earth to horses, with its asphalt pavements that no horse can keep his footing on in the snow and ice, and the utter lack of laws to enforce shop shoeing," she continued. "I have to leave the city every winter because I can't stand the sight of the poor dears breaking their legs every day of the week. There ought to be only brick or cobblestone pavements.

"Why, even the Back Bay dogs have shoes now, and I think it's only right in bad weather, where the creatures are used to living in the house like same as we are. I don't believe most people realize how animal's suffer.

