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Stumps and —Stumps

By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW

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Jean Ward, dragging two tired and listless legs up the narrow iron staircase, passed down the tier of dressing rooms, hot as a jail in the sultry August air, and, with a sudden burst of energy, flung herself into the last room in the tier and slammed the door. As she kicked two damp slippers from her slender, tired feet, a noisy chorus greeted her from the adjoining room. "Thanks for the breeze, kid," shrilled one voice, whom Jean recognized as Flo Darrett, of the Dancing Darretts, a fellow act on the Olympia bill. "Hein's y've hogged the only room with a window, guess y' don't mind leaving this door open, do y'?" Flo's head appeared in the doorway between the two rooms, and with it a cloud of cigarette smoke. Jean shuddered slightly, and shook her head. No use being angry, she thought. After all, perhaps it was hot in those inside rooms. It was done too cool in her own, opening as it did on the narrow back alley, with a fifty-foot well beyond.

"Oh, no, I don't mind," she answered listlessly, then drew a deep breath of the thick, tobacco-laden air. "Only—please—don't smoke. It's hot enough already."

"Di mi!" came the mocking response, as Jean turned to draw off her moist costume, and to escape the cloud of offensive smoke that came with it she drew her chair near the window and fell into a discontented reverie.

What was the matter with Bart Fendall, her dancing partner? she mused. Why did he insist on her doing this three-day summer season? She remembered his promise, before they left Sallabury, to start on their road to fame—he had promised a vacation in July. It would be hot then, he had told her, and they would need a rest—back among the shady willows away from the white lights—with fresh country vegetables, pure cool milk, and—here they tarried, in a hot, stuffy theater, with every woody back-drop every line of "Down Home," the rural sketch that preceded them on the bill, fairly shrieking to them the call of the wild. And Bart had been growing so different of late—so silent, so unresponsive, so different from the good old friend he had been down home. Maybe, thought she, he merely reflected her own mood. She was feeling jaded, she was looking sallow, in fact, so different from Mabel Woods, the new comedienne on the bill. Bart had been fawning around her a lot lately, was the next disconcerting thought. How, wondered Jean, could she keep that fresh appearance, that creamy white complexion? Maybe that was why Bart was hanging on—and keeping her working, too, she angrily added to herself.

She raised herself to her feet and stared in the mirror. Her face was red from the heat, her eyes a trifle bleary—something fell on the dressing table before her, and she picked it up gingerly and stared at it wrathfully, then flung it out the window. "Please," she called to the Darretts. In the next room, "don't throw those lighted stumps in here. Something might catch fire."

"In that case," came the answer, with Flo's cackling laugh, "here's something to put it out with." And close to Jean's head, with cattish venom back of it, hurried a small bottle, landing on her pink hat, and spilling a little of its amber fluid on the pink perfume brim. Jean took the bottle of liquor and hurled it resolutely out of the window, then turned and slammed shut the connect-

ing door and pushed her trunk against it. She hurried into her stage costume and went downstairs, her face red with anger.

Meanwhile, in the back alley, Andy Scobell, the Olympia's property man, sprang up from his chair with a cry and flung a lighted cigarette stump from his trousers.

"What th'—?" he yelled upward at the window above, and counted its relative position so as to place its occupant. Why, it's J—

"What's th' row, Andy?" chimed in a bass voice and Andy turned and faced Bart Fendall.

"She's smokin'," gurgled Andy, hotly, gesticulating madly at the upper window. "Y'r partner, and it's against th' ru—"

A bottle fell between them, and Bart, stooping, picked it up and sniffed in horror at the contents.

"It's whisky," he muttered, dazedly, and then turned a horrified glance above him. "Jann!" he called, but no head appeared at the window.

"She's havin' a party," growled Andy. "Fine li'l country kid y're with."

But Bart, entering the stage door in a sort of stupor, missed Scobell's snickering leer. Was this Jean, the little, happy-hearted, pretty creature he had promised to look out for? He walked toward the wings and came upon her by surprise.

"Why, Jean, I thought—" he began, and then as his head bent over her hat he smelled whisky.

"You thought—what?" she glanced up at him apathetically, and caught his pained frown, for he expected to smell tobacco in her breath, but met the odor of violets. Worse and worse, she was trying to hide her infamy from him.

"Oh, nothing," he growled in a whisper, and then they tripped on the stage.

But the strain and the heat had taken their toll of her slender strength, and several times she nearly tripped him as they whirled around the stage. He was horror-struck! She must be intoxicated. And then, as they bowed themselves off the jeers of several in the audience smote on his ears. He hurried toward his dressing room.

"Bart," she cried after him, "aren't you going to take an encore?"

"With you?" he growled over his shoulder as he hastened on. "Never! I'm through!"

As he disappeared, in the back of the stage she gave a little cry and ran after him. Timidly she opened the door of dressing room B and then started back, for a woman's hat and clothes met her eyes and struck her with horror.

"So that's why?" she gasped to herself. "I—I'm going—home."

An hour later, as Bart Fendall disconsolately passed the parlor in the Garden boardinghouse, he heard two loud voices, and then at what he heard he stood transfixed.

"Th' poor simp," one was saying, and he recognized the voice as Flo Darrett's. "Th' idea of a country Jane comin' up here an' grabbin' all th' favors. An' then cryin' about it in th' bargain. She's talkin' about quittin'—goin' home tonight."

"Y' can't please some people," came the indignant answer. "Th' lucky stiffs grabbed 'em 'cause you shot your cigarette stump in her room, an' now she's yelpin' 'cause she got some liquor on her hat. Why, I seen th' time when I'd 'a' been tickled stiff 't get a whiff of th' joy-water."

"Guess she's a prohibition pill," agreed the other, matter-of-factly. "How'd she grab Bart Fendall, I wonder? It gets me how these guys 'll fall for a baby-doll milkmaid."

Bart had heard enough. With four bounds he cleared the steps to the second floor and flung himself into a room at the end of the hall. A tired, disheveled little girl with moist eyes and drooping figure turned in surprise to meet him.

"Jean, I'm so sorry," he gasped, brokenly. "I didn't know, I—"

She drew back stiffly, but her eyes had a hurt look.

"Don't apologize—Bart," she answered in a low tone. "I—I suppose you like her. I—I don't blame you. I—I'm such a—frump."

"Like her?" echoed Bart, puzzled. "A frump—you? Never! You're the sweetest, darlinest girl in North America, Europe, Asia, Af—"

"Don't—Bart," she protested, as he leaned toward her eagerly. "I know aff. I—I can't blame you. Mabel's an awfully pretty girl—a—"

"What's all this?" he queried, dazedly. "Mabel? Mabel who?"

"A Guest of the Kaiser"

Sergeant Gibbons Brings Thrilling Story of Life in German Prison Camps



Sergeant Gibbons, author of "A Guest of the Kaiser," who spent seven months in German prison camps, is coming on the second night of Chautauqua with probably the most thrilling and absorbingly interesting story of the war that is being told today on the American platform.

He was a member of the first Canadian contingent, a veteran of all the early fighting of the war, wounded seriously at Ypres and lay on the battlefield four days, finally being captured by the Germans. This story of his experiences in German hospitals and prison camps and his release through feigning insanity is one of the great war classics. And Sergeant Gibbons has wonderful power in the telling of his story. He will grip and hold you from the first minute to the last.

"I saw—for myself," she asserted quietly. "I—I was looking for you in B, and I saw her things. Then I decided to go home—back to Sallabury."

Bart stared at her dumbly, then his vision cleared and, leaping toward her, he drew her into his arms, despite her weak resistance, and laughed aloud.

"You saw her in B?" he gurgled, shaking with laughter. "Oh—oh. Then he grew serious. "Why, you little dear, they changed dressing rooms on me tonight. I gave mine up willingly, as I'm going to take a vacation. I—I thought I'd work a couple of weeks later—to get a little honey-moon fund—for you and me. Er—I got fooled on a stump and you got stumped on a fool. Why, Mabel can't hold a candle to you—you little darling. So let's both quit being fools and take to th' stumps—th' old moss-grown stumps down by th' cool Chop-tank—just you and I—come on—will yuh?"

And the answer she dreamily whispered partially accounts for the Dancing Darretts' present occupancy of the room over the alley, with a window through which to shoot their stumps.

FEW MUSICIANS BREAK LAWS
Or If They Do, They Manage in Some Way to Keep Out of the Penitentiaries.

Does music keep people out of jail? It has often been said in print that music was brought into the world to uplift and beautify our humdrum mechanical lives. A public school principal regrets that his teachers are only giving one and a half hours a week to the study of music. He regrets this, because he says through music and its educational value young people become better citizens, more useful members of society and more effective servants of the state.

But now a man comes forward and submits figures to show that musicians give the jails a wide berth. Out of a total of about 150,000 professional musicians in the United States it is said there are only about fifteen in the nine largest penitentiaries throughout the republic. This makes a good showing when the corresponding figures are considered—39 out of only 57,000 bankers in these penitentiaries; 22 out of 115,000 lawyers, 22 out of 150,000 physicians and 6 out of 35,000 painters or artists. It begins to look as if music keeps you out of jail, or at least helps to.

"TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF RADIUM"
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J. C. Herbman, lecturer on the fifth night at Chautauqua, has more "pop" and punch to the square inch than any other man on the platform. The folks of the Chautauqua world call him the

"two-hundred-pounds-of-radium man," so remarkably does he radiate enthusiasm.

He was formerly head of the Department of Public speaking at one of our great Universities. Since coming to the platform he has reached a high place among American lecturers. He is an orator and thinker of the first rank. His addresses have the red blooded vim and vigor that appeal to every American.

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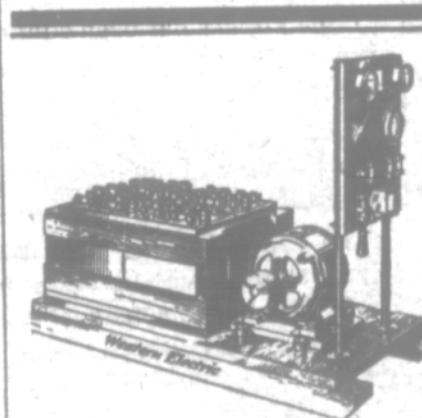
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She is undoubtedly one of the best entertainers and dramatic readers now on the platform. There is an atmosphere about her work that is helpful, healthful and invigorating.



"two-hundred-pounds-of-radium man," so remarkably does he radiate enthusiasm.

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