

aisle seat, and waited for the curtain to rise on the "drama masterpiece."

When the curtain rang up on "When the Angelus Is Ringing" the metropolitan scout leaned forward in his chair. There were no programs. In theaters of that kind it is not usual to issue programs. But he guessed he could guess this imported dainty, this noble child of beauty and genius—he would have bet you he could.

The play proceeded. Elise, in the forefront, was doing her bit with an ax, following her natural bent. Little did she know that out in front sat her destiny—or what might have been her destiny. An aged gent with white whiskers named Whittier once wrote a passage on the tragic color of "it might have been." He did not have Elise in mind; but he might have had.

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THE New Yorker tossed one slant at her when she first opened her lips to speak a line, and after that he never saw her again—looked right past or over or through her.

But he did note that the amiable old character woman, who had done twenty years in the sticks, playing every ungrateful part from the mother of Zaza to the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," had sweet features and a sympathetic and ingratiating personality and a smile that was like the smile of a woman, not a No. 4 company slavey.

And he couldn't take his eyes off old Lizzie McCann. And the further the play went the more he loved her.

The curtain rang down and the weary players slopped toward their dressing-rooms. Elise took off her wig and flung it into the corner, and turned to Lizzie.

"It's a gay life if you don't weaken," said she. "An' I'm weakenin'. This here hittin' American plan towns an' playin' to \$90 a night an' never gettin' no place is got my goat. Say—I'd marry a corn-husker an' live in a hut, I would, only to get off o' this grind aroun' the suitcase circuit."

"Don't be impatient, child," said Lizzie McCann. "My! If I had your youth and your opportunities—"

"Where'd you get that opperchunties?" bawled Elise. "You call this here bumpin' aroun' among them cattle an' reubs oppertunities? If I could ever get to N'York, or somewheres where a 'live human bein' could gimme a squint, I might get a tumble f'm somebody. But this here is shootin' at the moon, this is; this here is wastin' my breath an' my looks an' my talent an' my everything, this is. An' I'm good an' sick an' disgusted, an' you can bet your paint-stick this is my las' season under this here bum management. I'm goin' in vaud'-ville."

She said the last as though she were threatening to sell herself for dimes.

"Oh, don't say that, child," said Lizzie. "Your chance will come. Stick to the legitimate. Have patience."

"I got patience. But I ain' got no

change o' stockin's. An' I haven' had a decent night's sleep in nine years."

"Your time will come, dearie. Yes—maybe even mine will, some day. I'm 52, but I haven't given up hope. Somewhere, some time—"

"Oh, wake up!"

There was a knock on the door. The janitor handed in a card. Elise reached a bare arm after it. She saw the imprint in the corner and she turned pale, then scarlet, then hit the ceiling, then bounced back to the floor, then wobbled and sank into a chair.

"My stars!" she gasped. "It's come! And come it had."

But not to Elise. Mr. Whittier alased for Maud Muller in well remembered language which may here be utilized by your memory to deplore the burning,



With artificial curls and knee dresses she had appealed to him as glorious.

cursing, acid disappointment of Mile. de Vaolle. For it was finally broken to her that it was Lizzie that the representative from the theatrical heaven wanted to see—and to sign up and take East.

It must be remembered that Maud married a farmer who made her bear children, and who mumbled o'er pipe and mug till Maud wasted away and had no

joy except to think of the horse's chestnut mane and how the judge had flirted with her.

For Elise married the press agent, who had inherited a farm before the close of that ill-starred season, and who retired her to the hut she had in that wild moment of reckless wishes brought down upon herself.

So let this be a lesson to you, children. The race is not always to the one whose picture gets into the Weekly Banner; a man doesn't always come back with what he started after; use your own homey name on the stage and off, be sweet and motherly, and remember that Whittier knew what he was alasing about.

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## AT THE CASHIER'S WINDOW

IF ONE wants to study human nature it is not necessary to go farther than the nearest savings bank. I had just joined the line at one cashier's window when a woman turned to me.

"I've got to be careful," she said. "I've got to be careful not to lose it." Then I saw that she was pinning a little roll of money into a pocket in her petticoat with a rusty safety pin.

"I hated to draw it," she went on. "I had saved it cent by cent—put it away in my stocking—but with everything so high as it is, what is a poor creature to do?"

Another woman a few feet away looked up, understandingly. She was sitting on a bench, putting some money she had evidently just drawn into an old tin strong box. Like the first woman, she knew she had "got to be careful," and did not want to lose her money on the

way home. Undoubtedly she, too, "hated to draw it."

As I found myself third from the cashier's window I noticed just ahead of me a self-reliant looking woman, with a richly fur trimmed coat and a jewel flashing on the ungloved hand that held her bank book. The book held several bills of large denominations; evidently she had come to deposit, not to draw on her account. In front of her and facing the cashier was a delicate looking little woman in the dingy black that told its double tale of grief and poverty.

"How will you have it?" the bank clerk was asking.

Evidently the woman did not know what he meant.

"How will you have it?" The dapper young man looked at her with steely blue eyes and his thin lips set after he had repeated his formula.

The woman's distress was apparent.

"I—I don't know," she faltered.

"How—will—you—have—it?" The question was rapped out like a series of blows, and the woman cowered under it.

The well dressed woman put her hand lightly on the arm of the other.

"He means do you want your money in one or in five or in ten dollar bills," she explained softly, and the woman gave her a look of gratitude as she turned to the clerk and said:

"In fives, please, sir. I hope you'll pardon me, sir; I didn't understand."

As the woman in furs took her place before the sleek young clerk, who leaned forward deferentially to do her bidding, she looked him over much as she might have studied any other strange animal behind bars.

"You don't know how you surprised me," she said, smiling, as she handed

him her book to have her deposit credited. "It did not seem strange to me at all that a poor woman did not understand your jargon, but it did surprise me very much that a young man supposed to be capable of filling your position was not quick witted enough to see that the poor thing did not understand."

### No Terminal Facilities

A TRULY eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declared, "and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I.'"