

Acting Under Difficulties



II N the third act of a play produced some time ago before a critical New York audience a fussy old bachelor decided to dash out into the cold night air to produce a noble act. As he rushes on the stage he cries: "Where is my show? Where is my show? I can't go out without a show. Ah!" The "Ah!" indicates his satisfaction at finding the desired article. Then he leaves the stage.

At one performance of the play the property man neglected to put the show in its proper place, and when the bachelor uttered the word "Ah!" he was embarrassed to find that there was no show in sight. He cast a hasty glance about him, hoping that it might be found, but after what must have been to him a long and painful wait he turned up his coat collar, and so went out to brave the storm.

Now this hitch in the performance, apparent as it was, remained undetected by all but two or three in the large audience. The other spectators showed no sign of suspecting that something had gone wrong, even when the bachelor returned later with the show around his shoulders. Such hitches occur often enough in the best managed plays, yet perhaps only one person in 500 ever detects them.

It would be a mistake to conclude from this that audiences, however critical they may be, are unobservant. It is a case not of lack of power of observation but of an over-abundance of faith. The fact is that they have become so accustomed to absolute perfection in the production of plays that it seems almost inconceivable to them that an actor should be found wanting or that the smoothness of a performance should be hindered by human fallibility.

This faith in the absolute perfection of the machinery of the theater has resulted in a delicate but powerful form of tyranny which has, unknown to the audiences that exercise it, caused pain and terror and grief innumerable performers. Slaves of this relentless tyranny, they have been compelled to appear as usual in spite of tragedies and ailments unsuspected by the public. Sometimes the circumstances have been tragic and at times they have been rather comical.

Last summer Jack Norworth, the husband of Nora Bayes, was taken seriously ill and the doctors sent him off to Europe in haste. While her husband was racing with death across the seas Nora Bayes was obliged to go on with her performance at the New Brighton theater, where the pair had been appearing. When seen by the writer a few minutes before her act she was almost in a state of collapse from anxiety and grief. Her hair was disheveled, her eyes were red with crying, and she seemed a wreck. A few minutes later she appeared before the audience, gayly bedecked and smiling as though she were the happiest woman in the world. It happened that many in the audi-



MARGARET ILLINGWORTH WHO TURNS THINGS AROUND WITH APPROPRIATE

ence knew about her husband's condition and sympathized with her, being aware of how attached to each other they were. Yet she was permitted to go on with her act.

In the absence of her husband, the original act had to be abandoned, and Miss Bayes called upon the audience to name any song they might like her to sing. Some one called for a popular melody. Miss Bayes hesitated. The tears gathered in her eyes.

"I can't sing that without my darling!" she exclaimed as she bit her lip. Another song was called for. Again the eyes of Miss Bayes filled with tears, and they came so freely this time that she had to turn her back on the audience.

"I can't sing that without my darling, either," she stammered. It was evident that she was in no condition to go on with her performance. Yet she continued to lead the audience to allow her to go on, but the audience had to be served. Miss Bayes would no doubt have preferred to cancel her engagement and remain by the side of her sick husband, but the tyranny of the audience was not a thing to be trifled with. They had come from all parts of the city to see Miss Bayes, and they must not be disappointed. It is one of the unpleasant duties of managers to enforce this rule.

The point of this episode is somewhat weakened by later events, including the separation of Nora Bayes and her husband, but the fact remains that the incident is a good illustration of what actors and actresses have to go through to serve the tyrant known as the public.

Laurette Taylor, who has scored a success in "Peg o' My Heart," was the victim of an odd experience when she was appearing at the Maxine Elliott theater in "The Bird of Paradise." One evening, a little while before the rise of the curtain, she received a five warning her that she had only five weeks to live. It was signed with a skull and crossbones. Miss Taylor was alarmed by the tone of

other linguistic defect, he will now have to know his scales. The Kaiser has been considerably exercised in his mind lately because invariably the orders are barbarously distorted, and many of the syllables of the words used remain in the officer's throat. But, worst of all, each officer has his own way of "pitching" his orders.

Professor Spies was instructed by the Kaiser to reform all this, and after working for several weeks and laboring over the claims of the various chap who volunteered that he knew the local baseball situation pretty well.

"What kind of a pitcher is B-7?" asked Irwin.

"He's pretty good, but there's just one real player on the team. That's Dolan. He can hit, he can field, he can run—and the enthusiast breeds away for an hour on the merits of this wonderful phenom. Irwin was impressed.

"Well, I must be going," said the fan at last, "but mind what I tell you

the note and became hysterical. However, she received her cue and bracing herself she made her way to the stage.

In the first act of this play Miss Taylor had a little speech in which she said: "Why should I be a princess? I want to live, to live, to run, to play; I want to live, live, live!" Miss Taylor remembered the note she had received threatening her life. She became terrified again and her speech emphasizing her wish to live became so hysterical that it was necessary for her to rush off the stage. The manager came out promptly, and, not knowing what explanation to give, said that Miss Taylor had been seized with an attack of ptomaine poisoning.

After some delay the performance was continued. In the last act Miss Taylor was to climb up a mountain and jump into a burning pit. When she reached the top of the incline on this occasion she was once more overcome by the terror of impending death, and ran back in full view of the audience.

For more than a fortnight Miss Taylor was in a nervous condition. One evening during the play a man arose to take off his overcoat. Miss Taylor, thinking it might be the writer of the mysterious note, screamed. On another occasion a small ball rolling onto the stage from behind the wings set her in a panic.

Mme. Frances Alda was attacked with appendicitis several seasons ago during a performance of "Othello." She was seized in the first act, but went through the entire performance bravely. When the curtain went down on the last act she was rushed to the hospital and an operation was performed without delay.

Whatever torments such actresses have for most actors and actresses they seem to Margaret Illingworth only trifles compared with a greater problem which public performers have to face. She underestimates the inconspicuousness of physical disability and emphasizes the danger of temporary spiritual or mental weakness. There is a great source of danger to the artist and to dramatic art, she thinks, in the common practice of allowing stars to play a single role eight times a week and for as many performances as the public will patronize, without considering whether the actor or actress is in the mood or condition to offer the public the best that is in her.

This practice of working a single play and a single actor to death is one of the dangers threatening the life of the American theater, she insists. This condition can be improved only by training spoiled American audiences to the point where they will be prepared to see a star role interrupted by any good artist, whether named on the program or not.

Job's Comforters. "Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "has a way of remindin' you of your troubles by continually tellin' you not to worry about 'em."

ous notes, natural and flat, the professor finally found the note on which orders must be based—C natural. This is probably the first time that the enunciation of orders has been taken up scientifically, and there is a bad time ahead for officers who lack a musical ear.

Or Get Off His Pedestal. Every man whose children regard him as the wisest and best man on earth is compelled to lead something of a double life.

—this fellow Dolan will be in the big league soon.

As the citizen walked away the manager of the hotel happened along.

"Who is that fellow?" asked Irwin, pointing to the retreating figure.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the proprietor, shocked that anyone could be so ignorant. "That's Casey Dolan, our third baseman."

Perhaps the wooden nutmeg chap moved west and invented the hollow strawberry.

PRINCESS IS FOUND

World-Wide Search Locates Woman in New York.

Czar of Russia's Agents Locate Wife of Officer in His Own Imperial Cavalry—She Wanted to Be an Actress.

New York.—Princess Olga Goltzine, wife of Prince Andre Goltzine, an officer of the czar's own imperial cavalry, who has been missing for three months, was found in New York by the Russian secret service in a world-wide search. The princess has gone home. She had, while here, been in the care of Pierre de Routsky, acting Russian consul general. The princess, who is practically penniless, having pawned her jewels in a mad flight to various cities of the east, was located in the Holland apartments, 66 West Forty-sixth street. Born a princess of the house of Tcherkasskia, a family reputed to be as old as the Romanoff dynasty, and married at sixteen into the house of Goltzine, the vivacious Olga left the pomp and ceremony of the Russian court for a career on the stage in New York city. She wanted to be an actress, but in the last month her dreams have been shattered. After a flight across Europe, which proved the platitude that fact is always robbing fiction, she must, as she confessed, return across the Atlantic at the urgent demand of the Russian government.

Reports that the companion of the princess on her hurried flight from Russia was a well-to-do American led to rumors that she had eloped. He passed much time with her on shipboard and at the New Willard hotel during her stay in Washington, whither she first journeyed after landing. It was said. The noblewoman insisted, however, that her only companion had been an English woman, who had assisted her in leaving her native land after being told of the princess' desire for freedom and a career on the stage in America.

Continental society, already astonished by her appearance early last winter on the stage of the Imperial theater, in St. Petersburg, was shocked when it was learned that she had disappeared. The czar, angry because of her theatrical debut, but when she disappeared that mysterious system which covers Europe like a net, the Russian secret service, was set at work.

For weeks the efforts of the secret police were of no avail. Prince Andre, who she says stormed so violently when she appeared on the stage that he forced a separation, was heartbroken, she asserted. Finally, a few weeks ago, the czar's agents discovered that she had been in the New Willard hotel in Washington. After a call from an attaché of the Russian embassy there she fled to New York, and stopped for several days at the Knickerbocker hotel. Again she was discovered, she said, and took an apartment at the West Forty-sixth street address. But her flight availed her nothing, and, practically without funds, she agreed to go home.

Acting Russian Consul de Routsky says that the father of the princess was an officer in the imperial guards and one of the proudest and oldest families in Russia. The Goltzine family is one of the most prominent in Russia and best known in Europe, he said. The 1912 edition of the Almanac of St. Petersburg shows Prince Andre Goltzine to be the fifth son of Prince Alexandre Borissovitch Goltzine, equerry to the court of the czar, curateur of Moscow and marshal to the governor of Waldimir. Prince Andre was born in October, 1859. Princess Olga Alexandrovna is the daughter of Prince Dimitri Tcherkassky, marshal in the Odessa district of Russia.

KISSING IN THE PARK IS O. K.

Small Boys Who Interrupt Are Extremely Mean, Says Philadelphia Magistrate.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The annoying of sweethearts will be stopped, and Philadelphia will have in Fairmount Park the greatest spooning ground in the world. And, in its efforts to put Fairmount Park on the map of paradise, Capt. Duncan, chief of the park guard, will have the co-operation of the city magistrates, as an incident showed. Magistrate Morris, in whose court two boys were arraigned on charges of having "dogged" or annoyed couples in Fairmount Park, took the same view as Capt. Duncan. "I'm against flirting or misconduct in the park," said Capt. Duncan. "but I am not going to see real lovers annoyed or abused. The shady nooks and quiet spots in the park offer ideal places for love making, and as long as young persons do not overstep the bounds of propriety I am going to encourage making the park the world's best spooning place. This business of frightening sweethearts just when they are engaged in kissing is the meanest trick I know of."

Man Dynamites Himself. Altoona, Pa.—Placing two sticks of dynamite in his vest pocket, Henry Boldt applied a match to the fuses and was blown to pieces. Many windows of residences were shattered and surrounding the body an immense hole was torn in the ground. Boldt had been in bad health.

BALKS AT SIGHT OF FIANCE

Sir, Arriving on Steamer, Refuses to Wed Man—Not Up to Specifications.

Philadelphia.—More than 1,000 passenger passengers were landed at the municipal pier from the Italian liner Napoli, from the Mediterranean ports. Nearly all came from Naples, Genoa and Palermo. There were only twenty persons in the 1,089 aliens, including both cabin and steerage passengers, that could speak a word of English. Eight girls were married on the pier. It was expected that nine weddings would be celebrated, but one girl, Miss Josephine Cartolita, refused to marry Joseph Digiorio, who represented himself to be a banker and steamship agent. When she walked down the gangplank the intended husband was on the pier to receive her. He introduced himself as the man with whom her parents had been in correspondence, and that he was prepared to have the nuptial

knit tied at once. "You do not come up to the specifications," she told him. "You do not look like a broker." The man insisted that he was exactly as stated in the correspondence, but to no avail. The girl walked one way and he in an opposite direction, the girl indignant and the man disconsolate.

What is Your Aim?

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?—Thoreau.

RECORD-BREAKING FLIER AND FAIR RIVAL



After C. Murvin Wood broke the American record for long distance non-stop aeroplane flight by flying from New York to Washington he was greeted at Fort Myer by Miss Berneta Miller, also well known as an aviator and whose ambition is to eclipse Wood's record.

MAD STEER ATTACKS WOMAN

Red Petticoat Inflames Animal to the Point of Making Vigorous Protest.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—A dove of steers, a washerwoman, an angry husband and a drover comprised the cast of characters in as lively a one act drama as was ever witnessed in real life anywhere. The pity is that the act was not immortalized by the camera man.

The drover came along the road into Falls View with the cattle. In the bunch was one obstreperous fellow that had been acting up all afternoon. Whenever he came to a cross road he decided to take it whether it was right or wrong.

Away over in a field was a small shack domicile, in which live an inoffensive Austro-Hungarian couple. The woman was busily engaged with her washing while the husband was sitting in the doorway smoking his pipe, thinking of the war over on the borders of his home land.

The woman also wore a red petticoat, and the fence was down between her and the cattle. The frolicsome bullock spied the red petticoat and made four leaps toward it. In the middle of the fifth he lowered his head and struck the woman and tossed her lightly in the air. She came down with a dull splash in the tub of water. The angry husband was on his feet in a minute. In another he had his shotgun in hand and he gave chase after the herd of cattle and their drover. The latter took refuge behind a friendly barn some distance down the road. Then he saw a cloud of dust behind his flying herd and the angry husband giving chase with his gun. He just leaned up against the friendly old barn and said to the neighbors between his sobs: "Please excuse the steers."

ENJOYING DAY AT SEASHORE

Laurette Taylor on the Shore of Long Island Sound Near Her Summer Home.

New York.—Here is Laurette Taylor on the shore of Long Island sound, near her summer home at Larchmont.



A Day at the Seashore.

She is just as spontaneous and fun-loving off the stage as she was in "Peg o' My Heart" last winter.

Eagle Carries Off Child.

Geneva, Switzerland.—An enormous eagle carried off a woodcutter's child, aged four, when it was playing near him as he was working in the forest. A thorough search was made but no trace of the eagle or its prey was found.

Lightning's Queer Trick.

Morristown, Pa.—While in bathing in the river here, Thomas Nevin was struck by lightning and stunned. The electricity entered a silver wire which had been placed in his knee cap after an injury some years ago.

WAR REMINISCENCES

CAPTURED A VIRGINIA FLAG

Capt. B. M. Jellison of Haverhill, Mass., Received Medal of Honor for Taking Banner.

Capt. Benjamin H. Jellison of Haverhill, Mass., has a medal of honor that was presented to him by General Meade at Petersburg for the bravery he displayed in capturing the flag of the Eighteenth Virginia regiment during the battle of Gettysburg.

Captain Jellison is the doorkeeper of the senate chamber at the state house, and for several years past he has always been detailed to tell his war experiences, as well as the stirring scenes of Gettysburg, whenever school children have visited the state house. Captain Jellison served in Company C, Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry.

"We arrived," said he in relating his experience, "on the night of July 1, and the command was ordered the next day to the left in the rear of the Third corps.

"The rebels turned a battery on us and we were forced to fall back, Company C being the sixth in line. Our color bearer was shot, and when he fell I picked up the colors and was made a sergeant on the spot for my action in saving the colors.

"On the third day we were at Cemetery ridge in support of the New York Independent battery, which lost all its men excepting the captain, a lieutenant and sergeant. The captain cried out to us: 'For God's sake, men, volunteer to work these guns and don't let this battery be silent.'

"I was lying on the ground with the colors by my side and Lieutenant Shackley said: 'Come, Jellison, let's go and help. We might just as well get killed over there as here.'

"Our colonel saw us and ordered me back to the colors. The shelling soon stopped and orders were given to rally on the colors. We charged to the fence near by and some of the men got over.

"As we neared the fence Lieutenant Shackley said: 'Let's see that rebel flag over there. Ben, go and get it. I rushed forward and succeeded in capturing the flag and assisted in taking a number of prisoners. With the stars and stripes flying and with the rebel flag, that of the Eighteenth Virginia regiment in my other hand, I retreated.'

JOHN BURNS FOUGHT ALONE

State of Pennsylvania Erected Monument to Citizen-Soldier Who Was Made Famous During War.

John Burns, the citizen-soldier of Gettysburg, who was made famous in history, in song and in story, was a real character, sure enough. At the time of the battle he was well contentable of the village, and recalled in the office. He had no special instructions, but felt it to be his duty to preserve order in his bailiwick, and to apprehend all suspicious characters. As the two armies approached Gettysburg, Confederate scouts and spies appeared in the town, and were promptly nabbed by Burns, who filled the lockup, the basement of the church and a warehouse or two and was still on his job when on that first day Buford and Heth got into hand-holds around Culp's Hill.

From General Reynolds he learned that there was going to be a real battle, and John decided to be in it. Within an hour John Burns, citizen, approached Major Chamberlain of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, and begged to be allowed to fight with that regiment. He wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, and a high hat, and carried a Long John muzzle loading rifle, his pocket bulging with powder and ball. Colonel Wister finally told him to get behind a tree and fight, and he did. He fought all day, and was wounded three times.

He was born in New Jersey in 1793, and served in the Mexican war, and was one of the first to sail in the Union army, but the age limit retired him. He was seventy-two years old when the Battle of Gettysburg was fought, and died in Gettysburg in 1872. For his loyalty and bravery the state of Pennsylvania erected a monument to his memory, at the very place where he fought—the citizen soldier—alone and without a commander.

An Open Question.

Inate sergeant, to a bunch of raw recruits whom he was trying to drill:

"Look here, confound it, I won't have this. Do you think I'm a fool?" "Shure, sorr," answered one, "we can't say, sorr. We only came here yesterday."

On the Zouave. A Zouave rigged out in baggy breeches, leggings and other picturesque paraphernalia, was on picket with a soldier of a western regiment who was in regular uniform.

The two were greatly astonished when a rebel jumped out from behind a log, looked about and dropped over as if dead. They examined him. "There isn't a mark on him," exclaimed the Zouave.

"No," replied the other soldier. "I guess he saw you, and jes' laughed himself to death."

High Praised.

Uncle Eben Jackson, an old colored man at Atlanta, Ga., after Sherman had whipped Hood, was one day watching a dress parade. He was particularly impressed with the pompousness and authority of a "Jig-did-Brindle."

"Dat," exclaimed the old fellow, with enthusiasm, as he watched the general handle the troops, "is some, fin' mighty white men kin do 'em" mighters at all."

JUST PUTTING SCOUT WISE

Acquaintance There With Merits Information as to the Inside of the Ball Players.

Some years ago, when Arthur Irwin, the Highland scout, was leeching in the west, he dropped into a little town which was supposed to boast a pitcher of big league possibility. Lounging around the hotel to pick up all the gossip he could, Irwin finally stumbled across a very bright appear-