

PRANKS ON THE STAGE

MANY ACTORS HAVE VIOLATED RULE AGAINST "GUYING"

How Edwin Booth Decorated the Face of a Dying Desdemona—Louis James Was an Inevitable Fun Maker.

While "guying" and playing pranks on the stage which are liable to upset one's fellow actors and cause them to deliver their lines while in a condition of almost helpless hysteria are strictly forbidden by theatrical managers, the practice has always been a favorite one more or less with some of the world's bravest and, so far as appearances go, stern and serious stage celebrities. Take Edwin Booth for instance. He often yielded to the temptation to play the comedian, even the buffoon, to his company while the audience saw only the tragedian. A writer in the Bookman tells how Booth once enlivened the last act of Othello. While smothering Desdemona he managed to get some of the brown paint from his own makeup onto the tips of his fingers.

Then while delivering the lines of the scene with his usual impassioned fervor and apparently stifling Desdemona with pillows, he painted a mustache and goatee on the helpless lady's countenance. The audience of course knew nothing of it. But when Gratiano and the other actors came on and one by one went to the bed to gaze at the features of the murdered bride the sight of a bewhiskered lady almost threw them into convulsions.

Each in turn approached the body with loud lamentations and each suddenly turned away shaken with convulsive laughter which the audience fortunately mistook for manifestations of grief. Another of Booth's tricks was to rub his face against Katharine's when he was playing Petruchio. In "The Taming of the Shrew," smearing her face with the paint from his makeup mustache. But this was at the end of the play as the curtain was descending.

Louis James was an inveterate fun maker on the stage. As Virginia he would rouse the audience to enthusiasm and then strike terror to the hearts of the timid in the mad scene of the last act. But while going through this role without skip or break the chances were that poor Appius Claudius, who lay dead on the floor, was praying for the curtain to come down so that he might laugh outright instead of choking to death trying to smother the mirth provoked while kneeling over him.

Man and the Coconut.

According to the opinion of the old historians and the commentators of the Koran, God created from the remainder of the clay of which Adam was made the Kulliser, or cocoa tree, which is found in abundance in the Indian islands. It produces a nut which is brought to Anatolia and Roomil. The interior and oily part is nourishing and fortifying food. The shell is worked into spoons and cups of the size of a man's head. It is a round, black nut, on which all the parts of a man's head may be seen, mouth, nose, eyebrows, eyes, hair and whiskers, before it was formed from Adam's clay. A wonderful sight! From the same clay God created also the Wakwak found in India the fruit of which resembles a man's head, which shaken by the wind emits the sound of Wakwak. Finally was created also the palm tree from the remainder of Adam's clay at Kufa, near the water Tinnoor. This is said to be the cause why the palm trees of Kufa, Medain and Omman are straight and upright, like the stature of a man. If you cut its branches, it does not only no harm to it, but grows even more, like the hair and beard of men; but if you cut off the head of the palm tree, it gives a reddish juice like blood, and the tree perishes like a man whose head is cut off.—Evil Effendi: "Travels."

Her Daily Thought Book.

A year ago I started a daily thought book, and so much entertainment and profit has it afforded me that I pass the idea on for the benefit of other girls who are interested in self-improvement. Every day I learn a new quotation, now and then a whole poem, and when it is mastered I write it in my book under that date. If a day elapses by without my learning a quotation I make the loss up later, and when in reading I come across things I want to learn I clip them or make a memorandum where they can be found, so they will be available when I am at leisure. The result is a broadening knowledge of the poets, and in fact I have found that it is not hard to memorize prose.

The plan was suggested by the experience of a friend who was confined to bed for three months. During that time she was forbidden reading and visitors, yet she was a most tractable patient.

I entertained myself by reading the yards of poetry I know," she explained.—Harper's Bazar.

Unfair Comparison.

"This thermometer I bought here last week isn't accurate," complained the man with the sunburned countenance. "It registers ten degrees too high."

"How did you test it?" queried the dealer.

"I compared it with the thermometer in the summer hotel where I was staying," replied the innocent man.

LAMBS AS BURNT OFFERINGS

Sacrifices for Benefit of Flocks Made by Shepherds of the British Isles.

Adelaide Gossett's "Shepherds of Britain" tells us that a lamb was burned alive by a farmer in recent times to deliver his flocks from a spell which he believed to have been cast upon them, and that Prof. Rhys knew a very old woman who told him that she remembered seeing a live sheep burned as a sacrifice. A lady contributor states that lambs have been sacrificially burned, whether alive or not, she does not say, within living memory in the Isle of Man May day. The author, as well as one of her contributors, believes that the name collic is taken from the black-faced Highland sheep, which were formerly called colles or colleys; hence the dogs which drove them came to be called collic dogs, now abbreviated into collics. It may astonish some southerners to learn that in Shetland, during the winter, when the pastures have become bare of grass, the sheep, and for that matter, the ponies also, feed largely upon seaweed; but this is not so much to be wondered at when we remember that human beings sometimes eat the same food on the west coast of Ireland. One of the greatest enemies of the shepherd is an eagle, when he takes to lamb eating which very many eagles do. "The eagle is the most voracious glutton, and the best chance for the shepherd to take his revenge is when he weathers on a bird gorged to the beak with downed mutton. Then the prince of the air and the mountains may be knocked senseless with a staff."

In return for the pleasure of reading her book we offer the author the following information relating to sheep. As its well known, there is no bad habit of which it is more difficult to break a dog than that of chasing sheep. In many cases all that can be done is to destroy the dog. The next neighbor of the reviewer had a pack of hounds, one of which became a confirmed and apparently incurable sheep runner. Its master had also a fine flock of Shropshire sheep, and selecting the largest and most powerful ram he coupled the delinquent to it and turned them into a large grass field. Much alarmed at being attached to his canine companion, the ram galloped furiously round and round the field, dragging the reluctant hound after it until both lay down thoroughly exhausted. Nothing would induce the hound ever to look at a sheep again. Indeed, instead of running after sheep, for the future it ran away from them.—The Futurist.

The Vacant Mind.

There are those who claim that the human mind, in those recognized as entirely rational, never in working hours becomes entirely inactive; that always it is productive of thought. Many who have experimented with themselves know to the contrary. It is not by the human eye that plainly indicates introspection that we may conclude upon mental vacancy in the person.

Take the opportunity of a deep blue sky, void of clouds, that suggests features and forms of human beings, animals and fishes, and outlines of the earth's surface. Gaze fixedly into the sapphire depths for a minute or two or three, or many minutes, and then you will likely conclude that during that time your mind has been absolutely vacant, completely at rest. It will be impossible to produce this result upon yourself by gazing into the great dome of the night when the stars are ablaze or the moon radiant; for this will infallibly produce activity of the mind in that feeble effort we are all prone to indulge in to grasp some vague idea of the infinite.

What we call the laws of nature demand activity in all growing animal life that it may grow. There are points of growth beyond which occasional rest from those activities will aid in the conservation of the forces. Men of tremendous affairs in finance and construction in many instances die early because they cannot rest the mind.—Cincinnati Enquirer

Typhoid Fever is Conquered.

It cost a big lot of money—probably several million dollars—to mobilize the American troops in Texas, but results have already shown that it was well spent. And for this one reason, if no other, the movement has enabled medical science to demonstrate that typhoid fever, the deadliest foe of armies in the field, is a preventive disease. Altogether something like 17,000 troops were sent to Texas, all of whom were inoculated with typhoid serum. As additional safeguards the most rigid hygienic and sanitary regulations that the medical corps could devise were strictly enforced. Result, only one case of typhoid fever has occurred in that entire army. Compare this showing with what happened to the troops—perhaps 150,000 in all—assembled in the southern states during the Spanish war. Among these forces were 28,000 cases of typhoid. The plain truth is that the army in Texas has achieved a magnificent victory—a bloodless one, it is true, but splendid in its gain for humanity.—Detroit Free Press.

In a Quandary.

Litson—Nubbe is on the horns of a dilemma; he doesn't know whether to break his word or to hurt the feelings of his fiancée.

Sillens—What do you mean?

Litson—Why, he vowed he would never shave if the Canadian reciprocity bill was passed; and on his birthday his fiancée gave him a shaving set.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

IT IS EASY TO TEACH LITTLE CHILD GOOD MANNERS.

While His Mind is Plastic He Should Be Trained in the Home in Proper Behavior and Language.

Good manners, like charity, should begin at home. Let me add that they should begin with the little children, while their minds are in a receptive, plastic condition. With age, the good manners, especially of speech, grow toward a state of perfection. You do not need to have a governess or a tutor for your child. You can begin to train him yourself, being careful to correct every bad tendency and to encourage and praise every good action.

Some little ones are painfully shy in the presence of strangers. In spite of confidence in them and let them gradually become accustomed to the outsider. Do not force the shy child to kiss a stranger or to talk to one when you see that it is positive torture. Wait till he is a little older.

In speech, begin right away with the use of "thank you" and "please." I know children with extremely limited vocabularies who use these terms correctly.

Insist that there be no interruptions when others are speaking. Give a child his opportunity to be heard, and when he asks a question for information, answer him. If he is merely asking for the sake of asking, and pays no attention to the reply, punish him by refusing the next time and telling him why you refuse.

When you call a child, do not permit it to say "What?" It is crude, abrupt and lacks something which is so easily supplied that you should not neglect the opportunity to do so. Very much better is, "What did you say, mother?" or "I did not hear, father." Try this for the difference if you doubt my word.

Children can show the required deference to elders not by "Yes, ma'am," for that is obsolete and more the sign of respect shown by a servant to an employer. Better than this is the "No, Aunt Mary," or "Yes, father."

When an older person greets a little child and asks "How are you?" he should not be met by a hanging head and a sullen face. The little one should reply, "Very well, thank you." It is very easy to teach these little things when the boy or girl is young.

A little girl when entering a room should stand beside her mother's chair until introduced. A little boy should always rise when his elders enter a room and remain standing until the others are seated.

Oh, it is easy to bend the twig! It is easy to bend the twig! It is easy to bend the twig! It is easy to bend the twig! It is easy to bend the twig!

Today notice the speech of any little one around you. Find out the flaws and begin right away to correct the imperfections. You will be gratified with the results.—Philadelphia North American.

Talking It Over With the Boy.

Experiences of others in bringing up their boys have so greatly aided me in bringing up my own, that, perhaps, a way which helped me through a trying period with one of my sons may, in its turn, be of use.

Although for years I had tried to instill good manners as well as morals, there came a time when one of the boys seemed to forget everything I had been at such pains to teach. He positively ignored the rights of others, and developed little tricks of manner which, while not serious, were exceedingly annoying.

It is a delicate matter to keep calling attention to failings in a big boy of sixteen, and I found our good fellowship was becoming seriously strained.

A simple plan suggested itself—I gave up all fault-finding except on one day of the month. On that day we had a good talk and got over it.

This cleared the atmosphere, silliness disappeared. I did not feel neglected, yet could stop what had become nagging, and the one serious talk proved far more effectual than constant protests.

"The Truth About Birds."

Let us face the truth about birds; not be duped by the beauty of their flight's incalculable curves. They are greedy, they are impertinent, they are untrustworthy, they are brainless, they are hopelessly unclean. They have not even the qualities of their defects. The least, for example, that one could expect of such maternal creatures would be punctuality. Myself, I have never depended on my woodpecker to wake me at a given time, but I once had a friend who counted on a cardinal-bird. Six mornings he waked her regularly just three hours before breakfast. This, she considered, constituted a precedent. On the seventh morning, she had an early engagement. The cardinal-bird had, by that time, sought other casements, and my trusting friend missed her appointment. This is the real meaning of "flightiness"—Katharine F. Gerould in the Atlantic.

Literary Mixture.

"What we want," said the publisher, "is the terse, hard-hitting modern style of expression." "I know," replied the writing person, "the stuff that sounds like poetry with a little bean-cake of soda in it."

WORDS OF ORATORY'S POWER

How Whitefield's Burning Words Moved the Calm Franklin and the Worldly Chesterfield.

Even the calm and unimpassioned Franklin caught fire at Whitefield's burning words; and perhaps no more sensational proof of the orator's power could be given than his triumph over the prudence of poor Richard. Whitefield had consulted Franklin about the location of a proposed orphan house, but had refused to adopt his advice, and thereupon Franklin decided not to subscribe. "I happened soon after," he says, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved I should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give him the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver, and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

The same sermon was heard by a friend of Franklin's, who, agreeing with him about the location of the house, had as a precaution, emptied his pockets. Before the discourse was ended, he begged a neighbor, who stood near him, to lend him some money for a contribution. If any man could have resisted the preacher's spell, it must have been the haughty and brilliant Bolingbroke, and the worldly and fastidious Chesterfield; yet the former, we are told, was once deeply moved; and the icy decorum and self-possession of the latter were, on one occasion, as completely overpowered as if he had been an English collier or a Welsh miner. The preacher had presented the votary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar, led by a little dog. The dog breaks his string. The old man, with his staff between both hands, unconsciously gropes his way to the edge of a frightful precipice. Step by step he advances; he feels along with his staff; it drops down the descent, too far to send back an echo; his foot trembles on the ledge; another moment and he will fall headlong into the valley below—when up starts the peer crying out in agony, as he springs forward to save him. "Good God! he is gone!"—William Mathews, Oratory and Orators.

Enormous Egoism.

When the typical "reformers," of the extreme type, treat the world to a little sidelight upon their personal affairs they usually uncover amazing self-conceit. The cocksureness of their belief in their own wisdom and their superiority to the millions who do not agree with them can be paralleled only by their contempt for the teachings of the experience of the world through many centuries.

Often the same men and women who cry out against a stupid and stubborn age because it does not throw overboard all of its most important institutions at their behest refuse to be curbed or guided at all by other persons. They want the human race to give heed to them and dance to their music but their own passions and their whims, their desires and their fancies, must not be interfered with at all.

Egoism is not attractive. It is not popular, and in its grosser forms and manifestations it is disgusting. That is one reason, though not the most potent, for the indifference with which the busy world passes by the grotesque and more or less absurd shrines which the half-baked "reformers," say of the Sinclair type, set up for mankind to worship at in awe-struck gratitude to the builders.—Cleveland Leader.

The Elopement of Lisa.

Has anybody here seen Lisa—Lisa of the mystic smile—Leonard's lovely Mona Lisa, missing now for quite a while?

Lisa, like an image shrined and sainted, dwelling in the Louvre of Paris, wasn't anything that she was painted centuries ago, maybe. Now days, elopements are the fashion. Mona Lisa, star eyed and fair, may suddenly have conceived a passion for some Yankee multi-millionaire. Or, can it be that Mona Lisa had a lover whose rank and fortune were beneath her own? So far as anybody can discover, her guardians left her very much alone.

Mona Lisa, we have seen it stated, may be worth about five million plunk. (By whom she was at that tall figure rated it is not quite certain, and it sounds like bunk.)

But, anyhow, the lady's left the Louvre—with whom, at present writing, no one knows. Is such an outing likely to improve her? How will she be received, wherever she goes? It may be Mona Lisa's crossed the ocean—here is the wildest supposition yet—obsessed with some vague, half-formed desperate notion that she will change into a suffragette!—New York World.

Tower That Dominates Paris.

The bell tower of the basilica of the Sacre Coeur is beginning to near construction behind the dome of the sacred edifice. When finished it will dominate Paris from a total height of 218 meters. The tower itself, 83 meters high, stands on the highest point of Montmartre at an altitude of 135 meters. Its completion will bring to a close the most important construction in church architecture which has been undertaken for about a century.

HER FATAL MAD DOG SCARE

Woman Obtains the Assistance of a Policeman to Rescue Her Little Toodles.

Everybody along the street could see that the woman was in the throes of some great emotion. She ran up to the corner drug store and into the telephone booth, but the phone happened to be of the variety that is now giving extremely slow service, and she was in too much of a nervous state to wait for the girl to answer.

She continued up the street until she came to a policeman. Then, as soon as she had caught her breath, she told him the story that she had desired to telephone to the precinct lieutenant. As near as he could make out there was a mad dog in her back yard forthing at the mouth and carrying on something awful. In the same yard was her little dog Toodles, and she dared not go out to rescue the dear little pet for fear of being bitten by the rabies victim. Oh, and if the mad dog wasn't shot pretty quickly it would be too late to save Toodles, and dear, oh dear, but she was in a fearful state.

The cop accompanied her back to her home at top speed. She pointed to the back yard and told him to let her know when he had exterminated the mad dog, for she was too unstrung to witness the shooting.

The patrolman saw a small, brownish dog trotting about the yard, as if trying to get out. Over in a far corner, apparently limp with fear, sat an even smaller dog—a white one. This, undoubtedly, was Toodles. There was nothing to indicate that the latter dog had been bitten yet, for the brownish one was paying no attention to him, his sole effort being to find a place to get out.

He didn't look like a mad dog, the brownish one didn't, but the woman had seen him frothing at the mouth, and it was only a poor, unpedigreed cur dog, anyway, so the officer decided to shoot him and be on the safe side.

After the alleged mad dog was quite dead, the cop put away his revolver and went over to look at the cowering canine figure in the fence corner.

"Guess he ain't been bit," the cop muttered, "just scared to death. Wonder if he know he'd catch the rabies if the other fellow bit him?"

He gave him a pat on the head, went over and picked up the late mad dog by the tail and carried him around to the front door.

"Well, this fellow won't scare your little dog any more," said the cop with a smile, after the woman had come to the front steps.

The woman looked at him with a wild stare. She gasped, stood speechless, gasped again, clutched her bosom and stammered huskily "You've—you've shot my little Toodles!"

Make Clothing From Seaweed.

May we show you some of our latest patterns in seaweed?"

The day may not be far distant when our tailor will make this remark to him when showing us some choice tweed or serge for seaside wear.

Seaweed is really a most useful commodity. It forms a cheap barometer and holiday memento for our children; it provides the farmer with a somewhat odoriferous manure; certain varieties of the weed have been turned to account in the manufacture of photographic materials and now it promises to supply us with summer garments.

The weed used for this purpose comes from Australia and is more a fiber than a seaweed proper. It is dredged up from the bottom of the sea.

During the past few months several mills in Yorkshire have been experimenting, in the hope that cloth could be made from it. At first it was thought too coarse for the manufacture of suitings, but the results are said to have been very satisfactory and beyond all expectation.

It is light brown in color, as soft as wool and will readily take wool dyes.

The Gipsy's Right to Steal.

The Basque gipsies' variant of the Egyptian legend is worth quoting: "During the flight into Egypt, Joseph, exhausted by the rapidity of the march as well as by the weight of the Child Jesus, entrusted him to a traveler who was following the same route. The obliging traveler, however, satisfied his rapacious instinct, stripped the child and returned him almost naked to Joseph. Jesus rebuked the thief gently, but in consideration of the service he had just received granted to him and his descendants the right to take five sous at a time for an object of equivalent value. The simultaneously obliging and thievish traveler was an ancestor of whom, it appears, the modern gipsies boast.—Gipsy Lore.

Beyond Words.

"Did you try to comfort that friend who sent word that he was in great distress?"

"No," replied the chilly philosopher. "I didn't try to say anything. It wasn't a case of mere loss of friends or fortune. This fellow had a tooth-ache."

A Reproof.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Cumrox, "I thought nothing of working 12 or 14 hours a day."

"Father," replied the young man with sporty clothes, "I wish you wouldn't mention it. Those non-union sentiments are liable to make you unpopular."

CUTS A SMALL FIGURE

BRIDEGROOM AMOUNTS TO BUT LITTLE AT THE WEDDING.

He Must Assume Neutral Demeanor and Dress for Ceremony, and Then is Made to Feel Like a Brigand.

To realize the small figure cut by a bridegroom at his own wedding, one need only peruse the pages of a book of etiquette having to do with the marriage ceremony. There are reams of instructions for the bride, from how to carry her veil to how she shall greet the business acquaintance of her father. But how about the poor, neglected bridegroom? There are no pages written for his enlightenment. He does well to get a paragraph or so tucked down near the end of the story. No one tells him how to carry his hat or cares whether he has a hat at all. He is supposed to efface himself—to enter into the scheme of things only when the ceremony cannot go along without him.

There is only one occasion upon which the bridegroom is absolutely necessary, and that is when the minister must have someone to pronounce the husband of the fair bride. Even then the poor harassed man has a propensity for slipping the ring into the wrong pocket, so that he is compelled to fumble for it. In the end he drops it, whereupon it promptly rolls out of sight, and is rescued only after much confusion and considerable embarrassment. Men with out number have been known to forget the golden circlet of sweet bond age altogether.

Not only must the man in the case assume a neutral demeanor during the festivities, but he must dress the part. His clothes are black and solemn to behold; he is allowed to display absolutely no partiality in the choosing of his wedding garments. He looks very much the same, as he has dozens of times when attending formal affairs. The bride may be a veritable Flora, wreathed with garments, veiled in mist of tulle and filmy lace. The only festive note allowed the bridegroom is a single blossom or boutonniere of white against the somber blackness of his coat.

Another thing—he has always been led to believe the woman of his choice loved him devotedly, that her parents approved of him as a son and that he was generally persona grata. Yet when the day of happy consummation arrives every one weeps over the bride, who thereby endangers her own loveliness by wiping the tear drops from her shining eyes with a wisp of lace masquerading as a handkerchief. Every tear is like a stab to the man standing by wondering what it is all about and feeling very much like a brigand caught in the act of stealing away a beautiful young maiden.

All this sentimentalism and panoply of love is very dear to the heart of a girl, dreaming, as she has, over the most wonderful, the most eventful day of her life. Yet when the loneliness of the bridegroom, despite the fact that this is his wedding day and one quite as momentous to him as to the bride, is taken into consideration, small wonder then that so many pairs of lovers wing their way secretly to some quiet nook and take the vow of eternal constancy away from the sight and sound of ceremony.—Pittsburgh Sun.

And Still Missing.

The Harlem woman who goes in for the higher art has a miniature Venus de Milo standing on the piano, just to show the casual caller that she's wise to what's what.

This woman has the Venus and she also has a new hired girl, who comes from furria shores.

In dusting the piano the other morning, while her mistress was out doing the marketing, the girl bowled over the Venus. She picked it up, picked up also a chip or two and then began to weep.

When the mistress arrived home an hour or so later she found the girl on her knees peering under and behind the piano and looking in various other directions, all of which suggested that she might be searching for something.

"What is the matter?" asked the mistress of the home in surprise.

"Oh, I knocked over that Ratchoo," lamented the girl, pointing to Venus.

"But it doesn't seem to have damaged it any."

"Yes, it did," insisted the girl, almost tearfully. "It broke off both arms, ma'am, and I haven't been able to find them."

The "Sure Nail" of Palestine.

William H. Thompson's book about the Holy Land, called "The Land and the Book," has had the curious fate of outlasting many books of Biblical criticism of a far more pretentious nature. Its popularity through the years is due, in part, to the fact that it explains so many obscure matters in such a natural way. For instance, there is the passage in Isaiah: "I will fasten him with a nail in a sure place," and again: "This nail, fastened in a sure place, shall be removed, and cut down and fall." The "nail," says Dr. Thompson, was a wooden peg or tent pin, sometimes driven into the wall through the plaster, and he adds, with the feeling of one who has had experience: "Not one in a score of them but what bends down, or gets loose or falls out."