MISS JANE HADING.

A CHARMING FRENCHWOMAN TALKS ABOUT HER CAREER.

Success on the Stage, She Says, Comes Only After the Hardest Kind of Work. Girls Who Are Fitted by Nature Only Should Study for a Stage Life.

Jane Hading lives a quiet home life with her mother in a pretty little apartment in the Boulevard des Batignoles. The sitting room in which she receives her visitors reflects the habits and tastes of the occupant. A long piano is half covered with a richly embroidered cloth, on which stand a number of photographs, old and new, souvenirs of many climes and many vanished comrades. A big pot of flowering yellow roses fill the room with their delicate scent. A portrait of the actress as Claire de Beaulieu, her favorite role in Ohnet's "Ironmaster," is half hidden by an old brocaded screen of Pompadour coloring and design.

Mme. Hading wears indoors a loose, flowing tea gown of pale pink and gold brocade, ruffles of old cobweb lace edge at the throat and sleeves and a jeweled girdle confines the slender waist. Her bronze colored hair, parted in the middle, falls in undulating masses and is fastened in a heavy knot on the nape of the neck. When speaking, lights and shadows flit across her face, and if the subject under discussion be exceptionally interesting, she emphasizes her words by slight gestures.

"Would I recommend my own young girl friends to become actresses?" she exclaimed, in answer to a question. "Yes and no. No, if their life is not cast in theatrical circles—yes, if they belong by family and early associations to the theater. You see, I was so entirely un enfant de la ballet; why, I made my theatrical debut at the age of three in the part of a certain little Blanche de Caylus, which, as you may well imagine, did not require much dramatic experience to fulfill. The play was 'Le Bossu' (the hunchback), and my father played the leading role."

"But every one cannot start with such advantages, madame?"

"No, and that is why I should never advise a young girl to join my profession if any other were open to her. The life is wearing, so wearing; an actress must give herself up entirely to her art; she must think of nothing else and, alas! care for nothing else. Look at the day of even a successful actress with plenty of money to make all things easy to her—hardly has she finished her cup of coffee but she must hurriedly dress and be off to rehearsal—two or three hours of hard, anxious work. After a little lunch, for we artists must diet ourselves carefully, comes an hour's rest. That is imperatively necessary, rehearsals are so fatiguing. Then endless visits to the costumer, milliner, jeweler, shoemaker, etc. Toward evening we have business calls, young authors to be seen, new plays to be read and friends to be attended to. At 7:30 off to the theater again, and then at midnight home at last! It is such a wearing, fatiguing existence that I often wonder those who have domestic ties to think about can get through it at all."

"But some consider themselves gifted with an irresistible vocation."

"There is a great deal of imagination in these vocations. I consider that no one can really tell what they can do best until some accident reveals their special talent. Look at my case. An early love of music, combined with a good voice, apparently settled my career while I was a child. Before I was twenty I had sung leading light opera parts in Cairo, Marseilles, Algiers and other southern cities."

"And how did you come to abandon singing for acting?"

"I am coming to that presently. Like all other provincial artists, I was anxious to attempt the conquest of Paris, but all my friends declared that it would be criminal in me to abandon the field where I had already a considerable reputation in order to plunge, as so many provincial actresses did, into certain ruin. However, the chance which they say the gods send to every mortal once in their lives came at last to me. The manager of the Palais Royal, during a two days' stay in Marseilles, went to the theater and heard me sing one of my most popular roles. Before the evening was over I had signed an engagement with him, and a few weeks later witnessed my debut in Parisian comedy. But a singular thing occurred. Jeanne Grassier, then singing La Petite Marie in 'Alcazar,' fell ill, and Koning asked my manager to lend me for a few nights, in order that she might be replaced. I was successful."

"And then came the 'Ironmaster.'"

"Yes," said Mme. Hading, drawing a long breath, "then came 'Le Maitre des Forges.' You know the story of that extraordinary book? No? Then I will tell it to you. Ohnet, the young, delicate, wealthy cripple of good family marries a charming girl. They are somewhat dull during the honeymoon. Dame! we all are. Then he says, 'le-we—will write a book.' His wife is charmed, they begin the book, the honeymoon comes to an end, but 'Le Maitre des Forges' prolongs the honeymoon. It is finished. Trembling, the young couple send it to a publisher; he refuses it, every publisher refuses the manuscript, and poor George Ohnet, in a fit of despair, places the precious bundle on the fire.

"Then his wife rushes in, rescues the souvenir of her happy honeymoon and cries, 'We will publish our book ourselves, we can afford to indulge in this little folly!' Behold! the book is a huge success. A hundred thousand copies are sold in no time and a dozen managers come and implore Ohnet to dramatize his great, his marvelous study of human nature! Koning obtained the MS. of the play, and I was asked if I would undertake the role of Claire de Beaulieu, and joyfully consented. For 300 days and nights I lived, dreamed, walked, rode in the part of the fiancee and wife. The last time I performed I burst into tears, feeling that I had indeed lost a friend."

"Have you any special method of study?"

"No, I do not think so. Of course, I make a great point of being word perfect in my part, and during rehearsal I try absolutely to become the person I am representing. I do not tire and worry myself by privately going over my part at home, as many do. An actress should set great store by her energy and vitality; they are needed for her work. I believe in outdoor exercise and plenty of air. After all, it is only when you are off the boards that you begin to learn. Some one said, I believe, that industry is the mother of genius; this is certainly true in our profession. Hard work is in many cases the secret of success. You suddenly hear of a great sensation being produced in a part, but none tell you of the years of unostentatious drudgery gone through before that result has been attained. People seem to think that acting is like walking and comes by nature to gifted souls. There is no greater mistake, although, of course, if you possess no divine fire you cannot hope to interpret worthily the joys and sorrows of mankind."—Paris Cor. New York Sun.

OUR WHIPPINGS.

Come, Harvey, let us sit awhile and talk about the times
Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—
The days when we were little boys, as naughty little boys
As ever worried home folks with their everlasting noise!
Egad! and were we so disposed, I'll venture we could show
The scars of wallopings we got some forty years ago!
What wallopings I mean I think I need not specify—
Mother's whippings didn't hurt, but father's! oh, my!

The way that we played hookey those many years ago—
We'd rather give 'most anything than have our children know!
The thousand naughty things we did, the thousand fibs we told—
Why, thinking of them makes my Presbyterian blood run cold!
How often Deacon Sabine Morse remarked if we were his
He'd tan our "pesky little hides until the blisters riz!"
It's many a hearty thrashing to that Deacon Morse we owe—
Mother's whippings didn't count—father's did, though!

We used to sneak off swimmin in those careless, boyish days,
And come back home of evenings with our necks and backs ablaze;
How mother used to wonder why our clothes were full of sand,
But father, having been a boy, appeared to understand.
And after tea he'd beckon us to join him in the shed,
Where he'd proceed to tinge our backs a deeper, darker red;
Say what we will of mothers, there is none will controvert
The proposition that our father's lickings always hurt!

For mother was by nature so forgiving and so mild
That she inclined to spare the rod although she spoiled the child,
And when at last in self defense she had to whip us, she
Appeared to feel those whippings a great deal more than we!
But how we bellowed and took on, as if we'd like to die!
Poor mother really thought she hurt, and that's what made her cry.
Then how we youngsters snickered as out the door we slid,
For mother's whippings never hurt, though father's always did

In after years poor father shriveled down to five feet four,
But in our youth he seemed to us in height eight feet or more!
Oh, how we shivered when he quoth in cold, suggestive tone,
"I'll see you in the woodshed after supper all alone!"
Oh, how the legs and arms and dust and trouser buttons flew—
What florid vocalisms marked that vesper interview!
Yes, after all this lapse of years, I feelingly assert,
With all respect to mother, it was father's whippings hurt!

The little boy experiencing that tingling neath his vest
Is often loath to realize that all is for the best,
Yet, when the boy gets older, he pictures with delight
The buffetings of childhood—as we do here tonight.
The years, the gracious years, have smoothed and beautified the ways
That to our little feet seemed all too rugged in the days
Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—
So, Harvey, let us sit awhile and think upon those times.
—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

The Man Who Had to Stay.

She had a French gardener. Whatever accomplishments he may have possessed in other ways, he was rather stupid about lawn duties. One morning his stupidity was beyond endurance. She told him most emphatically what she thought of him and finished by saying: "Now, Francois you can go. I'll not have you another day." He went, crestfallen, to the stables where her husband chanced to be. He looked at the general thoughtfully for a minute, and then said, "Ah, general, I am very sorry for you." "Why, what is the matter with me, Francois?" said the general. "Veil, I can go, but you must stay."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Surprised That Way.

Lord Shadycove—Of course, I can never be very intimate with your father, he being in trade, but he will not be surprised to find me with some insular prejudices, will he?

Miss Manhattan—Oh, no. Nothing foolish or ill bred that you can do will surprise him.—Life.

What Was It?

The father had come to the commencement exercises and the son was showing him the sights.

"See that heavy set fellow over there by the pump?" said the boy as they passed through the campus.

"Yes; who's he?" responded the father with commendable curiosity.

"He's our champion football kicker, and that one he's talking to leads the record in baseball."

"Ah! And who's the tall chap with the lantern jaws?"

"He's our champion tennis player. Nobody in the state can swing a racket in the same atmosphere he does."

"Proud of him, I suppose?" ventured the father.

"You bet we are, and so we are of the dark haired fellow down there by the gate. He's our crack oarsman and best all around gymnast. Rare combination, but he's a corker, is Jimmie," and the son threw a kiss to Jimmie.

"By the way," inquired the father, "who is valedictorian of the class this year?"

The son looked at the father questioningly.

"Valedictorian?" he asked with a puzzled look.

"Yes, valedictorian?" repeated the father.

"And what's that, I'd like to know?" came from the son next, and the father went right down to the first train out and got on board.—Detroit Free Press.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Our Baby Cousin.

Have you seen our baby cousin?
Don't you think she looks a pet?
Can you guess her name, I wonder—
Is she May, or Margaret?

Is she Dorothy or Daisy,
Winifred or Kate or Jess?
Never mind, dears, I will tell you—
For I see you cannot guess.

Little baby's name is Gladys,
And she's quite a pet of ours.
Here comes Ethel, bringing baby
Such a lovely bunch of flowers.

Brother Bertie will not tease her,
But his toys he'll gently show—
Anything he'll do to please her;
Oh, we love our Gladys so.

Sweet it is to take dear dolly
For an airing in the sun;
But our baby cousin's dearer
Than our dollies, every one!

A Musical Boy.

Young Mozart came of musical stock, and when eight summers had played over him he was a delicate, serious child, with so wondrous an addiction for music that his fame had far passed the town gates. As early as three years of age his love for the harpsichord and violin could not be restrained, while at five he had composed a concerto, and a story goes that he was found one day arguing with his father that his composition was a veritable concerto, because people "must practice it until they could play it perfectly."

But besides his powers as an executant when a boy of eight, and the fact that he had composed several pianoforte sonatas, there was evidence that he was no ordinary child in the respect which his words commanded from his elders, musical and otherwise. All looked up to him, as it were, many reverenced, some even worshiped him. He was thoughtful and full of intelligence far beyond his years. "As a boy," wrote his father to him in after years, "you were too serious to be childish. For children's games and amusements you had no delight—in fact they were distasteful to you." So grave indeed was his demeanor that, to quote his father's words, "many people feared you would not live to grow up." Such a child might well use the text, "Next after God comes papa" as his guiding principle in all that h did while under the parental roof.—Blackwood's Magazine.

What Do You Collect.

Do you keep a collection of stamps, or do you go in for coins, or is it butterflies or beetles? Perhaps some one may say they have "collections" of all these, and add one or two other things. That is wrong, for one collection is bound to suffer at the expense of another, and where there are two or three "collections" by one person the consequence is that all will suffer. It is always best to know one thing thoroughly than to have a few scattered ideas concerning everything.

The place where you live may offer advantages to make a collection that others cannot. A boy or girl living by the seashore may take up shells, but it would be very foolish to make such a collection and live in Indiana. If you live near any of the western mines you have a great chance to study geology, a study denied to any one living in parts of the south where there are no stones. A city boy cannot collect butterflies with any degree of success, but there are other special lines open to him.

Adapt your collection to your circumstances and surroundings, and pleasure and profit will be the result.—Harper's Young People.

A Queer Collection.

Not long ago, while a gentleman was out hunting, he found four young foxes, so young that their eyes were not yet open. Three he took home with him alive and gave them to a cat that had recently had a litter of kittens. The cat received them very kindly and is devoted to them. This cat has also adopted a mouse, which she will not allow to get out of her sight. It is very remarkable to witness the cat lying in her bed with one kitchen, three young foxes and a mouse, as happy as though she was the real mother of them all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Corinne's Reason.

Corinne had been to Sunday school,
And she learned a verse to say;
"Repeat it, dear," a lady urged,
Who called to see mamma one day.

Corinne thought hard, then frowned a bit.
"I can't jus' sink today of that,
'Cause why," she hastily explained,
"I haven't on my Sunday hat!"
—Youth's Companion.

The Swallow's Home.

School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

Bobby—I kin, please.

School Teacher—Well, Bobby?

Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stummick.—Exchange.

How Grace Asked for Whipped Cream.

When Grace needed punishing her mother would slap her hands. Mamma had peaches and whipped cream for dessert. Grace asked for more, saying, "Please give me some more slapped cream.

FOR PLEASURE TRIPS.

WHAT THE VARIOUS RAILROADS HAVE TO OFFER.

Official Route Triennial Conclave Knights Templar, Denver, Colo., August 9-14.

The Burlington will sell tickets to Denver, Salt Lake and Helena July 25 to August 10, good for return until October 10, at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip, and permitting stop-overs in either direction.

The Burlington, on account of its superior equipment, solid construction and speedy service, has been selected by the Knights as the official route to Denver. A through special train will leave Lincoln at 7 a. m., August 8, reaching Denver the same afternoon in time for supper. This train will carry the Sir Knights, their ladies and friends, and will be specially and lavishly decorated in honor of the event.

For further information concerning the special train or the various points that may be visited at half rates, call on or address the agent at B. & M. depot or city office, corner O and Tenth streets. A. C. ZIEMER, City Passenger Agent.

Veterns' Return to Washington.

The Grand Army Encampment at Washington in September will be the occasion of the reunion of thousands of veterans who parted in that city in 1865, after the Grand Review following the surrender at Appomatox and the capitulation of Richmond. Again, after a lapse of 27 years, thousands of veterans will march down Pennsylvania Avenue to be reviewed again by the President of the United States, members of his Cabinet, and other distinguished personages. It will be a spectacle seldom equaled in the magnificence of the display and in the number of men participating. Excursion tickets to Washington via the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will be sold by all the roads in the West at exceedingly low rates. The chief delight of the trip to Washington will be the journey via the Picturesque Baltimore and Ohio, which crosses the Allegheny mountains and for 250 miles traverses territory fraught with the most thrilling incidents of the war. For detailed information as to time of trains, rates, and sleeping car accomodations apply to L. S. Allen, Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, The Rookery, Chicago. Upon application, Chas. O. Scull, Gen. Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md., will send free charge a handsomely Illustrated Guide to Washington.

$16.25 Denver and Return $16.25.
$39.35 Salt Lake and Return $39.35.
$40.00 Helena and Return $40.00.
Via the Union Pacific.

Tickets on sale July 25th to August 10th, inclusive, good to return until October 10th. Free chair cars, elegant Pullman sleepers and dining cars. Any information desired 'phone 66 or call at 1044 O street. J. T. MASTIN, C. T. A.
E. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agent.

Pullman Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Car Service, Chicago to Portland, Me.

Commencing June 26th and continuing through the tourist season, the Chicago & Grand Trunk R. R. will run a Pullman vestibule buffet sleeping car of the most modern pattern, through without change, from Chicago to Portland, via Toronto and Montreal, leaving Chicago at 3:00 p.m. except Saturday, arriving at Portland for breakfast second morning. On this train there will be a Pullman car for Old Orchard Beach, and tourists for all north Atlantic seaside and mountain resorts will find this improved through service worthy of patronage. Secure sleeping car reservations and further information by applying to E. H. Hughes, general western passenger agent, No. 105 South Clark street, Chicago. 7-24t

Half Rates to Deadwood and Hot Springs.

The B. & M. will sell tickets to Deadwood and Hot Springs July 25th to August 10th, good for return until October 10th, at one fare for the round trip.

This will afford a very desirable opportunity of making a cheap trip to the cool retreats of the Hills, and to visit the famous Hot Springs of South Dakota. These springs, situated in the midst of the picturesque Black Hills, present unequalled attractions to the invalid, tourist or pleasure seeker. The thermal waters are sure cure for rheumatism and nerve troubles and all the ills man is heir to.

Further particulars at B. & M. depot or city office, cor. O and 10th streets.
A. C. ZIEMER, City Pass. Agt.