SECTION TWO

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SECTION TWO

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PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy and His Dad Have an Automobile Ride, and Jump a Fence

BY GEORGE W. PECK, (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Publisher of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.

"GIVE me a package of your strongest breakfast food, and a big onion," said the bad boy, as he came into the grocery, looking as weak as a fever convalescent, "and I want to eat the onion right now."

"Well, that is a combination, sure enough," said the old groceryman as he wrapped a package of breakfast food in a paper and watched the boy rub half an opion on a salt bag, and eat it greedily. "What is the matter with you to look so sick, and eat raw onion before breakfast?"

"Oh, it is this new-fashioned way of living that is killing little Hennery. When I lived at home before we used to have sassidges and pancakes for breakfast, roast meat for dinner and cold meat for supper, and dad was healthy as a tramp, ma could dance a highland fling, I could play all kinds of games and jump over a high board fence when anybody was chasing me. Now we have some kind of breakfast food three times a day because ma reads the advertisements, and dad is so weak he has to be helped to dress, ma goes moping around like a fashionable invalid, I am so tired I can't hit a window with a snowball, and the dog that used to fight cats now wants to lay in front of the grate and wish he was dead. Gosh, but there ought to be a law that any man that invents a new breakfast food should be compelled to eat it. Gee, but that onion gives a man strength."

"I should think so," said the old groceryman as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke purify the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trust, and are going to die in their tracks on health food. Is your dad going out today to get the fresh air and brace up for his travels abroad?"

"No, dad is going to stay in the house. He wants ma to get him a female trained nurse, but ma kicks. They had a trained nurse for a week, but ma has one of these little eccentric flashlights that you touch a button and it lights up the room like a burglar was in the house, and she used to get up in the night and flash the light into dad's room. Dad always had nervous prostration after ma flashed the light, and the nurse fainted dead away, so ma and I are going to do the nursing until dad is strong enough to travel again, and then he and I skip. I can see my finish when I get off alone with dad."

"Where you going first?" asked the old groceryman, as he opened the door to let the odor of onion and burned rag out of the room. "What kind of treatment do the doctors advise to bring the old man around so he will be himself again?"

"Well, they say he needs some excitement that will get that supposed monkey wrench out of his system. They want him to go where he can take baths, and gamble, and attend horse races, and go into fast society, and maybe have a fight or two so as to stir his blood, and we have decided to take him first to the hot springs and turn him loose, and we are packing up now and shall go next week. They tell me that at the Arkansaw Hot Springs you can get into any kind of a scrape you want, and you don't have to look around for trouble. It comes to you. Oh, we won't do a thing down there. I broke the news to dad last night and told him the doctors had prescribed excitement for him, and he said that was good enough for him, and he has packed up his poker chips and some marked cards he used to win money with from the deacons in the church, and he wants to go as quick as possible. You will have to excuse me now, for I am going to take dad out in an automobile after breakfast to give him his first dose of excitement. I will make dad think that automobiling is a sport next to fox hunting, and I will drop in this afternoon and tell you about it," and the bad boy took his breakfast food and went home.

"Jerusalem, but you are a sight," said the groceryman late in the afternoon, as the bad boy came in with a pair of black goggles on, his coat torn down the back and his pants ripped up the legs. "What a time you must have had in the automobile. Did you run over anybody?"

"Everybody," said the bad boy, as he pinned his trousers leg together with a safety pin. "There they go now with dad in a milk wagon. Say, these airships that run on the ground give a man all the excitement he needs."

"Hurry up and tell me about your automobile ride," said the groceryman, as he brushed off the bad boy's clothes with an old blacking brush.

"Well, dad said he had never taken a ride in one of the devil wagons, though he had got a good deal of exercise the last year or two dodging them on the streets, but he said he was tickled to death to hear that I was an expert performer, and he would go out with me, and if he liked the sensation he would buy one. The machine I hired was one of those doublets for two persons, one seat, you know, a runabout. It was a runabout all right. It run about eighteen miles in fifteen minutes. I got dad tucked in, and touched her on a raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for awhile on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"'Hennery, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dingus to touch to make his machine do a certain thing, and I am proud of you.'

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets that he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stand it to let her out I could, so I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit venders with a hand cart was crossing the street. The cow-catcher in front caught the hand cart right in the middle and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the dago came down on his head and swore in Italian, and dad said: 'Good shot, Hennery,' and then the machine swung across the street and knocked the fender off a street car, and then I got her in the road straight and, by gosh, I couldn't stop her. Something had got balled up, and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runaways, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and drivers yelling for us to stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay come in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with the red-hot load of hay, and the farmer had grabbed hold of a wire sign across the street and let the wagon run out from under him, and they had to take him down with a fire ladder.

"We kept going faster, and dad began to get frightened and asked me to slow up, but I couldn't. We must have got in the country about eight miles, and dad was getting scared, and his face was just the color of salt pork, and he said:

"'Hennery, this excursion is going to wind up in a tragedy and if I die I want you to have a post-mortem examination made, just to see if I am right about those doctors leaving that monkey wrench in me.' For heaven's sake make the machine jump that fence, for here comes a drove of cattle in the road, more'n a hundred horned steers, and we never can pass them alive.'

"Gee, but when I saw those cattle ahead and the machine running away, I tried to pray, and then I steered her towards an old rail fence that looked as though it was rotten, and then there was a crash, the air was full of rails, and dad said: 'This is no hurdle race,' and we landed in a field where there was an old hard snow bank. She went up on the side, hit the frozen snow, turned a summersault, the gasoline tank exploded and I didn't remember anything till some farmers that were spreading manure in the fieldd turned me over with a pitchfork, and asked me who the old dead man was standing on his head in the snow bank with his plug hat around his neck. As soon as I came to I went to dad, and he was just coming out of a trance, and asked him if he didn't think a little excitement sort of made the sluggish blood circulate, and he looked at the blood on the snow, and said he thought there was no doubt about the circulation of his blood.

"He got up, got his hat untangled, told the farmers he was obliged to them for their courtesy and then he called me one side and said:

"'Hennery, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success that you expected, but you keep on and you will get me all right. Now, as a business man, I want to say we have got to get out of this town tonight or we will be arrested and sent to the penitentiary; besides, I will have to pay a thousand dollars damage at the least calculation. Get me a carriage for home, and you stay and set this machine on fire and skip back to town in time for the evening train south, and we will go where the climate is more genial.'

"Just then the steers we saw in the road came into the field through the fence we had broken, and when they smelled the blood they began to paw and beller, and look like they would run at dad, so the farmers got dad into a milk wagon that was going to town, and when the wagon started dad was pouring a cup of milk on him where the gasoline had scorched him when it exploded, and I walked in town helping the fellows drive the steers, and here I am, alive and ready to travel at eight p. m.

"If my chum comes around tell him I will write him from Hot Springs and give him the news."

"If that don't beat anything I ever heard of," said the old groceryman. "I have always been afraid of those automobiles, and when one of the horns blow I go in the first gate, say my prayers and wait for it to go by and run over some one farther down the block. Did your dad say anything about buying an automobile after he came to?"

"Yes, as I remember it, he said he would see me in h——l first, or something like that. He remarked, as he got in the milk wagon, that every man that owned an automobile ought to be examined by an insanity expert and sent to the penitentiary for letting concealed weapons carry him."

"Well, good-bye, old man," and the bad boy went limping out of the grocery to go home and tell his mother that he and dad had been scoring up for the good time they were going to have when they got out on the road for dad's health.

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"JERUSALEM, BUT YOU ARE A SIGHT"

WE RAN OVER EVERYBODY

"HENNERY, YOU TRIED TO MURDER ME!"

His Credit Was Good.

(Houston Post.)

"What was the price of it?"
"Five dollars."
"D'you pay him net?"
"No; I paid him nit."

Couldn't Have Been.

(Houston Post.)

"I have always been a prominent figure," boasted the self-made man.

"Then you were never a sweet boy graduate or a bridegroom," replied his listener.

Mr. Dooley on Short Marriage Contracts

By F. P. DUNNE

"WIO is George Meredith?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye can search me," said Mr. Dooley.

"What is th' charge again him?"

"Nawthin'," said Mr. Hennessy; "but I see he's in favor iv short term merredges."

"What d'ye mean?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Reducin' th' term f'r good behayvyor?"

"No, said Mr. Hennessy. "He says people ought to get marrid f'r three or four years at a time. Thin if they don't like each other or if wan gets tired, they break up housekeepin.'"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "it mightn't be a bad thing. Th' throuble about matrimony as I have obsarved it fr'm me seat in th' gran' stand is that afther fifteen or twenty years, it settles down to an endurance thrile. 'Women,' as Hogan says, 'are creatures iv such beaucheous mien that to be loved they have but to be seen, but, he says, wasn't they're seen ah' made secure,' he says, 'we first embrace, thin pity, thin endure,' he says.. Most iv th' ol' marrid men I know threat their wives like a rockin' chair, a great comfort whin they're tired, but apt to be in th' way at other times. Now, it might be different if th' ladies instead iv bein' secured f'r life was on'y held on a short term lease. Whin Archybald, th' pride iv South Wather schreet, makes up his mind that it wud be well f'r his credit if he enthered th' holy bonds iv matrimony an' selects th' target in his mad affections, he thinks that all he has to do is to put a geeranyum in his buttonhole an' inthrajooce himself be his first name to be carrid to th' altar. But th' ladies, Gawd bless them, are be nature skilled in this game an' befure Archybald has been coortin' two weeks, he begins to shift his ideas iv his own worth. He finds that at best he has on'y an outside chance. He wondhers if he is really worthy iv th' love iv an innocent young girl iv thirty-two. Has he money enough to support her as she shud be supported? He even has doubts f'r th' first time in his life iv his own ravishin' beauty. He detects blemishes that he niver see befure. He discovers that what he used to considher a merry twinkle is a slight cast in th' right eye an' that th' fillin' shows in his teeth. He consults a manicure furnishin' store. Thin whin he's thurly humble, he goes trembilin' to Belinda's house raysolved that if th' fair wan rayfuses him as she prob'bly will an' surely ought, to, he will walk off th' bridge an' end all.

"It's at this time that th' short term conthract shud be sprung. I don't know how men propose. I niver thried it but wanst an' th' hired girl said th' lady was not at home. No wan will iver tell ye. Most marrid men give ye th' impressyon that their wives stole thim fr'm their agonized parents. But, annyhow, we'll suppose that Archybald, layin' a silk handkerchief on th' carpet an' pullin' up th' leg if his pantaloons to prevent baggin', hurls himself impetchoosely at th' feet iv his adored wan an' cries: 'Belinda, I can on'y offer ye th' love iv an honest South Wather sthreet commission merchant and mimber iv th' Brotherhood iv holesale an retail grocers. Will ye take me f'r life?' Belinda blushes a rosy red an' replies: 'Archybald, ye ask too much. I cannot take ye f'r life, but I'll give ye a five year lease an' resarve th' right to renew at th' end iv that time,' she says. 'Will that do?' says she. 'I Will thry to make ye happy,' says he. An' she falls on his manly bosom an' between her sobs, cries: 'Thin let us repair at Wanst to th' Title Guarantee an' Trust Comp'ny an' be made man an' wife,' she says.

"Well, afther Archybald is safely marrid, his good opinyon iv himsilf rayturns. Belinda does her share to encourage him an' befure long, he begins to wondher how as fine a fellow as him come to throw himsilf away. Not that she ain't a good creature, d'ye mind, an' slavishly devoted to him. He hasn't annything again her, still, think iv what he might have done if he had on'y known his thrue worth. Whin a man gets a good reputation, he doesn't have to live up to it. So bimeby Archybald, knowin' fr'm what his wife says that he is handsome enough without anny artificyal aid, f'rgets th' mannycure an' th' hair dresser. Sometimes he shaves an' sometimes he doesn't. So far as he is consarned, he thinks th' laundhry bill is too high. He advertises th' fact that he wears a red flannel chest protictor. His principal convarsation is about his lumbago. He frequently mintions th' fact that he likes certain articles iv food but they don't like him. Whin he comes home at night, he plays with th' dog, talks pollytics with his nex' dure neighbor, puts his hat an' a pair iv cuffs on th' piannah, sets down in front iv th' fire, kicks off his boots an' dhraws on a pair iv carpet slippers an' thin notices that th' wife iv his bosom is on th' premises. 'Hello, ol' woman,' he says. 'How's all ye'er throubles?' he says.

"Wanst a year, Belinda meets him at th' dure with a flower in her hair. 'Well,' he says, 'what are th' docorations about?' he says. 'Don't ye know what day this is?' says she. 'Sure,' says he; 'it's Choosdah.' 'No, but what day?' 'I give it up. St. Pathrick's day, Valentine's day, pay day. What's th' answer?' 'But think.' 'I give it up.' 'It's th' annyvarsary iv our weddin'.' 'Oh,' says he, 'so it is. I'd clean forgot. That's right. I raymimber it well now that we mintion it. Well, betther luck nex' time. There, take that,' he says. An' he salutes her on th' forehead an' goes down in th' cellar to wurruk on a patent skid that will rivoluchionize th' grocery business. If he suffers a twinge iv remorse later, he tells her to take two dollars out iv th' housekeepin' money an' buy hersilf a suitable prisint.

"He's pleasant in th' avenin'. At supper, havin' explained his daily maladies at full length, he relapses into a gloomy silence, broken on'y be such sounds as escape fr'm a man dhrinkin' hot coffee. Afther supper, he figures on th' prob'ble market f'r rutybagy turnips, while his wife r-reads th' advertisemints iv th' theaytres. 'Jawn Drew is here this week,' says she. 'Is he?' says Archyoald. 'That's good,' he says. 'I haven't been to a theaytre since Billy Emerson died,' he says. 'I hate th' theaytre. It ain't a bit like rale life as I see it in business hours,' he says. Affther awhile whin Belinda begins to tell him a thrillin' says-she about wan iv th' neighbors, he lapses into a pleasant sleep, now an' thin arousin' himsilf to murmur: 'Um-m.' At 9 o'clock he winds th' clock, puts th' dog out f'r th' night, takes off his cellar on th' stairs an' goes to bed. Belinda sets up a little later an' dhreams Richard Harding Davis wrote a book about her.

"But th' five years ar-re up at last. Wan mornin' Archybald is glarin' fr'm behind a newspaper in his customary jaynial breakfast mood, whin his wife says: 'Where will I send ye'er clothes?' 'What's that?' says he. 'Where d'ye live to-morrah?' 'Don't be foolish, ol' woman. What d'ye mean?' says he. 'I mean,' says she, 'that th' lease has expired. At tin-thirty today, it r-runs out. I like ye, Archybald, but I think I'll have to let ye go. Th' property has r-run down. Th' repairs haven't been kept up. Ye haven't allowed enough f'r wear an' tear. It looks too much like a boardin' house. I'm goin' into th' market to prospect f'r a husband with all modhren improvements,' says she.

"Well, wudden't that be a jolt f'r Archybald? Ye bet he'd beat th' quarther mile record to th' joolers. He'd haul out ol' pitchers iv himsilf as he was th' day he won his threasure an' he'd hurry to a beauty upholsterer an' say: 'Make me as like that there Apollo Belvydere as ye can without tearin' me down altogether.' It wud be fine. He'd get her back maybe but it wud be a sthruggle. An' afther that about a year befure th' conthract expired again, ye'd see him pickin' purple ties out iv th' shop window, buyin' theaytre tickets be th' scoor an' stoppin' ivry avenin' at a flower shop to gather a bunch iv violets. He'd hire a man to nudge him whin his birthday came around an' ivry time th' annyvarsary iv th' weddin' occurred, he'd have a firewurruks display fr'm th' front stoop. Whin he'd succeeded in con-vincin' th' objeck iv his afflictions that she cud put up with him f'r another five years, they cud go on their weddin' journey. Ye'd read in th' pa-apers: 'Misther an' Mrs. Archybald Pullets were marrid again las' night be th' president iv th' First Naytional bank. They departed on their twelfth weddin' journey, followed be a shower iv rice fr'm their grandchilder.' It wud be fine. I hope George What's-his-name puts it through."

"Ye don't believe wan wurrud ye say," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Praps not," said Mr. Dooley. "In me heart I think if people marry it ought to be f'r life. Th' laws ar-re altogether too lenient with thim."

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Stories Told By the Fireside

A well known merchant of Boston, who prides himself upon his bump of order, went over to New York recently on business. Arriving by the boat, he repaired to his usual hostelry, whence, after a hasty breakfast in the safe, he departed for the city. That afternoon he found it necessary to come to Philadelphia, and was gone over night. Getting back to New York the next noon, he concluded his business, and at night went to his hotel and sought the table de'hote for a substantial meal.

Now, it is a boast of this gentleman that in all his business career he has lost but one umbrella and never a hat. He was at much pains to place his hat in an obscure corner of the public rack in the hall. Coming out again he groped for an instant in the selected hiding place, and then proudly drew forth the shining tile, and was about to put it upon his head, when he felt his hand forcibly arrested.

"You've got my hat there," said a red-faced and angry looking man, who was holding his wrist.

He of the bump of order smiled a suave and superior smile. "Oh, no, you're mistaken, sir—this is my hat," he said, patronizingly.

"That's my hat," retorted the other. "It's my hat, and I mean to have it."

"My dear sir, you have simply made a mistake—that is all," said the merchant, who is diplomatic, above all things. "This is my hat; there is absolutely no question about that. Let me explain the matter. Upon coming in here tonight I took particular pains to place my hat up there in that dark corner, next the wall. It was out of the way, hidden from view, there were no other hats near it. I now come out, reach up my hand, and take my hat from precisely the same spot, sir. You yourself saw me do it."

"That may all be, sir," sniffed the red-faced man. "But it's my hat just the same."

"Your hat? Will you kindly explain how that can be?" said the merchant, icily.

"I will, sir, in about three words," growled the other. "It's mine because you took it out of this hotel yesterday morning, and you've been wearing it ever since."—Philadelphia Press.

A card sharp swallowed a fish bone and was choking when a physician reached him. In a very short time the doctor removed the bone and the gambler asked gratefully how much he owed for the service.

"Fifteen dollars," replied the physician without the sign of a blush.

"What!" exclaimed the sharp. "You weren't lookin' a minute. That's an enormous fee."

"My dear sir," responded the physician with professional dignity, "that is not the way to look at it. You must consider the years of practice necessary to acquire my skill."

The sharp had to pay the bill.

Several weeks later the sharp was on a train out of the city and the doctor was in the same car, but he did not recognize his former patient. The sharp was working several of his little tricks with the boards, and he finally induced the doctor to play, who at last was $35 out.

"Here!" shouted the doctor, when he saw his roll disappear. "You haven't given me any show at all. You got that money out of me by a simple twist of the wrist."

"My dear sir," responded the sharp soothingly, "that's no way to look at it. You should consider the years of practice necessary to acquire my skill."

The doctor looked the sharp over curiously. Then he smiled faitly and blushed as he said: "Can't you give me back $15 of that and call it square?"

Englishman's Success in Frenchman's Play

By FRANKLIN FYLES

New York, Oct. 13.

AN Englishwoman in a new play by a Frenchman is a theatrical exhibit here. With no belittlement is Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Vivtorien Sardou's "The Sorceress" regarded as a stage bow. The actress is a beautiful poser, with the ability to emotionalize her attitudes, the author is a graphic craftsman, with the genius to dramatize his pictures, and she is a creature of amorous splendor in the character which he created for Sarah Bernhardt. The drama is an exposition of the awful tortures of Mohammedans by fiendish Christians in Spain four centuries ago—oh, yes, and a very vivid treatment of that religious theme; but more intentionally and interestingly it is a romance of passionate love. This Zoraya of Sardou's is another Fedora, Theodora, Tosca, Cleopatra, or any other of sorceresses of desire whom Bernhardt has embodied. At his age of three score years and ten he has raked together the embers of his ardent fancy and fanned them again into flame; and at her same advanced age, lacking but a decade, she has kindled herself anew into a fierce fire. So much for the French material of the latest Sardou-Bernhardt dramatic conflagration.

With no more of admiring criticism than is enough for descriptive purposes, let me tell you that Mrs. Campbell's acting in "The Sorceress" is as little in her own manner, and as much in that of Bernhardt, as she can contrive to make it. She has taken on the Frenchwoman's sibilous softness of speech in moments of tenderness and guttural hardness in those of rage; she has limbered the rigidity and melted the frigidity of her modern society guises, and acquired the supple, sinuous, even siren graces which an exceptional Saracen enchantress may be supposed to have practiced in the bewitching of a noble Spanish soldier Mrs. Campbell has never been secretive of her beauty. No one else as conspicuously on stage view, except Mrs. Langhry, has gowned modern heroines with less of bodice. But in her present disclosure of the dress modes of Moorish belles in the sixteenth century she asks us to believe—and I guess few of us are disposed to dispute it on her presentation of the evidence—that their torsos were utterly bare down to a line four or five inches below the armpits.

It is so in a forest at night when Zoraya meets and lures young Don Enriquez, in her palace when she receives her lover's surreptitious visits, before the Holy Inquisition when she is arraigned and condemned as a witch, and even at the stake when she escapes the fire by swallowing poison. Her face changes with the nobility from smiling pleasure to distortive anguish, her arms cling affectionately and fling defiantly, her breast stirs with calm breath and heaves with tumultuous feeling, but her superb back, which she often turns toward us kindly, never puckers or wrinkles its brunette cuticle under any stress of action, not even when at three climaxes she flings herself face downward on the ground.

Sardou's work shows no deterioration from what he has done before—in florid drama. "The Sorceress" is a little less varied in characterization and episode than some of the earlier Bernhardt plays, but as remarkable as any of them in focusing and intensifying all interests in the main woman. She is at first a medically educated philanthropist who devotes her knowledge of drugs to the cure of ills among the poor people around her; but, as it is a time of Spanish persecution of the Moors, her benificent practices are mistaken for witchcraft; and there is a plausible case against her, for she is adept at mind-reading and hypnotizing in ways bound to convince the superstitious churchmen that she is diabolic. The grand inquisitor is a sinister archbishop—Sardou declares he is faithfully historic—who permeates his piety with political craft, and he so brings things about that Zoraya, in order to save her lover from the Christian penalty of death for a liason with a Mohammedan, falsely declares that she has bedevilled him with witchcraft. The scene of her trial before the inquisition is literature in the writing, the one of the suicide at the stake is art in the construction, and the play entire, as given here by one of the best of Frehman companies, is indubitably a success in Sardouism.

Two American actors who have never been too well rewarded for their good abilities and ambitious efforts, although both have prospered reasonably, are Otis Skinner and Henry Miller. Each introduces a play in Broadway this week. You have had Miller's. Skinner's is by the same Jean Richepin who came from Paris to sue David Belasco about the disputed authorship of "Du Barry," but settled the case out of court and went home with a contenting sum of money. By a coincidence, Richepin's "The Harvester" is like Sardou's "The Sorceress" right across the street, in having the central character accused of witchcraft. But in the harvester's case the belief is placed to his credit. He is cherished as a mascot, bringing good luck to the farm that he comes to, and not known for the evil that he really does to a work girl over whom he throws a spell of love. This fellow is a wayfarer, and idealized tramp, the blithest of workers and the most shiftless of wanderers. Beerbohm Tree made him an English gypsy in a version called "Ragged Robin."

Skinner transports him to Canada without changing the French spirit of the man or the play. He ought to marry the girl, Toinette upon his first visit to the neighborhood, but roams away without doing it. His second visit is twenty years later. Toinette is the mother of a grown son of whom he is the father, and she has a husband who doesn't know the secret of the parentage. Out of that complication comes the portion of the drama that is admirable. Ill fortune has settled down upon the place. The harvester is besought to bring again the prosperity that attended his former presence. His only sorcery has been good-humor and buoyant vim; and he applies them to the satisfaction of the neighborhood, as before, but now he sets himself also to the task of righting some of his wrong to Toinette by rescuing their son from drunkenness, and marrying him to a girl who has been kept from him. Having accomplished that job in necromancy, he goes on his way again.

The pure dictation of Richepin and Skinner combine well in "The Harvester," the wording and the speaking being alike satisfying. A scene in which the father, without revealing his relationship, lovingly gains control of his wayward son is effectual with natural pathos in both manner and delivery. We are so used to the good mounting of plays nowadays that adequacy is expected in every Broadway production, but here a Canadian wheat field at harvest time and an orchard in bloom are uncommonly artistic pictures. For atmospheric phenomena there is the approach of a storm which looks real enough to warrant the amateur sorcerer's pretense that it is of his own make—that he is a weather producer at will.

* * *

It would seem that New York playgoers—or at least those who make themselves known as first-nighters—set up idols for the sole sake of pulling them down. Three weeks ago they yelled themselves hoarse in congratulating George Ade upon a point of laughing very mildly, sometimes not at all, at lines in his new play of "The Sho-Gun" that would be hailed as classics in almost any other comic opera liberetto of the day. Thus is a man's second best clubbed by his own best work. Still, the name of Ade has its uses, and second and third nighters accepted it as good enough guarantee to invest two dollars apiece in the lottery of fun, and they certainly drew a prize, each one.

Any Ade play, in general, and an Ade libretto, in particular, is almost impossible to describe. Their merit is so wholly in the language that the next morning you wonder why you laughed. Manager Savage is understood to believe he has brought about in the collaboration of Ade and Gustav Luders, a great combination, but a third man is needed—a trained dramatist who will supply comic scenes for the Ade wit to embellish and who will carefully control the prodigal flow of brilliancy so as none shall be wasted. In "The Sho-Gun" more jests go for naught than would supply all the fun for three or four ordinary librettos. The author's answer might be that as long as enough to hit the mark to make "The Sho-Gun" a sure winner why sorry about the wasted ammunition.

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A typical American "traveling man" is dropped in among the Japanese-like inhabitants of an imaginary island, and by his Yankee nerve dethrones the Sho-Gun, and invests himself with the authority and pomp of that potentate. That is all that happens. It is not developed: from time to time some one says it is occurring on their way. Concerned in the play's movement, as distinct from action, are a Yum-Yum maid from school, a Nanki-Poo tenor, a Katisha old woman and a barytone Mikado called a Sho-Gun. They and some others circulate about pleasantly and are quite devoid of individuality. They sing agreeably and often humorously, but never originally enough in either words or music to make their vocal matter memorable five minutes after they are done. The best developed of the half-naked Ade ideas is about the girls in Iowa—pronounced "I-o-ee"—a rollicking tale of Yankee freedom of manner, rich in atmospheric suggestion, in subtle hints of sectional characters and in humorously authentic observation. It fills one with feeling that it should be part of an American classic, instead of merely the best number in one of the season's successes, soon to be forgotten in the passing show.

What is lacking, that is more important to the popularity of "The Sho-Gun," is something odd enough to cause talk and resultant curiosity, or something tuneful enough to set the town whistling, as Mr. Luders did with "The Prince of Pilsen" and "King Dodo." The play's level of indistinctiveness good entertainment is interrupted only once, and then it is literally broken in upon. We are not surprised when warning is given that American soldiers are coming to the rescue of the imprisoned Yankee comic man. Some slight wonder is aroused at the fact that the arriving tenor is not a naval officer. A modern comic opera without a naval lieutenant is almost unconstitutional. But we settle back in the belief that he will sing the same sort of military song, backed by the familiar neatly uniformed marching male chorus, the drummer girl-boys, the silken flags and all that. But for once there is a surprise. A booming is heard, and then a scout, dirty, unkempt, exhausted, scrambles over a rough stone wall at the back. He surveys the deserted place. Another Yankee appears above the pile of rocks. Then there is a hammering sound beyond them. A stone falls from its place. Another comes crashing down, and another.

Enough have now fallen through to reveal our men beating in the obstruction with the butts of their guns. And sturdy men they are, too. Their rough and ready clothes tell a tale of a long march; their tanned skin, grimed with mud and overlaid with dust, speak of the hot Oriental sun, of the long tramp, of the nights on the ground. One man, a fine, muscular brute, has a bandage around his head. It is bloody. His arms, bared to the elbows, are tanned and bruised, his shirt is pushed open at the throat, the better to breathe. He is the figure to the life that Charles Dana Gibson has drawn repeatedly to illustrate the type of American that Richard Harding Davis makes us, in "Captain Macklin" and such romances, proud to believe is the true Yankee fighter.

Will you go to the negro minstrels with me? Not for amusement altogether, but also to see how the black show of the present differs from that of the past in Broadway. We pay $2 apiece for parquet seats, as it is at a top grade theatre for a fortnight's engagement, instead of half or a quarter as much at a house devoted to that sort of thing the year round. The first part (that is to say, in the new terminology of the programme, "minstrelsy's hall of fame"), is under way when we arrive, for we have been fashionably slow at dinner. We count forty men on the stage. They wear the Tuxedo coats and white vests of semi-formal evening dress. They might be costumed in togas appropriately, for they are not seated on chairs, but on stony tiers of benches in the ancient Roman shape. The endmen have separate seats in the same classical style at the front corners. They are not Tambo and Bones, for they don't use the aforetime tools of fun to thwack and rattle. The middleman addresses them as Mister O'Brien and Mister Johnson. Their collars are of the same pattern as the other fellows, their wigs are not exaggerative and their mouths are not painted wide. They are the third relay of jokers, as we see by the bill. We are barely in time to hear a darkey song from one and an Irish song from the other.

The forty men rise from the benches as one and face the left upper entrance expectantly; the musicians blare, beat, scrape and twang a loud pean; a moment of impressive stillness ensues, and then the interlocutor, hitherto consequential of air, tones his resonant voice with deferential awe. It seems as if he ought to say "Behold—how low—great Caesar comes!" But his announcement is, "Mr. Lew Dockstader!" The boss of the show saunters in with easy urbanity and nods rather than bows to the audience. O'Brien and Johnson fade away. Dockstader takes one of the vacated end seats, while the other is left empty, for the idol of "minstrelsy's hall of fame" will have no mate on the opposite pedestal, except that the middle one says just enough to give to the chief's monologue a faint semblance of dialogue.

Perhaps Dockstader's theatricism of entrance keeps the audience from applauding it, but likelier the quietude of his reception is due to the nifty Broadway feeling that we shouldn't greet any mere minstrel cordially; but anyway it doesn't matter, for the funny fellow sets us laughing at once with a string of new jokes and anecdotes. After ten minutes of them he retires, and doesn't return until it is time for him to sing two bully good songs like a clever mimetic actor. Then he disappears again for he won't stay on the stage a moment while anyone else is doing anything. And why should he? The audience doesn't care for others when he is in sight, and what's the use of his owning the show if he can't shine as the star, moon and sun of it?

FRANKLIN FYLES.

What's to be Done?

(Town Topics.)

She sent me back my lock of hair,
She sent me back my ring.
She sent me back my letters—there
Were fifty—tied with string.

She asked me to return each note
Of hers. What's to be done?
Of all the letters that she wrote,
I haven't kept e'en one.

Fast Work.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)

"Rome was not built in a day," remarked the Cornell professor on the hotel piazza.

"It wasn't, hey?" remarked the advance agent of Cheatham's Biggest Shows on Earth, who was taking a needed rest. "Rome, my dear sir, was billed from suburb to suburb in exactly five hours. So were Troy and Schenectady; but I'll admit it took a full day at Buffalo."

Passing the Time.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)

Visitor (at Putin Bay)—What do you do in here all summer?

Native—Loaf and fish.

"And what do you do in the winter?

"We don't fish."

A Mean Thing.

(Cleveland Leader.)

"Mrs. Gabson is a broken-hearted woman, and it is all on account of her husband."

"What has he done?"

"He is a life insurance agent, and she can't out-talk him."

Luck.

(Meggendorfer Blaeter.)

"You are still a bachelor. Yet you say you are lucky with women."

"Certainly. Do they not always refuse me?"