

FIRST THEATER IN AMERICA

It Was in Philadelphia and Its Walls Are Only Now Crumbling Into Dust.

There is an echo of the past called up by the falling of the walls of an abandoned distillery on South street.

It surprises me noted over the location of the theater, it is only necessary to point out that in the middle of the eighteenth century the moral and levitic spirit of the day prevented the profanation of the city by any such institution, so it was erected outside the boundaries and was in what was known as Southwark.

But even in that day there were those who found pleasure and profit in attending the theater. A few years later George Washington was of those who patronized the enterprise.

If we can believe what evidence is available, dramatic managers in those days had some illumination and inspiration, as well as being mere purveyors of entertainment.

The dawn of the American drama cast a feeble light, but we may now catch a few glintings of it as its first home in America tumbles into dust.

IDAHO A WONDERFUL STATE

Even the Victims of Its Swindlers Make Money by the Fraud, Says Senator Borah.

United States Senator Borah claims that his state of Idaho is so good that even the people who get cheated with in its smiling domain make money by the transaction.

My husband was a traveling man, she explained in a lachrymose voice, "and one night in Boise City some of your people gave him too much drink, so much in fact, that he didn't know what he was doing.

Mr. Borah asked the name of the mine, and she told him. Without saying a word, he picked up a newspaper and pointed to the stock quotations. Right there that Nobe-like woman got the shock of her life.

Monkey Chastisement. Monkeys do such an astonishing amount of reasoning, sometimes, that it almost frightens us into believing that Darwin was right after all.

Indignant Passenger (to railway manager)—Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your beastly engines, and it cost me 10 shillings for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye. Now, what do you propose to do in the matter?

Exonerated. Indignant Passenger (to railway manager)—Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your beastly engines, and it cost me 10 shillings for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye.

Railway Manager—Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. No doubt, strictly speaking, you did go off with our property—the cinder of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter.

RESPECTED BY MINE OWNERS

Superstitions Among Men Who Work Where Daylight Never Penetrates Are Rather Quaint.

Many and quaint are the superstitions existing among coal miners and each of them is respected by the wise mine owner.

For example, it is an old-established custom in the mines in the north of England and South Wales to close down a mine for one day when a man is killed in the workings.

In some mines the closing day after a fatal accident is the day of the funeral, but more usually it is the day after the accident.

In some mines it is considered an omen of ill luck for a miner to carry his lantern in his left hand; and in others, curiously enough, it is regarded as unlucky to carry the lantern in the right hand.

One of the oldest customs among miners is that known as "parting." When a batch of miners in England get to work on a new seam, or cutting, for the first time the first miner to strike the coal with his pick leaves a bit of the clothes he is wearing at the place where he strikes the first blow.

Every miner on taking on work at a mine in the north of England receives a cardboard leaf, containing the regulations prevailing at that particular mine, which he must scrupulously observe.

FATE OF THE OLD CHURCHES

Eighteen From New York City Have Been Sold and Moved to Small Towns.

Eighteen stone churches which were on Manhattan island from twenty-five to two years ago are now scattered over New York state, New Jersey and Connecticut, says the New York Sun.

There is a good market for second hand churches taken down hereabout and that can be moved by low cost water carriage to places within two hundred miles.

In the last dozen years an enormous business has been done in taking down brownstone houses in Manhattan and re-erecting them in many places.

How He Tamed the Gallery.

E. H. Sothern tells an amusing story of his father, E. A., otherwise "Dundreary" Sothern. During the summer of 1863, the elder, with John T. Raymond and several other well-known actors, occupied the local theater of a seaside summer resort, to which he and his company drew a large house several nights in the week to hear and see them act—rehearse, really, important plays for their next winter's New York season.

The gallery "gods" became so obstreperous on occasions that it was with great difficulty the play could be proceeded with. The ringleader, a town tough, was known as Bill Hamrahnan.

The result was magical! Bill cracked the heads of a few of his erstwhile fellow rioters with such good effect that it was only a little time before the best of order prevailed.

But One Distinction.

Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes (Rose Pastor) said in a recent address in New York, apropos of certain dishonest financial methods:

"They tell a story about a man of this type. It appears that, as he got out of his motorcar one day, a thief snatched a silk handkerchief from the pocket of his sable-lined overcoat.

"Ah, let me go! Come on now, let me go. After all, boss, the only difference between you and me is that you're makin' your sixth or seventh million while I'm still workin' on my first."

OLD STAGES OF NEW YORK

Many Years Ago They Were Operated Regularly Between Metropolis and Other Cities.

In excavating underneath the former Tallman livery in New York recently workmen found a number of straps such as were used in former days on the stage coaches which plied between Albany to Buffalo.

The straps are supposed to have been made at the Sherwood establishment, which many years ago stood at the northeast corner of State and Dill streets. S. C. Tallman said he believed the straps to be at least 75 years old, and to have lain where they were found probably for that length of time or longer.

It was in 1809 that Isaac Sherwood of Skaneateles became a partner of Jason Barker of Utica in conducting the stage line which passed through this county, carrying the United States mail. It is recorded that in 1816 a line of coaches, among the proprietors of which was the firm of Isaac Sherwood & Co. of Auburn, was operated between Canandaigua and Utica.

These coaches passed over what was known as the Seneca turnpike, constructed between the two points named. It was designed to build this road six rods wide, the middle 25 feet of it to be covered with gravel or broken stone to a depth of 15 inches.

From Utica east a tri-weekly stage line was operated to Albany, and this likewise was controlled by Sherwood & Co. and others.

The corner of State and Dill streets was a great center for stage coaches in the early days. Various other lines besides the turnpike stages converged in Auburn, there being stages to Homer, Ithaca, Oswego, Aurora and other places.

The Pioneer Line gained control of the principal hotel in the village, known as the Western Exchange, hoping thus to embarrass its rivals. But the Sherwood interests fitted up the Bank of Auburn, as it was known, for their headquarters. An issue of this campaign was the question of running stage coaches on Sunday.

IT ASTONISHED THE COOK

Marvelous Appetite of "Mr. Clarendon," Whose Name Was Reported to Kitchen's Best.

J. Hayden-Clarendon, eating his three meals in a German grill of much renown, has, day by day, extended his acquaintanceship to the steward to each of the waiters and from thence into the kitchen to the cooks. And it so happened a while ago that one of the cooks had had to send his wife to a hospital. Clarendon, ever thoughtful, bought flowers and sent them out to the kitchen to be forwarded thence to the hospital.

This, of course, made him more than solid with the culinary department of the big restaurant, with the result that whenever a waiter announced that the order was "for Mr. Clarendon" the cooks would go to the "hmit in getting him the best steaks and chops and serving them as works of art.

The waiters weren't slow in learning that the word "Clarendon" was the passport to the kitchen's best—the open sesame, as it were.

"T-bone steak, rare, for Mr. Clarendon." The man at the broiler threw up his hands.

"What's come over Mr. Clarendon?" he asked in astonishment. "He has had two porterhouse steaks, boiled salmon, ham and eggs, three oyster stews, sanddabs, chops, and now he wants a T-bone steak—and all in an hour!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wild Bird Returns to Captivity.

Are birds able to think and remember where they have been well cared for? A gentleman living in Leith is in the habit of feeding the birds which frequent his garden during the winter months. Some time in January, 1911, he noticed a greenfinch to enter a cage and so captured it. It was wearing a ring on its leg marked "Aberdeen University, 7185."

In the following March he set it at liberty, declares a correspondent of The Scotsman. He was much surprised when on January 13, 1912, the bird returned. On his cage being presented to him, the bird hopped contentedly into it and settled comfortably down for the severe season. An examination of the ring left no doubt as to the identity of the bird.

When Filtrating Has No Charm.

An aviation meet was given recently at Hot Springs, Ark., to the great amazement of the native negro population. Two little very black maidens were discussing the doings of the marvelous "bird men," and one of them said boastfully:

"Ah wuz offered \$10 to go up in one o' them Byin' machines."

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed the other. "Mah goodness, chile, that's a powerful lot o' money. Whyn' you all do it?"

NEVER FORGOT ITS ENMITY

Colt's Repugnance to Calf Grew Until It Included Every Species of the Bovine.

On a stock farm near Syracuse, N. Y., a calf and colt were born on the same day. So soon as it was old enough to run about the calf resolutely repudiated its Jersey mother and insisted on being fed by the mare. Regularly every morning the calf would watch its chance for breakfast when the colt was kicking up its heels at the other end of the pasture, and would hurry to the good-natured mare, who seemed to develop a real affection for her foster baby and was quite willing to mother it. To this, however, her own offspring strenuously objected.

So, far from forgetting its youthful enmity for the calf, the colt has grown up hating everything bovine. The farmer has had to erect a high fence dividing the pasture, and to keep cows and horses separated. The colt otherwise tractable in every way, goes wild with rage at sight of a cow, and attacks her with hoofs and teeth. For this reason it is impossible to drive him in the country, and his owner is even obliged to stable him in a building remote from sight and sound of the roadway.

MARKED BY MUCH COURTESY

Transaction in English Country Store Caused Reflection on Part of Boston Woman.

Letting a boy buy eggs in an English country store brought home to a Boston woman the barbarian bluntness of her own townsmen.

"The boy was aged about six, and he wanted three eggs," she said. "Picture the transaction in a Boston store. In bounces the boy, slaps down the money, and shouts: 'Gimme three eggs,' the tradesman answers 'All right,' or maybe nothing at all, and the deal is closed. Not so in that English store.

"Quietly the boy sidled up to the counter. From the other side a gray-haired grocer beamed upon him benevolently, and said, 'Thank you' inquiringly.

"Three eggs, if you please," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the grocer, and put the eggs into a paper bag.

"The boy received the bag with another 'Thank you,' and 'Thank you,' replied the grocer when he took the money. That required making change, which was effected with another interchange of 'Thank you's.' Just count the civilities: Six 'thank you's' and one of you please' to buy three eggs. In Boston you could do a week's marketing on less courtesy."

Suiting the Question.

The damage suit was on, and Bill-dad's chauffeur was testifying for the plaintiff.

"Now, you say," said the pompous lawyer for the defendant, "that at this point the two cars, traveling at the rate of 30 miles an hour, came together head on. Then what did you do?"

"The witness gazed wearily at his questioner.

"Why," he said, "I turned to my wife, who was brushing the baby's hair in the trolley, and I said that I thought the dumplings must be done by this time."

"Bang!" interrupted the judge's gavel. "Stenographer," said his honor, "strike that fool answer from the record."

"And doesn't the question go with it, judge?" asked the witness meekly.

"Sure!" said his honor, forgetting the dignity of his calling for the moment.—Harper's Weekly.

Why He Had to Have an Office.

An inherited fortune and the disposal of an organized business enabled a well-known Chicagoan to retire. He had the inclination for leisure, but could not surrender the idea of having a definite business abiding spot.

He rented an office in a loft building and went to Europe. After a six months absence he returned, looked the building over and went to South America. Then, after again verifying the report that the building was not crumbling, he took a jaunt to Japan.

Not long ago one of his old cronies said:

"Frank, why don't you give up your office—you don't need it."

CRIES TO GET ITS OWN WAY

Child Soon Learns to Know the Effect of Tears on Mother, Declares an Authority.

A mother can seldom withstand the tears of her baby, especially if it is her first baby. And yet the fear that babies' will cry, or the mother's softness of heart, accounts for much of the over-indulgence of children.

As soon as a child finds out that a mother is perfectly willing for him to cry if he likes, and as long as he likes, and that it doesn't disturb her in the least, but she just sits complacently (outwardly!) by and reads or sews, crying loses its virtue and life from that lesson on grows decidedly more sunshiny. For most of the crying of a young child is done deliberately because the child soon finds out that it is the way to get what it wants.

HAVE PRIVILEGE OF CREATION

Consolation for Women Who Do Not Enjoy All the Advantages They See Others Have.

Women are taught very wrongly about love. They are allowed to read love stories at a tender age and form a totally fatal notion of love.

They see themselves as charmers at a very early age. They begin trying to captivate, to charm, to ensnare the opposite sex, before they are out of the nursery. They live and die—many, many of them—without ever in the least understanding the truth about love or, in fact, about anything else.

Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it. Why should one woman have luxury, ease, travel, society and fine clothes and another woman have only toil and loneliness and privation?

This is a useless question. We cannot explain the inequalities of life, but there is an answer to the woman who asks this question. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by the way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so.—Pittsburg Leader.

Sounds Like Good Logic.

Recently, several educators came to the conclusion, after a lot of argument and discussion, that it is useless to teach girls higher mathematics and logic and that the time should be devoted to giving the girls a more practical training that will fit them to be housewives and mothers. It is much better, say the educators, to teach cooking, housekeeping and nursing.

So far as logic is concerned, the educators point out that the minds of young women can be disciplined just as much, if not more so, by putting them through rigorous courses in what will be of practical benefit to them in life. It further is argued that mathematics and such studies do not help a woman to be a better companion for her husband, for he uses those things only in his business, and a woman rather should study things that can be of help to him in his hours of relaxation.

Strenuous Exercise.

They were talking about the value of regular physical exercise, and one of the group, noticing that Meredith Nicholson, the author, seemed pretty fit, asked him what he did to keep in condition.

"Who me?" he exclaimed. "Why, I don't need any calisthenics or things of that sort. I live in a house on the sunset side of the street, and I get all the exercise my system needs in building the fire every morning."

"That doesn't seem to offer much chance for exercise," remarked a friend. "What kind of fire is it you build, wood or coal?"

"Neither," replied Nicholson. "We use gas, and I have to scratch a match every time I light the fire."

Ancient Land Grants.

Among the Jews the private ownership of land seems to have been established from the earliest times, as we learn from the purchase of land by Abraham when he secured the Cave of the Sepulchre for a family tomb, and the story of Ruth and Boaz. Assyrian, or rather Babylonian, cylinders of clay still preserve the transfers of land, and the names of humble grantors and grantees, whose names and petty bargains have survived for ages all record of the magnates whom they envied and obeyed.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

CAMERA HERO SAVED TRAIN

Spilled Films an Ill Reward for Act That Deserved Better Things of Fortune.

The slave of the camera was dozing in the smoking car when a half dozen shots rang out in the night air.

"Train robbers!" shrieked a pallid passenger as he crawled under the seat.

The camera man grasped his black box and tripod, and, running to the car platform, sprang off into the darkness.

The robbers, most of them, were grouped about the express car. There was much money in the express safe. The company said not over \$17, but it must have been thousands. Anyway, the robbers were determined to get it, whatever it was. They had done a lot of wild shooting and several persons had been hurt. Now they had skived a stick of dynamite into the car and were just about to ignite the fuse.

Suddenly a blinding glare filled the air with dazzling fire.

With a wild shriek the robbers fled to the woods.

The flashlight of the camera man had saved the train.

When they found him he was crouched before a train hand's lantern, weeping bitterly.

"Something went wrong with the dum thing," he moaned. "The film's spoiled!"

SORRY FOR HIS WRONGDOING

"Mr. Win" Unhappy Because He Once Did Ill Deeds at Old Man Winter's Behest.

Once 'pon a time Mister Win' was sleepin', still an' peaceable, dreamin' 'bout de time 'en he wuzter blow de blossoms an' talk ter de lil' chilluns as dey played under de trees; but Ole Man Winter, he come 'long an' waked him up, an' tol' him dat he wuz in need er compny, kase he had a long ways ter go, an' Mister Win' ris up an' went wid him, an' Ole Man Winter say ter him:

"You see dat steeple yander?" Mister Win' make answer dat he sho' do, an' den Ole Man Winter say: "All right. Des whif in an' blow it down fer me, kase I got a grudge ag'in it. Blow it down!" An' down come de steeple.

Den he make Mister Win' take de roof off de po' man's house, whar de lil' chilluns wuz sleepin', an' blow de fire out whar kep' 'em warm; an' wen dat come ter pass Mister Win' he git mighty sorry, an' tol' Mister Winter no mo' er dat fer him; an' he gone off agrievin' ter hissef' fym dat day ter dis you kin hear him cryin', des lak he had de breakin' er de heart. —Atlanta Constitution.

Sport of Collar Spotting.

"Collar spotting," the new automobile sport, is at its best when the streets are dirty enough to hold puddles of water. When the broadly-tired wheel of the machine strikes such a puddle a thin but solid sheet of water is thrown upward and outward, the path it takes being determined by the speed of the machine, the depth of the liquid and, to a certain extent, its consistency. These three factors make the aiming of the sheet a matter of great skill. When the puddle is close to the curb it is possible for the expert spotter, by swerving into it, to throw the sheet in such a way as to hit a man's collar—even when it's a narrow one—or the white fasteners on a woman's hat. Not every one is as expert as this, but the great fun of the sport lies in the fact that even when you miss your aim you're pretty sure to hit something, if it's only skirts or trousers of pedestrians.

Last of Schaghticoke Indians.

The few survivors of the Litchfield county (Conn.) tribe of Schaghticoke Indians own 300 acres of land and five houses, valued at \$3,000, besides a little personal property. They subsist by selling potatoes and other products, cutting railroad ties and wood and working on neighboring farms. The tribe is reduced to ignorance and poverty as a result of leading shiftless lives and by intermarriage and mixtures of races. The great event at the reservation is the annual rattlesnake hunt in the spring, when the paleface joins in the sport and furnishes all the whisky antidote needed.

Widely Separated Cities.

"Now, children, who can name two cities which are widely separated?" "Boston and San Francisco." "Correct! Any one else?" "London and Melbourne." "Yes. Now two more cities widely separated." "Simpli-city and Dupli-city."—Boston Transcript.

Thought They Were Mere Bills!

"Why don't you answer my notes?" asked a woman of another woman she had greeted effusively. "I have written you four notes during the last two weeks and not a single reply."

"O, were those four letters I thought they were merely bills, so I didn't open them."

Slow Process.

"Do you think your constituents favor the initiative and referendum?" "Can't decide yet," replied Senator Borahum. "They haven't yet got through arguing about the exact meaning of the phrase."