

OH, YE FACES.

Faces, faces, Crowding city streets and places, Bright with hope, and love, and laughter, Dark with passions of despair!

Oh! the beauty of the faces, Sunny locks and fairy graces, Little wandering gleams of heaven, Lost among the ways of men.

Oh! the paths of the faces, Blighted hopes and dark disgraces, When the angel robe is spotted, and the White soul stained with sin;

Oh! the horror of the faces, Scowlings, frowns, and dark menaces, Sudden with a thousand vices, Hideous with the brand of Cain.

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ANITA CORTEZ.

It was young Morgan's first appearance on any stage. The city editor wanted a two-column article on "Mrs. Bluebeard from Behind the Scenes," and Morgan was given the assignment.

The stage was dirty looking; some scenery, backed up against the wall, appeared garish and cheap—not at all so soft and beautiful as when seen from the front.

The play had already commenced and the comedian was capering around the stage with the soubrette. A crowd of men incased in brass armor leaned against a stone painted wall, while some chorus girls gowned as peasants, were chatting and laughing a few feet away.

"What the devil are you girls gadding about over there?" came the voice of the stage manager. "I've told you a hundred times to stand in that second entrance and wait your cue there. I'll fine the whole crowd of you if I have to tell you again."

The girls moved in a matter-of-fact sort of way to the entrance designated. One of the girls, a light-haired little thing, stuck her tongue out when the stage manager's back was turned.

Young Morgan took a long breath. He was accustomed to profanity down at the office, but then there were no women there.

A burst of music and the girls tripped on the stage, just as the comedian, panting and perspiring, came tumbling off. "I'm going to cut that dance to-morrow night, Cripps. It's too much exertion for a warm night."

"Cut your whole business for all I care," answered Cripps. "It's not my reputation you're making. The whole blooming show can go to the devil as far as I am concerned."

The comedian yawned. "Got 'em again, Cripps?" was all he said. Six girls came jostling off the stage. One of them stumbled against a bit of projecting scenery and tore a rent in her gown.

Cripps heard her. "Tore your dress, did you? That'll cost you a dollar—help you not to be so careless, too. Take the dress to Mrs. Ward after this scene and tell her to mend it."

"I couldn't help it, Mr. Cripps. I hurt my side against the scene, too. I've got enough to put up with without being fined."

"Can't help how the devil you did it," was Cripps' unfeeling rejoinder. "You girls come off that scene like a pack of frightened sheep. Take your time. Nobody's chasing you. Here, Gadsby, mind your lights! Quick now—out lights—down with that drop! Shove that wing around more—so—so—that's enough. Don't take all night with that table. That is a quick change, not a funeral! Get out of the way, you fool reporter! Push that chair on the stage. Now up lights—up lights for the love of heaven, and be quick about it!"

And up went the lights as suddenly as they went out, and Morgan heard a burst of applause from the front as the "Exterior of the King's Palace" gave way in fifteen seconds to "A Room in Bluebeard's Castle." The girls were rushing up the narrow wooden stairs for a change of costume—armored knights were running past him toward the stage—the orchestra was playing a wild fanfare—the stage manager was looking at his watch and grinning triumphantly.

"Made the change in four seconds quickened time than last night," he said. "Have you a pin, please?" Morgan

turned. It was the girl with a tear in her gown.

The reporter gave her a pin. "The stage manager is no' gracious to-night," he said.

"Same as usual," she answered. "He doesn't change much. That's his daughter over there"—and she swept her arm vaguely toward a crowd of girls who were sitting on a flight of red steps.

"The one with a pink ribbon in her hair?" asked Morgan.

"No, that's the comedian's wife—Mrs. Winters. The girl with the yellow tights is Minnie Cripps. She and the comedian's wife are thick as thieves. They don't love me and I don't love them. Some day I'll get even with them—Mrs. Winters first, though."

"You're Spanish?" asked Morgan, looking at her lustrous hair and her dark Spanish eyes.

"Yes, my name is Anita Cortez."

"I remember you now. You do a Spanish dance around a dagger stuck in the stage."

"Yes, and if it wasn't for that dance Mrs. Winters and I—oh, well, I'll tell you after the show. Going anywhere after the show? No? Well, the curtain drops at 10:54 o'clock and it takes me about twenty minutes to get out. I'll meet you in the ladies' saloon at the cafe around the corner at 11:20 o'clock. I have to go up stairs and dress for the second act now. When I come down I'll show you my dagger. It's a beauty, full of jewels, and I can throw it fifty feet and hit a bull's eye. There goes the curtain down on the first act. I'm late." And she darted up the stairs.

"Then there was pushing and shoving and hauling and hoisting as the countless scene shifters began setting the scenes for the second act. The orchestra leader came through a little door that led up from under the stage. Cripps caught sight of him.

"Don't give an encore for the opening chorus to-night, Betterton. We're four minutes late now on the first act. It's twenty-one of ten."

"All right," answered the orchestra leader. "There's a fine house out front." Then, after a pause: "Say, Cripps, I don't want to interfere, but that Cortez woman is flirting with every man in the house again. She's got my first violin daft. He made two discords just because he can't keep his eyes off her."

"I warned that Cortez mix two weeks ago that I'd fire her. The two weeks are up to-night—and she goes. I guess she knows it, too, for she's been looking ugly—confound her!" He pulled out his watch. "We're ready for you, Betterton," and as the orchestra leader disappeared through the little door Cripps called upstairs: "All down for the second act!"

A few minutes later the curtain went up on the second act. Cripps was swearing, as usual, and a sensitive chorus girl was crying because he had merely called her a "waddling hog" and had threatened to fine her if she didn't walk with her head up in the air and not down on her chest, "as if she was rooting for walnuts." The act was half over when Morgan saw Anita Cortez coming down the wooden steps. At the foot of the steps stood the comedian's wife, Hay Winters. Her back was toward Anita. In a second the dancer had drawn a dagger from her belt—another second and she took a quick look around. No one but Morgan observed her; she saw that he was looking at her, and so she threw a kiss at him. Then, like a flash, the dagger flew through the air and buried itself to the hilt in May Winters' back. Simultaneous with her shriek came a cry from the dancer, as she deliberately tumbled down the steps, landing on top of the wounded woman. With the quickness of lightning she pulled the dagger from the quivering flesh and sprang to her feet.

"My God," she cried. "My God, Cripps, come here. My foot slipped on the stairs and the dagger flew out of my hands, wounding May Winters, and—oh, my foot's sprained and there's my eye." And with a limp she bounded on the stage and throwing the dagger, dripping with blood, point downward, she danced around it like a wild thing; while the audience, moved by her frenzy, rose and cheered again and again at her tempestuous and whirlwind-like entrance.

Behind the scenes a different part was being played. The wounded woman was carried into a nearby dressing-room and the stage carpenter had sped up the street for a doctor. Winters, the comedian, was stanching the flow of blood with his cap. The woman was unconscious.

"She did it on purpose," said Cripps. "That fall of hers was a regular stage fall—you can't fool me."

"I don't think it was done purposely," said Winters, unsteadily. He bent his head and the tears slowly rolled down his cheeks and fell on the pink tights of the hurt woman. Cripps walked softly to the door and went out; he whistled softly to himself.

The doctor arrived just as Cripps came to the door again: "Hurry up, Winters—your cue."

"By heavens, Cripps, I can't sing a topical song now."

"It's your bread and butter out front there. Your wife's in that room. You can't help her by staying. Better look after your bread and butter."

Winters dug his nails into the palms of his hands. Cripps half led, half pushed him toward the stage. "Your hand's full of blood; wipe it on the wings as you go past," he said, quietly.

And so Winters went capering on the stage and sang and laughed and made the audience almost wild with delight, and the doctor in the dressing-room looked brave and tried to stop the flow of blood.

After he had sung three verses he darted from the stage and was in the dressing-room. Anita Cortez was helping the doctor.

"I'm very sorry about the accident, Mr. Winters," said the dancing girl,

calmly. "I've lost my position by it. Cripps has discharged me."

Winters looked at her and set his teeth. She looked at him and smiled. "Accidents will happen, you know," and she sighed. "Can I be of any further assistance, doctor?"

"I think not," he answered. She walked to the door. "Good-by, Winters," she said, without turning her head. Noiselessly she opened the door.

Winters dropped on his knees beside his wife. "Well?" he interrogated, looking up at the doctor.

"Unless there's an internal hemorrhage, she's all right. I think, though, she'll pull through. Have some one ring for an ambulance. She'll be better at a hospital than at home."

Young Morgan walked into the ladies' cafe at the saloon around the corner. Anita Cortez was sitting at a table. She looked handsomer off than on the stage.

"You're late," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "The manager kept me here making me promise not to use the story—it would hurt the show. And so I promised, though the city editor would kill me if he knew I had the story and didn't use it. What will you have to drink?"

"I'm not hungry," she answered. "Another thing—I didn't ask you here to eat and drink. I want to tell you a story. Once upon a time—that's the way all nice stories begin, you know—oh, but this isn't a nice story at all, so it must begin differently. Once there was a dancer, and she joined a burlesque company. There was a man in it, a comedian, whom she knew some years before. But they had certain reasons for not allowing other people to know this, so he treated her as coolly as she treated him—that is, when any one was looking."

"Ah, I see now," said Morgan.

"No, you don't, my dear boy. Let me continue. This comedian was married to one of the chorus girls—had been married recently, too. This hurt the other woman's pride, for the man had sworn his love for her long before he had met the pretty blonde. But she didn't want the man now. She was too proud and she had also outgrown her liking or loving, call it what you will. See that table by the door? Well, three days ago the comedian came in here after the matinee. The other woman—well, I was the other woman—was sitting at that table alone. No one else was in the room. He came over to me and begged me to leave the company. His wife was jealous of me. Women grow jealous intuitively. I refused to leave the company. He got on his knees to beg me. Just then entered his wife. She marched up to the table, called me every vile name in the calendar, and intended to do she slapped my face. I was on my feet in an instant, but Winters came between us and got his wife downstairs. I swore I'd be even with her, and I have been."

"But," said Morgan, "if you'll pardon me saying so, don't you think she was justified in slapping your face?"

Anita Cortez laughed.

"What a guileless boy you are!" she said. "I'll tell you another story—a shorter one. Suppose a man marries a woman and in six months tires of her and leaves her to starve. Then suppose he marries another woman a year or so afterward. Wife No. 2 finds her husband with Wife No. 1 and slaps his No. 1's face. Now, legally, if there was any slapping to be done the first wife should have the right, wouldn't she? Well, the first wife didn't slap—she stabbed. Will you kindly help me on with my cloak?"—Footlights.

The Kiss Ecclesiastic. At a fashionable wedding party, just as the happy pair were about to start on their wedding tour, the pretty little bride was thanking the clergyman who had made her and her choice one; on which the reverend gentleman, who was an old friend of the family and a bit of a wag, said: "But, my dear, you have not paid me my fee."

"What is it?" said the bride.

"A kiss. Won't you pay it before you go?"

"Of course I will," she answered, blushing and laughing, and she did.

A severe old maiden lady, standing by, was terribly shocked at such levity, and worse, as she thought it, on the part of the jolly divine; but everyone else, the bridegroom included, smiled at the incident. As the old maid, a little later, was about to drive away from the door, she put her head out of her brougham window and said severely, as the parson among others bade her adieu:

"Well, Mr. Clergyman, how about that ecclesiastical kiss?"

"Not now," he answered. "I will give it to you another time. So very public here!"

She disappeared. The guests roared, and the parson scored.—London Tidbits.

Many Times Its Weight. A noted entomologist who had been writing on the wonderful feats of strength as exhibited in the beetle family tells the following: "I selected" (he says) "a common black water-beetle, weighing four and two-tenths grains, and found that he was able to carry a load of shot in a small bag, the whole weighing eight and a quarter ounces, or exactly eight hundred and fifty times the weight of the insect. If a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds could carry as much proportionately he could shoulder a forty-five ton locomotive and then chain a train of cars together and take the whole lot across the country at the rate of five miles an hour."

Compliments of the Road. Tired Tatters—Yes, sir, pard; it pays ter be honest. Weary Wraggles—I know, now, Tatters, w'y ye'r so durn poor.—Louisville Truth.

UNDER THE BIG TENT

THE CIRCUS AND ITS MARVELOUS ACCOMPANIMENTS.

The Traveling Show in City and Country—Scenes When the Aggregation Stops for a One-Day Stand—Showmen as Benefactors.

The Circus.

Tradition keeps the memory of the old one-ring circus green. It is like the pie that mother used to make, and many a patriarch who visits the shows that come along occasionally and camp on a corner lot or the village-green recalls a resemblance to the circuses that were rare, but delightful, when he was a boy. The clown, the ringmaster, the bespangled lady rider, the intelligent donkey, the tumbler, the trick elephant, the ferocious lion, the marvellous freak side tent—all come and go with the season, practically unchanged, yet new to the young generation, and fascinating as ever to the old fellow who so unselfishly attends every show that comes along, "for the children's sake," and for the memory of past days.

If you cultivate the proper spirit you



THE CLOWN'S BEST FRIEND.

can have an excellent time at the circus, even the little one-ringed one, and that spirit is the broad one prepared to applaud and enjoy; the intention of

work. Then comes the arena work. The principal acts lead. The riders do the common things with the grace of long practice, and as Champion So-and-so leaves the ring he stops to talk a moment with the tripping beauty who is about to essay the trapeze. The trapezists move to slow music by the band, which consists of a half dozen



"WE WERE COMRADES."

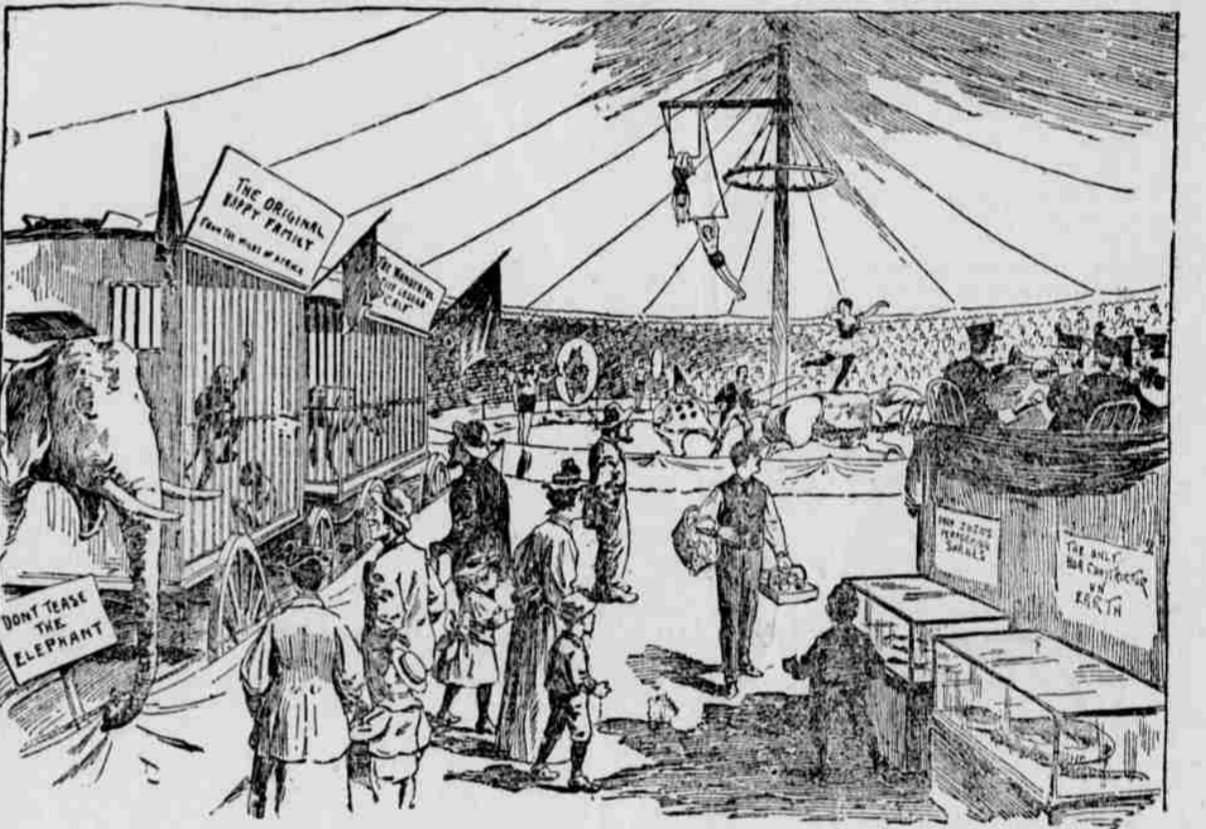
uniformed musicians stationed by the entry. The children, who make up two-thirds of the audience, cheer as the daring people in fleshings "skin the cat" and perform other wonderful feats thirty feet above ground. Sometimes two sisters or brothers, rarely three of a family, poise themselves on the bars. The horizontal bar acts, the tumbling over the backs of stooping men, the jockey riding and the trained pigs, dogs and horses make up the rest of the program.

The advent of the big tent of the big show, with its marvellous accompaniments, is, of course, an event that comes to the rural districts somewhat infrequently, but it is appreciated there as nowhere else. The city, with its free shows, its constant excitement, cannot find the novelty in one of these exhibitions that appeals to the village



EDUCATING THE MONKEY.

brains are required to keep a set of freaks in order as to govern an empire." He was not far wrong, for the jealousies and bickerings of these people go on forever.



THE SHOW IN FULL OPERATION.

having a good laugh, the resolve not to pick flaws. You will find the riding lively, the dresses smart and dazzling. Looking at it with wondering little Johnny's eyes, you will get your full money's worth. These small circuses set themselves up in a night, wherever there is room for a two-pole tent and two long tents for performers and animals. Narrow blue seats

lad, who ordinarily leads a quiet life. Yet the latter is critical. He knows a genuinely good show when he sees it. The procession must be up-to-date, the menagerie must contain real wild beasts, the ring specialties must be new, or at least artistic and ingenious. A peep behind the scenes, in which he discerns the lady rider practicing for a Mazeppa ride; the leading horseman

The amount of money required to put a first-class show on the road is enormous. In some cases hundreds of thousands of dollars are laid out in animals, in wagons, tents, in advertising and other expenses before a cent is realized. This of itself is a matter of no small consequence, for a bad season means financial ruin to all concerned, and a succession of rainy days so seriously reduces the receipts that even a strong show may be crippled. At any moment the manager may be summoned to suppress a first-class riot in the freak department.

Add to the business and financial cares the dissensions that constantly arise within the organization, and between its various members and outsiders, the possibility of something going wrong at any moment during the performance, the chance of a snake getting loose or a lion escaping from his cage, or the gorilla striking for higher pay during the hottest part of the season because his clothing of hide and fur is too warm for comfort, and the manager's lot is far from being a happy one. But he gives the world a deal of



A FAMILIAR SCENE.

are forced into duty as steps. The single, gilded wagon of the outfit furnishes a stuffy cubbyhole for the ticket seller, and the small crowd pushes against the closed end in the good old way until the window opens. But then one does not see that lightning work by

teaching his boy to accompany him in a daring flight; the trainer educating the monkey to turn somersaults; the ringmaster painting spots in his favorite charger, all these give zest to the real finished entertainment, and the youthful spectator enjoys every act, from the hoop performance of the bespangled girl rider to the antics of the educated pig.

Few people, however, who see the grand aggregation of curiosities and varied talent displayed by a first-class circus have any idea of the trouble and labor of bringing such a display into working order and starting it out in the spring. The more important animals, such as lions and tigers, must of necessity be genuine, and, of course, if they survive the winter are ready for the spring trade. There must also be a real giraffe, for even the ingenuity of a showman has not yet succeeded in contriving an imitation of a giraffe that will pass muster with even the most guileless small boy, and a bogus elephant would be quite as difficult to palm off as a manufactured giraffe or hippopotamus.

Then the business of handling a great aggregation of men, animals and curiosities is of itself a specialty, in which



LEARNING TO RIDE.

pleasure, such as it is; if the season is good he makes money; for months he and his are the admiration of all that portion of mankind that patronizes the circus, and these facts go far to recommend him to the hardships of his lot.

Lions and Tigers. Caged lions and tigers, pumas and jaguars take no notice of the men and women passing in front of them, but if a dog be brought anywhere near the cage they show their savage nature at once.

No woman loves her honey boy when she has a headache.