

about four minutes. He would look like one of these living advertisements that walk along on the cable car slot and gather crowds. And he would be taken up tenderly and lauded in the clubbing department of one of the city's popular health cures.

For my part, these historical heroes remind me of the petrified eggs that Li Hung Chang carries about with him. They may be all right, but I'm willing to take his word for it.

I tasted his tea and his lychae nuts, but I shied at the canned eggs. They belong solely to the dead past. He can have them all. Also the canned heroes.

I heard one of the most finished orators of the day, a Jesuit priest, end a short summer sermon in a little Long Branch church a few Sundays ago in a manner so dramatic that it made a deep impression on every world-hardened summer man and girl in the place.

He asked a question, as though individually, of every one of his hearers, keeping the interrogatory inflection on his period.

Then he stopped and went down the pulpit stairs. It was the most tremendously effective thing you can imagine. We all sat there stunned by the suddenness of the unexpected ending. It was like one of Piner's curtains.

And his concluding sentence was burning before us. We could almost see the words ringing in the air, scarlet-loud, brazen as a bell. It was a hold-up of our hearts and souls and brains.

Which impels me in my role of preacher to say: Let us, who write and act and pass upon plays, get together and ask ourselves: Are we alive or are we dead? Is the age we live in so empty that we must prowl like ghouls in graveyards for the musty remains of fuss-and-feather heroes?

...

Some wise old adage-maker once said: Never praise one woman to another if you want to be popular.

This may be right, but if you want to be thought clever never praise one man's looks to another; that is, unless, like the Matinee Girl, you like to have some fun noticing how the time-honored yellow-eyed monster works in the masculine nature.

You may speak of the other fellow's virtues, good qualities, courage, business ability or brain, and your hearer will agree with you every time and add a few bouquets, for men as a rule speak well of each other.

But when you touch on the subject of looks the atmosphere changes and grows frosty and congealed. And if you keep on in this line you'll hear everything to the other man's discredit.

The anvil will ring right merrily. You'll find that the man whose good looks you have alluded to is more than half devil, that he drinks, borrows money, wears corsets, pads his shoulders, and has been put out of clubs.

A lot of us were talking about actors the other day, and Thisbe, a Matinee Girl I know, foolishly remarked that she thought Jams K. Hackett was too sweet for anything.

There was a young man present who used to go to dancing school with Hackett when they were little boys. He didn't object to the actor being described as though he were a chocolate cream, but another M. G. said something about his hair. In a moment the old college chum was touched.

"You know he curls his hair?" he said.

"Curls his hair?" we all said in a chorus.

"Does he use a hot iron or kid crimpers, or does he put it up at night in papers?" I asked, for I really wanted to know.

"Well, he curls it, anyhow," said the college chum. "It's perfectly straight;

at least it used to be, and a man's hair doesn't change like that."

It was horrible to think of Hackett frizzling his hair, so I cleverly changed the subject by asking if it were true that he wore attached collars and cuffs.

The college chum was thoroughly wrought up by this time.

"Oh, Jim's all right," he said; "but he's grown chesty."

"Chesty?"

"Yes, he's a great actor now; he used to be a good fellow, but it's all over now. He's spoiled."

"But he's so good looking!" I said.

"Well, he may be good looking, but he won't do. Why, last season, Tommie and I—(it wasn't Tommie, but Tommie is a good name)—read one morning of Hackett making a hit in a new play. And we thought of the days when we were boys together, and we felt kind of proud of Jim. And I said, 'Tommie, suppose we go down and buy him a drink just for the sake of old times.' So Tommie agreed, and we started for the theatre. Well, talk of ceremony and state. We had to send in our cards, and then they couldn't be handed in during the performance or something or other, and we weren't going to stand there like Johnnies, and so we came away. Oh, no, he's too chesty altogether! He's all right, but we boys won't stand for this great actor business."

"But he's got beautiful eyes!" said Thisbe.—Dramatic Mirror.

When a Servant is a Treasure

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps dedicates her new story, "The Successes of Mary the First," the first chapters of which are in the October Ladies' Home Journal, in these words: "Loyalty in change of fortune, devotion in illness, fidelity to monotonous duty, and affection warmly tendered and returned—these the mistress of a household count's jealousy among the treasures of life. For, so sacred and so subtle is the power of a human home that those who have ever formed one family can never be or become to one another like strangers without the gates. To the unwritten names of the capable, honorable and lovable women who have given me happiness in giving me service I inscribe this story."

In nothing else as in the words we habitually use in the common talk of daily life do we show so plainly our degree of refinement, our culture or the lack of it, and the plane on which our thoughts move. It is therefore worth our while, do you not see, to take some pains with our conversation, not in such a way as to make us seem stiff and pedantic, but to recognize the fact that here, as in other departments of life and learning, it is training that tells in results.—Sept. Ladies' Home Journal.

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