

FALLING ON THE STAGE.

An Actress Tells How It Is Done—Dangers of Getting Hurt.

"Want to know how we fall?" said the beautiful, graceful woman. "Why, see, this way. First your knee, and then your hip, and then your shoulder, and you are down."

"We are taught in the schools, and practice on a rug at home first, you know, and of course we get many bruises while learning. We fall first to the knee and then to the hip, the shoulder, and down."

Of course we do this very slowly at first and afterward, but we do it over and over again until one falls backward into the other so completely that you cannot distinguish it. Oh, yes, it is hard at first, but all there is to it is to take all the will out of your body and collapse. Make your muscles involuntary and inspired with the part you are playing, so that at the proper time you will fall almost unconsciously, and then you won't be hurt.

Our prompter faulted the other night, and fell and hurt himself very badly. Now, I could fall in a faint a hundred times and not be hurt—you see my fall is an unconscious mechanical action. You go into a familiar room in the dark and your body will unconsciously take the right direction to avoid coming in contact with the objects in the room, so my body takes the mechanical curve and poise requisite to avoid a hurt without my thinking anything about it if I make myself perfectly inert—give myself all up.

"I have been hurt several times. Those old-fashioned sloping stages were treacherous affairs, and very often when playing on an unfamiliar stage we were hurt. I remember going down bang on my nose once—almost broke it. Everything was dark for a minute, and then there flashed out all the constellations known to man, and several more that haven't been discovered, but I went on with my part and no one knew. Falling has been a thought that made my hip black all over—thought that would never get well, for I had to fall on it every night, no matter how it hurt."

"Are we afraid of being hurt? Oh, no. We are constantly in danger. Great heavy things are hanging over our heads that, if some stage carpenter should blunder or some piece of machinery break, would come down and make short work of us. I had a heavy iron bar fall not four inches from my face once, and a man cut my forehead with a dagger, and other people have accidents, but we don't think anything about them after it is over. Like nervous people on shipboard fancy before their danger all the time, but two days out they will forget all their fear and feel as safe as on land. So we throw ourselves down on the boards and roll off sofas and down terraces and out of chairs. Knowing we might break our bones, but never thinking of it. No one ever did such a fearfully dangerous thing as that Miss Fetter, though. It seemed strange the papers didn't speak of it before, for it just seemed cruel for her to endanger her health and even her life just to make one more funny point in the play."

"Men say sometimes that women fall more easily and lightly than they themselves. This may be true, for women are supple, lithe and elastic and not so tall, for the fall is just a mechanical. People only watch the pretty curves and graceful sweep of a woman's drapery, and do not see the mechanical studied action underneath. We float down very gracefully, but the floating is done as accurately as a problem in geometry."—New York Sun.

Oh! I have had so many non-professional people go into ecstasies over our acting in it. Perhaps you think it is a life of luxury. Well, it is not. There are rehearsals and study and sewing and a hundred other trying exercises that keep you busy till you haven't time to write a letter home. Principals in a company are always the envy of a chorus girl, and we go on calculating just when we, too, will be shining lights. The stuff that is written about our heart romances is the merest bosh. Some of us are married and support husbands—that is, some chorus girls—but not any in our company, and most of them have tender attachments in the company who will not permit a dude to get closer to us than a hundred yards. I wish some of the young ladies who are sighing to be chorus girls could see us at home, over our gas stoves, cooking frugal meals, or sitting for hours darning holes in our tights. I don't think after you have the experience of this kind the ladies would care to undergo another. Let me tell you the truth: the chorus girl's lot is not so happy as it seems to be—not by several jugfuls.—Chorus Girl in Globe-Democrat.

England's Leathery Sandwiches. Railway refreshments in England are proverbially dear and bad, but they are certainly getting worse. The sit-down meal is respectable, and the plates of eggs and cold meats are eatable, but the buns and sandwiches (and there is, or would be, an immense bun and sandwich public) are simply atrocious. As a rule, everything under a glass cover is stale. It is possible that the great firm which contracts for so many of our railway stations can be aware of the disgraceful way in which the buns to month refreshments are thrown on the public. Why do not they appoint periodical inspectors, charged to taste the wayside buns, etc? Perhaps no one can be got to do the tasting in the present state of affairs. It would be no light ordeal. Anyhow, the sandwich market is simply being ruined for want of a little butter, mustard and fresh bread. The two penny sandwich is a fraud—dry and tasteless—while the bun is altogether leathery.—Fall Mail Gazette.

A Fast Horse. Stranger—Are you the superintendent of the street car lines? "Yes, sir." "I would like to sell you a horse." "Is it a good, lively one?" "Well, it was used for a horse for a year." "How is it up at once, and name your price."—Lincoln Journal.

BARGAINS.

He prett a throb on her lips, whose burning blood...

Twain's epithets found above her eyes to match their fiery blue. And, where her hair was parted back, an opal gem lay set.

Type of her changing countenance, where all delights were met. "Will you surrender now," he said, "the ancient bridge you keep untried and untraversed, like murder in the deep?"

But when did jewels and the depths, or splendors still the storm? There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl beneath the wave. There is no fittest coronet that soothes a princely grave.

There is not fate nor empire in the wide infinity, Can stand in grace and virtue with the gift you had from me.

Driving Away a Pickpocket. "Here comes that blackguard, English," said a detective in Park row, as a well-dressed man approached. When the person thus harshly characterized caught sight of the detective the latter signaled him and said, with great show of anger, "English, if you don't get away from here I'll kick you from one end of the block to the other."

"All right, captain, all right," said English, meekly. "I'll go," and he did English is a notorious pickpocket, who sights his victims in Park row, follows them up and robs them at leisure. He and his fellows do nothing in Park row for which they can be arrested and the only resource of the detective is to drive them from the street with threats. The other day the crowd in Ann street just off Park row was astonished to see a little man approach a big man, and with a single blow knock him into the gutter. The big man rose, caught sight of his assailant, threw up his hands in a deprecating fashion and took to his heels. The little man was a detective and the big one was a pickpocket who had not left Park row with sufficient haste.—New York Press.

Not Altogether Complimentary. The not inconsiderable writing fraternity will understand the situation and the mental processes that led us to commit a grievous faux pas in our office the other day. A young friend who had strolled in proudly exhibited his latest poetical triumph, a pretty song that might reasonably inspire its author with hopes of a foothold on the slippery slopes of Parnassus. He informed us that he was to send it to one of the leading magazines. We expressed confidence in its future, and the poet beamed—but alas for our well-meant endeavors to encourage aspiring genius, we remarked as he turned to go, "Where do you intend to send it first?" Of course such a query could only be evolved from the depths of a live experience with the way of an editor and his "unavailables," not, unhappily, all acquired in this office.—Boston Commonwealth.

Talking in Opera Boxes. In German opera the orchestral part and the choruses and declamatory sections are just as important as the lyric numbers, and many of the most exquisite passages in the operas of Weber and Wagner are a kind of superior pantomime music during which no voice at all is heard on the stage. Now I am convinced that much of the talking in opera boxes is simply due to ignorance of this fact. Vocal music is much more readily appreciated than instrumental music, and those who have no ear for instrumental measures do not realize that others are enraptured by them. Hence they talk as soon as the singing ceases, unconscious of the fact that they are greatly annoying those who wish to listen to the orchestra.—Henry T. Finck in the Cosmopolitan.

To Attain a Long Life. The sum and substance of all the advice that can be given on that point is that a man must avoid excesses, he must live rationally, according to the laws of his being. You cannot get two quarts of milk in a quart jug. You can only secure a certain amount of happiness in this world, and you can only secure it according to good old-fashioned notions, founded on common sense, virtue and morality. Millions have tried their own foolish and vicious ways of reaching the goal, but the world has never reported that they have been successful.—P. T. Barnum in the Epoch.

What is Electricity? Electricity is another substance concerning the nature of which we know absolutely nothing. To the question: What is electricity? there is but one answer. We do not know. We do know what it will do, and can make it serve us in an infinite variety of ways, but the most learned electrician is only in the same position as that of a little child who can move the lever which controls a great engine, but knows nothing of its construction, or how the motion is produced.—Popular Science News.

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