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BECAUSE:
1-It aims to publish all the news possible.
2-It does so impartially, wasting no words.
3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL

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4-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans.
5-It is not controlled by any ring or clique.
6-It asks no support but the people's.

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MISS JULIA MARLOWE TALKS OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE THEATER

Miss Julia Marlowe is a very serious-minded woman. She may chat amiably with you—for she is ever gracious—but about trifling matters, and she may smile in banter, but touch upon the subjects of the stage and the facial mask of amusement disappears and her voice booms impressively. It is a wonderful voice, this, and it has lured praise from the tips of numberless critical pens.

She was at tea when a Herald reporter found her in her apartment at the Plaza hotel. What did she talk about? A score of topics. But let her attitude be defined by her own words, for when asked if she took the theater seriously, she replied:

"Oh, I do—almost to the point of being tiresome."

The latter, however, was a misstatement induced by modesty, for at no time did she even suggest that a branched subject could grow "tiresome" to her. To the contrary she talked intensely, interestingly. But judge for yourselves:

"Have you a voice to add to the present agitation for the purity of the drama, Miss Marlowe?"

"Indeed, yes. Here is my creed, theatrical—or at least a part of it. I believe in beauty and truth in the drama; these forms must prevail in the end, for only these survive. I believe, too, in a sufficient latitude for the presentation of those problems of life which are of value and importance to all, and against the honest presentation of

homes and into their lives, that the stage must exert an influence beyond the reach of the actor's voice and the glare of the footlights.

"In brief," continued Miss Marlowe, "I believe that there are great and permanent benefits which the theater can confer. And I may as well confess that it is my desire and ambition to associate my name along with these aspects. I deplore the noisy, blatant and the hysterical, I would rather have a cymbal sounded before the theater than a penny rattle."

"But then it is so easy to preach and so difficult to practice. So I feel that my attitude and its sincerity can best be judged by the class of plays in which I myself have appeared during my long service to the theater."

That concluded the one topic, and the next on the tapis was the New theater. About this Miss Marlowe was enthusiastic.

"It has simply got to be a success," she announced exultantly; and then, with a touch of sadness in her voice, she added:

"And if it does not succeed it will throw the whole movement of dramatic advancement back hopelessly, throw it back so far that it will not seem worth while for the present generation to struggle to revive it."

"You know," she explained, "the public is rather bored with the idea of



MISS JULIA MARLOWE

which the doors of the theater should not be closed.

"But—and this is an important condition—I would see such problems treated by masters with a serious purpose rather than exploited for mere commercial profit in a sensational manner. For the stage, I believe, is in some sense an epitome of life, in which all sorts and conditions struggle for wisdom and will continue to do so."

"And is the blame for the present state of the drama to be laid entirely at the doors of the managers or at the feet of the actors?"

"Not entirely," declared Miss Marlowe, "for the audiences have a large share in the responsibility for the present unfortunate tendency. And I am firmly convinced that the remedy is to be sought and the cure is to be applied quite as much beyond the doors of the theater as behind them."

Besides seriousness, a look of conviction gleamed from the eyes of the actress as she delivered herself of these opinions, and the interviewer sought to draw from her remark upon the much discussed "object of the theater" by asking:

"Then you think it is the 'mission' of the stage to preach?"

"Not to preach—at least not necessarily. But I cannot subscribe to the statement which some of my fellow artists have been guilty of—namely, that the theater has but one purpose, that of amusing the audience. It does not seem to me to be rational to believe that when the front doors of a theater have been banged after the last of the audience all its influence ceases, that all these hundreds and thousands of people go forth and immediately forget everything that they have seen and heard."

"I think at least a part of the impression must be carried into their

"movements" of the kind that are said to advance the theater. It has been a few tried, but has heard and read about a lot of theories that did not survive even the test of discussion. Mind you, I am hurrying no blame at the attitude of the theatrical producers of today, for the very first principle upon which a theater of the ordinary kind is conducted must be a principle that has sound commercial reasons to recommend it."

"But the New theater will be different. These men of wealth who have so generously banded together to foster this scheme are willing to assume the inevitable deficits. With the chief commercial considerations removed, the main thing then will be the artistic side. And why should not the latter flourish at the New theater? Are we not proud in the fact that we speak the tongue of Shakespeare, and is it not logical that Shakespeare's plays should prove the backbone of this scheme? So it must be, the pennant of Shakespeare must float from the masthead of this ship of drama. We neglect Shakespeare in America—that is an old story which I need not go into here again. So, whatever else is done at the New theater, what other plays may be given performance, Shakespeare must predominate."

"My great regret has been that there is not, or cannot be, one class of theaters which shall at all times be reserved for the presentation of the best and highest in drama, theaters to which the public can resort with confidence and where their confidence should never be abused. Believe me, it is almost impossible to establish a suitable 'atmosphere' for the classic drama in a theater which the previous week has housed some cheap, unworthy and sensational phase of a dramatic

Vagabonds, but Not Cutthroats.
It is not all pleasure, the life of a country policeman. The guardian of Fighbury-super-Sploh's morals was observed the other day to be looking weary.

"What's the matter?" he echoed, in response to kind inquiries. "Why, it's those three tramps I locked up this morning. They are kicking up a row because they want to play bridge and I can't find them a fourth."—London Globe.

Back to the Farm.
"Well, Silas, what did you find new down to the city?"

"Why, somethin' wuth seeln." The hull place is full o' cabs with cash registers on 'em, an' red flags to show folks it's dangerous to dispute the fare. They call 'em taxidermy cabs, 'cause of you don't mind, the drivers'll feast like the skin off ye.—Life.

Strength.
Host (to belated guest)—I want to introduce you to Col. Hankthunder as soon as I can catch his eye; but you'll have to talk in a loud tone of voice. He's very deaf.

Belated Guest—Wheel! He's got a mug on him that would stop a clock!

Col. Hankthunder (suddenly turning)—What's that, sir?

Host—Er—Colonel, I want you to know Mr. Sipes. He was just remarking to me, "What a strong face the colonel has!"

Bad Fix.
The lieutenant rushed to the bridge and saluted.

"Captain," he shouted—for the roar of the artillery was deafening—"the enemy has got our range."

The captain frowned. "Curse the luck," he growled. "Now how can the cook get dinner?"—Cleveland Leader.

TAKING UP "WELFARE WORK"

Both Companies and Employees Are Pleased with Its Results.

"Welfare work" is not yet carried on by every company. Some of the larger roads have gone into the matter very extensively and do a great deal in various lines, while others have only recently begun some features in an experimental way. The work, however, is developing. Each year more money is devoted to it, other companies are taken up, and we may hope in time to see most of those branches of welfare work that have proved successful where tried, taken up and permanently carried on by the majority of the railroad companies of the country.

That the efforts and expense on the part of the railroads in these various ways in behalf of their employees have been abundantly justified, from both the business and humanitarian standpoints, the high officials of the roads are firmly convinced. "Welfare work" has brought company and men into closer relationship. It has made employees feel that the company takes a sympathetic interest in their welfare; that it is not merely seeking to grind out the best years of their lives with exacting work, long hours, and small pay, giving them nothing to look forward to but retirement without compensation through disability or old age. It has tended to stamp out that spirit of discontent that has caused so many costly strikes in American railroad history. It has generally raised the tone and character of the men, increasing their loyalty and efficiency, and making them realize that the success of the company means their own success, and that these both depend on each man doing well his individual part. — From "Welfare Work" on American Railroads, by William Menkel, in the American Review of Reviews.

WORK OF WRECKING CREWS.

Fortitude and Heroism a Requisite for This Service.

The improvement in wrecking facilities and in the matter of comforts provided for the emergency crews by the great majority of railroad companies within the last five years is truly remarkable. No expense is spared in perfecting the equipment with which the wrecker must attack and conquer the weighty problems in mechanics presented by mountains of inertia whose displacement and salvage, if possible, are required.

"There was a time, not many years ago," said a wrecking boss recently, "when we piled into an ordinary box car with a few jackscrews and rope to work with, grabbed a box or two of crackers and hardtack and a couple of cheeses, hooked up to a rattling train, and went out to fight a wreck. Now I estimate that our present wrecking train costs in the vicinity of \$65,000—and we get the best grub in the market while we're working."

The wrecking crews have upon many occasions proved not alone their remarkable efficiency in work, but their unusual fortitude and heroism in rescue work as well. Among the fiercest forces of nature which he has as yet only partially conquered and imperfectly mastered the wrecker stands out as one of the most brave, competent and indomitable. His searching face and the glow of his lantern have had to many a sufferer, from whom hope had fled in the hour of agony, spelled the light of deliverance, and his toll and guardianship bring the tithes of humanity and property loss annualy demanded by steam for the gift of rapid transit down to the minimum.

Growing Timber for Ties.

The unromantic section of timber that lies embedded between the rails until rooted up and burnt, too old for service, has assumed a vast importance in the estimation of practical railroad men, for the forests from which come the trees that are cut into ties are becoming exhausted and the prices of this material are being advanced to such an extent that some radical steps have become absolutely necessary.

The Pennsylvania railroad is the pioneer in the departure that it is thought will solve the problem. A large piece of farm land belonging to the company near Morrisville, Pa., has been set apart for forest reservation and here, under the direction of the forestry department of the railroad, millions of seedling plants are being nursed into a sufficiently robust life to allow for their removal to other lands belonging to the company, where they can be permitted to take their chance of growing to maturity.

The trees selected for this plantation are those which have proved the most desirable for railroad ties. There are acres of oak seedlings, chestnuts, catalpa plants, black locust, Scotch pine, Austrian pine, Douglas fir and other trees that are of the right material for cutting up into railroad ties.

Trespassers Killed on Railroads.

Reports compiled by Pennsylvania railroad officials show that in the last year 657 trespassers were killed and 791 injured on the lines. In 1907 the trespassers killed numbered 822. These figures are pointed to as emphasizing the recommendations of the state railroad commissions of Pennsylvania and Indiana that laws be enacted providing substantial punishment for all trespassers. These cases of trespass, it is declared, are not only a source of expense and danger, but it is felt that common humanity should prompt the most thorough measures to eliminate the evil.

CHILD OF THE STAGE IS MISS JULIE HERNE

Daughter of America's most popular, and perhaps, greatest playwright, and beautiful and talented to a degree is Julie Herne, who is appearing this week at the Orpheum in a little play entitled "A Mountain Cinderella."

"You sit over there," she said to the interviewer, who tapped on her dressing room door behind the stage of the Orpheum last evening, "and I'll get my sewing and we can talk."

She was so perfectly at home with her sewing and in her stage costume and make-up that the interviewer wanted to know when she first commenced her stage career.

"It was during a production of my father's play, 'Hearts of Oak,' in the early '80s," said Miss Herne. "I was then two years old. My father's company was playing in Leavenworth, Kan., at the time. A small child was used in the cast, and at Leavenworth this child was taken ill and I was pressed into service. I remember my first experience well. I was carried on. It was a graveyard scene and the stage was covered with leaves. I had lines to say and I got by without a mistake. Later my mother told me that I had seen the play so often that when I was two years old, but it's so. When I was carried on the stage that night the soldiers from the fort threw money over the footlights to me. My father took a dollar that was tossed on the stage and had my name and the date engraved on it just as a memento of my first appearance in theatrical work. We still have the dollar at my home at Sag Harbor on Long Island."

Just then Miss Herne opened the door of her dressing room to see how close to the ending the act preceding her was.

"Tots of time yet," she said with a smile.

"My father always hoped that I

THE CHANCE THEY MISS

Men Who Don't Ask One Particular Question at the Right Time.

Funny how people always think afterward of what they should have said before. One man did make good the next day, but few do that.

A man met him on the hillside. He was bound doublequick for the church at the top. The backslider, oddly enough, was going up.

"Hi! You're going the wrong way!" called the churchgoer.

The backslider yelled back, but his answer was lost.

"Say," he demanded of the churchgoer the next day, "did you hear what I said?"

"No."

"Well, it's too good to waste. You said I was going the wrong way. I said you seemed to be going downhill pretty fast yourself."

That's the pathetic part of it. This story illustrates the opportunity that comes once in a while.

There are hundreds of thousands of

UNITED STATES NAVY'S LATEST DREADNOUGHT



This picture shows the new Dreadnought of the American navy, the battleship North Dakota, as she will appear when she goes into commission. She will be the first of our battleships to be equipped with the new military masts, which are shown in the picture.

AND BILLIKEN STILL SMILES!



One way of announcing your engagement.

orate the stem on which the glorious blossom of girlhood he hopes to pluck is supported. The more he hears of the folderols and funny-dos that have been lavished on her the surer he is that if he misses getting her he will lose the prize beauty in the rosebud garden.

Meekly he answers all questions. Largely he lies about the promise of a raise. Humbly he reports his bank account—plus. Timidly he confesses his smoking and drinks—minus.

Mamma maybe comes in and tells him that she has tried to rear her darling daughter to be an ornament to her husband's home. She says they could not think of letting her life go into the keeping of a man who could not provide for her as well as her parents have done.

Son-in-law suggests that he is considering a lease on an apartment in the fashionable, select—and expensive—Whiteland. He says it as if he were not at the moment wondering where he will land when he is forced to live up. Mamma, maybe is charmed. She couldn't ask more. Why, she can't afford to live there herself.

He gets the girl.

The cook cuts out during the first week of housekeeping. He eats dried beef and biscuit for dinner three days running.

The housemaid leaves because she won't wash the dishes.

He begins to think about that question he didn't ask.

His ornament can't cook. Her classes are sour because he even hints that she ought.

He remembers that in every other bargain he has made he has let the seller prove the worth of the goods. He recalls how he stood papa's questioning, how he pleaded for the privilege of providing a home and servants and glided leisure for the ornament.

He thinks she ought to be able to cook a dinner that would fill the aching void. He doesn't ask, he doesn't want her to do it all the time. He appreciates her beauty and her charm and her gift for entertaining; but she ought to be able to take the wheel in an emergency.

Why didn't he ask about it? Why

THE MUD SLINGERS.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, at a dinner in New York, discussed the recent surf-fragrant address wherein she had referred upon President Roosevelt that woman could help her children more by entering intelligently into politics than by performing at home the somewhat menial duties of the nurse maid.

"Is there room for woman in politics?" said Mrs. Mackay, with a smile.

"Yes, there is room and to spare for her. For instance:

"Your husband is abroad, is he not? I said the other day to the wife of a Western mayor:

"Yes," said she. "He is taking a course of mud baths in the Pyrenees."

"For rheumatism?" said I.

"Oh, no," said she. She smiled gaily. "He's just training," she explained, "for the approaching municipal campaign."

Increasing His Patrimony.

"My boy, I have nothing to leave you but debts."

"Yes, dad."

"But be diligent, and no doubt you can increase your inheritance."—Washington Herald.