

Outshone by Surroundings

Thus costumed players could not be imressive, while on the stage itself sat the plumed, laced and ruffled gallants of the time, clothed from head to foot in the costliest and showlest garb that has ever een worn.

There they sat, at their leisure and pleasure, and loudly criticised the play or bandled jests with the plt, their biaze of luxurious color and fabric rendering it idle for the actors to attempt any show in that line. Shakespeare played on such a stage many times, and, being but a poor actor, heard, no doubt, many a frank-ly adverse criticism with what grace he light

As to the character of the plays, his own works are examples of the best and most popular. It was said by a contemporary critic that while Jonson's plays were much admired for their plot, and the learning

At the time of which this article treats

grossness of the plays presented. Certain it is, that after women began to act, plays

were much more refined. Even then, ladies attending the theater, perhaps Eliz-

abeth herself, were often compelled to

mask their blushes. And no wonder, when passages were rendered, too vile, by far, for a low variety show of today.

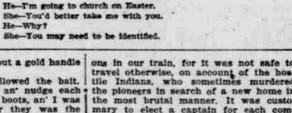
Manners of the Time.

Of the manners of the time, one can

boys and young men took female parts This may have led, in a measure, to the

fer 'musement he's even put a gold handle "I seen that they swallowed the balt, "I seen that they swallowed the balt, fer they begins to wink an' nudge each other an' to pull on their boots, an' I was almighty glad of it, fer they was the hardest lookin' customers I ever seen in all my life

was melted into three or four big slugs, an' we burled 'em in a corner o' the cab-in. Our cookin' utensils was limited to a fryin' pan, a coffee-pot an' two tin cups. "By this time the coffee was hot, an' I storm follered storm and there was days an' days when we couldn't even stick our noses out o' the door. It begin to git mighty tellus, and, to make matters worse, the terbacker was gittin' low and Jake was gittin' grouchy an' mean. If we



to find.

camping-places, for grass, wood and wa ter, which were sometimes very difficul Scant Water and Fuel. "In some instances it was necessary to travel during the night, in order to reach

water, and since we traveled hundreds

of miles without seeing a tree, it was no wonder that wood to cook our frugal

One poor fellow, in the fullness of his

regard to many, for, after leaving the

tance from camp in the daylight also, for not only Indians but outlawed white men

stole our stock whenever opportunity of-

"Independence Rock."

Bourne, and we were in his company un

til we reached Independence Rock, a well-

known landmark to all emigrants, located

on the Sweetwater. This name was giv-

en the rock by emigrants of an earlier

"The name of our captain was Robert

fered.

Missouri River, it was always necessar to guard our stock at night, and at a di

mitment was an engraver on jewelry, but of late has been studying the art of wood success. In the last issue, which was a holiday number, the first page was devot-ed to pictures of Washington and Lincoln under the caption of "Our Country's Heroes." This cut was made by Young rom an old piece of copper plate with ools of his own make in the prison, and was well executed, despite the crude methods. The compositors make up the balance of the 14 employed on the peper. These are all 10-year men, with the exception of Frank Kelly, who killed his father in-law, Reed, between New Canaan and Lewisboro, N. Y., two years ago. He is serving a 17-year sentence. . HISTORIC SILVER SPADE. meals was scarce. But a very fair sub-stitute, known as 'buffalo chips,' was

the crowd. "Wait until he comes around this way," said I, "and I'll have the pleasure of a

good smoke at your expense." "I'm not so sure of that," returned Bob. Just then O'Rooney stepped up on an empty beer keg that stood beside him and,

"It's not Molke O'Rooney that would e afther tillin' ye b'ys which mon to vote for in this coomin' eliction, if it wasn't for the ontinse loove of how in me brist for me coonthry. As ye will know, it's not for the loove av the sordid eliction dollar thot Moike is wurrkin'.

"Of nivir got onything for me throob in thryin' to riscue this blissid coonthry from the honds av the grofters, more thon the wearin' av a few bross boolins, ond wan av the worrst bates Pinnoyer could foind for me.

mpty beer keg that sto facing the men, began:

can drink a drop of it unless the presiden gives permission. He, however, may drint

as often as he likes. When he passes the glass to another that other may drink until the president crices "Stop!" and the O'Rooney Addresses the "B'ys." glass is passed on to the next. Sometimes the "Stop!" comes before a single drop is drunk. This is the fun for the others A good-natured president rarely repeats this joke, but it sometimes happens that he has a grudge against one of the men, and then the unfortunate victim sits the whole avertime emotions and forwards

whole evening smoking and frowning, while he sees all the others drink but himtion. And woe to a president who would make an "Olmo" of the same man twice, for he would goon have a knife run across his throat. - It is the frequency of such a

wine and a glass before him. He is the president of the party. All the company, including the president, have paid for that flask of wine, but not one of them

Jake was gittin' grou had only a lectle somethin' to drink, we'd a bin all right, but when the terbacket all gone, Jake didn't do nothin' but set in the corner an' mope all day, from mornin' to night, an' I didn't do nothin' but whittle an' whittle, all day, to keep my spirits up. It don't take much to ry an' get a feller out o' sorts when cooped up like that, an' one day we had the most aggravatin' thing happen; the coffee-pot got to leakin', an' nothin' we could do would stop the darn thing. the coffee stuffed rags in it, an' we plastere gh in it; 'twan't no use, only made it ask more an' more.

"In its-, me and Jake Pearson was in the diggin's, devotin' our time to pocket huntin', and we was havin' reasonable good luck. Well, we kept gettin' further an' further back in the mountains till 'long late in the Fall, when, fust thing we know clone a big snow storm

we knows, 'long comes a big snow stor and we gets locked in. We had a tolib

comfortable cabin, an' plenty o' bacon an' beans an' coffee, so we didn't much care, tho' we knowed it would be a mighty lonesome, dreary Winter. Our nuggets

s melted into three or four big slugs, we buried 'em in a corner o' the cab-

storm

A Serious Problem.

"Jake cussed the thing, an' then set down in the corner an' sed he'd be blasted if he'd drink any more coffee. For two or three days after that I made the coffee in the fryin' pan, but it was greasy an' had a had flavor, so I cets an' studies all day how I can fix that blamed coffee-pot. "At last I lit on a scheme an' even

Jake roused up from his corner for a few minutes to watch me. I went over an' dug up a gold slug an' comes over an' sorders up the hole with gold. This tickles ne so that I begins to look fer more holes, me so that i begins to look fer more holes, an' as fast as I finds one, in goes a gold plug. At last, even the smallest hole is plugged up, an' then, as sure as I set here, I begun to make more holes, just for the sake o' fixin' 'em! First I made 'em here an' there, an' anywhere; then I begun to make'em in even rows an' leave bie knobs make 'em in even rows an' leave big knobs o' gold on the outside; then I got out an-other slug o' gold and hammered it out flat an' cut it up into strips, an' made bands an' rings, which I put 'round an' 'round the coffee-pot, between the rows o' knobs; then dekerated the lid with a gold knob an' stripes o' gold, an' when it was done, the hole thing was positively

"All Winter long I kep addin' here an' dekeratin' there, until, when Spring come, I'd growed very proud o' my work, an' I remember I sed to Jake that there warn't a king ner a Vanderbilt what had a cof-fee-pot as equelled ours. I believe it was work that kept me from gettin' nutty, for before the first warm days come an the snow begun to melt, Jake was plasm

"One day Jake says to me: 'Jim, you're a darn fool to put in all yer time on that old coffee-pot, fer it'll only be a little time before we'll have to melt it all over agin.

"This was the fust time I'd thought of that, and the more I thought of it the madder I got. To think of meltin' up a coffee-pot that not even a king could af-ford! Then and there, I made up my m'nd never to part with it!

"Poor old Jake! He didn't live long after that: he come down with a fever, an' it went straight to his head, an' in less than a week he was dend. I buried him in the snow, and as soon as the canyon commenced to open up a bit I got ready to

Visitors.

One evenin' I was settin' afore the fire cookin' my last supper in the cabin an' a feelin' a good deal like I was a jest gettin' reach a good deal like I was a jest gettin ready to 'ecape from prison-an' I didn't know whether I was glad or sorry-when, all o' suddent, I heard the tramplin' of horses an' volces o' men comin' up to the cabin. I peeked out and saw two men ride up in front of the door and dismount. They come up an' hammered on the door to set in.

cabin. I peeked out and saw two men ride up in front of the door and dismount. They come up an' hammered on the door to get in. "'Hullo!' I hellered, 'what do yer want?" "We have been deer huntin' an' sort er got lost,' says they, 'an' we'd like to stay all night." "'All right,' says I, for I seen 'twan't no use refusin': come in, boys!' an' I opens the door. Well, sir, it 'ud made and sick dog haugh ter seen how them fellers jumped back when they got a first glimpse "& me, fer you see I'd been shut up in the

sees him kick Bill under the table "Bill thought they'd better go, seein' I was crowded fer room; so they gets up, puts on their hats an' begins buttonin' t their coats. But all the time I notice used. "We saw but few buffalo, but thou-sands of their trails, where they had gone to the Platte River for water, were in evidence. Many skulls were found by the wayside, where the Indians or emithat they kept their eyes on the coffee-pot, so I gets between them an it an' accidently lets my hand fall on the handle of my pistol, which was stickin' in my belt, an' then I tells 'em I'm awful sorry ter have 'em rush off, an' I adds that if they don't catch up with their friends fer 'em to be sure an' stop at my brother's the wayside, where the Indians or emi-grants of other years had killed them for the meat or their hides. Inscriptions were written on many of these silent me-mentoes of a now almost extinct race of wild animals, the "American bison." Some of the drivers of the ox teams would have the drivers of the ox teams would cabin, 'cause he was all alone an' would be

glad o' company. "If they'd a looked me straight in the lay their whips down long enough to scrawl, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," eye they'd a knowed I was a lying, fer I was kinder nervous, but they was so crazy about the gold that they didn't look "What Is Home Without a Mother?" of at nothin' an' they got on their horses an heart, wrote, "My guard comes on to-night." No doubt that was the truth in

at nothin an they be to be away. "Then, you see, I knowed I'd have to skip purty quick, fer they was sure to come back fer the coffee-pot. I was a laughin' ter myself at the way I fooled is hundle of

a laughin' ter myself at the way I fooled 'em, an' a tying up a little bundle o' grub an' things that I wanted to take with me, when, bang! an' I feels some-thin' kinder cold silde around my head, an' then I don't know nothin' more. "When I wakes up, I finds my head lay-in' in a pool o' bloood, an' I'm so weak that I can't hardly get up to my feet. It was broad davlight, an' the sun was a was broad daylight, an' the sun was a shinin' in the door; course it aint no use to tell you that the coffee-pot was gone, an' so was the gold what was left over.

Rescued by a Posse.

camp here on some 'glorious Fourth,' in days gone by, but we doubt if they found the same curlosity on its summit that we did. It was an emigrant wagon, "I guess I'd a died there, fer I was too weak ter move about any, if it hadn't a ben fer the Sheriff an' a posse o' men whose owner was busily engaged in mak-ing and disposing of to the weary emi-grants dried apple ples-a rare treat to many who had not known the satisfaction for a long time of a 'square meal.' No who come along that day, lookin' fer these same two villains who'd been up to some sort of devilment in the settlement. They didn't find 'em an' they takes me hack with 'em, an' one of the men takes me to his house an' sends ter the doctordoubt this was the most elevated ple counter at that time from the Mississippi River to Portland, and just how the wagon reached the apex of the rock is known best by those who placed it there. "At this place we joined the Winfield F Fiber train bound for the then Ore yer can see here where he sewed it up." and the man brushed back the long locks and leaned forward so that I could see the long red seam that nearly encircled his head. "Well," he resumed, "they takes mighty E. Ebey train, bound for the the Ore-gon Territory. Mr. Ebey died some years later. His brother, Colonel I. N. Ebey, was killed and his body terribly mutilated by the Indians on Whidby's

"Well," he resumed, "they takes mighty good care o' me, but it was a long time afore I got well. While I was a layin' there sick, their little strt used to come an' read ter me. One day she read me a story about a feller who had an uncom-mon fine lamp stole from him, so he goes ter work an' goes around from one house to another, a givin' away new lamps fer old ones, an' himby he gets back his own lamp agin. That struck me as a purty' good idee, so I don't say nothin' about it to any one, but as soon as I'm well enough. I tells 'em all good-bye an' strikes out. The little girl cried when I left 'em, an' I suppose I did, too, fer they'd been blamed good ter me. "I hadn't got down the road but a little ways, when the little girl comes a runnin'

ways, when the little girl comes a runnin

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after me an' a caryyin' a kid goat in her arms, one that I'd a been teachin' all kinds o' tricks while I was there, an' she says to me: 'Jim, you've got ter take Billy with you to remember me by,' an' she

drops him down an' runs away, so you sea that there warn't no way out o' it, an' Billy an' me's been travellin' around the world ever since. Billy's gettin' old now, but he's stuck with me through think an' one of them killed.

Island.

roman on that Island.

Club runs are likely to prove as popular a feature of the sport of automobile-rid-

ing as they have been in cycling. Automobile Club of America, whose habitat is New York, and cluproom is at the tember 10, 1018

Made First Excavation of New York Underground Railway.

The silver spade, an illustration of which is embodied in this article, was used by Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck, of New York, on Saturday, March 24, and in the presence of an immense concourse of peo-ple, in making the first excavations for the proposed underground rapid-transit system of the country's metropolis, in conction with the inaugural cerem ending the event. Aside from its historic

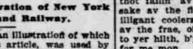


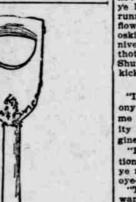
Construction of the

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The Silver Spade

mportance, the spade is of intrinsic inter-





"It's mesilf thot knows it's wan av the folnest failin's a mon can thot failin' av workin' ontoirely for the

sake av the flag. Ond whin of see it's illigant coolers sthramin' over the hids av the frae, of fall joost loke drhinkin' o yer hilth, b'ys, ond hondin' ye a ticket or me mon. "Ond it's O'Rooney's worrd that ye'll

"Ond it's O'Rooney's worrd that ye'll hav frinds, whin of till ye if that same blissid mon is elicted, ivery mither's soon av ye will be afther havin' plinty av worrk at folve dollars a day for ounly six hours. Ond iverything ye hav to buy won't cost ye a cint, and whativer ye hav to sill will bring ye more mony than ye hav had since our frinds were afther runnin' things before. Mony, will be flowin' fraly, and ye con hav it for the oskin'. But if the innemy bates him, it's niver a day av work we'll be sittin'-ond

oskin'. But if the innerny bates him, it's niver a day av work ye'll be gittin'-ond thot at ounly a dollar for 12 hours. Shure ye'll hov plinty av tolme to be kickin' yirslif for littin' me mon git bate!

It Was His Gentleness.

"It's not me brave Molke that is wantin" ony jawbs. It's ounly the gintleness in me brist, raching afther sooferin' humon ity thot makes me spind me money so inerously for this coomin' eliction. "But shpakin' on the soobject av ell

"The pape all over Orland were afther wantin' to make me the Mayor av Doob-

lin, but ol siz, 'Frinds ond gintlemin,' siz ol, 'It's not yer hoomble sarvent thot would be afther the sittin' av himsilf cop would be ather the sitting available toop so high. But since they were detar-mined, it was not the loike av me to be doin' things on the small, so of wint to work in arnist and of hoired twinty thousand min to shpake for me in Dooblin, ond of gave ache wan av thim tin thousand dollars to thrate the b'ys with, ond of spint twilve thousand dollars a

"Afther the dhrinks, they wanted to make me thefr King; but ol siz, 'Gintle-min, plaise oxcuse Molke, for ol'll not be afther doin' mesilf so much harrm. Ol'll sarve ye as Mayor, but ol draw the loine at King.'

Wales' Advice.

"Ond thin, bliss yer harrt, if they didn't git oop a petition to the Quane av Eng-lond, a tillin' her they would rabil if of wasn't sit oop for their ruler. Ond so the Prince av Wales coom over to see me, or he six, 'Molke,' six he, 'ye must be afthe littin' thim put the crown on yer rival hid, or it's a rabillion we'll be hovin'." "But of toid him O'Rooney was not

the mon to go bock on his worrd, on as of had airidy agraid to sarve thim in wan office, oi didn't fail loike burdenin' mesilf with the crown. "Of niver did onything in me loif, b'ys,

thot was so afther jarkin' the strings av me saft harrt as to till him thot, for-may the saints belave me!-afther me rafusin' the crown, the papie all over the coonthry hung crrape on their doors ond

rafused to ate. "They till me the Quane didn't shlape for a month for the croyin', because dair ould Oirland couldn't hoy a King, ond the

"Und you for the grafe av it!" "Und yot for you vas take us, ven you vas gif us dot drash. O'Rooney?" sung out one of the speaker's hitherto silent

importance, the spade is of intrinsic inter-est, as, in addition to the sterling silver employed in lisconstruction, it contains in-teresting historical material, associated with the early history of the country. Starting up from the blade of the spade, the handle is composed of wood taken from one of the historic gum trees planted in 1990 to Alexander Hemilton at Wash. listeners. "Will, Shnoider-a mainin' no harrm to yer vote, mon-ol take ye for a Dootch-mon thot hos intherroopted the Mayor av

Trouble Threatened.

For a moment, there was a babel of rolces that threatened to cut Mike's story short, and I don't know whether it was oney's magnetic eye, or the foam-

would soon have a knife run across his throat. It is the frequency of such a irragic end that causes the police to try to prevent the game when possible. Recent-ly a man was killed by an infuriated "Olmo." One of the Popes, hearing of the murders committed at this game, wanted to know what this Passatella was like, and asked

This is making an "Olmo"

who are allowed to drink.

A strange anomaly of that day was, that while the actor's calling was considered so low, almost disreputable, yet the playwright was highly honored, and patronized by royalty and nobility, in his Cardinals to play it with him. They did so. The president and vice-president were cardinals and the Pope was made the "Olmo." When the game was over the spite of the fact that, as in Shakespeare's case, he often took a part in his own plays." And it was queer public taste that Pope struck his fist on the table, sayin "Per Dio! I know now why they kill ea awarded more honor to Jingo Jones, who superintended the painting and carpenterother at this game!" He never played it ing of the "masques," a sort of theatrica pageantry, than to Jonson, the author of

again. The Passatella is essentially a Roma them.

game, and is unknown to other parts of Italy. Like all other popular Roman cus-toms the Passatella is of pagan origin. It is a remnant of a custom observed in the banquets of ancient Rome, when a "rex vini" was elected to direct the number of and quantity each guest was drink.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM!

Mr. Cannibal Bug, From Mexico, His Way Northward.

nent of Agriculture in Washington. This

cannibal bug, as he is known to en-

judge when informed that Shakespeare vrote "Merry Wives of Windsor" and People are on the lookout for the in "Henry IV," introducing Falstaff, for the edification of the maiden queen. But, after all, it is said that she was not too with a desire for human blood and with long legs, well fitted for running-the Conorhinus Sanguissugus, or blood-sucking maldenly to swear like a trooper, and to conduct herself like a Billingsgate fishone nose, otherwise known as the big bedbug-which is due soon to arrive, ac woman, when slightly displeased. Plays, during the reign of Elizabeth, be-came so full of political and religious in-vective that she finally allowed but three ording to Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the division of entomology in the Depart-



omologists, is swarming northward from his Mexican home

The bug, says the New York Herald, files into houses by night and sucks the blood of human beings. It is a member of a family bearing the formidable name of Reduviidae, or assassin bugs, and is first cousin to the two-spotted corsair. Its beak is three-jointed, and when not in use the tip rests in a groove between its foreless. A nuncture from the head the

In use the tip rests in a groove between its forelegs. A puncture from the beak is very painful and causes inflammation. Dr. E. S. Hull, of Alton, Ill., was once blitten in three places in the army by one of these creatures. His arm became so in-flamed that for three days he almost lost

the use of it.

She, Too.

"Tour refusel, Miss Quickstep," the young man said, "wounds me deeply, but you cannot deprive me of the recollec-tion of the many happy hours I have

"I shall remember them with sincere pleased in your company." "I shall remember them with sincere pleasure, too, Mr. Spoonamore, believe me," she replied. "No young man of my acquaintance has ever brought me as de-licious chocolate creams as you have."-Chicago Tribune.

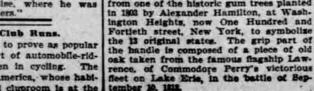
State Senator Frank W. Maynard, of New Hampshire, has just returned to his home, in Nashua, says the Boston Globe, nome, in Nashua, says the Boston Guod, from Louisville, Ky., where he attended the annual convention of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange. He arrived in Kentucky just after the shooting of Mr. Goebel, and witnessed the excitement which followed. During his stay in Louisville, he was introduced to Colonel Jack Chinn and he tails an amusing story Jack Chinn, and he tells an amusing story

Was Taking No Chances.

Truly, we have fallen on better

"We were introduced," said Senator Maynard, "by a mutual friend, and I no-ticed that Colonel Chinn extended his left hand to me. At the time I thought it a bit queer, but after I saw him do the same thing with several other men, I came to the conclusion that he was left-handed. Perhaps my face indicated my surprise at Perhaps my face indicated my surprise at his manner of shaking hands, for he turned to me a few minutes later and re-

"You have noticed perhaps that I shake "You have noticed perhaps that I shake hands with my left hand? Well, we have grown accustomed to that during the past few days. You see, we like to keep our right hands close to our pistol pockets just now."



The sta

learned that, after butchering the men, the Indians drove the women and chil-rden to a secluded place, where they killed first the children, in the presence of their mothers; then slaughtered the women, burned the wagons and drove off the "Fourteen persons were killed. Thre

His wife was the first white

Indian Deviltry.

"Pen cannot portray nor the mind con

ceive our feelings when, a few miles from

old Fort Bolse, we came suddenly upor the bodies of six men who had been killed

the day previous. It was subsequently

men, members of a train which had reached the fort previous to the massa-cre, retraced their steps for a few miles in search of cattle they had lost, and, just before reaching the dark and bloody ground, were fired upon from ambush and one of them killed

one of them killed. "Two boys named Ward were shot with arrows, but escaped, one of them wandering around for several days, with the arrow still in his body, but final-ly reaching Fort Bolse, where he was cared for by the soldiers."

Automobile Club Runs.