

AS IT REALLY WAS

BY ANGELA MORGAN

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Sylvette, "clever and beautiful chanteuse," was singing, and the patrons of the fashionable vaudeville theater, where for two weeks her name would continue to appear on the outside in electric lights, were agreeably conscious of the fact that she was in exceptionally fine voice and spirits tonight.

Sylvette had the choice place on the bill, which means that she appeared at an hour neither too early, when people were arriving, nor too late, when the audience would be weary and hard to hold.

All the lesser vaudeville lights had twinkled and disappeared from the horizon, those who were forced to submit to the indignity of "supper show hours" having retired from the scene long before the peerless Sylvette had arrived to dress for her act. And now this bright particular star could shine in all her glory, supreme in the consciousness of unrivaled splendor.

Sylvette's songs were of a various nature. She changed from a pathetic love ballad to a French ditty of the most sparkling, not to say naughty, character, and from this returned in a flash to face her delighted admirers with the latest and most approved "coon song," into which she threw herself with the utmost abandon.

Yes, Sylvette was astonishingly versatile. The array of grinning youths on the front row were unanimous in their expressions of approval, all agreeing that she "did a great act," which in their vernacular signified that very climax of appreciation.

The baldheads used their opera glasses in open admiration; not with more vigilance, however, than did the women of the audience, although their interest was not of so friendly a nature.

Two of them, seated in a box at the singer's left, seemed especially interested in that dainty individual.

"You can see the make-up so distinctly from here," whispered the younger of the two.

"Of course you can. Oh, she's heavily made up, that's plain enough. I wonder if she's as pretty off the stage?"

"No, she can't be. Who wouldn't be

your letters we want! We know but little of your plans—your life. You make such vague mention of your musical work. You say you have engagements in and around New York; and we know you must be well paid, for you are constantly remembering us with some lovely gift. Be careful, dear, not to try yourself too far. Don't think we ever forget what we owe to you. I pray that my daughter is the same sweet Sylvia she always was and that she is happy. When your engagements ever bring you west? We could get you up a concert at the opera house, as we used to do in the old days before you went east. We simply must see you again, dear. You will write more fully, won't you, daughter Sylvia? Your loving Mother."

Sylvette folded the letter carefully, her eyes staring vacantly before her. Suddenly she arose abruptly and went to the writing desk in the corner, took out her diary, sat down and wrote: "Mother has asked again why I don't tell them all about myself. I suppose I shall have to tell them some time, but not now! No, it's out of the question. They would never understand."

She underscored the last sentence and again arose, pacing the room restlessly. What a strange mood she was in tonight.

Returning again to the desk, she caught up the diary and began to turn its pages, reading them as she stood. A look of absorbed interest replaced the pained distress of her face. At length she sank down in the rocker and read on and on, as if she were reading the story of another person.

"New York, April 10.—I am almost discouraged; I don't know where to turn. There seems to be nothing for me here. I have sung, recited and played at musicals and similar functions hoping that they would lead to something better. But I'm just as far from securing a pay engagement as ever. Mrs. Mills hints at my returning home. I dare say I have imposed upon her hospitality—but what can I do? I can't go home; I promised them I would succeed and send them relief and I will do it. Oh, the complications at home; I dare not think of them. Poor

mother, how does she stand it? No, I won't think of it. I will find something else."

"April 23.—Letter from mother. Alice is ill—poor little thing. I know why—it's from wearing those old thin shoes. My heart aches and aches. I know mother is keeping a great deal from me. I know what desperate straits they are in. Oh, I must find something to do. I will make one more mighty effort. Dear God, help me and show me the way."

"May 3.—At last help has come. It is far below my ideal, but it means bread and butter and money for the folks. Once I would have scorned the offer, now I grasp it as a dying man grasps a straw. I am going into vaudeville. I have had a trial and the manager offers me one week, with promise of the entire circuit if I succeed. The idea is popular now—quite the fad, and better than anything else, they say. Mrs. Mills says I ought to be thankful enough to get such an opportunity; that it is not to be sneered at. Mrs. Mills is a New Yorker and she understands, but I can't let the folks at home know about it. In that little country town they would not look at it as Mrs. Mills does, I'm sure. No, it must never do, but I can send them money! Thank heaven for this relief."

"May 30.—What a rush I've been in! No time for a diary. Well I made a pretty fair success and they have promised me the circuit, but how the money flies! Photographs, costumes, everything! Couldn't find anything home for two weeks. Now if I can just get booked up I'll be all right. Luckily the vaudeville houses keep open all summer, so I need not be idle during the hot weather."

"June 15.—The work is awfully hard—three performances a day. I'm losing flesh somewhat, but then it means money for them. How overjoyed they were when relief came! But why will they ask so many questions? They want to know all about my work. Well, there's no use thinking of that. They could not understand. Just suppose they knew I had performed on Sunday! But God will surely forgive me—I had to do it. The work is honest and I shall always keep myself from the real theatrical life. It need never hurt me."

"August 5.—I can't imagine what is the trouble. The agents don't give me any more engagements. I haven't a single one in prospect and I have been idle now for two weeks. What can it mean?"

"September 15.—I've trudged and trudged about this city in the heat until my feet ache with weariness. Every theater is booked up. I haven't sent money home for a month. Oh, what shall I do. I'm nearly desperate again. The sight of Fourteenth street, with its signs of theatrical agents, turns me positively sick. They have no use for my act."

"October 3.—At last I understand. A well-meaning manager has opened my eyes to my deficiencies. He says my act is tame—needs more 'ginger,' with a con song or two and a cake-walk thrown in. He says I must wear long dresses. He says I advise me to get up some chic, dashing costume if I mean to make a real success in this business. He says my appearance and stage bearing are attractive enough (he said he said a number of nice things about my looks), but that I need these

other things to please the general public. He tells me I would command twice as much salary and play only two shows per day, but how can I ever sing those songs and how can I—oh, I can't—I simply can't."

"October 15.—Yes, yes, I can do it; I can do anything to save Alice. Mother writes that she has grown so delicate the doctor insists that she must have a change of climate during the coming winter. He urges them to send her—says it is absolutely necessary to her recovery. She has been ill ever since that first time mother wrote. Poor, patient little thing! Will I sing soon songs, French songs, and wear abbreviated skirts? Yes, I'm nerved up to it at last. I know I can do it and make a success. Applause shall be mine! For applause means money and money means a change of climate for dear Alice."

"December 1.—Well, it is all done. I am a full-fledged 'vaudeville' of the most pronounced type. They have sent Alice away. At last the great stress is over. I have sufficient ready money for my needs and the family are living in comfort—no matter about the rest!"

Sylvette let the diary slip into her lap and read no more. After while she rose wearily to prepare for bed. As she did so she noticed a folded bit of paper on the floor and picking it up discovered it to be a postscript to her mother's letter.

"How strange I did not notice it before," she murmured. A sudden apprehension seized her. There were only a few words.

"P. S.—I don't want to worry you, Sylvia. Alice is not improving as we had hoped. Of course there may be no cause for alarm—perhaps we are expecting the change too quickly, but the doctor writes that she is still very frail. Try not to worry, dear. Mother."

Sylvette slept wretchedly that night. Frightful dreams startled her out of slumber every hour or so. Once she awoke crying, "Alice! Alice!" and sat up in bed, shivering with terror.

She had to force her spirits next day to appear as scintillant as was expected of the agents of protected industries, or the officers of the National Association of Manufacturers, thinks that popular government has been vindicated when it gets the result it desires, or defeats that which it does not desire. Government is looked on as the agent and servant of a class.

And out of this class warfare a good deal of legislation, much of it of a very bad, or doubtful, quality, has been born. Members of congress are almost openly threatened with vengeance if they oppose one piece of class legislation or favor another. Such government, of course, is not popular in any sense—it is government by private interests. We should think that the men at Washington who are honestly trying to do their duty would rejoice at the lifting of the veil that is now assured, and would talk of nothing but freedom such as they have not enjoyed for years. It may even, in time, be possible for them to consider all measures absolutely on their merits, without a thought as to the effect of their action on this or that "vote."

The people who are not organized, who are represented by no lobby, and who are seeking nothing but the public good, will be enormously the gainers. With the smashing of this class control—or attempted control—the government will be representative, as it has not been for many years. And so of our political life generally. While there has not been as much class voting as many suppose, there has been constant threat of it, and much class maneuvering. Men have acted, not as individuals, but as members of warring groups. Voters have been asked to subordinate utterly their political opinions, and to oppose the man who may have honestly and honorably represented them, simply because he took on some class question a position that was objectionable to the class interested. The policy has been one of trading votes at the polls for votes in congress.

It now looks as though there were a good chance of breaking up this system if government by combinations. We do not mean to say that all of the legislation favored by these combinations is bad. It seems to us that the laboring men are right in asking for some modification of the practice as to injunctions, and that the manufacturers are right in opposing any step looking to the legislation of the boycott. But both these questions should be dealt with from the point of view of the people as a whole, and senators and representatives should be left free to act in them in the light of law and reason, unimpeded, uncoerced and untrified by the lobby. We must have a free congress, as well as a free people, if we are to have a free government.

Philadelphia Press: Casey—Ye're lookin' in purty bad this mornin', but ye seem happy enough.

Cassidy—Inade, OI am. It makes me feel great to think av the turrible tooth-ache OI had last night.

Casey—Phwy should that make ye so happy?

Cassidy—Bekase OI haven't got it this mornin', that's phwy.

Tit-Bits: Willy—I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday. Mother—H'm! And what did you say to that? Willy—said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and walked right off and left him.

Tit-Bits: Wife—Do you mean to insinuate that your judgment is superior to mine?

Husband—Certainly not, my dear. Our choice of life partners proves it. The Suez canal was begun in 1859 and completed in 1869.

Catholic Standard and Times: Jenks—Haven't you and that neighboring farmer settled your differences yet?

Farmer Akers—No, but our lawyers have settled.

Jenks—Settled? How?

Farmer Akers—On our farms.

Catholic Standard and Times: Towne—I suppose you've heard about Kadeley, that awful cynic, losing his mind.

Browne—No? My, that's terrible.

Towne—O! I don't know. I haven't any sympathy.

Browne—What! Suppose some decent fellow should find it!

Philadelphia Record: "That duck was fine," said the enthusiastic patron.

"I can't imagine anything more acceptable than a nice little canvassack."

"Unless," replied the proprietor of the restaurant, "it's a nice big greenback."

This Young Woman Is a Duchess and Her Hubby's Got \$85,000,000



GERMANY'S WEALTHIEST REIGNING DUCHESS.

The Grand Duchess Theodora, of Saxe-Weimar, is the wife of Germany's wealthiest reigning prince. The princess was married in 1910 and celebrated her 23d birthday June 29. She has one daughter. Her husband, who was until the birth of Princess Juliana heir to the throne of Holland, is reputed to be worth \$85,000,000.

Free Congress, Free People.

From the Indianapolis News.

There are many people who think of popular government as a government that will do what they wish done, and will not care how it is done. They are indifferent as to methods as long as the desired result is reached. Each class, whether it be represented by labor leaders, the trusts, the protectionists, or the officers of the National Association of Manufacturers, thinks that popular government has been vindicated when it gets the result it desires, or defeats that which it does not desire. Government is looked on as the agent and servant of a class.

And out of this class warfare a good deal of legislation, much of it of a very bad, or doubtful, quality, has been born. Members of congress are almost openly threatened with vengeance if they oppose one piece of class legislation or favor another. Such government, of course, is not popular in any sense—it is government by private interests. We should think that the men at Washington who are honestly trying to do their duty would rejoice at the lifting of the veil that is now assured, and would talk of nothing but freedom such as they have not enjoyed for years. It may even, in time, be possible for them to consider all measures absolutely on their merits, without a thought as to the effect of their action on this or that "vote."

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COUNTRY EDITOR SITS IN CONGRESS

Louis C. Crampton, the new republican congressman from the Seventh Michigan district, publishes a country paper and has held several state and county offices. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan law school and is 33 years old.

PUTTING TOWNS "ON THE MAP"

By F. J. Willstach.

Is there any sure way of "Putting a Town on the Map?" There are hundreds of towns that have never been blazoned on the flags of fame, while the names of others—for one cause or another—are ever aflutter on the public placards.

It may be said that there is no sure way to make a town famous, but the things which may contribute to "putting it on the map" are nevertheless of decided interest.

A town, like an individual, to be known, must have done something; must be something other than a mere conglomerate of wooden shingles.

When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to Virginia, he chanced to look at a map of the Magellan Strait. Here he discovered a point of land labeled "The Painter's Wife's Island." Sir Walter expressed surprise that heretofore he had not noticed such an island. The captain told him there was no such island, explaining that one day when the painter of the map was at work, his wife requested him to put in an island for her. This the painter did, calling it "The Painter's Wife's Island."

A good many towns are like "The Painter's Wife's Island;" they represent nothing; they can be found on the map, but that is about all.

There are several reasons which serve to "put a town on the map," and cause it to "stay put." One of these is that it may gain renown through the celebrity of one of its citizens. There are a great number of towns the size of Concord, Mass., yet Emerson "put it on the map," just as Lincoln did Springfield, Ill.; just as Walt Whitman did Camden, N. J.; just as James Montgomery Bailey, "The Danbury News Man," did Danbury, Conn.; just as William Shakespeare did Stratford-on-Avon. Nobody ever hears of these towns except in association with these famous names.

Even Elbert Hubbard put the roar in East Aurora.

Then a town may be the seat of some great industry, such as, for example, as Detroit, which is famous for automobiles, Battle Creek for breakfast foods, Grand Rapids for furniture, South Bend for plows, Seymour, Conn., for Waterman pens, Bridgeport for phonographs, Gloucester for fish, Ansonia for clocks, Columbus for buggies, and it was beer that placed Milwaukee on the crest of the foam of fame.

A comic will serve the purpose, sometimes of placing even the most outlandish burg on the map. Remember Dan Daly's song of "Far Cohoes," Peter Daly's famous ditty of the "Hackman who drove his hack at Hackensack;" and who can forget Florida after hearing of the show that "just came up" in the class of "Just a Minute?"

Other towns are remembered only on account of some thrilling battle, extraordinary crime, or devastating calamity. We all remember the Northampton bank robbery, the Astabula bridge disaster, the battles of Gettysburg and of Waterloo, and the Johnstown flood.

The onomatopoeic names of some towns—producing uproarious cachinations—such as Kalamazoo, Podunk, and Oakkosh—are likewise on the mental time-table. You simply can't forget them.

Some towns, too, are a long time getting placed "on the map." Until the occurrence of some unexpected event their traditions, their history, their very existence is confined to the outskirts of their immediate neighborhood.

If some one should have asked a week ago, "Where is Darien?" they would more than likely have answered that "It is a gulf in the Caribbean sea," or "It is in Georgia," or "It is in Missouri," or "It is in Wisconsin," or "There is an Isthmus of Darien, near Panama," or have quoted Keats: "Looked at each other with a wild surprise—silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Now ask anyone, "Where is Darien?" and they are certain to have in mind only the quaint old town of that name in Connecticut. Why? Because it is that town that has served this admirable purpose, for it has blazoned forth the town's amazing historic background, and the fact that it has been the home of a surprisingly large number of extraordinary people.

The peasant has put Darien "on the map."

He is happiest, he he king or peasant, who finds peace in his own home.—Goethe.

Aspire, break bounds, I say; endeavor to be rich, and better still. And best. Success is nought, and endeavor's all.—Browning.

To spare a step in the path of piety is to spend money in the rocky road to misery.—Thomas Fuller.

Genuine greatness is marked by simplicity, unostentatiousness, self-forgetfulness, a hearty interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family.—Channing.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do, and one does like it in time.—Dinah Stock Crank.

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking, with the deeds he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Tribute From a Political Enemy.

From the New York Sun.

We hope it is true Colonel Roosevelt will lecture in Argentina on the progress of the United States. His visit to that country of splendid prospects and more splendid hopes will be more than an hour to a world-wide nor is it, for example, to compare smaller things with greater, like the visit of M. Clemenceau. The republics of Latin civilization are friendly to each other. It would be blinking the facts to deny that Mexico, South and Central America are far from fond of the United States.

Colonel Roosevelt may say something, may do something, to improve relations between those countries and his own. His renown, his experience, his great part in affairs, his shrewdness married to a subtle spirit, his strange engendering of personality, his equal delight in all companies, his supreme happiness and wild things and under the stars and sun, these must stir more than an interest of curiosity among a people where the luxurious expansive urbanities are surrounded by a life mainly rural and healthy.

What region of the earth is not full of the colonel's labors? We need not be in doing—when there is not forever beating at the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Business Men's Blunders.

From the Boston Globe.

Everything Mulhall says about the forming of congressmen by bribery in the form of money or rum may be true or not. One thing, however, is indisputable. The men who directed the affairs of the National Association of Manufacturers were foolish enough to hire persons to attempt to influence legislation by methods unknown to the general public.

In the opinion of Napoleon and other great ones there are blunders that are worse than crimes.

The spectacle of a body of solid business men dabbling in subterranean attempts at changing the course of political events is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Besides, the method is obsolete, public, not private, is the watchword of the hour. The business man who is drawn into any surreptitious scheme or covert intrigue for the purpose of punishing his political opponents or rewarding his political friends is a dupe, or will soon be one.