

# NOT IN THE PLAY

Actor Found Martyrdom to Which He Resigned in Sainly Manner.

By MRS. GENERAL PICKETT.  
I was growing stout. My usefulness in life is limited to being wounded in battle every night in a war drama and rescued by the hero who dashes past on horseback and bends down at full gallop to lift me from the ground in his strong left arm, his right dangling helplessly in a sling, and rides triumphantly off the field with me.

"By the Lord Harry," said the hero one night when he had dropped me after we had achieved our exit, "if you gain another sixteenth of an ounce the company will be wrecked."

The prospect threw me into a state of extra blueness, which ought to have relieved me of many pounds. While I was in this state of woful, if prosperous looking, uncertainty, I recovered consciousness one evening in the second act on the hospital cot, where the hero was in the habit of depositing me after my rescue, and saw a new face bending over me with an expression which must have looked very sympathetic from the front. Heretofore I had been accustomed to opening my eyes upon a shock-headed boy with a pug nose and a habit of jabbing me on the forehead when he ought to have smoothed my pillow affectionately.

"Where am I?" I said in the lines of the play, feebly, but with due reference to the pit and gallery. Then in an undertone—"you are an angel. Tell me who you are and how you came."

"You are safe, rescued by the heroism of your noble captain," she replied for the information of the audience. To me privately—"Don't be a goose and spoil the play."

I watched her as she performed the duties which the playwright had prescribed as necessary to my restoration to active service in my country's cause, my heart sinking as I realized that it was all for the entertainment of the soulless public. When her blue eyes were turned upon my face in tender solicitude, I fell into deep depression, reflecting that it was only in accordance with explicit stage directions. It was not long before the state of my mind began to prey upon me to an alarming extent.

"By me halldom!" exclaimed the hero—not that the hero knew what his halldom was any more than I did. He had been reading historic novels of the middle period with a view to discovering a character worthy of his histrionic ability—"me worthy squire, thou art becoming a lean and hungry Cassius! Gadsooks! I could circle the tower with thee by the strength of my good right arm!"

After a time Lois told me her sorrowful little story.

"If people had not fancied that I was pretty it might not have happened," she said despairingly. "Why did they ever think so?"

"I suppose, because they are not blind."

"Don't be stupid in real life. It's bad enough on the stage. I didn't mind it as long as it was only papa and the aunts and uncles who thought so. Your own people have a right to think anything they want about you. But when Mr. Bracebrook took to thinking so, it was more than I could stand."

"Who is Mr. Bracebrook?"

"Oh, he is a—a man—a rich man."

"If I were a girl I would rather a rich man would think me pretty than a poor one," I said with a sinking of the heart as I reflected how insignificant would be the value of my opinion of any girl's beauty.

"You never were a girl. You don't know anything about it. Mr. Bracebrook is sixty-seven years old."

"There is no law either in nature or courts of state that requires a man to lose his sight at sixty-seven."

"No, but I am—seventeen."

"Adorable age!"

"And he wanted to marry me and—that is all, except that papa wanted him to and that was the worst of all."

"Oh, so you ran away and came here?"

"Papa and your manager are old friends. Once when we were rehearsing for a charity play the manager came and watched us and gave us pointers. He told me that if ever I should want to go on the stage in real earnest I must come to him. I thought then that I never should, but I reckoned without Mr. Bracebrook."

However well adapted I might have become to my minor part the play was bound to come to an end with the public. Plays are like human lives; they are born, they live their little term, they die, and new ones take their places.

I grew bold in the presence of her despair.  
"There is one way out."  
"One way is enough."  
"If you are willing to take it."  
"Anything would be better than going back."  
"You would have to marry me."  
"Oh!"

A look of horrified surprise swept over her countenance and then she laughed.

"I should not want you to sacrifice yourself."

"Please don't hesitate on that account. I have always longed for a martyrdom to which I might be resigned in a saintly manner."

"Then we both laughed, I from sheer happiness, for I knew that she had seen all these weeks how things stood with me, and did not approve—at least, as compared with Mr. Bracebrook—and she—well, I don't know why she laughed unless it might have been with the hope of escape."

"We'll have to run away between my carrying you off and your restoration to your sorrowing friends at the end of the play."

That evening when I captured her we went out into the street. There was a little church off at the far end of the town, the pastor of which was a friend of mine. He often exhorted me to forsake the evil of my way. He had promised to marry us at the altar of his church at ten o'clock.

I called a cab and in a moment we were rattling along the street. We had proceeded about half the distance when I observed a hansom following us around the corner.

As we stopped at the church door and I assisted Lois to alight the other cab drove up and an old gentleman stepped out. I needed no word to tell me who he was. He came hurriedly toward us, his gaze fixed earnestly upon Lois. She turned her face toward him, the light from the street lamp falling full upon it and her coils of shining black hair. He drew back and bowed apologetically.

"I beg your pardon. In me you see a broken-hearted father who seeks his daughter. Something I heard at the theater made me think that this might be she. I am wrong. She is fair and has golden curls."

"You need not apologize," I said.

"Much as I love the oriental coloring wherein this lady walks in beauty like the night, I could almost wish that she rivaled the lily in fairness and was crowned with a wreath of tresses like the golden flood of Pactolus. Not only that you might be pleased with a daughter, but that she might have the comfort of a father's presence at this time."

"If there is anything I can do for an orphan maid it will be a comfort to my own heart to be permitted to do it."

"You are very kind, sir. We have come to this church to be married. If you, a kind-hearted stranger, with a daughter whom you love, would give her away in marriage, it would be a pleasant thing for her and I should feel less like a robber."

"I do not know you, but I suppose she does, and if she is satisfied why should I refuse?"

"I am Oswald Svensen of the Gloria theater, a player of many parts on the stage, and only one, that of honest man, off the boards. The lady is Miss Elsie Marchmont of the same company."

That really was her stage name, so it was true enough.

I trembled lest he should interrupt the ceremony at the name of the bride, but he only started slightly and then seemed to reflect that he had not heard aright. The preacher was wretchedly hoarse.

On the church steps the old gentleman turned to us and said:

"I wish you young people all the happiness that I could wish of my own daughter in like circumstances. I must go elsewhere to find her."

The look of sadness in his face struck to the heart of Lois.

"Do not seek her farther," she said, pulling the wig off her head and letting the waves of gold fall around her.

"I cannot wash off the paint until I finish the play, but then you will see the same little white face that has worried you all my life."

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Presence of Mind.  
"Yes, sir," said the old-time manager. "It was a terrible moment. The theater was on fire and over a thousand people sitting there in front. I was afraid of a panic, but suddenly the inspiration came. I sent Miss Scrawney out upon the stage to recite 'Carlew Shall Not Ring Tonight.'"

"Yes," said the excited listener. "The house was empty in just three minutes by the watch!" said the manager.—Harper's Weekly.

About a Woman.  
Mr. Gudeman—Little boys shouldn't fight. Won't you let me help you out?

Maggie—Sure! As it is going to be for blood, you might stand over her and catch de lady in case she swoons!—Puck.

Discipline.  
He—Do you think the family will consent?  
The Politician's Daughter—Well, they aren't instructed as yet, but they are bound by the unit rule, and you've got me on your side, and what she says goes!—Puck.

Troubles of the Fair.  
"That woman looks prosperous and yet her face is drawn as though she had felt the pinch of poverty."  
"It is the pinch of tight shoes that she feels, if I am not mistaken," suggested the friend.



Rexall Means "King of All"

## Strengthen Your System to Resist Cold Weather Diseases

Put yourself in shape, now, to successfully combat and keep from having colds, grippe, bronchitis, pneumonia, catarrh, typhoid fever, rheumatism, etc. Get well and strong. See to it that your blood and nerves—your entire system—are in perfect condition.

# Rexall

## Olive Oil Emulsion (WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

Is designed to prevent as well as to relieve disease, whether caused by cold weather, overwork or worry. Vaccination prevents smallpox; inoculation with antitoxin prevents diphtheria. Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion strengthens the body to resist the growth of disease germs in the blood, and thus fortifies the system and puts it into a proper healthy condition to resist disease.

Every person not in perfect health has incipient germs of some distressing ailment in his or her system.

You who are weak and run-down, from whatever cause—

You who are apparently well now, but whom past experience has taught are liable to catch cold easily and suffer from the various other effects of cold weather—

Take home a bottle of Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion today and use it as a means to get well and keep well.

### It is an Ideal Nerve Food Tonic

The Hypophosphites it contains are recommended by leading physicians everywhere as extremely valuable in all cases of debility and weakness. The pure Olive Oil is one of the most nutritious and most easily-digested foods known to science. It helps to rebuild wasting tissues and restore health and strength in convalescence and in all conditions of feebleness, debility, wasting, emaciation, malnutrition, and particularly in throat and lung affections. It is equally suitable for the child, the adult and the aged. It contains no alcohol or dangerous or habit-forming drugs.

It is very pleasant to take. Enough for full two weeks' treatment, \$1.00. Sold only at The Rexall Stores—the World's Greatest Drug Stores—and always with a full guarantee of satisfaction, or your money back.

Sold in this community only at

The Rexall Store

H. E. Grice Drug Co. Red Cloud, Nebraska

### Advertising Holiday Goods.

Merchants who feel the strain of the Christmas holiday rush, and the frequent lack of profit in a big trade concentrated into a few days should consider the advantage of beginning early to advertise holiday goods.

Trade follows the advertising. Where merchants don't tell the people about their holiday stock until December is well under way, the public does not realize that holiday goods are in and make no special effort to hunt for gifts.

All the stores are today carrying goods suited in every way for holiday trade. An early trade can be created by the simple expedient of telling the public what they can do at this stage of the season.

To the outsider at least, it would seem as if the merchants would like this trade distributed over as many weeks as possible. In that way they can avoid hiring extra help, and the public will be better satisfied if it avoids hasty buying. Regular advertising promotes and establishes this regular current of business.

Paste This In Your Hat!  
All 1913 Taxes Due November 1, 1913.

Personal taxes delinquent December 1st, 1913.  
Distress Warrants Feb. 1, 1914.  
Real Estate Taxes Delinquent May 1, 1914.  
W. R. KOONTZ, County Treasurer

E. A. Creighton, M. D.  
EYE, NOSE AND THROAT  
CONSULTATION FREE

DOYLE BROS.  
Live Stock and General Auctioneers  
BOTH PHONES  
Red Cloud 17 on 8  
Lebanon 8 on 187

CAMP THE CHIROPRACTOR  
Red Cloud, - Nebraska  
Second House North of I. O. O. F. Hall  
Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free  
Lady Attendant from 10 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m.  
Phone Ind. 212

## ARTISTIC MONUMENTS

Exclusive Designs in Monuments is Our Specialty

We constantly have on hand a large supply of the very best of Marble and Granite.

CONSULT US

Excellent Material and Workmanship Guaranteed

OVERING BROS. & CO.

Red Cloud, Nebraska