

my business. I hope I shall never have to go through such a moment again. The best I could say was that I would write the truth and only the truth, and that I would flatly contradict the countless lies that had been told of her. She didn't freeze; she just got a little whiter and looked dazed and said faintly:

"O, I didn't understand. I thought you were a friend of mother's." I could only say, "I'm a friend of your's, my dear, and if you'll trust me I'll try to prove it."

She looked at me for a few moments and said simply: "I'll have to trust you, there is no one else. Father may come in a few days, and it may be weeks. You see nobody wants me very much and there doesn't exactly seem to be any place in the world for me."

Never mind what I did then. I must have assured her for she began again. It was the saddest little story I ever heard, and the most hopeless. It came out bit by bit, incident by incident, as a child tells things. I simply could not stop her. She was feverish and her eyes were red with crying.

She had only been out of the convent a year. There she took vocal lessons from a sister Agatha and sang in the choir. She spoke wistfully of it, that safe-sheltered existence with its routine and calm monotony, among those quiet, serene sisters, so far from the tempestuous emotions that blast and kill, and "that unrest which men miscall delight." And from that she was transplanted at sixteen to the comic opera stage under the tender care of Marion Manola and Jack Mason! Truly the Lord can make delightful stories when he chooses, and as Heine says, "How immeasurably he exceeds us in his humor and colossal wit."

"You see," said the child, "I had only known my mother in my vacation before. She is different when she is playing and with Mr. Mason. I didn't know what it would be like when I went with them."

Mason, it seems, had always born a grudge against the child because of her mother's affection for her, and had hated her because she recalled a part of Manola's past in which he had no share. What love the child got from her mother she got by stealth, and I imagine it was not very much she ever got. When they went South business was bad, Mason grew more dissipated than ever and his temper did not improve. Finally, the night before the company disbanded, Mason quarrelled so violently with his wife about the girl that she fell ill and Adelaide had to sing her part. The girl was really as ill as her mother and fainted in the last act of the piece. That night the child made her decision. She had just money enough to reach New York, and next day, while Mason was drunk and her mother in hysterics, she ran away.

"You see mother's life was hard enough anyway, and as long as I was there I seemed to come between her and the only thing she really cares for. He was cruel to her on my account and I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand, either, to see him wreck all her life along with him. No company will ever get along under his management. Mother could get good engagements away from him, but she won't leave him. I had a sort of hope when I ran away that if she saw it must be me or him, if she saw she must give one of us up, she might break away from him. But she never will. A woman ought to give a great deal for her husband I suppose, but I don't think she ought to give everything—the things that matter more than life, I mean. At any rate I can't help respecting the way they

feel towards each other—it doesn't happen often, I believe, that people really care for so long. But you see it leaves me no place. I seem quite crowded out. I am not necessary to mother and he is. My own father doesn't know me very well and I am a great burden to him. They don't teach one how to do things at the convent, I can't do anything but sing a little. I don't know what will happen next. Nothing very good, I'm afraid."

I suggested the two gentlemen to whom she was said to be engaged. But that's the part of the story that will never be told by me. I didn't see much encouragement in it for the present so I suggested the stage. The word seemed to produce an actual nausea of the soul in her. She threw out her hands with a gesture of unspeakable disgust, "I'd rather scrub floors for a living! Why that's an awful life!" Poor little girl! her initiation into stage life had not been a pleasant one and she seemed to have no faith in anything or anybody who had ever been on the other side of the footlights, and for a moment I was glad she hadn't, I didn't want to see that fragile little face blurred by that cruellest of all lives that gradually wears the fine lines from the fairest faces. It recalled that unpleasant and masterly book of Henry James' about "What Maisie Knew" to think what things those big, sad eyes had already seen, and the girl is only seventeen; just the age when she ought to be finding out how gay life is and that all women are good and all men kind, and that sorrow is a thing only written about in books. O the pity of it! But at any rate it is a very good and a very sweet little girl who has come back to Pittsburg. There are some nature's that the dark side of life can only sadden—never corrupt. But I am inclined to think with the landlady that God was absent-minded when he gave a girl like this one to Marion Manola.

It is not a pleasant thing to go out with a little girl's tears still wet on your handkerchief to write a sensational story about her. In a book the reporter would go in to the managing editor and say with pallid lips, "There is no story!" and get cashiered. But in the rocky old world that is, things don't happen that way. A man had been hired to take my place at the editorial desk, and the men were waiting for my copy. With the grim consolation that I could never feel meaner I wrote the story and I did the best I could for her—which was bad enough—and tried to forget that I had stumbled upon a child's confidence and betrayed it.

Well, we "scooped" New York, which is the end and aim of every paper in the provinces, and the eastern papers copied the yarn and the old newspaper men of the town came around and shook hands, and I made the counting room fork out greenbacks enough to keep that little girl in flowers and Huylers for many a long day. But if anyone has got a bad conscience to trade, mine is in the market at a low figure. I wouldn't figure in another slaughter of the innocent to "scoop" the earth.

All great infatuations have had their victims, from the days of Lancelot and Elaine. They are primarily selfish and they damn the innocent with the guilty. Often enough their shadow falls across a life into which the sunlight should be just coming. It is the old inexorable law the justice of which we cannot understand. Grand passions are the most expensive things in life; so costly that two lives cannot pay for one, there must always be others who pay in blood and tears

for a delight that is not theirs. And this poor little girl seems destined to her share for one of the most notable and lasting infatuations in the annals of the stage.

It was only three years ago that Marion Manola, from the prolonged use of narcotic drugs and financial embarrassment, went temporarily insane. Her creditors had her arrested and took her costumes for debt. She got up out of a sick bed to go to the court room. She was acquitted, but her cotage at Winthrop was taken to satisfy the claim. The strain and worry of the court room were too much for the little woman who had helped the world smile for so long. Her malady developed where her talent had—on the stage. Her illness first manifested itself by her forgetting her lines and looking hopelessly at Mason for her cue. In a little while she forgot the "Mikado" altogether. She gave up her home and money, but she never gave up Jack Mason; she forgot the parts she had been singing for twelve years, but she never forgot him. It was very pitiful to hear her plead in her illness, "Don't let them take the dress I wore my first night, Jack!" in time she rallied again—for him. The strength of that infatuation held even then. Since then disaster has followed disaster, always finding them together and caring only for that. Even her daughter reverences the sincerity of it. Alone, Marion Manola might have had a brilliant career. Jack Mason spoke truly enough three years ago when a friend from England remarked that he had had no luck since he met Manola, and he replied: "Don't say that, it's she, poor girl; who has never had a lucky day since she met me."

She had given up everything under heaven for him—and now she has given up her child.

Jack Mason's people are still living up on Beacon street in Boston; among the wealthiest, most cultured and exclusive people. His mother shudders at his name. Marion Manola's daughter is here alone, grateful for the sympathy of a stranger. If people could pay for their follies themselves, life would not be so bitterly hard.

PITTSBURG, PA.

With a piece of string and a little sand and grease some Hindoo convicts recently sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail.

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## MUSICAL MENTION.

The fourth annual concert of the University Glee and Banjo clubs was given at the Oliver on Friday evening. Although for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. the audience consisted largely of college people, and the scarlet and cream decorations were used. The students formed a most enthusiastic audience and applauded every number, and even gave a recall after an encore. That the affair was more of a social than of a musical nature was shown from the merry talk over the house, which formed an accompaniment to the dashing airs and abated only for overwhelming applause. All the songs dear to the student's heart were given and were received with audible expressions of delight.

The banjo club played a number of catchy airs in good time and with great spirit. It was a source of amusement to see each player bring his own chair at each appearance, then carefully replace it at the rear of the stage before leaving, though certain of a recall.

Three soloists assisted in giving variety to the program: Miss Marion Treat, with her sweet soprano voice; Miss Clara Palmer of Omaha, and Mr. Wehn, who certainly plays the cornet with musical ability. Miss Palmer's selection was a trifle sombre for the audience, and her encore, which should have been bright for contrast, was keyed in the same minor strain, but her contralto voice is of an agreeable quality and shows both power and feeling.

Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond accompanied the soloists.

The program without the encores was as follows:

University Song.....	Anon
Anchored.....	Shattuck
My Dark Gal.....	Johnson
Banjo Club.	
Contralto Solo, Recitative and Aria	
"My Heart is Weary".....	Goring Thomas
Miss Clara Palmer.	
Legends.....	Mehring
Yellow Kid Patrol.....	Armstrong
Banjo Club.	
Duet, Guitar and Mandolin, "Under	
the Double Eagle.....	Wagner
C. C. Young, A. R. Chapman.	
The New Couple.....	Dore
Cornet Solo, Theme and Variations	
.....	Rollinson
Mr. Earl Wehn,	
Soprano Solo, "A Song of Thanks-	
giving".....	Frances Allitsen
Miss Marion A. Treat.	
Handicap March.....	Rcsey
The Post Horn, with cornet obligato	
.....	Pfueger
Belle of the Season.....	Bratton
Banjo Club.	
Cleopatra's Wedding Day, from	
"Wizzard of the Nile".....	
Gl♯ and Banjo Clubs.	