

# SAVING THE SCENE

### An Emergency For Which Actors Must Ever Be Prepared.

## ACTS NOT ON THE PLAYBILLS.

#### Presence of Mind Which Clara Morris Turned to Advantage in "Miss Merton" and a Felice Intrusion in "Camille."

An experienced actor is supposed to be able to cope with any stage emergency, no matter what is looking or what happens. Cool, self possessed, it is expected of him to turn the ridiculous into a source of applause rather than of disapproval or laughter.

And among the necessary requirements for the actors is an unshakable self control, no matter if by some carelessness she is thrown into a situation almost without precedent. She must never fly off at a tangent because of some unheeded incident. She must not scream when the perfunctory gully blot yells "Fire!" If something is forgotten she must try hard to hide its absence or invent a substitute.

If anything unusual occurred I always tried to incorporate it into the play if possible, as when in the school-room scene of "Miss Merton" I was astonished to see a large water spout come trotting on to the stage, waving his tail at me as if we had been bosom friends for years. I don't like to recall all the things I thought about that dog for a moment or two.

Then I rose, and, thanking heaven and a generous master for the collar he wore, I grasped it, and, having stroked his silky ear with the other hand, I said to my pupils: "Children, I do not wish to curtail your pleasures, but I have told you before that I cannot permit you to have your pets in this room during lesson hours. Now, don't force me to remind you of that again."

And the little girl who played Paul quickly and cleverly responded to my wink. "Oh, excuse us this time, Miss Merton, and we won't do it again." And, taking the dog from me, she led him off into the retirement of private life, while in the morning one newspaper remarked that "among the prettiest of the lighter touches of the performance was the scene at the Christmas tree in the first act and the dog scene in the third act."

Another time, in Baltimore, when I was playing "Camille," I had a similar experience. In the fifth act I had staggered from the window to the bureau, hearing that dread moment when I was to see the reflection of my wrecked and ruined self in the looking glass. The house was all attention, watching dim eyed the piteous, weak movements of the dying woman. Just then I heard the quick indrawing of the breath that started womanhood always indulges in before either a scream or a laugh.

My heart gave a plunge. "What is it? Oh, what is wrong?" And I glanced down at myself anxiously, for really I wore very little in that scene. "What is it?"

Then came a titter, and evidently it was growing. In agony I turned quickly about and found myself facing a monstrous cat. Startled, he held the very center of the stage, his two great topaz eyes fixed unflinchingly upon my face. His tail stood straight and aggressively in the air, twitching with short twitches at the very top.

Aias, no wonder they giggled! But

how to save the approaching death scene was what went through my mind.

Clinging to the bureau, I slipped to my knees, and with an earnest prayer that he would not resist my appeal in a faint voice I called him to me. Thomas looked suspiciously at me, hesitated, then approached gingerly and sniffed at my fingers. Then he rubbed his dingy body against my knee, and in an instant my arms were about him, my cheek on his wicked old head. What a sigh of relief went like a wave over that audience! I had won!

I then called Nannie to relieve me, and the applause that swept the house was as balm to my great distress. I said to Nannie, "Take him downstairs; he grows too heavy for me to pet." And Sir Thomas was carried off reluctantly, indicating perhaps that I was envious of the bit he had made.

My manager, who was somewhat of a wing-of-course made the most of the saved situation. A gentleman met him on the street the next morning and was anxious for him to settle an argument between himself and wife.

"My wife, who has seen the play several times in New York, insists that the beautiful little scene with the cat belongs to the play, while I don't recall it, nor do any of our acquaintances whom I have asked this morning. Won't you kindly set us right?"

"Willingly," replied my manager. "Your wife is in the right, my dear sir. That cat scene is always done. It is a great favorite with Miss Morris, and she hauls that cat all over the country with her."

May heaven forgive him!—Clara Morris in New York Press.

#### Inquisitive.

"What is your name?" asked one five-year-old miss of another.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the other. "You are as bad as grownup folks. They are always asking my name and a lot of other silly questions until I am actually ashamed of them."—Chicago News.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.—Franklin.

#### Metals and Metaphors.

"It is most amusing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus an orator is silver tongued or golden mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute clasp has an iron will. A sluggish moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."

#### Amicable Adjustment.

"I want you distinctly to understand, Emil, that when your colleague's wife has a new hat I want one too."

"Calm yourself, my dear. We've settled it between us. You're neither of you going to get one."—Filagende Blatter.

#### The Lesser Evil.

"I hate a barber that talks politics all the time, don't you?"

"Can't say I do. I'd rather have him talk politics than hair tonic."—Washington Herald.

#### Rare Freak.

"Funny, isn't it, about the blowing up of a manhole?"

"How's it funny?"

"Because a man generally blows up in pieces."—Baltimore American.

## CAREFUL OF THEIR COWS.

#### Isle of Jersey Bred to It That the Breed is Kept Absolutely Pure.

Undoubtedly the little island of Jersey has been enriched by the profit of its cows. In modern days potato raising and fruit culture have helped, but it is the solid, continual profit of the cattle that has made the island rich.

So carefully do they tend them there and so proud are they of waste in feeden pastures, says Our Dumb Animals, that they actually tether their animals, and the children or indoor servants stiff them at morn, noon and night.

Gentleness is their cue in handling the calf, which, after a dose of mother's milk, has to be content with skim-milk, or skimmings. She is haltered and fed by hand and becomes docile and gentle and when two years old yields indoors or out her bountiful bucketful of frothy, rich milk to the quiet women folk who milk her.

The Jersey breed is kept pure by stringent laws against the importation of foreign stock. The summer pasturing is very rich, and cattle remain out from May till October, but during the winter they are always comfortably housed.

The milk is used almost exclusively in making butter. A good Jersey will make an average of a pound of butter every day in the year. The Jersey is beautiful in form, and her shoubling dairy products make her a favorite with the household, an ornament to any farm or estate and a source of great profit to her owner.

## CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN INDIA.

#### Dancing Girls Are Married to Idols Representing Gods.

Parrots are taught in India to spend a large portion of their time in repeating the names of gods, and such a spokesman brings a great price, especially among business men, who imagine that by owning such a parrot their spiritual treasures are accumulating while they attend to their usual occupations.

Many of the dancing girls in India belonging to the temples are called the wives of the gods. At an early age they are united in wedlock to the images worshipped in the temples. This strange matrimonial connection is formed in compliance with the wishes of the parents, who believe it to be a highly meritorious act to present a beautiful daughter in marriage to a senseless idol.

The only foreigner who ever saw the inside of the great Temple of Juggernaut was an English officer, who succeeded in gaining admission by painting and dressing himself like a native.

When the Brahmins discovered that their holy place had been thus defiled they became so enraged that all the English residing at the station were obliged to flee for their lives.

Suspecting their pursuers to be more desirous of gratifying their avarice than their revenge, they strewed silver money by the way, and while the natives stopped to pick it up they gained time and succeeded in reaching a place of safety.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

#### Winter.

I have never doubted the fact that winter was really at heart a jolly good fellow, brusque, but sincere. His bark is worse than his bite. If you expect smooth phrases or flatteries from his lips you will be disappointed. His language is vigorous, direct and effective. His reign as "ruler of the inverted year" is absolute. His qualities are distinctly masculine. We think of spring as a shy maiden competing with the breezes, summer as the perfect flower of gracious womanhood Autumn reminds us of a widow, to whom bereavement has brought a chastened melancholy. But winter is the vigorous gentleman with the wisdom and judgment of age, strong and unyielding where great issues are at stake, yet withal revealing at times a winning benevolence in both looks and actions.—Suburban Life.

#### The Vatican's Precious Manuscripts.

The Vatican library is probably the most sumptuously housed in the world. This, of course, is only as it should be, for the collection contains some of the most precious manuscripts in existence, including the Biblical "Codex Vaticanus" of the fourth century, the fifth century Vergil and the palimpsest "De Isidorica" of Chero. The printed books include over 2,500 fifteenth century editions, many of them vellum copies. The total library has been estimated to comprise over 220,000 volumes and 30,000 manuscripts, but it has never been adequately catalogued.—Fall Mail Gazette.

#### Extra Touches.

Smith—I see you're paying the expenses of that painter who fell off the roof. Brown—Sure; he's too good a man to lose. As he went down he touched up three or four places which would have been extremely difficult to reach in the ordinary way.—London P. I. P.

#### A Benefactor.

"Do you know, old man, that young fellow saved me from absolute bank rruptcy last year?"

"How was that?"

"He married the girl I had been engaged to for months."—London Tele graph.

#### Cautious.

"Is Mrs. Prettyface in mourning for her husband?"

"Can't say. Only now she's in black for him."—Baltimore American.

It is difficult to read if you are doing nothing.—Roman Proverb.

## HEREDITY AND THE EYES.

#### Blue or Gray Eyed Parents Cannot Have Brown Eyed Children.

Since blue and probably gray eyed parents have no brown pigment in the outer surface of the iris they cannot transmit brown to that portion of their children's eyes. This absent characteristic may be one that has been lost or it may never have been acquired. It is known in hereditary language as a recessive. Hence, to repeat, two recessives produce in their offspring only their recessive condition.

The hereditary behavior of brown eye color, however, is very different. In brown eyes actual pigment occurs in the iris. Here there is something accumulated to hand on down to subsequent generations. The amount that can be transmitted, however, depends on one's own hereditary history as well as that of one's consort. If both of Smith's parents belong to brown eyed strains, then Smith can have only brown eyes. And since Smith has been given, as it were, a double dose of brown his eyes will be dark brown.

Smith will have, in his turn, only brown eyed children, whatever may be the color of his wife's eyes. In the language of heredity, Smith's brown eye color dominates over blue or gray. When Smith's brown eye color has been derived from one parent only, then his own eyes will tend to be lighter in color and only half of his germ cells will have the potentiality for making brown eyes. Hence, if he marries a blue or gray eyed wife, only half of his children will have brown eyes, and a light brown, too, because of two generations of dilution. In case Smith's wife also has brown eyes derived from one of her parents only, then three out of four of their children will have brown eyes, but only one of the three will get a double dose of brown; hence Smith's brown eyed children will not all transmit brown in the same degree.

Thus it is possible for a brown eyed parent to have one-half or one-quarter of his children blue or gray eyed. But it is never possible for two blue or gray eyed parents to have brown eyed children.—Independent.

## FREEZING WATER.

#### Conditions That Cause the Bursting or Cracking of Ice.

Ice never bursts from freezing. As soon as the liquid of which it is composed is frozen solid expansion ceases. The cracking or bursting of ice is brought about in this way: When water is subjected to extreme cold ice crystals will gradually form on its surface until the same are covered with a thin coat of what appears to be wet snow. From this outer coating of ice crystals all subsequent freezing goes downward, the ice thickening according to the degree of cold. The water which is being converted into ice now begins to expand, creating a pressure upon the unfrozen water below. This pressure is both downward and outward, and in case the water under observation is in a vessel the sides and bottom of the receptacle supply the resistance.

As the freezing process continues the pressure upon the confined water and air in the interior of the bulk increases until something yields. If the vessel be stronger than the ice stratum that has formed over the surface the layer of ice will be bent upward at the center, that being the weakest point, on account of the fact that the outer edges of the congealed mass are frozen fast to the sides of the vessel in which the experiment is being made. In this condition the center of the ice continues to rise or bulge until it bursts from the resistance of the water below. Could the vessel be tapped from below and the water drawn off no amount of freezing would be sufficient to crack or bulge the ice layer on the surface.

#### At a Disadvantage.

"A newly married man always has great confidence in the superior wisdom of his wife."

"Naturally," replied Miss Cayenne. "A man who has been accustomed to eating with plain knives, forks and spoons is likely to feel pretty humble and subdued while he is being instructed in the use of all the silverware that came with the wedding presents."—Washington Star.

#### Breaking It Gently.

"Whom have you there in town?"

"This is Rip Van Winkle. He just woke up."

"Why guard him so carefully?"

"Well, we're letting him see the women's styles gradually, don't you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### Not Encouraging.

"Madam, do you think you can use your influence with your husband to induce him to support me in the coming campaign?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never yet succeeded in inducing him to support me."—Baltimore American.

#### Stingy.

"She's the cheapest woman I know of."

"Why do you say that?"


"The other day we got on a car together, and I insisted on paying my own fare, and she let me."—Detroit Free Press.

#### Pecan Nuts.

Try cracking pecan nuts by placing them on end in the nut cracker. One vigorous crushing of the cracker will split the nut open through the center.

#### Giving Advice.

Stiffness—Do you ever give advice? Cynthia—Not unless I'm pretty sure it won't be followed.—Philadelphia Record.



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### DIPPING THE FLAG.

One of the Oldest of All Methods of Marine Greeting.

The salutation given when a vessel lowers or "dips" its flag is one of the oldest and most honorable of all forms of marine greeting.

This form of salute has always been demanded by English speaking seamen, and its exaction has burned the hearts and the powder of generations of naval commanders.

In the old days for a foreign ship, whether merchant or naval, to enter an English port without veiling topsails or dipping its national flag was to run the risk of war, although the profoundest peace existed.

Without warning or argument the shore defenses or a man of war would send a round shot across the bows or between the masts of the foreigner, and if the offending flag did not instantly come down the insolent intruder was brought to her senses by being raked through and through.

Such was the reception accorded by Sir John Hawkins in the sixteenth century to the Spanish admiral who, in time of peace, sailed into Portsmouth sound without veiling his topsails or lowering his flag.

Salutes are essential matters of naval etiquette and are exchaned on an elaborate code fixed by the maritime powers. The number of guns to be fired under all circumstances is minutely stipulated.—Harper's Weekly.

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Your pal,  
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