

Miss Cheatham and Children

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—"It seems to me before me the smiling faces of thousands of children, some young and fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And I seem to hear a voice saying, 'You have made some of us happy.'"

This is what Joel Chandler Harris says in his preface to the new edition of "Uncle Remus," and this is what Miss Kitty Cheatham repeats in the introductory remarks of an interview, in which she speaks of spirit children and real children, of her hopes and ambition in regard to them, as

Cheatham learned her repertoire, which includes all the songs of the cotton fields, the baptisms, the marriage and funerals, the merry-makings and the songs of little girls' grief.

She made her first appearance at the house of the Duchess of Somerset with artists like Nordica, Kubelik and Bispham, and has since then entertained the various royalties of Europe as well as many of the distinguished artists. She spent one afternoon with a party of grown up girls, among them the young Queen of Spain, then Princess Riza, and her cousin Beatrice of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, and she describes them as among the most easily pleased and most



MISS KITTY CHEATHAM, ENTERTAINER OF THE CHILDREN.

shown in her delineation of the children's enthusiastic of her auditors, as well as the simplest in dress and manner.

Interperated with her dark songs are the little chansons which once were heard at the court of Louis XIV., and she has arranged a cycle of 1200 chansons to supplement these. But it is in the children's songs that she has made her greatest success.

Her face has the oval of early youth, and her eyes a candid gaze which makes you stop and wonder hurriedly if you have told the truth all day. She exactly mimics the voice and manner of the little children, and whether she is telling of the horrors of the dark and its complement of 1-2 headed goblins, or whether she is merely picturing fairyland and little fairy folk, she alike holds the attention of her audience.

But she determined to sing the real ones, not those doctored to suit the taste for highly flavored ooon ditties. These songs



Across the Frozen Mississippi

bound for Gund's Brewery, come every winter great farm sleds loaded down with the choicest malting barley in the world. La Crosse, being situated in the center of the barley-growing belt, we naturally have had for more than half a century the first selection of every harvest. To make good beer the brewer must have good barley—the better the barley the better the beer. *The barley we have—the hops we import*, consequently by means of the famous "Gund Natural Process" of brewing

Gund's Peerless Beer

is the sparkling liquid essence of the finest malting barley grown in the *new world* and the finest hops grown in the *old world*. This famous beer, when in competition with the best brews of *Europe*, won the **Diploma of Highest Excellence, Paris Exposition, 1900**—and when in competition with the best brews of *America*, won the **Gold Medal at St. Louis, 1904**.

Peerless Beer is the Brewery's own Bottling direct from vat through closed pipe line into Bottle which insures the product reaching you in its pristine purity. Telephone us today. A case will be delivered to your home promptly

JOHN GUND BREWING CO., - - - La Crosse, Wis.

W. C. HEYDEN, Manager, 1320-22-24 Leavenworth Street, Omaha, Neb., Telephone Douglas 2344.
BARNHART & KLEIN, Wholesale Distributer, 162 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.



MISS CHEATHAM SINGING A FRENCH CHAUSON. From a photograph copyrighted by Alme Dupont.

had once been the delight of her growing years. Once she said to her mammy, "Why is it you always sing such mournful songs, mammy?" and mammy replied: "The spirit of God knocked your mammy down forty years ago and I ain't never sung none of them jump-up songs since."

However, mammy agreed to bring some of the lecture singers—those who had not yet been knocked down by the spirit—and it was from these sinners that Miss



KITTY CHEATHAM AND HER AUDIENCE.

author of which neither one of us could find:

I met a little elf-man once,
Down where the lilacs blow,
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned and with his eyes
He looked me through and through,
"I'm just as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

"It is a curious fact that the people who have written most charmingly about children have themselves been childless. Take the work of Lewis Carroll. There is none to dispute its place in literature—Lewis Carroll, the childless, who had all children in his family."

"I love that story about him and the little girl whom he had asked to go and look at some pictures with him. They had never seen each other, and the request was made through a mutual friend. She stood waiting patiently for him, and seeing lots of people, men and women, pass. Finally he came and without a second's hesitation she went up to him.

"He asked her how she knew him, and she said: 'I knew just as soon as I saw you that no one else could have written those lovely things you wrote.' Wasn't that a tribute to the child soul looking out of the grown up eyes?"

"Take Robert Louis Stevenson. He was childless, too, but when you see the children sitting on the edges of their chairs and swinging their little bodies to his 'Marching Song,' you'd think he had had a whole nursery of them to keep him busy. Bring the comb and play upon it.
Marching here we come,
Willie cooks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands 'the party,
Peter leads the rear,
Fieet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a grenadier.

All in the most martial manner,
Marching double quick,
While the harpkin, like a banner,
Waves upon the stick.

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great Commander Jane,
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

"I think that one line, Peter leads the rear, shows the whole kindly, humorous, sensitive spirit of Stevenson. He couldn't bear to think of Peter in such an unenviable position with all the rest of them so superior, so he made him do something never heard of before, but which sounds perfectly delightful. Leading the rear!"

"A strange thing about the Stevenson's child songs is that they do not take in the recitals. They are not quite simple enough. As soon as you begin to make a child think too hard he loses interest.

"They read all right in the nursery, where the question can be asked and answered, but for the professional recital you must, generally speaking, have the obvious, and that is one of the difficulties

asked as to the cause of grief he said: 'No one cares for my alligator but Cosima, Jess and me.'

"In an informal dinner given the other night to Lord Charles Bessford a lot of children stories were told and he repeated one of a little boy whose mother was expecting a house party, among them a man of some distinction. She told him that he must not pay any attention when he heard the servants say 'My Lord,' but treat him just the same as he did the other gentlemen; that he was just a nice, simple man, and hated to have a fuss made over him. The little boy wasn't even to stare at him.

"He promised, and did very well until one day at luncheon he saw the titled guest trying to reach a little dish of pickles and grasped at 'Mamma, God wants a pickle.'

"At the same time that the childish mind thinks of the deity as being very near, it realizes in a subtle way the mysterious afterlife and the guardianship there. They look into the starlit realms of the firmament at night and understand them better than the older ones, who are trying to explain them.

"Archibald Sullivan has written a beautiful poem on this subject and the children all seem to love it. I wonder after I am dead what they will think of me; If they'll remember just how good or bad I used to be; I'd hate to think that mother wept beside my silent grave. Fearing that up among the stars I never could behave, You see, she can't look after me, I'd be so far away. So I'll ask God to send a note to mother every day. He'll send it right at dinner time. Just as the clock is striking seven; And God will write: 'Your little girl's the best we have in heaven.'

"I believe," says Miss Cheatham in conclusion, "that the delight in these recitals shown by the grown ups as well as the little folks is a good sign. We have enough of the Ibsen atmosphere in real life; for instance, the Thaw trial. "We must have it. Where else is there to go except into the 'Nowhere, out of Here?' We have traversed the Here to its limits. We can't go back. There is only the one unexpected country left—the Land of Childhood."



MISS CHEATHAM RECITING "THE BOGIE MAN."

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses and beautifies the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement or over a quarter of a century. Convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY S. H. Lyon, D.D.S.

"It is hard work and a mess of detail, she says. 'I am studying all the time, even when I am traveling.

"I arrive at my hotel with my bag full with torn shreds of paper on which I have jotted down impressions, thoughts, anecdotes I have heard, little facts I notice about children on the way. It is not until you reach a point where people think you do things offhand that you can rest a bit.

"I owe a great deal of this sense of the importance of detail to the Daily training, a hard school, as others have averred, but a good one. When I first came to Mr. Daly I was armed with many letters of introduction from friends who described me as being second only to Mary Anderson, and I think they imagined that they showed fine tact in placing her first. Mr. Daly looked at me rather gruffly and said:

"Miss Cheatham, have you ever taken any lessons in elocution?"

"That was the weak point in my armor and I stammered 'No.'

"His face brightened. 'I engage you,' he said right off.

"When I speak of detail I refer to the psychological detail. I make no appeal by childish dressing, but I am always studying the mental processes. I may spend hours on the question of the child's thoughts when it views the destruction of a beloved doll or the sentiment of a mother dressed up and going to a party as the child's eyes close in sleep.

"Was there ever a child that did not love the lame, worn doll the best?"

"Little sister, who is lame and has really never grown up, is a great assistance to me. Her life, necessarily withdrawn to a great extent from the active, has made her singularly sensitive to impressions. She loves children and has a combination of their spiritual insight as well as the grown-up appreciation.

"Whenever she writes she sends me a little anecdote or some verses she has come across. She suggested this cunning little one:

Little sheep within the meadow,
I have watched you every day,
Running up and down the hillside,
Like a baby school at play.

Mother says the little blankets,
Under which I love to sleep,
Are a present to a good girl,
From a lot of little sheep.

But she says you are not really with blue, But there's stripes upon the blankets, So they must have grown on you.

"Isn't that delightful? I think there never was a child who didn't love those little pink and blue lines on the soft woolen blanket and wonder about them to himself.

"She also sent me another favorite that was published in St. Nicholas and the

"Then the accompaniment strikes some awful notes, blood curdling, and you see the little shoulders straighten and the chests go back, while I go on and speak of the mother tucking the little boy away for the night and taking the friendly candle.

" * * * 'It isn't that I really care, but then, you see, he might-be-there'—Chords! Chords!! Chords!!!

"It is too funny—the intense silence, the gasp of relief and then the reassuring smile at each other, with a little paltry undercurrent. Another charming one of Burton's is:

If polar bears were on the stairs,
If tigers came to tea,
If ferocious bats and silver sprats
Came in to call on me,
And giant snakes ate all the cakes,
How happy I should be,
If leopards gay arrived to stay,
And brought the kangaroo,
If parrots red within my bed
Should put the cockatoo,
I'd laugh with glee, because, you see,
I just adore the zoo.

"There are two keys to the child nature that one can always get a response from, one is that accentuated in the just recited poem, the love of the animals and the acceptance of the grotesque happenings in their daily life as not being at all wonderful, and the other is the deeply religious sentiment that causes the child to realize the unseen Presence as an intimate part of the family life.

"In the child's thoughts the real world and the unreal meet, there is no obvious line of demarcation as with us and when they meet and play with a bear somewhere off in that mysterious realm they are apt to mention it casually as having actually taken place. In the same way they speak of the Deity as a near relative. I heard two stories recently illustrating this:

"One was a remark made by a little boy friend of mine who was standing at the window looking out into the park. Finally he called his mother, being much perturbed at the 'little girl who was sitting out there all alone with the Lord.'

"Another little friend of mine had a pet alligator about as long as your hand. The alligator was always getting lost and when the family got real peeved about it, when it was lifted out of the bathtub or from between the sheets or discovered in some unexpected nook.

"Cosima, the nurse, was the only one who manifested any real interest in its ultimate destiny. One day Little Friend was discovered crying in a corner. When

Baby Mine Every mother feels a great dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger incident to the ordeal makes its anticipation one of misery. **Mother's Friend** is the only remedy which relieves women of the great pain and danger of maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is avoided by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are overcome, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour are obviated by the use of **Mother's Friend**. "It is worth its weight in gold." **Mother's Friend** says many who have used it. \$1.00 per bottle at drug stores. Book containing valuable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address free upon application to **BRADFELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.**