

# SOME SHORT PEN SKETCHES OF ROBERT MANTELL

From Boyhood He Has Studied Art of Acting—Leads Quiet Life When Not Portraying Character Before Footlights—Has Played Macbeth, King Lear, Othello and Other Roles



ROBERT B. MANTELL AS "IAGO" IN "OTHELLO"

ROBT. B. MANTELL AS "SHYLOCK" IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

MARIE DOOTH RUSSELL

"When I first began the study of Lear I was confronted by discouragements which all but convinced me of the futility of my feeble efforts. Time and time again I have thrown the book aside in despair and told Mrs. Mantell that Charles Lamb was right; Lear cannot be played with perfect understanding by any man. Discouragements, however, led only to renewed study. Finally, I developed what seemed to me a human conception of the character and I made this attempt. I was received by the critics and the public with considerably more favor than I had looked for. And now, night after night, I am adding to my knowledge of the man himself, putting in little details of characterization which bring him closer and closer to the hear of the audience.

### Wonderful Stories.

"It is my belief that the popular neglect which has come to the Shakespearean plays has been because they have not been played with the human feeling. They are all wonderfully told stories, as eternally true as time itself. What could be more dramatically simple than the story of Hamlet? As a new play, in modern dress, it would be considered as an essentially human play. Why, then, in Shakespeare's beautiful development of it, should it not be a profitable venture? The answer is that people have had it read to them by actors of high declamatory art but without the ability to make the man Hamlet human and appealing. My striving has been, with the training of my company as well as my own, to achieve this human touch. The public has answered most cordially with a patronage which, as I have explained, has made it possible for me to do it. Ah, Lear is a life study, I suppose, what might be called the joy of discovery. The greatest in Shakespeare! Yes, I think it is. I like to think of it as the aged Hamlet. I mean by that, that as Hamlet is a life study, so is Lear. He is the Hamlet grown old. The psychological phenomena in both are the same. One is the young man, the other is the old man."

When I first began the study of Lear I was confronted by discouragements which all but convinced me of the futility of my feeble efforts. Time and time again I have thrown the book aside in despair and told Mrs. Mantell that Charles Lamb was right; Lear cannot be played with perfect understanding by any man. Discouragements, however, led only to renewed study. Finally, I developed what seemed to me a human conception of the character and I made this attempt. I was received by the critics and the public with considerably more favor than I had looked for. And now, night after night, I am adding to my knowledge of the man himself, putting in little details of characterization which bring him closer and closer to the hear of the audience.

### Loves His Children.

Mr. Mantell was asked recently which play he loved the most. He replied: "You might as well ask a father which one of his several beautiful children he loves the most. Othello is very dear to me because it was my first effort in Shakespearean drama. King Lear is also very dear to me because it is the latest addition to my plays and the public has accepted me after a century without an actor who satisfied them in this sublime role."

### Old Scottish Sanctuary.

From the London Globe. The old sanctuary of the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The actor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the actor and his family in the face of the creditor or the landlord looking in at the window. The actor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.

THE people of the state are rare accused of being of a retiring nature in private life, but so much publicity is given to all of their personal affairs that the public has a notion that they are always seeking to stand in the "limelight," off as well as on the stage in order to attract attention. This may be true of very many in the theatrical profession, but it scarcely holds good with the leaders of the stage. Such individuals as Otis Dickner, E. H. Sothorn, Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske and a host of others, lead most unassuming lives off the stage, and are retiring in all the details of their private life. There is an occasional exception among the prominent stars. Mrs. Pat Campbell for instance never fails to make her presence felt and her idiosyncrasies known in the various hotels in which she lives when touring this country. In fact, it can be said readily to the credit of the men and women of the American stage that the modesty of their conduct while on tour stands supreme above that of the many foreign stars that visit this country. But until Robert Mantell's success in engagement in San Francisco where he has been hailed by no critics—not one dissenting voice—no actor had ever been discovered who treats the publicity of hotel life as if he could possibly do so.

On Stage Since Boyhood. Robert Mantell has been on the stage since almost his boyhood, and yet he has been able to avoid in his private life everything avoiding of the theatre. He has been busily engaged in his profession for 32 years. That is the exact length of his service for the public—32 years of all sorts of parts in all sorts of theatres with all sorts of books. He never poses, and has the ability when off the stage even between acts to throw off all semblance of acting and to assume at once the pleasant straight-forward manner which is his striking personal characteristic. He does not put on the humbug of many actors who declare they cannot be approached between scenes for fear it will take them out of the atmosphere of their parts. That sort of thing was once believed, but a few of the sensible men and women of the profession have shown it is merely a long and arduous role as a mere approachable in their dressing-rooms after the performance. They seek to impress one with an idea of the terrific task which they have just finished and are bathed and fanned by their valets something like a prizefighter is attended to along about the twenty-fifth round. The very fact that Mr. Mantell has worked continuously for about 40 weeks each trying roles as Othello, King Lear, Richard III, Othello and the like, shows him to be a man of wondrous vitality. One would expect to find him at the close of any one of these performances tired and weary, but he does not show the slightest semblance of fatigue. He does not "turn a hair" as the expression goes, and once in his dressing-room he loses the big voice of the heavy tragic role and speaks in calm, softly-modulated tones as if acting for three hours was only an ordinary exertion.

Careful Health. Mantell evidently has a proper appreciation of the extraordinary vitality required to play a repertoire of 11 heavy Shakespearean roles such as he had earlier in the season, for he does not

disipate any of his strength in pleasure. He does not care to be put up at clubs and does not seek professional or personal popularity through giving lavish dinners and entertainments or being entertained in that way. He indulges in long walks, horseback riding, and similar recreations when on the road. When at home at Atlantic Highlands, N. J. golf is his favorite pastime. He is very fond of animals and carries with him all over the country a carrier dog called Rubber, who is his constant companion in the theatre and out of it. Rubber's comfort at a hotel is apparently of more importance than his own, for he will never go to a hotel unless Rubber is allowed to live in his room and to go about with him at will.

A representative of The Journal interviewed him at San Francisco and perceived to find him in the seclusion of his hotel apartments scanning Shakespearean hexameters. Immersed in the immensity of the bard's conceptions. It was a far-fetched illusion. He did not find him in the hotel at all but domiciled for his three weeks' visit in San Francisco in a cozy little flat as ever welcomed bride and groom at the honeymoon's end.

Putting Up Jelly. Putting up jelly! Lady Macbeth, woman of destiny, rood over a purring gas range, stirring pots of sticky fruits with the commendable enthusiasm of an ideal housewife!

Mr. Mantell welcomed the newspaper man to the open window. No ponderous frown knitted his brow; no funeral black frock coat was his attire; instead he smiled with genuine cordiality—just the sort of smile to harmonize with his summery gray-checked suit, his

lavender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

And he showed not one, but 20 pictures of a large colonial house, set in the midst of trees and vines and flowers, with arched windows stretching off to cool nooks and hammocks swung comfortably. "And here is the family," he said, handing a snapshot of a group of four. He was in a Denham Thompson make-

up and his wife by his side almost concealed under a sunbonnet. But, down in front, were two of the prettiest Mary Janes you ever saw. "These are the Misses Mantell," he explained. Being questioned in regard to the present Shakespearean drama, Mr. Mantell said: "I am more than gratified because my present venture has been financially profitable to Mr. Brady who had the courage to invest his money. At the outset he told me that he would not expect to make money for five years, as he figured that I would need that length of time to establish my position and secure my clientele. I have been with him three years now. At the end of last season he told me that I had done better already than he looked for at the end of five years. Of course, this afforded me a whole lot of personal gratification. "And yet, whatever success I have at-

lender tie and shirt striped white and lavender. In his lapel he wore a very small bouquet of sweet peas tinted the lavender of tie and shirt, while on the table in front of him was a small vase of them. They were the color of May morning into June. His manner had the boyishness, too, of early summer. "Isn't this ideal?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I think we were very fortunate to get this flat. Mr. McDiarm, who is a San Francisco member of our company, wired out to his brother. That's the way it happened. Otherwise, we should have been compelled to go to a hotel. And as Mrs. Mantell and I are essentially home folks, we grow very very tired of hotel life. Let me show you a picture of our home back in New York state—just 30 minutes from Broadway."

## ARIZONA RANGES--A STORY of The SOUTHWEST PLAINS

By Margaret Carruthers.

THE BOARDMAN ranch lay bathed in golden light from the west, shown out softly, richly white among the surrounding fields of ripening crops. A glorious red swelling bluff rose immediately behind it, clothed from foot to summit with slender larch and pine that stood up distinct and radiant on the edge against the blue of the heavens.

The velvet fields rolled in a gentle downward slope to where masses of giant trees marked the rim of the forest and beyond these again towered the aragorn red bluffs through the golden, glowing air, towards the wondrous blue of the Arizona sky.

For a hundred miles on every side save one, lay open country unmarked by the faintest of human habitation, unblemished by the presence of the destroyer of God's wonders—man. To the east alone, civilization, in the form of a baby branch railway and a small rustic station approached to within forty miles of them.

Harvey Boardman's ranch was the only one in the valley and to communicate with human life at all he had to drive across the plain or a hundred in any other direction, over the scorching chain of mountains. Beyond these, in neighboring valleys, lay scattered ranches here and there, and at long intervals, tiny villages. Harvey had had several men working for him in the early days, when the ranch had been little but a wilderness, but now that he had reclaimed it, he had the others, and he kept only Tony, a stalwart, steady half-breed, of whom Harvey had become quite fond during his solitary months in the sun-baked hills.

Tony was detailed to help with the cooking and the work about the house, while Harvey was frequently absent all day mending fences or rounding up runaway cattle. Tony taught Elizabeth how to make Mexican dishes she had learned to like and the art of weaving pretty baskets, and even rows of the long fine grasses that grew close to the bank of the creek.

He was so faithful that Harvey and Elizabeth learned to trust him with almost childish confidence. All the while, into Tony's heart, there had been creeping a great longing, a burning selfish desire that seemed driving him mad, fed as it were by days of constant solitary companionship with his object.

Neither Harvey nor Elizabeth noticed the lingering, hungry, envious eyes that followed her slender graceful form about the little house as she silently, cheerfully performed her household tasks. It was only a question of time, and it came when Harvey found the stores running low and a trip to the village necessary to replenish them.

The yellow sunlight fell all about the ranch, blazing in golden glory on the south front, which looked across the valley to the steep wooded ranges beyond. It was very still, with the solemn, brilliant stillness of Arizona, and that glorious peace that reigns wherever man with all his hateful attributes, is absent.

Elizabeth leaned against the side of the house, watching Harvey disappear among the hills and ranges, submerged in their sapphire tinted haze. Then she went silently into the house, where all was shade and quiet. She was lonely and sad, and she thought of the night, but Harvey would be home the next day at noon and Tony, who had some after some cattle that had broken out of the corral during the night, would be back by sundown.

down at her. She was afraid he would hear her heart beat in the deadly stillness, and she moved a little out of the silver rays of moonlight, so he would not see her deathly pallor. A great fear gripped at her heart and left her weak and limp. She could feel the black, piercing hungry eyes of the half-breed, as he stood staring sullenly at her through the silent night. Then she felt the strong, stony arms close around her and the hot breath hissing protestations of love in her ear.

When she came to, she struggled to free herself from the snake-like arms, but the face above her looked grim and murderous and she lay weak and helpless. "Mi Querada," he purred, his hot breath sickening her as he raised passionate kisses to her upturned face. Then her voice rent the air in a wild, useless cry for help and the half-breed laughed and she gave back the cry, "Come Senora, we go to Mexico, where your husband no find us," he said glowering at the thought of Harvey. He released her and she turned to flee into the night, but a cold gleam and left her flashed in the moonlight and she lay on the ground, her hands and feet to make further resistance. He led her way to the barn, where the horses were kept. Look down the giant iron bar that

fastened it and leaned it against the casement. "Wait here," he said, as he turned to where the saddles hung by the side of the door. Suddenly a great vengeance, a strength superhuman, a wonderful courage seized her and she gathered up the iron bar, swung it high above her head and brought it down with all the force of her outraged being, on the head of the half-breed. Without a single cry or moan he sank in a heap at her feet.

She quickly closed the door, replaced the bloody bar and he was her prisoner. Then she thought of the window on the side that fastened with a latch on the inside. He could get out of that when he recovered from the blow and then he would kill her. She ran to the house, got Harvey's Winchester and went around to the window. It was open and she could see the half-breed lying still in the path of the moonlight that shone through the narrow opening. She laid the gun barrel on the sill waiting—

Gradually she recovered herself and when she thought of Harvey and his trust in the miserable creature lying dead on the ground she felt a strange longing to kill him. "No, I will let Harvey do that," she determined, as the night dragged on and the half-breed lay quiet. But she knew the cunning of his race and kept her gun in place, her finger on the trigger ready to fire.

### BRACE UP!

Here today and gone tomorrow— Here today, tomorrow gone— Then there'll be no one to borrow Ere the sun bekin's now the lawn While you're lying sleep-eyed, And no dogs at midnight whining. 'Twon't be bad—that other side.

Here today, then gone forever; Here's an end to all endeavor. Work and sorrow, all of it, There will be no more harass, There will no more bills embarrass, That'll no bad at all—not bad!

So, if that's what means the morrow, Why so grouchy through the day? Don't sit arm in arm with sorrow, Laugh and frighten it away; Sing a stave and hit a chorus, Life's a lark with blossomed shore; There the bore will no more bore us; Grief comes near us neversmore.—Houston Post.

### The Endless Tale.

From Harper's Weekly. The king commanded the court storyteller to unfold a narrative without an end. "Once on a time there was a huge building filled with corn," began the story-teller. "An enormous swarm of locusts swooped down on this tremendous edifice." "Stop!" commanded the king. "That tale is a bearded chestnut. I want without an end."

### A Romantic Tale.

"How did the general win his spurs?" to think the authorities flipped a coin to see who should get the promotion.