

BEHIND THE SCENES

By HAROLD DEAN

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Fannie had dreamed of going on the stage as long as she could remember—since the first time she was taken to the theater and sat prim and proper between her parents. The lights, the music, the wonderful panorama back of the footlights, the applause, the contagious enthusiasm—all appealed to her fervent imagination and left an indelible mark. She had sought every opportunity to go and had reveled in dreams of one day emerging from these mysterious wings and bowing before an applauding multitude.

At first she kept her ambition secret, but as she grew into young womanhood it slipped out little by little. Her mother frowned, her father laughed, and her brother teased her. But it made no difference, excepting to strengthen her desire.

And now she actually was going to invade that wondrous realm yeelp the green room. Oh, bliss! Oh, joy! Of course papa and mamma and brother Ned would be furiously angry if they knew it, but they need not know until she had made her start and then they would be so proud of her that it would be all right. And then there was Tom. She trembled a little as she thought of the effect on Tom. He had given her such emphatic advice to "cut it out" at the mere mention of a stage career, and had pointed out the dangers and hardships of the life so strongly that she scarcely dared to think of what he might say or do if he knew. And Tom loved her so dearly—and she really was very fond of Tom. But one cannot sacrifice a career to girlish sentiment. If he really loved her he would be proud to see her a great actress and she could marry him—might even be her manager. Yes, on the whole, that would be the very thing.

She was very nervous about it all, though. She rather shuddered at the memory of that nightmare of standing in line in the dirty alley together with a score or more of bedraggled young women who had appeared in answer to an advertisement in the newspaper for "extras." The atmosphere of stale beer and cigarettes still clung to her and had cost her great extravagances in the matter of perfumes and much persistence in the matter of baths. But she had been taken, greatly to the disgust of the shoving, sneering crowd. "There's a fresh one, better try her," the stage manager had said to his assistant. "She'll be fine in that ball-room scene. Have ye got any good clothes?"

To be sure she had, and so the bargain was closed. It was for a week's run and she had been stumped at first as to ways and means to get away from home for seven consecutive nights until so late an hour. But ambition conquers all things, and she had arranged it with her dearest friend, who lived in a distant suburb, to spend the entire week with her. She had to tell Ethel all about it, but Ethel was to be trusted. It was a trifle risky, she admitted, but what wouldn't she risk to get on the stage. Then she had taken an apartment in an obscure hotel under an assumed name and was prepared for her debut. Of course it was not what would be deemed proper by the censors of good society, but there was nothing really wrong about it. Still she trembled a little at the thought of what Tom might say or do if he heard of it. But the theater was not one of the more prominent, but rather a cheap stock affair, and there was little chance of Tom's going there. And when she got a regular engagement she would fight it out with him. Then she would tell him he must take her with her art or leave her to pursue it alone.

She was a trifle disappointed at the first impression of "behind the scenes." It was all so confused and dirty and unfinished. It seemed more like an old lumber room than a fairland. The dressing room to which she was assigned, together with two other "extras," was so little that only one could

word of commendation by the stage manager for the way she carried herself in the ball scene. She was not a bit frightened and was worried only lest somebody in the audience might recognize her. But that would be impossible with her make-up. It ran along very nicely until the third night, when as she glanced out at the audience she first face she saw was that of Tom. Yes, Tom, right there in the fourth row in the parquet. In her surprise and consternation she dropped her fan and nearly upset the scene. She stood staring at the familiar face as in a trance until a harsh voice from the wings recalled her.

"Pick up that fan, you — lobster. Pick it up quick and come out of that trance or I'll bring your infernal neck. There ain't no ghosts out there."

It was the stage manager, and she recovered herself instantly, picked up the fan gracefully, and went on with her business. When the scene was over she went to the dressing room all tremble. Had he seen her and what would he do and say? Well, any-



"Fannie!" "Tom!"

way, there was no backing out now. Still she really loved Tom and she knew she would be heartbroken if he left her. So perturbed was she that she scarcely noticed that the call boy brought a note for "Jen," the roommate who smoked cigarettes and was a "drug store blonde."

"Here's a go," remarked that young woman. "Freddie Holmes is out there in the audience and wants to put up a nice little supper after the show. Has a friend with him and wants to know if I can't bring along one of the other girls. Well, won't I? Freddie is a rum guy and always does it right. Wine and all that sort of thing. Want to go, Mag?"

"Do I? Swell supper and wine instead of ham sandwich and beer. Well, I guess."

"All right," responded "Jen," "they'll be around on the stage after it's over. Freddie's a friend of the press agent."

Fannie had only one more scene on, the last, and her disguise was more complete in that. She eyed Tom narrowly and decided that he had not recognized her. He was laughing and chatting with a companion—a sporty looking character, and looked not at all perturbed.

After the last scene she gave the other two girls the right of way in the dressing room, as they were in a hurry to keep their engagement. She heard the introductions on the outside and overheard the discussion between "Jen" and "Freddie" as to which restaurant they would go to. While it was still going on she completed her dressing, opened the door and walked out—directly into Tom.

"Fannie!"

"Tom!"

The exclamations were identical as to time and inflection. Which was the most surprised is a matter of conjecture to this day. Yes, there was Tom talking with that horrible "Mag," and evidently was the friend of "Freddie's" who was to take her to the little wine supper.

It was a case for mutual explanations and they withdrew to an obscure corner and had them. As a result Tom withdrew from the supper party and Fannie finally and forever gave up her histrionic ambition. Both swore to eternal secrecy regarding the entire affair and fully forgave each other.

Which was about the best way out of it—wasn't it?

Thoughts of Kafir Moralists.

The following is an extract from a letter signed "J. G. Mohafi": "Proper Kafir beer is our own food, and the beer that makes the black people drunk is stuff that is mixed with spirits of wine and other kinds of rubbish. How can we walk in the narrow path if some dishonest brothers spoil."

"Sir, if you drink proper Kafir beer you will never get drunk. No, not even if you drink till you busty. I have before written in the Post and pointed out to my brothers that they must not drink rubbish, otherwise they will go off the narrow path and land in the prison cells; I nearly was in the broad path not to clean my yard once a time; and my advice is still the same, viz., drink good beer and keep your back yard clean; I am an education native, and am a teacher in my spare time, and I do my duty by teaching the young to drink pure unmix'd beer even at my tea parties. I use my influence."—Bloomfontein Post.

CHARACTER TOLD BY THE THUMB

What a Keen-Eyed Scotland Yard Detective Has Learned.

"There is no more sure test of a person's character than the thumb," said one of the keenest members of the Scotland Yard detectives the other day, in the course of conversation. "To those who understand thumb language the thumb is the most tell-tale trademark on the body, for it is a member that is always entirely overlooked. I never place any reliance on the word of a woman whose thumb closes inside her palm when she speaks, and a person who shuts the first and closes the fingers over the thumb is absolutely untrustworthy."

"If, in the course of conversation with a man concerning one of my cases, I notice that his thumb is pressed closely against the forefinger, I know then he is doing his utmost to deceive me, and is willing, if he gets the chance, to tell me deliberate falsehoods in order to put me off the track. On the other hand, if the thumb is well extended, and stands out, then I know the man whom I address is of a sympathetic nature, and full of good intentions."

"Notice when a man shakes hands with you. If his hand is soft, and the grasp almost imperceptible, that man is of a weak and vacillating nature. He may have sincere and good motives, but, being by nature weak, he is easily led, and therefore not to be trusted. Notice when your lady-friend talks with you. Watch her thumbs, and if her sentiments are of a particularly lofty nature her thumb will tell immediately if she means what she is saying. A woman with a large and well-extended thumb has a heart that might be envied by anybody."

GLAD SEASON SURELY AT HAND

Signs and Symptoms by Which One May Recognize Spring.

"Well, spring has come at last," yawningly said the Old Codger, as he sat in his back-titled chair with his feet comfortably placed on the railing of the veranda. "The grass is comin' up, the trees are buddin', the boys are fightin' in the streets every day, the sweet scent of the what's-its-name is in the air, the so-and-so's are swingin' and singin' on the swain's boughs, the clatter of the borrowed lawn mower is beginnin' to be heard in the land, and the coal dealer commences to treat his fellow-men like equals."

"Last year's jokes are beginnin' to appear in the newspapers, spring poems are bein' sprung, the patent churn man comes smilin' up the road, we begin to read items about little girls dyin' from the effects of jumpin' the rope four hundred times aplece, my nephew, who mistakes laziness for intelligence, is hintin' about his willin'ness to accept a lucrative situation, the man who knows it all has got a bad cold from changin' his underwear too previously, Aunt Matilda is brewin' a jar of herb decoctions that I know from painful experience will be potent enough to burn a hole in a brass monkey; and I've got aches and pains and yawns and symptoms and the alovers till I can scarcely sit down or stand up, or go to bed, or do anything else with any degree of comfort. Yes; I think the glad spring-time has got here at last."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Cabman Not Satisfied.

When D. M. Osborne, the Auburn manufacturer, and one of the most last campaign, was visiting in London an English friend remarked that it was impossible to satisfy a London "cabby," so matter what one gave him.

"I think I can do it," said Mr. Osborne, and they took a hansom driven by an Irishman. After riding three or four blocks they got out, and Mr. Osborne handed the driver a sovereign. He was walking away, when the driver called him back. The driver was fingering the gold piece lovingly. The possibility that he was going to protest against being paid so much entered the American's head. It vanished when the "cabby" said: "I say, sir, an' don't you think it a bloomin' shame to break this for a drink?"

Mr. Osborne handed over a shilling. "I was wrong," he said, when he rejoined his English friend. "You cannot satisfy a London cabman."—New York Tribune.

Just the Same.

They were old friends, and had been sweethearts in their younger days. There was silver in her hair and snow in his, and they sat and talked of old times when they were young. They did not speak of dates. It was simply "when we were young." Their first meeting, their first quarrel, the last kiss, their last quarrel, were all gone over. Perhaps they both warmed a little over the recollections.

At last he said: "Aye, Jennie, an' I haena loved anybody since you. I hae never forgotten you!" "John," she said, sweetly, and with a little moistening of the eyes, "you're just as big a story-teller as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same!"

Coronation Costumes.

Lace studded with gems is one of the trimmings that will be worn extensively at the coronation ceremonies. In addition to amethysts, garnets and other semi-precious stones, sapphires, emeralds and even diamonds will be used, the stones costing from \$4 to \$200. The lace need not be very heavily studded to make it extremely costly. Roses and lilies of the valley, it is said, will be the popular coronation flowers.

Wine is an enemy to the buyer and a friend to the seller.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Of course it was very annoying. His cigar had gone, and, that source of consolation lost, Charlie had to turn to something else in order to interest himself.

A companion in misery was alongside. Up to the present Charlie did not know whether he were young or old—all he saw was that a man had been shoved in ahead of him.

So he leaned his head toward that of his fellow-pasenger and exclaimed in French:

"Monsieur, it seems that we are companions in misery. Might I ask your name?" giving his own at the same time.

The other did not appear downcast—indeed, he answered, quite cheerfully:

"I am Henri, the Marquis of Montpensier, a blood relative of Don Carlos of Spain."

Further conversation was prevented by a gruff demand from one of the guards for silence.

At length they drew up to the prison. Without ceremony the two prisoners were hustled into the jail.

Charlie silently walked into the dark cell which yawned before him. To have refused would have been folly, since by force he would doubtless have been thrown over the threshold.

Ab! he might be worse off. His cigar case still held a few choice weeds, such as appeal most strongly to the heart of the confirmed smoker.

So he hastened to secure a cigar. Next came a match.

As he struck this latter and a light sprang into existence he heard an exclamation, and remembered he had a comrade in misery.

He saw a young chap with a resolute face. There was more of an American look about him than European, and yet Charlie remembered having heard him give the name of Giuseppe Brignoli, as though he were an Italian.

"Pardon, comrade," Charlie said in French. "Allow me to light my weed, since matches are scarce and then I shall offer you a cigar," with which he proceeded to put his words into execution.

"Thanks awfully, but I don't smoke," said the other laconically in the best of English.

The match expired before Charlie could get another look at his comrade. But he knew his first suspicion was true—the young fellow came of Anglo-Saxon stock, and had assumed an Italian name in order to keep his own from disgrace or from some other reason.

They might exchange confidences while trying to pass away the long hours, or at least engage in social discourse.

"Pardon me again, sir, but can you spare a couple of matches?" asked the other.

"Half-a-dozen, at your service," "Thanks. They may serve my end well and yours in the bargain."

Charlie's curiosity flashed up. What did the other mean to do? Was he desperate enough to think of setting the prison on fire? Nonsense! There was not one chance in a million of accomplishing such a thing to men shut up here in this grimy dungeon.

Nevertheless, he knew that nothing was ever accomplished without effort, and that often a capricious fortune aids those who help themselves.

A cursory examination of their dungeon revealed a startling, yet cheering, fact.

Under the boards the youngsters discovered a tunnel.

When the flat stone was lifted up, behold! an opening yawned below.

The youth gave thanks in his peculiar way, and without much more ado jumped into the breach.

"I shall return, comrade," he said. And Charlie believed him.

He sat there smoking his cigar and feeding the flames with bits of the splintered planking.

Minutes passed. Evidently his companion was making quite a tour under the prison flooring.

At last there was a movement, and a head appeared above the stone flagging.

"Give me a hand, please."

Charlie knew from the look of triumph upon his face that the other was decidedly pleased with what he had discovered.

"In luck, eh?" he hazarded.

"The best in the world. Some good chap in the past has made a tunnel all but breaking through. I did that part while I was gone. In fact, to tell you the truth, I've been under the starlight."

"Outside the prison walls?" incredulously.

"Yes. When I tapped the end of the tunnel I found it came up in an old wagon yard some ten feet or more beyond the outer walls. But I suppose we might as well go."

"Then good-by, my dear fellow."

"But—you will share my escape. We don't separate yet, you know."

"I'm not going."

"Not going? You prefer to remain in this accursed hole, when freedom offers? Come, you are joking, sir."

"Oh, no. You see if I crawled out of here I would, by implication, admit my connection with those whom Baron Peterhoff has hauled in. Being innocent, I shall sit here until he comes

to beg my pardon and personally conduct me to freedom."

The youngster looked at him with kindling eyes.

"Bravo! I like your spirit," he said. "Would you mind shaking hands with me, sir?"

"It will be a pleasure on my part." And they exchanged a warm grip.

"I hope we may meet again. Let me give you my card. Who knows what strange chance may drift us together again. Who can say under what conditions we may come together again?"

Who indeed? Both of them would have been chilled with horror could they have even guessed the truth, but the veil of the future mercifully hid that from mortal ken.

Another hearty Anglo-Saxon handshake, then the youngster dropped into the hole.

Charlie made as comfortable a seat as was possible from some of the old planks and kept the fire going with fragments.

By degrees his thoughts came around again to his late companion.

Then he remembered that as yet he did not even know the other's true name.

Where was the card? Ah, just where he had thrust it, and, bending down, he read the name by the flickering light of his fire.

Then it dawned upon him why he had felt such a singular interest in the young fellow, and why he had deemed his features familiar, yet could not grasp the tangible substance for the name, written boldly, was:

ALEXANDER BRAND.

Here then was the most remarkable coincidence in the whole course of his varied experiences.

There could be no mistake. This young fellow bore some relationship—that of brother or cousin, perhaps—to Arline.

He had her name, and there was a strong family resemblance in their faces.

There must be a sense of awe in the realization that one is a mere puppet in the hands of destiny—that the power which sends unnumbered worlds whirling through space in their exact orbits, without danger of collision, or of the slightest change in their course, can condescend to superintend such a small thing as the welfare of one puny human life.

Charlie pondered upon the matter a long time.

Then, before he knew it, he fell asleep, despite his hard seat and his determination to remain on guard.

When he awoke he was stiff and sore.

A light gleamed in his eyes—it was the warden making the rounds with bread and water.

When the gruff man held up the light in order to view the confines of the dungeon, and beheld only Charlie seated there and blinking like an owl, he was much amazed.

He demanded to know where the other prisoner had hidden himself.

Charlie calmly pointed to the hole still uncovered by the slab of stone.

"Oh! he's gone out for a walk," he said, coolly.

The man began to grasp the situation, and when he could move, he sprang to the door of the dungeon to bawl for assistance.

Several other wardens came tumbling into the cell.

Then ensued a great powwow of Dutch phrases, while Charlie yawned and stretched himself.

Then came the commandant.

"How did this happen?" he demanded.

"Well, you see, he had an appointment, and did not wish to break his engagement."

"But you, mein herr; how is it you remain? Do you like this residence so well?" grimly.

"I told you last night, or attempted to, that I was an innocent party—that Baron Peterhoff was my friend—that my arrest, under the circumstances, was an outrage; and hence I utterly refused to leave this place until you and the baron had humbly begged my pardon. Indeed, I am not sure but that I will insist on remaining here until the English consul comes to see me and takes action against your miserable government for treating me, a British subject, in this disgraceful way."

Just as he had expected, his manner awed the fiery commandant, who feared trouble.

He began to whine at once, and expressed his regret that any mistake should have occurred. Surely mein herr must hold him blameless, since he had only done his duty in the premises. It was not given to him to investigate when the all-powerful Baron Peterhoff brought in political prisoners with orders to hold them securely.

Would mein herr be pleased to go with him to his office, where he could be more comfortable, and there await the coming of the baron, who would with a word set him free?

But mein herr was obstinate.

The baron must come to him. As Paul and Silas, in days of yore, made the governor unbend his dignity and come to plead with them to go away, so Charlie meant to keep hold of his advantage.

So the commandant went away.

Charlie was still smoking, with one of the keepers for company, and the door of his cell wide open, when voices were heard in the corridor.

Then entered the baron.

The great man looked both disturbed and amused. He had heard the amazing story of the commandant, and sifted the wheat from the chaff, so that he had a pretty fair idea as to the truth.

He marched straight up to Charlie and stretched out his hand.

"My most abject apologies, my dear boy, for what has happened. It was a

miserable mistake, on my part. I trust you will forgive me," he said.

Charlie saw he was sincere, and as his indignation passed away he unbent his dignity.

"Then you know it was Miss Arline Brand, and not the Countess Isolda, whom I assisted into a carriage at the Steen?" he asked, eagerly, determined to put his fears to the test.

"Yes; she has assured me she never saw you, save at a distance," returned the baron.

Then it is all right. Now I am ready to leave here and go out with you, baron," he said, smiling.

"To breakfast with me, I hope." Charlie hesitated.

True, he anticipated more or less pleasure in his coming interview with Arline. There would be much to hear, and some surprising things to tell on his part.

But these would keep a little longer; besides, it is sometimes exceedingly pleasant; to anticipate a feast.

He had something which he wished to relate to the baron, seeking in return his advice and material aid.

Whenever men went to the desperate length of contemplating crime, in order to secure wealth, as the so-called Capt. Brand and his confederates had certainly done when they purposely abandoned the young girl among those awful passages amid the Steen dungeons, it was time the stern arm of the law was invoked in order to bring them up with a round turn.

And to whom could he go with a better show of results than to the baron?

So, arm in arm, Charlie and Baron Demetrios Peterhoff sauntered out of the prison.

It was about eight in the morning. Charlie could imagine the young fellow standing on the deck of the vessel bound for London, and snapping his fingers at the baron's dragnet.

He was determined not to give the slightest clew to his companion concerning Alexander Brand, his plans or present whereabouts.

A vehicle stood near.

Into this Charlie was shown; the baron followed, and presently they drew up before a palatial abode, where the widower baron resided in great style, as became a man of his immense means.

And over the elaborate breakfast Charlie found a chance to spin his little story, the baron proving greatly interested, as the sparkle in his eye attested.

He could read Charlie's secret as easily as though the other carried the story on his brow.

"You have done excellently, Charlie, my boy," he said, finally; "but it is just as well you ask my assistance in unmasking this unholy fraud. He and his unprincipled accomplices might be too much for you. Depend upon it, I shall tear the mask from his face, and that right speedily."

(To be continued.)

DREW THE LINE ON JACK POTS

Conscience of Theological Student Has Sudden Awakening.

At a certain university in this state the game of hearts has been exceedingly popular among the students the last winter. A group of them, accustomed to meet in one of the fraternity houses to play, included a theological student, who, although a member of one of the stricter denominations, did not find it against his conscience to be an ardent devotee of the game, which, however—at least when he made one of the party—was never played for money. Even when chips were introduced for counters, as being an easier method of keeping score than the tiresome tally with pencil and paper, the theologian did not balk.

But there came an evening when his sense of the fitness of things received a rude shock. The pile of chips in the middle of the table had reached rather large proportions, and one of the players, inspired by a desire to make the prospective winnings still more worth while, remarked: "Let's have the next jackpot."

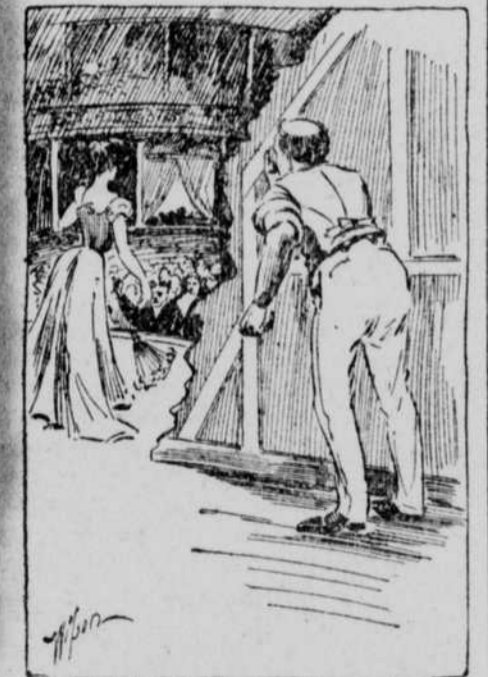
The effect of these words on the theological student was electrical. He knew of their being associated with only one game, and that scarcely to be mentioned in highly moral circles. "A jackpot!" he exclaimed mechanically. "Then I guess I'm through with this game," and he rose and walked out. No amount of explanations or apologies was sufficient either to re-instate hearts in his approval.—New York Tribune.

The Swiss Language.

We sometimes hear that the French language has less vitality than some others, and it is in particular pointed out to what an extent it is giving way to English and German, says the London News. Some figures just published do not, however, bear out this, in the case, at any rate, of Switzerland, where French, German and Italian are all spoken. In 1888 the number of persons speaking German in the Helvetian republic was 2,083,097; those speaking French 634,613, and those speaking Italian, 155,130. At the recent census it was found that the position had changed considerably. There are now, according to the official figures, 2,319,105 persons whose language is German, 733,220 who speak French, and 222,247 who use the language of Dante. Certain cantons appear in particular to be giving up the use of German. In Neuchâtel, where formerly 22,000 persons spoke that tongue, there are now only 17,000.

Isn't it funny that in many parlor windows the best marble bust turns its face to the strangers outside and its back on the family within?

Your inferiors are of real help to you only when they know you are inflexible.



She dropped her fan and nearly upset the scene.

move at a time where it required the extending of an arm or elbow. The others stood against the wall. It was so squalid and dirty that Fannie insensibly drew up her skirts. One of the girls smoked cigarettes and both used slang and even profanity freely. Their conversation and stories, which were principally about the other sex, nearly nauseated her. But she reflected that this was only the beginning. Soon she would be a real actress and have a room to herself.

Everything went off nicely on the opening night and Fannie was given a