

# DOROTHY RUSSELL, A STUDY OF GOOD LOOKS INHERITED



PHOTOS BY MORRISON — CHICAGO ILL

### THREE FORMS OF DOROTHY, THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Dorothy Russell, as she will be known on the stage, but Mrs. Abbott Einstein, as she is known in private life, the daughter of Lillian Russell, the principal singer at Weber & Fields, in "Whoopee-De-Do," has perhaps disappointed her managers, as she has the public, which

expected to welcome her to the musical stage, a possible successor in later years to the place now filled by her gifted mother. Mrs. Einstein rehearsed with the company now appearing in "The Girl From Kay's" at the Herald-Square theatre and was to make her first appearance last

Saturday, but a little contretemps between her manager and herself resulted in her withdrawal from the organization and postponement until some future date of her histrionic debut. "I wanted to appear first for a few performances in the chorus," said she,

"to accustom myself to appearing in public before introducing a song which the management had arranged that I should sing. They wished differently and had planned that I should sing the song on the occasion of my debut. As we disagreed on that point, I retired

gracefully and shall not attempt anything further until I find a small part in some dramatic attraction. I was not sufficiently sure of myself to undertake the task before accustoming myself to the footlights." Lillian Russell is the daughter of a brilliant mother who believed indubitably

in the effect of prenatal influences upon future beings. She practiced this theory and had three daughters who have distinguished themselves in the arts, the most conspicuous being Lillian Russell. Lillian Russell desired a daughter gifted and beautiful. Her daughter is both.

## The Faith of Chun Tai Was Shattered by the Foreign Devil-Doctors

C. E. Lorimer in the Argonaut.

Chun Tai walked slowly up and down before the door of his house—forgetting in the cool of the evening the hot sun that had been at noon—with the little one in his arms. At every step it gave the low whimper, half patient and half petulant, of a sick child, and he soothed it by gentle pats of his rough hands, whose finger joints stuck out in great knots that seemed to have been tied in the bone. The lines were drawn deep in heavy frowns on his face as he quieted the little sufferer, and his heart was hard and bitter within him. He could not let his first-born die; he would draw it back to life by the force of his love.

He muttered curses on the village doctor, all of whose herbs had wrought no cure for his motherless son. In spite of them, the disturbance in the baby's throat was increasing, the fever burned its small crumpled, yellow body. There was plainly no hope left. It might be today or it might be tomorrow that he would be left without a son to worship at his grave, to burn joss sticks before the ancestral tablets of his fathers. It was a calamity—immeasurable.

In his trouble a sudden need for sympathy came upon Chun Tai, and he walked toward the village threshing floor where, at this hour, the neighbors were gathered. It was early autumn, the gorgeous season in North China when nature is as lavish of blue sky as if there were enough for every day in the year. Gradually the crops were being gathered in, and on all sides, from sunrise to sunset, the busy sounds of harvest, punctuated by the regular heavy thud of the hand flails, sounded from threshing floors innumerable scattered over the great plain. At evening the people of each village collected on their own mud floors to gossip, to chatter or else to squat stolidly in mysterious circles, ghostly and indefinitely outlined by the gray twilight, smoking their water pipes with companionable gurglings, lost in Oriental, thoughtless reverie. Whatever disputes or quarrels had disturbed the even tenor of the working hours were settled then and there, the neighbors constituting an impromptu jury, the judgments equitably pronounced by the village headman, for which respect and responsible position the oldest male inhabitant was always chosen.

As Chun Tai approached the graybeard asked kindly: "How is thy son?" "Worse, always worse," groaned the father. "Thy prayers have failed. My prayers have failed. Now medicines have failed. There is no more to be done." The villagers gathered around him to look at the child, partly from sympathy, but more from the insatiable curiosity which is the dominant character note of the Chinese countryman. A woman made as if to take the boy out of his arms, but he would not let her go. Very tenderly he held the baby, his own face reflecting the pain on the flushed little one, just as a mountain lake reflects the lights and shadows that fall on the hills around it.

set up his opinion in contradiction to that of the village patriarch, and Chun Tai was met by an uncompromising silence. "Tell me," he said again, more insistently, "will the foreign devil-doctor cure my son?" A murmur of doubtful grunts came from the bystanders. Only the headman replied, half under his breath: "Tai Yuan is two hundred li." This made Chun Tai wince. Two hundred li—which is 100 miles as we count distance—was further than his fathers or his grandfathers had traveled. He himself had been but five li from the village along the stone highway. To him and to these simple peasants, a journey of a hundred miles was a sign of light-mindedness. If he embarked upon it, he could never again expect to occupy the stolid, respectable position in the village which was now his. They would always point to him with the finger of suspicion as the man who had tried strange things and seen strange sights. Yet, for the sake of the child, he would be willing to suffer mistrust, to pay any price for the cloak which should hide his boy from destiny. The villagers would no longer allow him to watch the growing water-melons lest he cast the evil eye on them; that he realized. He could neither join in the festivals nor worship the gods with the rest. In all ways he would be as one polluted, an outcast.

Slowly, without asking more information, Chun Tai walked back to his house leaving a silent group behind him. All night long he watched over the restless child. Now and again, with mechanical

carefulness, he wetted the little parched lips with tea. It seemed years to him before at last the first beams of the sun appeared. Then, as he stood in his doorway and looked out, the trees, which stretched away in a long avenue marking the course of the road—the road to Tai Yuan—and apparently marching along with it, gave him courage. He went to the little wooden cupboard built in the wall and took out a square of blue cloth. Next he collected his few poor belongings, the two china teacups and the teapot, a wadded coat for the child, his rice bowl, and his chopsticks. Last of all, he tied in a cloth bundle the small store of uncooked rice that remained, as well as what little boiled rice was left over from the last meal, and wrapped them all in the bedquilt. Nothing remained in the squalid room, no treasures to conceal nor valuables to leave behind, since Chun Tai carried in his little blue bundle all the worldly goods that he possessed.

He pressed some hot tea again to the lips of the boy, who swallowed with compulsive gulps. Then he picked up his bundle, grasped the baby firmly and tenderly in his arms and, shutting the door quietly behind him, walked out toward the stone road. For three days he trudged along carrying his child, begging a little food, sleeping at night under the kindly shelter of some temple roof, and passing a variety of life on the high road which he scarcely noticed. When the boy seemed to suffer less pain, Chun Tai walked, in spite of his burden, with an enthusiasm, almost an exaltation. His

spirit was already looking down from the heights, and his weary feet struggled to overtake it. When the child suffered more, he walked silently, with a dogged stoop of his shoulders and a shambling hitch of his hips, his eyes fixed on the ground. The evening of the third day Chun Tai reached the gates of Tai Yuan before sunset and wended his way through the streets, now and again asking of the road to the principal inn. When the flaring candles of mutton fat were commencing to flicker in the tea shops he reached the inn and entered the courtyard. In Chun Tai's heart a tense struggle was going on—shame at his untoward adventure, fear lest the landlord should turn him away. Hearing the child crying in his arms, the innkeeper asked, kindly: "Is the child ill?" "Yes," Chun Tai answered. "I wish to sleep here tonight. I am come to search," he went on, tremulously, his reserve breaking down, "for the medicine of the foreign devils which heals all sickness. They tell me there are devil-doctors in Tai Yuan; is it true?" The landlord laughed. "True enough," he said. "Men devil-doctors and women, too. And the people are angry at them all. Placards have been posted on the city wall warning honest men of them because the white healers gouge out children's eyes for medicine."

He walked away to speak with a man entering the courtyard, evidently a person of importance, since he rode a sleek mule, and Chun Tai settled himself in a corner of the courtyard and made a pillow for the child with a little straw

from the bed being spread for the rich man's mule. All night long Chun Tai lay in agony. The boy was burning with fever and breathing hard. Since sundown there had been a sudden drop in temperature of 20 degrees, and these abrupt changes in North China mean steps to the tomb. Oh, the agony of deciding if he should risk the child's life, his eyes, by taking him to the mission doctor. The great Omnipotent healing medicine he must have. But how was he to get it? The devil-doctors dispensed it only with their own hands at the doors of their houses. Turning, whirling, shifting and combining, the thoughts arranged themselves in his brain like the pattern formed by a kaleidoscope. At last they settled into the final pattern, and his mind grasped a plan. When the light came he searched for the inn keeper and besought his permission to lay the child upon the kang. Servants were preparing food over a charcoal stove in one corner of the room, and a table stood against the wall covered with rude cooking utensils. Chun Tai sidled toward it, and picked up a big, blunt knife used for peeling vegetables. Then before anyone had noticed him he was out of the door and on his way down the street toward the mission compound. He ran breathlessly, stumbling up the little blind alleys, vaguely picking his way by the iron cross on the top of the chapel. He looked into the eyes of every child he met as if for proof of the rumors which were none the less truth to him because he found no confirmation. On and on he ran till the little cross was almost above him. The heavy, trou-

bled breathing of the sick boy sounded in his ears and urged him faster until he neared the gate. There was a small walled street on one side almost destitute of houses and empty as the streets of Pompeii. He turned into it. Slowly he disentangled the big knife from the folds of his coat. He bared his left arm deliberately and cut a long gash above the elbow. Then he threw the knife into the thick grass near the wall. Where another man might have fainted from the pain, Chun Tai, through the force of his resolve, remained conscious. No scream escaped his lips, and the contortions of his face were dominated by a look of supreme love and sacrifice. The blood flowed freely from the wound, and he stanch it with a little blue wrapping cloth he had brought from home, binding his arm up roughly. After a moment's rest he continued his way slowly and entered the door of the mission. Passing through the gateway he was directly in a room furnished only by benches running round the sides of it, and a large brass-bound chest at one end. A kindly man came up to him, an elderly man. Chun Tai pulled up his sleeve, showing the wound, and the doctor, seeing the red stream of blood trickling down from it, left the little row of patients sitting on the benches near the door and attended to him first. While he washed and dressed the wound, the devil-doctor asked him many simple questions in the vernacular—whence he came and how he had been hurt. As he answered, Chun Tai wondered that such a kind old man should gouge out children's eyes; yet he was glad that,

instead of subjecting his firstborn to such a risk, he had borne the pain himself. The old knife which had been chosen for the instrument of sacrifice was rusted on the edges, and the lips of the gash were ragged. The dressing of it was slow, but he stood the pain stolidly and unflinchingly, impatient at the washing and cleaning, desirous only for the great medicine. At last the preliminaries were done. The devil-doctor walked to the cupboard and brought out a small box. Chun Tai's heart beat fast, and the excitement made his arm tremble until the healer, accustomed to the phlegmatic dispositions of his regular patients, wondered and was unusually kind. Gently he laid the curing white ointment on the cut, covering it thickly and binding it up with clean linen bands. Chun Tai felt the moment of despair. "Will you give me none of the great medicine to carry away?" he asked, trembling. The doctor smiled and, knowing that the cure of faith with the simple Chinese minds is half the cure, he gave Chun Tai a tiny box of precious ointment with careful directions. "In case you cannot come again to the mission," he was told, "lay the medicine on the wound and bind it up again just as you have seen me do." Chun Tai, when the operation was done, fumbled with his unsharpened hand in the folds of his gown. Excitement unsteady his fingers, and he was a long time finding what he was looking for. Presently, however, he drew forth a string containing eight large cash—cents—the remains of his little store, and handed them to the doctor. "For the great medicine," he said simply. When the white man gave them quietly back to him, Chun Tai was astonished. Had he seen the mist on the doctor's eyes he would have been even more surprised. As it was, he wondered on the curious ways of the Chinese.



The sky is nothing but a tent, it causes me much merriment.



The world is a menagerie, I find that it amuses me.



And joy's a fox we all pursue, I haven't caught him yet. Have you?

### UNDERTAKERS FIGHT OVER PAUPER DEAD

Spokane, Jan. 20.—The undertakers at Spokane have been at war for some time and now the fight has broken out in a new direction and a number of bodies have been lying in one of the morgues for several weeks awaiting burial. This time the contest is over the pauper dead. Undertaker J. B. Buchanan has a contract with the county to bury the paupers for \$12 each. This is less than the actual expense of the work, but the undertaker figures to make it up on cases that are first supposed to be paupers and later relatives turn up and pay handsomely for the work. A great many pauper cases first come

under the jurisdiction of Coroner D. L. Smith and he has been sending all cases to the Smith & Co. morgue and they have investigated each case carefully and if there was any chance to get anything from the relatives, if not they have notified Buchanan to come and get the bodies. Here is where Buchanan balked. He said he would take all the cases that came along at the contract rate, but refused to go to another undertaker and get a case after he had decided there was nothing in it. Smith & Co. refused to bury the dead and Buchanan to get them and bury them, and while they were scrapping it out the bodies have remained unburied. The county commissioners have taken hold of the matter and asked an opinion of the prosecuting attorney as to what their rights were in the case, but the prosecuting attorney has not been able to find any law that fits the case

as yet. He is still hunting for it. The labor unions in this city have been trying to enforce the state law providing that the men on city work shall not work more than eight hours for some time and criminal suits have been started against the contractors as well as numerous civil suits. Saturday sheds were opened for the grading of Ash street in this city and the bids ran from \$4,200 to \$6,800. The lowest bid was one made by George E. Stone, and much below the others. The contractors have been investigating the matter since then and have discovered that the bid of Stone was in reality a bid by the Federal Labor union and that the union men intend to take the contract and do the work. State Labor Commissioner Blackman has called on Street Commissioner Root and demanded that the eight hour law of the city and state be enforced and

insisted that the eight hour law clause should be placed in every contract. Inasmuch as the constitutionality of the eight hour law is now pending in the courts it is probable the city officials will pay no attention to the state labor commissioner. Thieves broke into the Catholic church of Our Lady of Lourdes Saturday and stole two large gold goblets and one piece of the silver and gold service. Father Cunningham did not report the sacrilege for nearly 24 hours after it had been discovered, in the hope that the thieves might be tempted to come back and try to get the rest of the service and that they might be caught. He is able to give a description of a roughly-dressed man who has been loitering around the church for the past two days and the police are now looking for him in the belief that he is the thief. The stolen goblets and service

pieces were a part of the altar collection and highly prized by the church congregation, as the pieces were worth to the church as gift pieces far more than the intrinsic value of the gold. The fourth annual convention of the Inland Empire Horticulture and Floriculture association will be held in Spokane January 25, 26 and 27. The convention of county horticultural inspectors has been called to meet in Spokane at the same time. On January 27 the county inspectors will adjourn to Pullman and continue their sessions there. One of the important measures to come before the convention will be the resolution introduced by the North Yakima auxiliary so as to amend the constitution as to change the place of the annual convention. Preferred Stock Canned Goods. Allen & Lewis' Best Brand.

When the white man gave them quietly back to him, Chun Tai was astonished. Had he seen the mist on the doctor's eyes he would have been even more surprised. As it was, he wondered on the curious ways of the Chinese. Then back he went through the narrow streets to his boy in the inn. The child was lying as he had left him, but breathing more and more heavily. However, the halting gasps which were agony to him before, caused him no worry now. He was certain the elixir, the great cure, and there was no more doubt in his simple mind that it would save the boy than that the boats which sailed on the canal near his village could see their ways with their painted eyes. The room was empty, but a kettle stood as usual on the table near the charcoal stove. Some tea remained from the man's breakfast. It was a moment's work to pour it into a bowl and to mix in the little box of great medicine. He stirred it well with the end of his long pipe, nothing else being at hand. When it was dissolved, he lifted the boy's head and poured the mixture between his lips. Once, twice, and a third-time the child gulped it down, till nothing remained. Then he lifted up the baby and walked slowly to and fro with him to wait for the cure. For two hours he paced back and forth, waiting. His feet were on the highest point of the heights of faith. The child was slowly growing cooler; he felt its hands. They had burned before; now they were quite cool. The breathing was less painful. The baby seemed to be dropping into a natural sleep. Meanwhile the pain in his own arm increased, but Chun Tai hardly thought of it. He was waiting for the great healing. Only when the boy fell fast asleep did he lay him on the kang, wrapped in the little wadded coat. He laid himself down beside him, and, worn out with watching the pain, he, too, fell asleep. The return of the innkeeper to oversee the evening meal awakened him. With a start he leaned over to the child. It was cool. The burning fever was gone. Chun Tai touched the little face. A shudder went over him; he felt the little hands, the tiny brown feet. He listened for the halting breathing. There were no labored sobs. The great medicine had cured the burning and the gasping—but it had chilled every bit of the little life away. Chun Tai smoothed the baby's cheeks, he rubbed the baby's hands—and then he knew that his faith had not availed. He was not a man to burst into a torrent of emotion. Stolidly he drew the string of cash from the bosom of his gown. One, the biggest, he pressed between the little teeth. It was the toll for the ferryman who was even then ferrying the children spirit across the Buddhist Styx. The rest he threw on the kang for the innkeeper, and for a second time, he wrapped the child in the wadded coat and, with wet face and aching arms, walked away with his burden toward the great stone road.