

HIGHER EDUCATION Needed For SUCCESS on STAGE.

So Says William Faversham Who Avers That a Liberal Education and Groundwork in the Classics Are Necessary Assets for Actor Who Seeks High Place.

BY WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

ONE of the most wholesome signs in the steady progress upward and betterment of the theater as an institution is the constantly increasing number of college men attracted to its service. Time was in this country—and not very long since—when the profession of acting was somewhat looked down upon by cultivated people as something apart, inferior, and scarcely respectable. Such a notion, of course, took its persistence from the deep tinge of Puritanical narrowness which so long shrouded the freest expression of art in this country and which for decades after decade smothered beauty, and things beautiful, looking askance upon those persons who consecrated their lives to the promotion of art.

Immediately after the Civil War, and on the breast of the marvelous industrial development that speedily made the United States a world power, these deadening influences of a former age and condition in a great measure vanished, and the theater as an artistic power could assert itself without being hindered. The natural result was that a constantly higher grade of men were prompted to adopt the profession of acting, and the shackles of bigotry dropped away until cultivated men, men of refinement and breeding, discovered that they could choose to become actors with as much dignity and pride as they would lawyers or physicians. Now as a last advancement in this country, college graduates have begun to look to the theater as the scene of their life labors—and with excellent results both for themselves and for the stage.

For several generations acting has in England been regarded as a noble and dignified profession for men with university training. Men in England plan and fit themselves for stage careers as naturally and earnestly as for any other vocation. Go to any first-class playhouse in London and you will find recorded in the cast a liberal number of names upon which university diplomas have been bestowed by illustrious institutions of learning. Perhaps it is this fact more than any other that accounts for the belief, expressed by many competent critics, that the standard of acting in England averages distinctly higher than in this country. At any rate, I want to assert as vigorously as possible that there is a positive, unmistakable place for college men—hundreds of them—upon our stage—men of talents, cultivation, aspirations and ideals. The stage, the progress of the art of acting needs such men, while for them the permanency and worthiness of their careers will prove its own record.

Especially do I believe that the man desirous of attaining a firm high place upon the stage should possess a liberal training in the staid-old classics, that

are the bugaboo of every school lad—Latin and Greek. The mind well-grounded in the beauties and nobilities of these two languages has an immediate asset towards real achievement in acting. Nor is the value of a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek confined to the actor who happens to find his message in classic plays.

For instance, no man could well do full justice to my present role in "The Faun" who was not generally conversant with the tongues of the Greeks and the Romans, yet "The Faun" is a comedy of present-day life in London. But only the man who has revolved in the pages of classic literature can comprehend entirely the significance of a faun in olden times and his status in the realms of mythology. This comprehension is necessary to interpret a faun translated into the modern world. This is only a random instance of the usefulness of a classical education—a dozen others might easily be cited.

The advantageous position which the college-bred man occupies upon the stage is eminently illustrated in the matter of speech. Our stage should be a militant and perpetual exponent of purely spoken English—a conspicuous model to be emulated by all citizens. To a great degree the French stage does fulfill its mission in this regard. Alas, on our stage, faulty pronunciation and sloppy enunciation run rampant. The influx of college-bred men will tend to correct this stigma. While it is not by any means imperative to take a college course in order to speak good English, it is an undeniable fact that the college graduate generally speaks better English than his brothers who have not been quite as fortunate in the matter of academic training. Of course there are dozens of conspicuous exceptions to this premise, but speaking by and large it holds.

Thus the average college graduate possesses right here a distinct advantage when entering the lists for histrionic fame. The manager who is keen for good acting naturally engages the best prospects he can find. Other qualities being equal, the man who speaks properly stands the better chance for advancement. College men should be—although unfortunately they are not always—possessed of this important essential of good speech.

I have been much interested the last few years in noting the continually increasing number of college men who are embarking upon stage careers, and the rising success attendant upon their efforts. They are young men of boundless ambitions and earnest capabilities, and their progress season by season is steady and marked.

For instance, take the case of Robert Deapater, who first won prominent public notice in "The Road to Yesterday." His family had planned for him a career in law, and to that end sent him to Cornell. There the call of the



footlights upset family scheming, and he forsook law-tomes for grease-paints. Arthur Shaw, the son of Mary Shaw, is another young college man, a Harvard man, whose efforts on the stage I have been watching with interest. His best performance to date was as the ticket speculator in "The Country Boy." There are a number of Harvard men upon the stage, including Henry Woodruff, who popularized "Brown of Harvard." Otis Skinner furnishes one of the best instances of the success of the college man upon the stage.

Effingham Pinto made his first Broadway hit in "The Clitax" a couple of seasons ago, but several years before he had been delighting audiences in amateur performances at Yale. Wallace McCutcheon has been playing juvenile roles with Elsie Janis and William Collier since his college days at Cornell. Lawrence Wheat spent four years at Washington and Jefferson College in Pennsylvania; since then he has spent several seasons depicting college men upon the stage, notably in "The College Widow" and "Going Some." Alfred Kappeler took a degree at Swarthmore to win applause in "The Old Homestead" and "The Boys of Company B."

Thus the list might be extended indefinitely, but I merely wish to give a few instances of young college graduates who are achieving careers of dignity, reward and promise upon the stage. Each year more and more men turn to the footlights. Much credit for this is due, I think, to the fine work being accomplished by the serious dramatic clubs in the various universities, such as "The Harvard Dramatic Club," "The Columbia Players," "The Yale Dramatic Association," "The Triangle Club" at Princeton, "The Cornell Masque," "The Mask and Wig Club" at the University of Pennsylvania. Not only do these clubs stimulate a healthy interest in drama and acting, but they afford a splendid opportunity for the discovery of latent and undeveloped histrionic ability.

Not a few good actors of the present day owe the kindling of their dramatic talents to chance appearances in college theatricals. Once discovered, the spark is then carefully nurtured in these clubs throughout the college course, ready to burst into true luster when acting is finally undertaken as a lifework.

Not only is the stage today, with its ever broadening mission to amuse the masses, at the same time inculcating among them principles of morality and uplift, and to develop true art as its handmaid, being recruited in an ever increasing amount from the ranks of college men, but the business side of the theater is also enlisting the services of college men, men of upright, sane principles, who are desirous of advancing the standard of dramatic art. For each there is a great need and a great opportunity. In times past, the men who sat supreme over the business destinies of the theater, thus controlling its artistic development even more perhaps, than the actor, have not always been men of fine integrity, and serving unselfishly the best interests of the theater. Often money greed, then, men have stultified art for the sake of gold, and at one time threatened to sap the very lifeblood of the theater. Conditions are fast changing. Men of cul-

tivation, of refinement, of ideals—including many college men—are devoting themselves to the business side of the theater, either by actively engaging in the production of plays for profit, or in the running of theaters for gain, or in the humbler but essential capacities of business managers and acting managers for the success of productions touring the country. An example of the type of men I refer to is Winthrop Ames, a Harvard graduate, who directed the activities of the New Theater, and has now become a play producer on his own account. Such men are entering the service of the theater, perceiving that it offers them advanced for the means of progress allied to an art that is fascinating and worthy.

The advent of college men, both in the department of acting and that of management, cannot fail to produce vivid and far-reaching effects. Above all, the standard of acting will be raised. Men of superior mental training and equipment will inevitably surpass the marks set by those untrained, and from the very struggle itself better acting is certain to result. Acting will become more and more a profession of gentlemen born and bred; a profession more beneficial and more worthy while it is even today.

With a general increase in the standards of acting the public will quickly respond to the cultivation of artistic aims, and by its support and enthusiasm further the cause of progress and betterment. College men with keenly sharpened intellects will infuse in the business departments of the theater legitimate methods, far-seeing policies and high principles. The benefits of all this will descend upon the intelligent, play-going public. The theater as a temple for the expression of a noble art has flourished from the earliest times. It will always flourish. Today it stands upon the threshold of a vastly increased influence and finer artistic attainment. In this development the college man promises to play a conspicuous part.

Some Real Diminutives.

English possesses few real diminutives. Of the few derived words of this sort, such as "darling," a little dear, and "lambkin," a little lamb, most are old words.

The Spanish and Portuguese form diminutives with the greatest ease, and the difficulty of rendering these in English will show what power of expression we lack.

For example, nina, a girl; ninita, a little girl; ninitica, a very little girl; ninitiquita, a very very little girl; ninitiquitica, a very very very little girl. And with this noun it may be taken the adjective chica, small, and it will accompany the noun step by step, for we shall have chiquita, very small; chiquitica, very very small; chiquitiquita, very very very small.

Now, if we put the noun and the adjective together, ninitiquita chiquitiquita, we have quite overdrawn the resources of English and bankrupted its credit.

The superior facility which our Scotch friends enjoy is made plain in the Scotch Gaelic expression "m' wee bit laddie." In Scotland there is a series of diminutives as applied to the canine race that is quite interesting. There is (1) a doggie, (2) a doggie, (3) a wee doggie, (4) a wee bit doggie, and (5) a wee bit doggie.

THE GREAT ADVENTURER REVEALING THAT MEN ARE OFTEN NOT JUST WHAT THEY SEEM.

BY EMMETT F. HART.

A SQUATTY, inoffensive, ruddy-visaged, casual sifter on a park bench promises little in the way of story material—let us pass on. But stay—if he were attired in a neat, business suit, brown derby and gun-metal shoes; and if he wore a purple four-in-hand skillfully knotted above a clean and altogether respectable-looking shirt—no matter. Nothing doing; we'd just as well—hullo! Here comes somebody!

A tall, freckled, wild Western-looking person, sporting an enormous high-crowned, wide-brimmed, gray hat, a seakochief, salmon-tinted woolen shirt, leather trousers with an angora goat pelt on each leg, spurs, gauntlets, cartridge-belt, and—softly! Do not stare in an annoying fashion—a dangerous-looking blue-black revolver in a holster.

Now, that isn't so bad, eh? He sits himself down beside the squatty man on the bench. They are strangers to each other, apparently; it is a question if both are not strangers to the park in fact; other habits of the benches seem to accord them that distinction. We will tarry a moment, on suspicion. You never know what minute somebody will spring a plot these days, and that's what editors, readers, secret service men and playwrights are clamoring for.

He of the bizarre apparel speaks. His voice has the coppery, brassy, nickel-steel, aluminum—no, brassy, that's it—brassy tone of the devil-may-care fellow. Quite in harmony with the swagger of him. It is a safe bet the rascal is a roystering blade, maybe a Rough Rider or a Cattle-Rustler. Sure, they come to the cities occasionally. Blow in and blow out—or up.

"Stake me to a match," he says. No, no explosion is imminent, keep your seats! He merely ignites a harmless, home-manufactured cigarette, inhales its feathery fumes and displaces the ash from the tip with the exhalation—you've seen it done. He continues speaking. There's our opportunity; sh—sh!

"Say!"—note the tone. "This is a tame little old speck on the map, ain't it? It's got a cemetery choked stiff for peace and quiet. Is this town all swathed up in cotton and slipping around on rubber tires all the time? No wonder these here Easterners dry up and blow away instead of dying! They don't have nothing to make their blood circulate.

"A real, live, human kind of person gets the fan-teds just watching the procession pass. Everybody's in harness, just a-pounding and a-percolating along all serene. Out where I hail from it's different." The little man

looks bored. He averts a yawn. How- how! murmurs, with a certain politeness:

"Yes? Where did you say—ah—you are—from?"

"Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and so forth. I hail from the West; the West of the short grass, tarantulas, firewater and forty-fives. Where the flower of fortune buds, blooms and blows in a minute of 39 seconds. Where cattle, rattlesnakes, buffaloes and Navajos run wild on the plains and where you can ride 100 miles in a straight line and never see a house. Where just the mere carelessness of not holding his mouth right has cost many a man's folks the price of his burial, and where, if you don't like the way somebody does you don't have to go to court about it."

The little man is unquestionably wearied; no man can wear that air of dejection and utter fatigue and at the same time feel the sprightly interest expected of him by this ardent narrator. Beyond the foreground of high-wared buildings, a palik's pennant flutters from the slender staff on a distant tower; the little man's face brightens somewhat as he contemplates it. It is the weather indication for the day.

"Beg pardon," he says. "Where'd you say you were from?"

"Tombstone—Medicine Lodge—Silver City; and hundreds of other places. Out there the gun is the settler of all complaints, and the quickest man wins. Why, sir, I've seen met shot before they could hit an eye. A flash of lightning would be just tinkering along beside it.

"Furthermore, you go out there any-where, ask the first man you meet who's the quickest and fastest breeze-artist that ever scoured the breeze in that whole country and what'll he say? He'll say 'Electric Ed.' with thirty odd notches on his tally. That's me, Electric Ed."

At last, the small man seems impressed; not every day does a self-confessed killer come and sit beside you on a park-bench to prattle, naively, of his barbarous trade.

"Thirty odd notches on your tally, you say? Er—er—" Heartened and inspired, Electric Ed. produces the saw-gun revolver and points to a row of nicks on the under side of its forbidding barrel. He is not loth to explain:

"Each and every one of these notches means a human creature croaked," he says. "Some few through their hearts, but mostly plump between the eyes. I never made a batch of but one; he was my first. I shot him

through the ear and the shoulder and the elbow; and finally cut his jugular with a bullet. He bled to death. That was sure a messy job."

"Careful how you handle that pistol!" cautions the little man. "Hadn't you better put it back where you got it?" His seeming nervousness is as rounds of applause to Electric Ed.

"You're safer with me here than home in your bed," is the bad man's reassuring declaration. "I never had an accident. When a man drops, at the crack of this little pop-gun, it's not an accident. You're in no danger whatever, so don't get scared."

"Ahem!" returns his companion. "Ahem! Where did—"

"Yes," continues Electric Ed, reminiscently. "This gun and me have seen a few sights together. Take the time I landed in Western Kansas, for instance. I was nothing but a xanguing kid. There was a bad man in that neighborhood by the name of Comanche Smith. He had a pick at everybody and claimed to be utterly careless about other people's lives; in fact he had shot two or three peaceful citizens; men who never toted a gun.

"One day he smoked up the town; of course everybody hit for cover; everybody except me. He undertook to make me dance. I popped him center

maybe a little sooner. He's got a long bloody record out in that country.

"Train-robber, cattle-rustler, horse-thief, man-killer; all-around bandit and outlaw. Him and his gang had things all their own way down in the Southwest. Drove off cattle, horses and stock of one kind or another, robbed banks, trains, stores, shot up towns, killed right and left and had that whole section of the United States scared stiff for fear the next minute would be their last. Thousands of dollars reward was offered for Bob Gault, dead or alive—dead preferred. All the Sheriff's, United States Marshals and Pinkerton detectives which had been run in by the banks and railroads, were shaky about tackling the gang though.

"You'd think I'd've jumped at a chance for some easy money and excitement like that and gone hunting for Bob Gault myself; but it happened that I was wanted pretty bad on account of a small difficulty of my own, in which there'd been three first-class funerals; besides, Bob Gault and his outfit hadn't bothered me none.

"It happened that they did bother me finally though, and then was when I got busy. They stole my horse. I don't object to loaning a man a horse or, if he's having hard luck and I'm feeling just right, I might give him a horse if I had one to spare; but when he cuts the wire fence and purloins a nag of mine out of his pasture, I get my dander up, immediately.

"It was a good horse they got. They had six or so of the sort; five of 'em 'em near as I could judge from the trail. I slipped on an extra gun, re-filled my belt with cartridges and rode after 'em.

"Towards noon, I got close enough to the party to see 'em topping a hill something like a mile away. They didn't seem to be in any particular hurry; I was, so I peppered up a little; was going to be late for dinner as it was. A couple of miles more and I caught up with them. Bob Gault was riding my horse; I knew him from his descriptions, tacked up around on telephone poles.

"He had his usual big 45's buckled on him and the four men with him had Winchester and other shooting-irons a-plenty. I circled out a ways and I looped up to them from one side; I pulled up, about 50 yards away. 'Guess I'd better take that horse you stole back with me, gent's,' I says. They stopped and began to laugh; Gault laughed the loudest.

"You'd better ride on back to your ma, young feller," he says. "We don't want to hurt you. We just call it square if you'll get a hurry-up move on you." About the time he finished his little talk, one of the gang shot off his pistol to scare me.

"I didn't bother to answer; I just dropped a couple of the nearest ones, out of their saddles, dead as than rabbits. Then the war broke out as the saying goes. I got one more of them before they killed the nag I was riding, but I couldn't seem to get a shot at Gault; somebody kept getting in the way. Him and the one that was left with him pumped a few shots and hit the high places. When they got out of revolver range they stopped to pick me off with the rifle.

"I caught one of the loose horses while the bullets were zipping around me, mounted and went after 'em. The fellow with the rifle was getting pretty close to me about every third shot or so; it looked like he might finally hit me if he wasn't stopped, so I took a long, high, pot-shot at him and got him. That left Gault and me for it, and he was game; he didn't run.

"He waited, as calm and collected as one of these here soldier statues, sitting there with his gun resting on his saddle horn. I rode straight for him. He didn't make a move till I got up close; 30 or 40 yards away, maybe. Then he tilted back his hat with his bridle hand and said to me for it.

"You're Electric Ed," he says. 'Ain't you?'

"The same," I says. "Which shall it be, dead or alive?"

"I could read his thoughts; he thought he'd shoot first and answer

afterwards; but his gun didn't leave the saddle. I shot from the crook of my left elbow—and that was the end of Bob Gault. He was plenty nery but a wee mite slow; most of 'em are.

"Of course I couldn't claim any of the reward money without getting caught myself, so I had to pass it up; it's all mine, but I've got over there several thousand bones of it. Too bad; I could use that money right handy." The listener stirs—relaxes as it were—and sighs.

"Er—" he begins. He did not finish the comment whatever it might have been, for at that moment a hand was laid on his shoulder. A plainly garbed, middle-aged stranger stood immediately behind the bench. There loomed the silent menace of a revolver in his hand and the point of a star peeped from behind his coat-lap.

"Come along with me," he invited, meaningly. "I want you."

What happened then happened too swiftly for even Electric Ed's lightning comprehension. A stabbing spurt of flame, a dull report, a curling wisp of smoke, and the acrid smell of burned powder. The little man ran hurriedly across the grass plot, dodged behind a tangle of shrubbery—and disappeared. The man with the star lay where he had fallen, bleeding from a bullet wound in his side.

The inevitable crowd converging upon the scene, appeared from nowhere; two blue-coated policemen held Electric Ed, one on either side. The wagon came, clanging and clamorous; likewise the ambulance, rubber-tired, silent. At this moment the wounded man revived and sat up; the bullet had been deflected by a rib.

"Where is he?" he cries. "Did he get away?"

"Here," says a policeman. "We've got him."

"I mean the fellow I was after—the one that shot me. That ain't him. That's just a youngster from the P. D. Q. Ranch Show over here on the avenue. The man I was after was Bob Gault, the Territory bank-robber. I've chased him through a dozen states." (Copyright by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Thought Force Experiments.

Professor Bell, inventor of the telephone, told me that when driving in the provinces in extremely cold weather, when he was in great danger of having his feet frozen, he was able to send an extra supply of blood to them by concentrating his mind upon them, and thus saved himself a very bad experience. He says that by powerful concentration of thought he can cause temporary congestion of the blood vessels in the extremities, and thus make the warm blood circulate where he was cold before.—Nautlius

