CHARACTERISTICS OF DRAMATIC IDOLS aloud for the audience:

Playing "Queen Mother" to Booth's and Bandmann's "Hamlet"- Pleturesque Temper and Phraseology of Couldock.

There was one star who came to us every season with the regularity and the certainty of the equinoctial storm, and when they arrived together, as they frequently did, we all felt the conjunction to be peculiarly appropriate. He was neither young nor good looking, yet no one could truthfully assert that his engagements were lacking in interest-indeed, some actors found them lively in the extreme. Charles W. Couldock was an Englishman by birth and had come to this country with the warm-hearted, but being of a naturally quick and irritable temper, instead of trying to control it, he yielded himself up to every impulse of vexation or annoyance while with ever-growing violence he made mountains out of molehills, and when he had just cause for anger he burst into paroxysms of rage-even of ferocity, that had they not been half unconscious acting. must have landed him in a mad house, out of consideration for the safety of otherswhile, worst of all, like too many of his great nation, he was profane almost beyond bellef; and, profanity, always quiet painfully repellant and shocking, is doubly so when it comes from the lips of one whos silvering hair shows his days have already been long in the land of God whom he i defying. And yet when Mr. Couldock ceased to use plain, everyday oaths, and brought forth some hand-made ones, they were oaths of such intricate construction, such grotesque termination, that they wrung a startled laugh from the most unwilling lip

In personal appearance he was the beau ideal, wealthy farmer. He was squarely solidly built, of medium height-never fat His square, deeply lined, even furrowed face, was clean shaven. His head, a little bald on top, had a thin covering of curly gray hair, which he wore a trifle long; while his suit of black cloth-always a size or two large for him-and his never changing big hat of black felt, was ex cuse enough for any man's asking him about the state of the crops-which they often did, and were generally urgently in vited to go to bottest Hades for their

On his brow there was a deep and permanent scowl that seemed cut there to the very bone. Two deep, heavy lines ran from the sides of his nose to the corners of his lips, where they suddenly became deeper before continuing down toward his chinwhile a strong cast in one of his steely blue eyes gave a touch of malevolence to the severity of his face.

The strong point of his acting was in the expression of intense emotion-particularly grief or frenzied rage. He was utterly lacking in dignity, courtliness or sublety. He was best as a rustic, and he was the only creature I ever saw who could "snuffle" without being absurd or

Generally, if anything went wrong, Mr. Couldock's rage broke forth on the in-stant, but he had been known to keep a rod in pickle for a day or more, as in the case, of a friend of mine-at least it was the husband of my friend, Mollie. He had played Salanio in "The Merchant of Ventce," some way had offended the starof the offense, and then seemed to forget all about the matter. Next morning at rehearsal nothing was said till its close, when Mr. Couldock quietly asked my friend to look in at his dressing room that evening

before the play began. Poor John was upeasy all the afternoonstill he drew some comfort from the calmness of Mr. Couldock's manner. Evening came-John was before the bar. The star seemed particularly gentle-he removed his

coat leisurely and said "You played Salanio last night?"

"And your name is-er?" "Ogden, sir," replied John

"Ah, yes-Ogden. Well, how long have

you been at it, Ogden?" "About three years," answered the now confident and composed prisoner at the

"Three years? Hum! Well, will you le me give you a bit of advice, Ogden?"

"Why, yes, sir-I shall be glad to listen to any advice from you," earnestly protested the infatuated one.

'Well!" snapped the star, rather sharply "I want you to follow it, as well as to listen to it. Now, you take some moneyyou have some money saved, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered John. 'Well, then." he turned his queer eye on him-he took a full breath, "well, then, you just get some of that money and you go to a hardware store," his rage was rising visibly, "and you buy a good, sharp home and chop your d-d fool head off!" and, ripping off his vest, he made a furious charge upon the almost paralyzed Ogden,

clouting him from the room, while roaring

He had played one set of plays so long he had lost the power to study quickly. and he was so ill-advised once as to attempt a new part on rather short notice. The play was a miserable jumble of impossible situations and strained, high-flown lan guage-and of all absurd things Mr. Couldock attempted to play a young Irish hero with a love scene-in fact, he was supposed to represent the young Emmet. Dear heaven! what a sight he was, in those buckskin riding breeches. His legs were not beyond suspicion as to their straightness-that cutaway green coat, and the dinky little comical hat, looking so ma liciously "larky," perched over his flercest eye. He forgot all his lines-but he never forgot his profanity, and that night it took on a wild originiality that was simply great Cushman. He was a man of unques tionable integrity-honorable, truthful, forgot the speech, and, being reminded of it by the prompter, he roared at the top "I don't care! what the devil's Ireland to me! D-n Ireland! I wish it and the man that wrote this play were both at the bottom of the sea, with

cock-eyed sharks eatin' 'em! We were always pleased when Mr. Couldock was accompanied by his daughter. Eliza Couldock, bearing an absurdly marked resemblance to her father, of course could mother of a star. not be pretty. The thin, curly hair-the her a slightly softened replica of the old you can. gentleman. Her teeth were pretty, though, and her hazel eyes were very brilliant, obeyed. We had heard much of Mr. Band-She was well read, clever and witty, and mann-of his originality-his impetuosity, her affectionate devotion to her father knew no bounds; yet, as she had a keen sense of the ridiculous, no eccentricity, no have deferred the pleasure. The dreaded protesquerie of his, escaped her laughing. hawk-like eye, and sometimes, when talk ing to old friends, like Mr. and Mrs. Elisier, she would tell tales of "poor Pa"

that were exceedingly fanny. The old gentleman was always very kind ever heard. He used to hail me with, Where's my crummie girl? Well, Crum-

mle, how are you?" In answer to my amazed look he explained one day that it was a Yorkshire term, and meant "plump or round faced." The only time he ever cursed me was when he gave me the cue in the wrong place, as he

did not know whether to speak or not. He woman for this part! What kind of a on the stage for "Gerirude." rose, and putting his arm about me, he led witches' broth are you serving me, with When the dreaded Monday came-lo! a me off the stake (I was playing his an old woman for my Ophelia and an blizzard came with it. The trains were all daughter) and as we crossed the stage this apple-checked girl for my mother! She late-or stalled entirely. We rehearsed. being asides to me-the other words being face!"

Get back to your nest, dearies! (And stay word." there, d-n you!) as he gently pushed me

had died-a sweet and noble woman-and fingers loudly. winning success in the east, when I was whelmed with humiliation. Mr. Ellsler be so angry. I tapped. I went in. He was

is what he said—the words in parenthesis can't speak these lines! She-dumpling but there was no Mr. Booth present. He

Mr. Ellsler said quietly: "There is sick- and at night, therefore, we all went early (What in h-1:) My little one! (You ness in my company. The heavy woman to the theater, so that if he came we would double d-d fool!) My bird, what brings cannot act—this young gir! will not look have time to go over the important scenes you here? (Yes, what the blankety, blank- the part, of course, but you need have no or if he did not come that we might prenation does bring you here, crummie girl?) fear about the lines; she never loses a pare for another play.

off the stage. Next day, when the prompter girl shall not read with the sense, one been for Mr. Bandmann, for the latter showed him his error, he admitted it at line-no, not one line of the Shakespeare!" knew of his disappointing queen in the His English was fast going in his rage. He knew much sorrow and trouble, and Mr. Ellsler answered: "She will read shock-but poor Mr. Booth was to receive before that last long streak of good fortune the part as well as you ever heard it in his blow only a few minutes before going came to him in New York in "Hazel Kirk" your life, Mr. Bandmann"-and Mr. Band- on the stage. At last it came-the call. he knew a time of bitter poverty-Eliza manu gave a jeering laugh and snapped his | "Mr. Ecoth would like to see you for a

openly admitted-and I went on too soon in me!" He was furious-ne stamped his sleep, only to dream of Mr. Booth, holding consequence. Aside, he swore so the air feet—he turned to the manager: "What's cut a hideous mask and pressing me to seemed blue—my legs shook under me. I all this infernal nonsense? I want a have the decency to put it on before going

was held in a drift somewhere on the line,

He came, on, how my heart sang! This "Curse the words! It is that that little would be worse for him even than it had morning and had time to get over the

few moments in his room." I went-I was the loss was terrible to him. I was just It was most insulting and I felt over- cold all over. He was so tired-he would



me, asking me for help.

pen to a star? I was so hurt for him for his don't you demand your rights-your name s on every one'r lips-yet you are hungry Shall I speak for you?"

Poor old gentleman! I could not let him go empty away. I took one-half of my rent money and handed it to him. I dared not ask my landlady to favor me further than convulsing. In one scene he had to promise to save his beloved Ireland. He quite that. His face lighted up radiantly—it night have been hundreds from his look. 'Dearie!" he said, "I'll pay this back to the penny. You can ill spare it-I see that, crummle girl-but, oh, my lass! it's worse to see another hungry than it is to hunger yourself-I'll pay it back!" His eyes filled—he paused long, then he said, pathetically: "Some time, crummie girl-

My landlady granted me grace. Months over me sometimes, but they receded before my breath was quite gone-things were came home from work-a man had called, in my absence—an old man, who had left this little packet-and, oh! he had been so anxious for its safety!

I opened it, to find \$25, all in bills of ones and twos-such a pathetic story these small bills told-they were for the "crummie girl with the thanks of the obliged, Charles W

Couldock. He had kept his word-he was the only man in this profession who ever repaid me one dollar of borrowed money. Mr. Couldock was like some late ripening fruit, that requires a touch of frost for its sweetening. n his old age he mellowed-he became chaste of speech-his acting of strong, lovable old men was admirable. He was honored by his profession in life, and honestly mourned in death-he would not have his hands-he threw one arm about my

Some Hamlet Experiences. Occasionally, one person united two "lines

of business," as in case of Mrs. Bradshaw, who played "old women" and "heavy business," both, and when anything happens to disqualify such a person for work the inconvenience is, of course, very great. Mrs. stout, but her frame was delicate in the extreme, and her slender ankles were unable to bear the great weight, and one of them broke. Of course, that meant a long lying up in drydeck for her, and any amount of worry for ever so many other people. Right in the middle of her imprisonment came the engagement of the German actor, Herr Daniel Bandmann. He was to open with "Hamlet," and, gracious heaven! I was cast for the queen mother It took a great deal in the way of being asked to do strange parts to startle me. but the queen mother-did it. I was just nicely past sixteen, but even I dared not yet lay claim to seventeen, and I was to go on the stage for the serious Shakespearean

"Oh, I couldn't!" "Can't be helped-no fixed frown—the deep lines of nose and one else," growled Mr. Elisler. "Just study mouth-the square, flat figure, ail made of your lines-right away-and do the best

I had been brought up to obey-and and I had been very anxious to see him After that cast, however, I would gladly morning came. Mr. Bandmann, a very big hand and tears with the other. It was so man, to my frightened eyes, looked gigantic. He was dark skinned, he had krinkly, flowing hair, his eyes were of the curious redbrown color, of a ripe chesnut. He was of large voice-large of gesture. There

to me and had the oddest pet name for me was a greeting, a few introductions, and disparaging remarks from him. I was honrehearsal was on, and soon, oh! so soon, estly more unhappy over the annoyance there came the call for the "Queen." came forward. He glanced down at mehalf smiled-waved his arm, and said: "Not you-not the player-queen, but Gertrude.' I faintly answered: "I'm sorry, sir, but

have to play Gertrude."

theater for the night."

A star-dear God! could such things hap- But Mr. Bandmann did not want to close "Good evening!" rather absently-then broken pride. When I could speak I simply for a time, resumed rehearsal and when his hand slightly, said, just in Bandmann's told him my salary, and that two (my my time came to speak I could scarcely very words: "No, not you-not the playermother and myself) were trying to live on lift my drooping head or conquer the lump queen-but Gertrude. "Oh," he cried, "crummie girl-why in my throat. Trial and Triumph Then came the night-a big house, too, I

remember. I wore long and loose garments, to make me look more matronly, but, alas! the drapery Queen Gertrude wears passed under her jaws from ear to ear, was particularly becoming to me, and brough me uncommonly near to prettiness. Ellsener grouned, but said nothing, while Mr. Bandmann sneered out an "ach Himmel!" shrugged his shoulders and made me feel real nice and happy, and when one considers that without me the theater must have closed or changed its bill-even while one pities him for the infliction, one feels he was unnecessarily unkind.

Well, all went quietly until the closet scene-between Hamlet, the queen and the ghost. It is a great scene and had some passed away-many of them-waves went very effective business. I forgot Bandmann in "Hamlet." I tried to show shame. pride and terror. The applause was rap-The curtain fell-and-why: bettering a little, and then, one day, when turous. "What in the name of heaven was happen-

I was caught by the arms and lifted high in air-when I came down I was crushed to Hamlet's bosom with a cracking sound of breaking Roman pearl beads, and in a whirlwind of "Himmeis!" "Gotts!" and things! I was kissed with frenzied wet kisses on either cheek-on my brow-my eyes! Then disjointed English came forth: "Oh, you so great—you kleine applecheeked girl! you maker of the fraud-you so great nobody! ach! you are fire-you have prideyou are a Gertrude, who have shame! more kisses, then suddenly he realized the audience was still applauding-loudly, and He grasped my hand-he dragged

> shoulders! "Good Lord!" I thought-he isn't a going to do it all over again-out here, is he? and I began backing out of sight as quickly as possible

me before the curtain-he bowed-he waved

It was a very comforting plaster to apply o my wounds-was such a success as that but it would have been so much pleasanter Bradshaw, as I have said before, was very not to have received the wound in the first

And just one little month after the departure of the impetuous German, who should be announced, but Mr. Edwin Booth I felt my eyes growing wider as I read. Some one behind me said: "Would you like me to d-n old Brad's bones for you. Clara? I swear Gertrude is hard lines on you, and

"Oh!" I thought, "why don't her blessed old bones mend themselves! She is not lazy-but they are! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and miserable tears slid down my cheeks all the way home and moistened saltily my supper of crackers after I got there. I had answer to my congratulation on his escape successed before-oh, yes! but I could not help recalling just how hot the plowshares were over which I had walked to reach that success. Then, too, all girls have their gods-some have many of them. Some girls change them often, too. My gods were few at his safety. cometimes I cast one down, but I never changed them-and on the highest, whitest pedestal of all-grave and gentle-stood the god of my professional idolatry-Edwin

I wiped off my cracker crumbs with one humiliating to be forced upon anyone, as I should be forced upon Mr. Booth, since there was still no one, but my applecheeked self, to go on for the queen; and though I dreaded indignant complaint or this blemish on the cast would cause him. Well, it could not be helped-I should have "Oh, no, you won't!" he cried, "not with old-time "Now I lay me," and went to actor, Edwin Booth.

dumbfounded one day at seeing Mr. Coul- said, angrily: "Very well, as I have no dressed for Hamlet, but he was adding a dock, standing bowed and broken before one else to offer you, we will close the touch to his brows and snipping a little at his nails-hurriedly. He looked up, said -not he. So, after swearing in German stopped-looked again, smiled, and waving

> Tears rushed to my eyes-my whole heart was in my voice, as I gasped: "I'm so sorry, sir-but I have to do Queen Gertrude-you see," I rushed on, "our heavy A whimsical look, half smile, half frown, came over his face: "That's bad for the heavy woman." he remarked.

"Yes." I acquiesced, "but if you please had to do this part with Mr. Bandmann too, and-and-I'll only worry you with my looks, sir, not about the words or busi-

He rested his dark, unspeakably melancholy eyes on my face-his brows raised and then knit themselves in such troubled, wise, as made me long to put an arm about his shoulders, and assure him I wouldn't be so awfully bad.

Then he sighed and said: "Well-it was the closet scene I wanted to speak to you about. When the ghost appears you are to be." he stopped-a faint smile touched his lips-even reached his eyes, he aid down his scissors, and remarked: 'There's no denying it, my girl, I look a great deal more like your father than you look like mother-but," and he went on with his directions, and considerate gentleman that he was, spoke no single, unkind word to me, though my playing of that part must have been a great annoyance to him,

When the closet scene was over-the curtain down-I caught up my petticoats and made a rapid flight roomward. The applause was filling the theater. Mr. Boothturning-called after me: "You-er-Gertrude-er-Queen! Oh, somebody call that child back here," and some one roared: 'Clara, Mr. Booth is calling you!"

when added to hunger and fatigue.

I turned-but stood still. He beckenedthen came to me-took my hand, and saying, "My dear, we must not keep them waiting too long." led me before the curtain with him. I very slightly bent my head to the audience, whom I felt were applauding Hamlet only, but turned and bowed myself to the ground, to him whose courtesy had brought me there.

When we came off he smiled amusedlyapped me on the shoulder and said: "My Gertrude, you are very young, but you know how to pay a pretty compliment

-thank you, child: So, whenever you see pictures of nymphs or goddesses floating on pink clouds and looking idiotically happy-you can say to "That's just how Clara Morris felt when Edwin Booth said she had paid him a compliment.

Yes, I floated, and I'll take a solemn oath if necessary, that the whole theater was filled with pink clouds the rest of that night -for the girls are made that way, and they can't help it. in after years I knew him better and I

treasure still the little note he sent me in from the builet fired at him from the gal lery of the theater in Chicago. A note that expressed as much gentle surprise at my "kind thought of him," as though I only and not the whole country, was rejoicing

He had a wonderful power to win love from other men-yes, I use the word advisedly. It was not mere good fellowship or even affection, but there was something so fine and true-so strong and sweet in his nature, that it won the love of those

who knew him best It would seem like presumption for me to try to add one little leaf to the tight woven laurel crown he wore. knows the agony of his "Fool's Revenge, the damnable malice of his "lago," the beauty and fire of "Antony," and the pure perfection of his "Hamlet"-but how many knew the slow, cruel martyrdom of his private life, which he bore with such mute to bear the second cruel mortification, that patience—that in my heart there is an altar was all. I put my four remaining crackers raised to the memory of that Saint Edwir back in their box, brushed up the crumbs, of many sorrows, who was known and on wiped my eyes, repeated my foolish little vied by the world at large as the great COPYRIGHTED FEBRUARY II, 1901)

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