

# THE CHORUS GIRL LIFE FULL OF ACTION

Not a Pathway of Roses Says Rose Stahl Who

Has Studied the Pretty Stagelings and Knows of What She Speaks -- Behind the Wings in the Vaudeville -- The "First Production" Impressions of a "Leading Lady"

**W**AS I ever a chorus girl? Never! And I was never in vaudeville until "The Chorus Lady" was transferred from a sketch in a magazine to a one act play. I took it out on the continuous and then to London, and it made such a hit that it was changed a bit, made into a four act drama and here we are.

While it is true that I never filled the place of a chorus girl myself aside from the fact that Patricia O'Brien is a good photograph of this particular woman of the stage, I am tremendously familiar with the chorus girl's life, from the girl who gets 15 per cent and lives on it, to the chorus queen, who, apparently on the same income, rides in automobiles.

**Funny and Pathetic.**  
There are lots of Patricias struggling, plucky, spunky, straight and good hearted. They are funny, but they are pathetic, too, and they have a hard life. I studied the "chorus lady" on and off the stage for years. It's a sight for the gods and the humorist to see her at a lunch counter on the road. She falls off the train and rushes into the station to get a sandwich and a glass of milk, or a doughnut and a piece of pie. She gives her order as King Richard might call for his horse, or Cleopatra her barge, and heaven help the poor attendants if they do not do her bidding. She is disdainful of her food and scoffing in her comments on the service. She pays her check with the air of an injured queen and stalks out, leaving the lunchroom mental under the impression that they have failed to please Mme. Duse or Sarah Bernhardt. Then she goes back to the train and will sit up half the night sewing frills on her costumes, to make a brace showing on the opening night in the next town, and then after a night of work, she trudges out of the station in the chilly dawn to search for a lodging.

**Must Save Earnings.**  
These girls have a long, idle summer to get through on their savings of the winter, and many of them, like Patricia, have a younger sister to look after or a mother at home to help and they manage somehow to do it. And most of them run straight and turn down the Johnnies who think like the villain in the play, that they can pay for the havoc they cause.

Where does the chorus girl come from, and what becomes of her? Why not ask, what becomes of the pins? She comes from the country, as a rule. The mirror over the washstand in her farmhouse bedroom, she thinks, has told her that the country is no place for her, so she packs her carpetbag, buys some high heels and a big hat, and comes to town to show New York what real youth and beauty are. Once in a while a girl may start with the ambition to become a singer or an actress, but as a rule, the country girl seeks the chorus because it is easier to wear tight than to scrub floors and "swear" to dance to stand all day behind a counter—please do not think by this that my advice is to go into the chorus rather than do those things. One in a hundred thousand becomes a star like Edna May, Edna Wallace Hopper and Lulu Glaser, the others marry, or they are going for them to do if they are sensible.

**Behind the Wings.**  
When I was in vaudeville I used to love to sit in the wings and make friends with the performers. The trained birds, the performing ponies, and the India rubber acrobats, but most of all the spanned "sisters" just waiting to do their "turn." I think they liked me because I liked them. They were used to chesty "legits" who snubbed them and you may be sure that they had their own opinions of the chesty "legits" and it wasn't expressed in blank verse, either.

Let it be known that Patricia O'Brien is not a "chesty legit," but she has her ideas and inspirations, which many of the inflated "sisters" are sadly in need of. She believes that there should be always a tear behind the laugh in every part. This is the reason, perhaps, that



Rose Stahl

Patricia O'Brien is so much loved by her audience. It's all very well to make people laugh, but just laughter is empty unless there is some heart interest you go away and forget both play and player. Of course a great many people pay their money to laugh only, but most of them, I think—especially that part of the audience composed of my sex—enjoy a happy galaxy of laughter and tears; but the others, as I say, have their rights. However, the one thing I like best to do is to make a man cry after I have made him laugh. I think Patricia O'Brien does get under his vest at times.

**The First Production.**  
When our first production "The Chorus Lady" many people thought, owing to the title, that it was a musical comedy. Something very funny and yet rather pathetic happened at this time, or rather, I should say just previous to the production of the piece. Some one in New York connected with the profession had given out a story that there was a death of chorus girls, and unless New York had a large number of recruits from the small cities surrounding it, it would be difficult to fill the many vacancies for the chorus of the new opera then in contemplation. This story got abroad and hundreds of girls who lived in the small cities and with-

and being supported by slender pillars. It has a cupola of gold and is itself of carved cedar and sandalwood designs which are again richly studded with rubies, emeralds, pearls and diamonds. Under the cupola, at the end of a golden chain, hangs an uncut emerald, six inches long and two and a half inches thick. This throne was made in the sixteenth century and was used by Ahmed, whose hobby was swords and who formed a collection of 1018 golden swords set with precious stones of the most valuable kind.

**A Tragedy in Life.**  
But that is one of the tragedies of life of which no one has an intimate knowledge. While as Patricia O'Brien I try to come as near to that class of chorus girls as possible, and to give the auditor a true picture of the chorus woman as she is, there is much more to Patricia O'Brien than that. I take her seriously because her life teaches a

great moral, and teaches it without preaching it. I have played the character something like 2000 times, and I am quite as much in love with her today as I was in my opening night of the little sketch, years ago.

**Cost of Living in India.**  
The following report showing the effects of the increased cost of living in Calcutta on its salaried people and wage-earners is furnished by Consul General William H. Michael of that port:  
The increase in prices of grain and foodstuffs throughout India has become a very serious matter on account of the poverty of the masses and the low wages paid for labor. There is complaining among all classes, except the very well to do, that it is almost impossible to live comfortably on present salaries and daily wages. The cause of this advance in prices is ascribed by some to the export of too much grain and other food commodities from the country, thus limiting the supply and enabling a certain class of speculators to raise the price of food grains, etc. Others say that it is due to the fall in the value of the rupee, but this has been so slight that it hardly accounts for the excessive increase in prices of food commodities or in the increased rents for all kinds of city houses. Whatever the cause, this condition exists, and it is becoming more pronounced and serious from year to year. Foodstuffs have advanced during the last two years in India easily 40 per cent and rents from 50 to 60 per cent.

**Rents of desirable residences, flats and rooms have been advanced enormously, and the main cause thereof is the willingness of people who spend only the winter months in Calcutta and**



the rest of the year in the mountains to pay higher rents because they need the premises for so short a time. The landlord takes advantage of this and makes the short-lease price the standard for the long lease tenant. Government officials on fixed incomes are asking the government to build houses and rent them to employees at living prices, which has been done to some extent at Simla, the summer resort of India, and is being considered favorably in connection with Calcutta. This may have the effect of reducing rents generally.

### A FAMOUS BATHTUB

**Big Shoe in Which Marat Was Killed Now in a Paris Museum.**  
The bathtub in which Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday is still in existence. A man who has seen it in Paris, where it is now on sale, says that it is totally unlike the bathtubs with which we are familiar.

"It is shaped like a sabot, or shoe," he writes in the London Illustrated News, "and is covered except for a space where the bather gets in. It is not long enough for a man to stretch out comfortably. That would be impossible anyway, owing to the shape of the occupant must sit up, his head and shoulders coming out of the ankles of the shoe."  
"On the upper part there are two hooks which could be used to support a desk. A sort of stool in copper is fixed to the bath which enables the bather to sit and write. Under this stool the heating apparatus was placed. After passing through many hands the murder, and even now, perhaps, the blood marks of the friend of the people can be seen. At least the sulphur and other chemicals used by Marat, as is known, suffered from a skin disease, have left their trace on the metal."  
After passing through many hands the bath came into the possession of the cure of Sargau, who sold it to the Grevin Museum for 3000 francs.

### Chop Suey.

They were telling a guileless, unsuspecting Englishman how chop suey is made.  
"First," they informed him, "the Chinese restaurant man catches a very young chicken."  
"And he cooks that chicken up in a pasteurized coop."  
"You don't say."  
"And he sets a trusty dog to watch over that coop."  
"How interesting?"  
"And he feeds the chicken on milk, infant mushrooms, lead tea, and sweet pickles."  
"Oh, say—how very curious!"  
"And presently the chicken's wings begin to sprout."  
"Yes."  
"And the Chinaman cautions the dog to be particularly watchful."  
"Yes."  
"And the dog goes to sleep."  
"Indeed!"  
"And the chicken pecks a hole in the pasteurized coop and flies away."  
"Oh, dear me."  
"And the Chinaman appears, sees what has happened, flies into a terrible rage, grabs the dog, makes mince-meat out of him, and serves it to his customers as 'chop suey,' and starts all over again with another very young chicken."  
"But, I say—down—down!"  
He could get no satisfaction.

### Europe Wants Our Grapes.

From Horticulture.  
Vice Consul L. H. Munier of Geneva sends a clipping from a Swiss newspaper from which it is noted that more modern methods of grape culture are being adopted in Switzerland. The old vineyards have been attacked by phylloxera. In fighting which the government has already spent \$4,500. Now it is decided to replace the old vines with the more robust American vines. To aid the planters in the substitution the government has voted an annual appropriation of \$98,500, to extend over a period of 50 years.

### Hint for the President.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.  
There is an intimation that Mr. Roosevelt may one day write a play. Why not do himself into drama on the order of "Too Much Johnson?"

### After the Call.

She never had anything to say. Most girls have nothing to say, and say it. Miss Tacit has nothing to say—and doesn't say it.

## FABULOUS WEALTH IN THE SULTAN'S TREASURE HOUSE

Aside From Royal Owner and Guardians, Few People, Even Ambassadors, Have Ever Entered Its Doors

From a Staff Correspondent.  
**C**ONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 16.—Nothing in the world equals in splendor the Turkish sultan's treasure house here, which has never been photographed and scarcely over entered, except by its royal owner and his guardians. So priceless are the treasures stored therein that even ambassadors are refused admittance. It is only some great favorite of the sultan's who may have a passing peep at its wonders.

The whole treasure house consists of but two large rooms with single galleries running above each. The first thing that strikes the eye on entering is the gigantic Persian throne, covered with a huge crystal canopy. It is made out of beaten gold, one and a half inches thick. The seat and the four thick legs are covered with eastern designs worked out in thousands of huge pearls, equal in size and water, with topazes and emeralds cut all alike. The throne is square in shape, measuring three yards long and two yards high. It was made in 1501 in Tabriz, in Persia, for the shah Ismail, and is a wonderful throne of Persian work in the same hall. This is rather different in form, having steps

and being supported by slender pillars. It has a cupola of gold and is itself of carved cedar and sandalwood designs which are again richly studded with rubies, emeralds, pearls and diamonds. Under the cupola, at the end of a golden chain, hangs an uncut emerald, six inches long and two and a half inches thick. This throne was made in the sixteenth century and was used by Ahmed, whose hobby was swords and who formed a collection of 1018 golden swords set with precious stones of the most valuable kind.

In a crystal cupboard next to the throne repose three of the largest emeralds which have, up to the present moment, been found. They are from eight to 10 inches long and from five to six inches thick. In the eighteenth century there was a wonderful emerald in the same cupboard which weighed 420 carats, but Mustafa III gave it to be put over Mohammed's grave in Medina, where it hangs still.

Under the window, next to the cupboard, stands a splendid bronze statue of Abdul Aziz, in the midst of the glare of gold and stones such a thing makes but little impression. It is, however, valuable because it is believed, and, as yet, only statue of a sultan. The Koran declares it to be a sin to patronize sculpture, and no other sultan has dared to defy this prohibition of "idol worship."

Behind crystal cupboards between the two windows are stored a number of priceless value. There hang the sword of Mohammed the Conqueror, which he carried in his hand entering Constantinople for the first time; the sword of Constantine Dragobes, the last of the Byzantine dynasty; the crooked sword belonging to Bajazet II when he set out against the Germans and Soltan the Great's sword, which he carried during his conquest of Belgrade. Near them are his conqueror's sword. All these are of gold, studded with turquoise, sapphires, pearls and rubies. Among them are a pair of silver horse-trappings once used by these eastern potentates. They are a blaze of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, all large enough to awaken the envy of duces and so close together that the gold that they are embedded in can scarcely be seen. The effect is that of a series of jeweled rainbows which dazzles the eyes and recalls the wondrous tales of the Arabian nights.

The second room is called the "jewel room." Nobody gives such magnificent presents as sultans do. Some idea of this will be gained by the fact that, in this second room, are a dozen crystal vases, from 2 1/2 to 30 inches high, filled with pearls, emeralds, diamonds, rubies and sapphires. Through the dazzle of these jewels can be seen stones of huge size which are again set with smaller jewels, in wonderful designs of flowers and beasts. Not even the most beautiful Persian work can come near this and those who have shown in the Rue de la Piz cannot imagine anything approaching the magnificence of color and the delicacy of workmanship that make the gems cast into these vases, that rest in a small room in Constantinople, unique.

Besides the coins is a collection of flutes, studded with silver and precious stones. Into this are also inserted the Koran's decree, play upon. In a casket adorned with huge rubies lie two pearls weighing 45 grammes. In another casket, studded with diamonds, is a ruby as large as a pear. This was the gift of Persia's shah to Soltan on his coronation day. In yet another casket is a diamond of the first water weighing 32 carats, which probably once adorned the Byzantine crown. A child playing on the sands once found it in Alvan Serai, where, in Roman times, it was lost in the midst of some great public ceremony.

Many priceless relics came to the sultan from the Byzantine dynasty. There is a large piece of Christ's cross, given to Constantine the Great by the monks of Golgotha. From the same source came the sponge and the crown of thorns used at the crucifixion. It is not generally known that the head of John the Baptist, given to Salome by her stepfather, and his hand, are also in the sultan's treasure house. But such is the case, and they now lie, ghastly relics, surrounded by the glare of light, color and gold.

The galleries of the treasure rooms are lined with cupboards in which repose hundreds of jeweled dresses and drinking cups. The enormous quantity of the latter is explained by the eastern custom of sending a rich drinking cup with every present to the sultan. Therefore, the eye is almost blinded by the dazzle of goblets and vases from Venice and the west, from Holland, Italy, Saxony, China, India, Persia and Japan. From the latter country are cups guaranteed to fall into pieces should poison be poured therein. Besides these are an uncountable number of arms, from Bagdad, Toledo and from Persia, all historical and all priceless. The collection of watches and clocks dates from the sixteenth century to the present day. One clock, sent in 1740 from the Austrian emperor to Mohammed I, plays a fresh minuet every hour, or 24 different tunes within the day.

Perhaps the most impressive part of this collection are the 24 costumes once worn by sultans. The first dates from the year 1453, the last from 1855. The magnificence of these dresses defies description. Each is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, even if you count only the value of huge stones that adorn them, to say nothing of the gold with which they are sewn and embroidered. Each dress is different in shape, color and design, according to the taste of its royal owner.

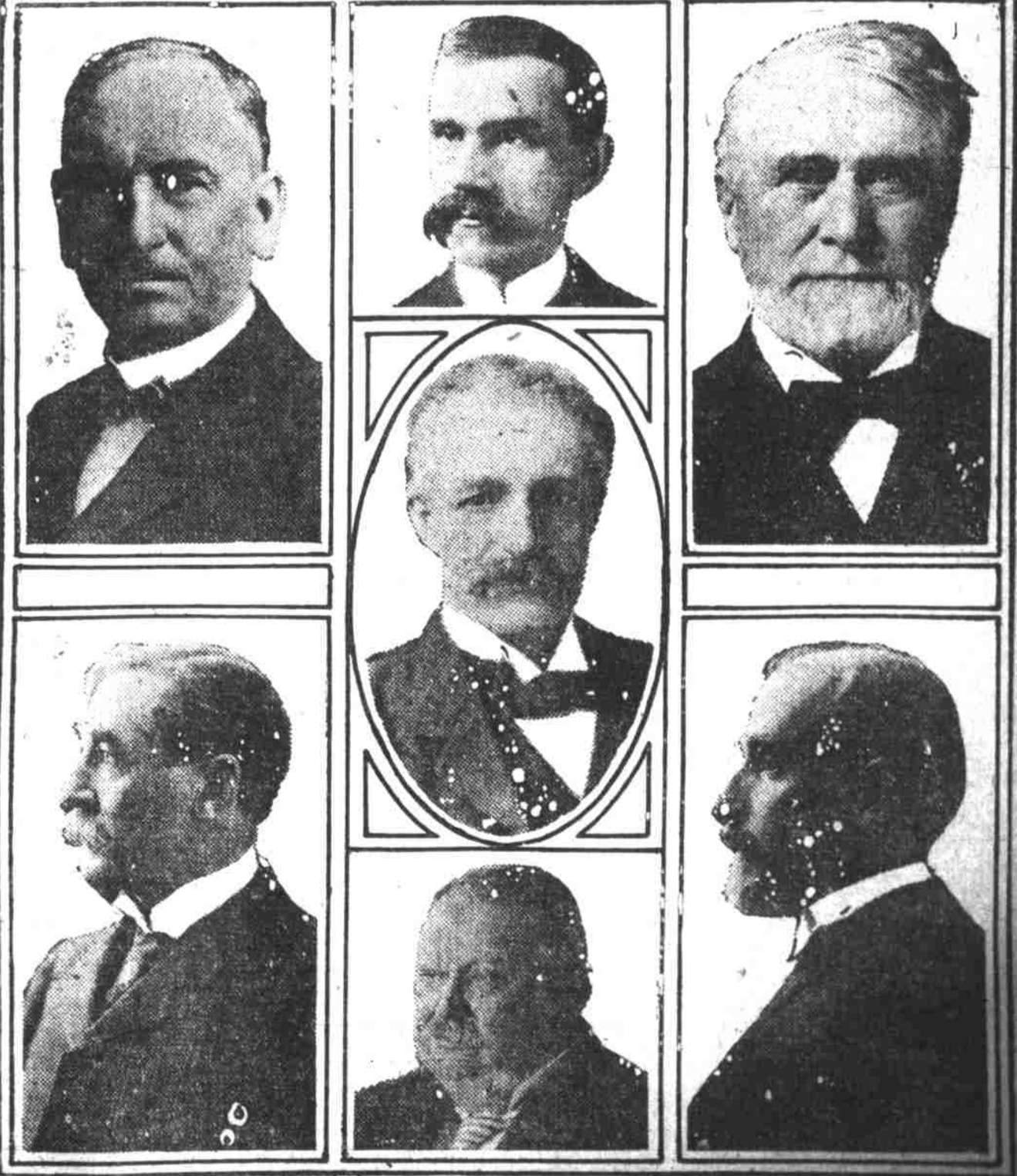
The walls of the galleries are hung with portraits of dead sultans, painted after death. Next to the treasure house is the throne room of Ahmed I and his library. But the few strangers who visit these rooms pay it little attention, dazzled as they are by the splendor they have already seen.

### Photographs Bullets in Air.

A scientist has succeeded in perfecting a camera so rapid that it not only photographs flying bullets, but has waves of condensed air in front of them and the rarefied air behind them.

### Ingot as Pedestal.

The first steel ingot ever produced in Denmark, cast recently at Copenhagen, will be used as a pedestal for a bust of G. A. Hagemann, director of that city's polytechnic school.



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### SHINES IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY



The beautiful Edith Lee Sutherland, daughter of United States Senator George Sutherland of Utah. Miss Sutherland is one of the most attractive of this year's Washington debutantes.