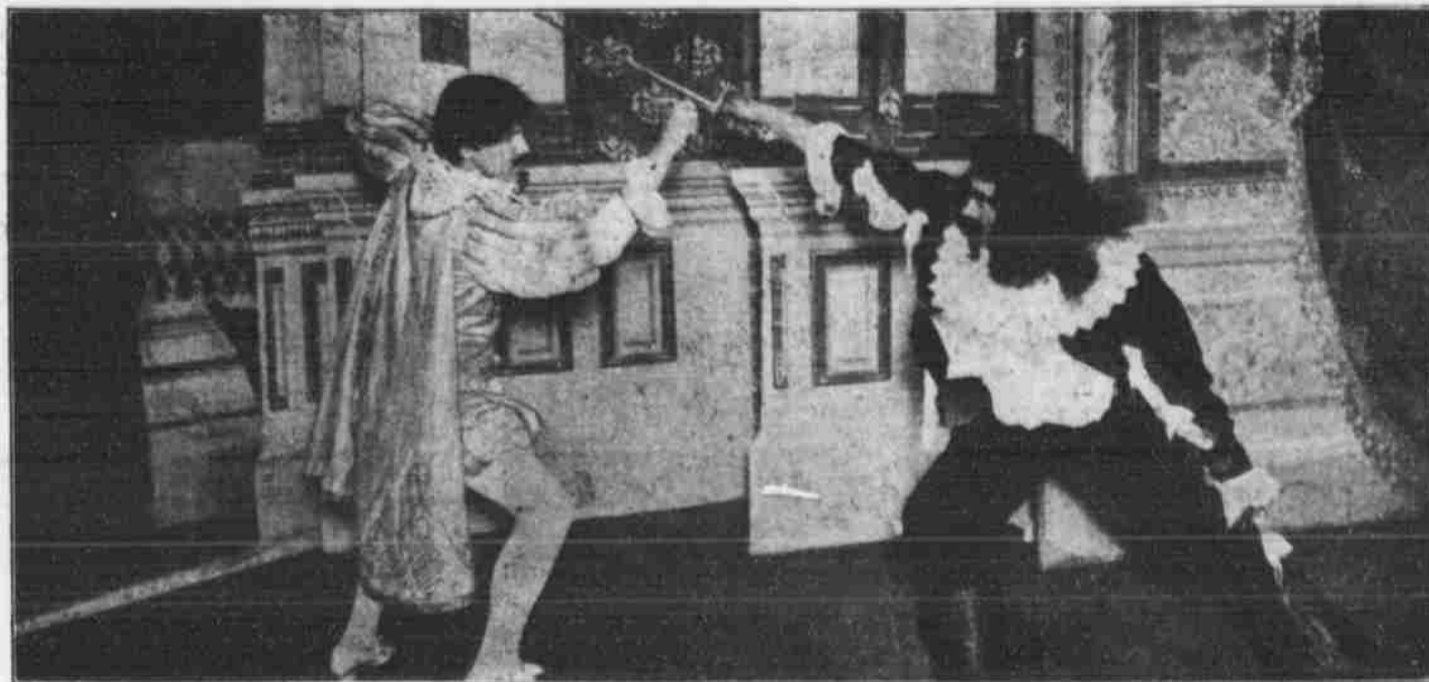


Amateur Theatricals in Omaha

Dress Rehearsal for "The Critic"
Photographs by a Staff Artist



MISS CROUSE AS TILBURNIA IN "THE CRITIC."



DUEL SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT.



ENSEMBLE OF THE COMPANY IN COSTUME.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

THE OLDEST lawmaker in the world is beyond doubt David Wark of Fredericton, N. B., who is in his 100th year. He will leave for Ottawa next month to take his seat in the senate of Canada, where he has served continuously since 1867. Mr. Wark was 21 years old when he left Ireland for New Brunswick. He has been a lawmaker for sixty-three years, first for his province and then for the federated dominion.

When Theodore Roosevelt lived in the west he was a cattleman and he imbibed a good deal of the cattleman's dislike for sheepmen and sheep. This idea is set forth in one of his books, the author declaring a sheep herder to be of very little account, the sheep being set down as stupid. A Montana man was urging a certain federal appointment in his state, but the president was strongly inclined toward another candidate. "But the person to whom you refer is a sheepman," said the westerner. "Oh, come," replied the chief magistrate seriously, "it is not quite fair to appeal to my prejudices in that way."

John B. Stetson, a wealthy manufacturer of Philadelphia, has cut from his will all provisions for the university at Deland, Fla., which bears his name. This step followed the action of the board of trustees in exonerating the president of the institution, Dr. John F. Forbes, whose conduct had been under investigation. "I certainly shall not aid the university longer under its present management," Mr. Stetson is quoted as saying. "I changed my will hurriedly as soon as the action of the trustees was taken for fear that I might die before the clauses providing for the John B. Stetson university were cut out."

Sir William Van Horne, chairman of the Canadian Pacific, and president of the Cuba company, began his business career selling oranges on the Illinois Central. After that he sold books on the Alton. Yet he is one of the most accomplished of the big men of this continent. He is a connoisseur on art and all things that pertain to it. He is himself a painter of rare ability, and he has fitted up in his house at Montreal a studio where he may be found at work on

colors when he is not too busy in "the world of affairs." He has also the most complete collection of orchids in the country. Six months ago he heard, through his South American agent, of a new variety that grew in the forests of the La Plata. He has at present two botanists after that orchid. When he gets it he will be happy for a month.

Senator Platt of Connecticut happened into a house committee-room and found Congressman Metcalfe of California reading. "A novel?" queried the yankee gravely. "Yes." "Say, Metcalfe, do you like detective stories—the ones with villains in 'em?" The Californian showed him the title page of the book he had been perusing. It was a regular "Old Sleuth" affair. "So do I," said Platt, and then the two statesmen began to discuss this particular brand of literature.

Pierpont Morgan was besieged by a group of newspaper men in Washington one day last week. They wanted to get his opinions on some of the problems confronting Wall street. "Gentlemen," said the multimillionaire, "your business is to get news and print it; mine is to do things if I can. Now, suppose I gave you the news in advance regarding things I may try to do. You would be the winners and I the loser, and you would think me a dunce for letting you win. Good day, gentlemen."

In revising his southern outrage speech for the Congressional Record Senator Spooner made the type emphasize it as he had emphasized it in delivery. Italics show where he spoke forte and glaring capitals indicate the fortissimo passages. Senator Tillman was commenting upon the fact that the newspapers paid so little attention to his recent speech denouncing Attorney General Knox for not prosecuting the trusts under existing laws. His son suggested: "Next time you have anything to get into the newspapers wait for a running debate with Spooner. Then they will have to print what you say."

M. de Blowitz's vanity was so colossal it ceased to be vanity, says a Paris letter. He had a childlike faith in his own powers,

which approached the miraculous. If it could not remove mountains it essayed to do so. The day after Bismarck's death I happened to be lunching with M. de Blowitz at Bignon's restaurant in Paris (now abolished). While waiting for luncheon to be served in the private room he had ordered we stepped out on to the balcony to chat for a few moments in the fresh air. As he looked upon the gay throng in the street below the great correspondent spoke of the death of the man of blood and iron in the following terms: "Yesterday," he said, "Europe had two men—now Bismarck is gone." I looked at him to see if his remark was rallery. Nothing of the kind. He referred to himself.

Douglas Jerrold once complained of the inferior company that was performing one of his plays at the Haymarket theater, relates the Bookman. "Why, there's V—," said the manager, protesting, "he was bred on these boards." "He looks as if he had been cut out of them," growled the playwright. Jerrold was always very nervous on a "first night." Another dramatist, popularly supposed to "lift" his plots and situations from the French, assured him that he did not know the meaning of nervousness on such an occasion. "I can quite understand that," the wit said pleasantly; "your pieces have always been tried before." "Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance who was abroad; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Certainly," said Jerrold, "unremitting kindness."

According to George Francis Train's autobiography, when he was 21 he started on a journey west. At Syracuse he was struck by the appearance of "a lovely girl" bidding goodby to a half-dozen students. He turned to his traveling companion and said: "Look at that girl with the curls." "Do you know her?" asked his companion. Train replied: "I never saw her before; but she shall be my wife." He continues: "I snatched up my satchel, rushed over to the train and the car which the girl had entered and dropped into a vacant seat opposite her. An elderly gen-

tleman was her companion. My chance came sooner than I expected. The elderly gentleman tried to raise the sash of the window and could not move it; it had, as usual, stuck fast. I sprang lightly and very quickly across the aisle and said: "Permit me to assist you," and, adding my youthful strength to his, raised the window. Both he and the young lady thanked me. The old gentleman went further and asked me to take the seat directly opposite him and the young lady on the same side of the car. I did so, and we entered into conversation immediately." Train continued the acquaintanceship and married the girl.

A scary story got around Washington a day or two ago that Senator Quay had nearly poisoned himself by taking some strychnine tablets, mistaking them for something else. For a brief time there was a wild rush of newspaper men and others in search of the Pennsylvanian, who was finally found, looking about as usual. When he learned what the uproar was about he said to the newspaper men: "For once you boys are far behind the news. Why, I swallowed those tablets in February of last year. You're just a bit late, but I'm much obliged for your solicitude just the same."

That Abram S. Hewitt retained to the very last the keen sense of humor which so often delighted his friends and no doubt served at times to lighten burdens which came to him in his long and useful life, was manifest to those who stood at his bedside until the end came, reports the New York Times. Those nearest and dearest to Mr. Hewitt were assembled about his bed, a sorrowful company, bowed with the knowledge of an impending loss that could not be averted. The doctors were endeavoring to prolong the vital spark by the use of oxygen, but Mr. Hewitt suddenly reached out his hand, grasped the little tube firmly, and removed it from his mouth.

"And now," he whispered, "I am officially dead."

A smile flitted across his face, his eyes seemed to light up for one brief moment, and the end had come.