



MRS FISKE PHOTO BY DANA

JESSIE MACKAY PHOTO BY DANA



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JULIA ARTHUR

HOW A WELSH RAREBIT

HE Welsh rarebit did it, of course. I am willing to swear that it was the Welsh rarebit, aided and abetted by Bass. Don't try to reason with me about it. I know it was the Welsh rarebit. I took it in self-defense; yes, sir, in self-defense, for I had been listening all evening to a collection of long-haired critics, disapproving on the good old times, when there were actresses. There were none now, said they. Bernhardt was a fraud, Terry a fad, Rehan a mere fashion. Ah, for the good old days! How these toutsed gentlemen held forth! I stood it as long as I could, until my youth rebelled, and scorn marked itself upon my chiselled features. It was then that the Welsh rarebit lured me on, yellowly, and I fell.

The Welsh rarebit certainly did it. You can say what you like, but I insist upon ascribing it all to the Welsh rarebit. How, otherwise, could I have found myself on Broadway, amidst my recollection of how I

BROUGHT A LOT OF VERY

was Tragedy personified. However, I have all my notices in a scrapbook. So have Woffington and Abington. You are probably astonished to see us here. The fact is we have come back, and we want engagements. We are strangers here, but we love dear America and the dear Americans.

"We do, indeed," pleaded Peg Woffington and Mrs. Abington.

"Now," said Sarah Siddons, impudently, "tell me to whom to apply. What manager is there in the city who reverses the name of Siddons? Prithree tell me, and I will see him."

"I have seen your pictures on Mr. Daly's programmes," I answered gladly. "If I were you I should call upon him. He is a great man, and he has a playhouse in London."

Sarah and Augustin.

"Thank you," said Sarah. And to Daly's she trotted. Thanks to the Welsh rarebit, I went with her. She needed an introduction, and as I don't know Mr. Daly I imagined that I could give her one. He was seated in his study, hard at work upon one of Mr. Winter's criticisms of Ada Rehan, and there—right opposite Wallack's Theatre—I saw—yes, I really saw—Mrs. Sarah Siddons, Mrs. Margaret Woffington (sometimes called Peg) and Mrs. Abington, in a leisurely arm-in-arm promenade.

Three prominent "Once Weres." They looked so exquisitely misty, and so daintily misdeed, in their antique garbs, that I stopped and gave them the time of day. To my amazement they curtsied elegantly, and Mrs. Siddons seized me by the buttonhole and asked me who I was.

"Oh," I answered diffidently, "I write things about actors and actresses. You know what that means."

"Like Hazlitt," she cried in delight. Then she turned to her comrades and said: "Girls, we are in luck." (I was surprised at the modernity of the expression.) "Ah, sir, Hazlitt was good to me. He said that Power was seated on my brow; that Passion radiated from my breast, and that I

STRANGE AD-

dition was all right in her day, but I'm not fond of back numbers. No, madame, you needn't show me your notices. What? You have a few comments made by Leigh Hunt? I don't know Leigh Hunt. If he was the man who interviewed me last week, I consider him a duffer. I am astonished at you, Alan Dale, chaperoning actresses around. I shall give you away—I really shall. Take my advice, and drop all these fossils. I wouldn't exchange Maude Adams for fifty Woffingtons. However, you can take her to Humphreys, if you like. He may be able to place her in the No. 283 'Too Much Johnson' company. I'll do that for your sake, not for hers. Woffington, indeed! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The Only Richard Is Annoyed. And the tireless Welsh rarebit, still simpering in his Bass, urged me on. I decided to take Mrs. Abington, who created the role of Lady Teazle, to see Mansfield. Imagine me deliberately putting my head in the lion's mouth! But, as I said before, the Welsh rarebit did it. Unfortunately, Mr. Mansfield was rehearsing his company, and I heard cries of "Louise!" "Dolts!" "Fidolts!" "Nincompoops!" as I entered. Mr. Zanagwill had preceded me, and he had told Mansfield that he preferred Coquelin's idea of Cyrano de Bergerac. So the actor-manager was beside himself with rage.

"I brought Mrs. Abington to see you, Mr. Mansfield," I chirruped, "because you are the best read and most artistic person on the stage. I know that, because you yourself have admitted it. Sue was the first Lady Teazle, and Diddid himself has gushed over her."

The actor turned a somersault in his mind, and called all his company around him, so that he could wither Mrs. Abington in the centre of the stage.

"So," he said, folding his arms, and nodding his head like an incensed mandarin, "you think you can teach us how to act—y'ou fess! You come here anxious to get into my company, under the pretence that you are better than we are. Hussy! Why, I could give you points in your own line of work. The old school is a putrid school. In my heart of hearts I loathe you and your old, celebrities. If I pretend to do otherwise, it is merely because the pose is useful. Why, I wouldn't let you hold up Miss Anglin's train. My audience's the best people in New York—would laugh at you if you had nothing else to do but dust the furniture. Charles Diddid praised you, did he? Much I care for Charles Diddid! If you have ever read any of my letters, and my splendid imitation of "Alice in Wonderland," you'll realize that I can out-write any critic. I'm a modern actor, if you please. Return to your shelf, Mrs. Abington, or stay here, if you like, and watch me while I act. It is a liberal education."

The Welsh Rarebit to Blame. Poor ladies! I walked back with them, terribly oppressed. They tried the Casino, but Mr. Lederer, while admitting that he had heard of them, doubted whether they had legs. Even Sam T. Jack threw up his hands in horror. The only opportunity they captured was to appear in glass cases at Huber's Museum on Fourteenth street, labeled "Curios." And yet—and yet—they had been discussed in my own hearing as the only actresses worth their salt, and the long-haired ones had cried, "If they could only play to-day!" Poor Mrs. Siddons! Poor Peg Woffington! Poor Mrs. Abington! But it was the Welsh rarebit that did



DELLA FOX PHOTO BY PACH

VENTURES TO ALAN DALE.

It, I said so at the beginning. I repeat it now, at the end. ALAN DALE.

SHE WHO READS MAY RUN.

HIGH doctors who have made their fortunes and keep their carriages, and who have not too long to live anyhow, so that they need not look for the cardinal points of the compass before speaking the truth, say American women are growing too fat. They are in danger of becoming corpulent themselves, and of turning America into a corpulent and fattened race. The ancients held corpulence in deep contempt. The moderns need to flee the danger.

A short way presents itself to reduce the quivering proportions of overweighted ladies, to walk six or eight miles a day at the rate of four miles an hour, or still better, to run at a seven-mile speed for half the time. The masters of athletics declare that running is the only exercise to produce the highest models of humanity, man or woman. Long-distance running trained the figures from which the statues of Greek perfection were copied, statues which, we are pleased to think and say, could find no living type, but which really were memorials of thousands of victors in classic games. Princes and slaves ran in those days, and princesses run in these. Stories are told of moonlit frolics in court gardens at Madrid, of all the courts in the world; when royal supper parties broke up in mad by two or three falling into a fountain, and being fished out by companions half dead with sport and laughter. English and German homes of high degree have games of hare and bounds in secluded parks, where sisters and brothers well matched in fleetness race each other over hill and down dale.

run finely in girlhood are sure, with common good habits, to preserve slim waists and supple figures through life, with clear eyes, fresh voices and I complexion besides. A stout woman who takes to running by careful degrees, never straining heart or lungs by the exercise, can train down her figure in less time than by any other method. Banting, steam bathing or massage. She will also leave her flushed face, eyes green with indignation, cheery complexion and other drawbacks by the way.

The prospect is pleasing, for what will not women suffer to be beautiful? When it is known that a month's course of running in open air will do more to develop grace of motion and style than a year of Desarte and the decomposing exercises, most women will be anxious to show that they can run. The only question is, Where within city or village limits can men or women find a running track private enough to try the amusement?

The quiet side streets are used for bicycling lessons nights and afternoons, and it is just possible that the pacemaker without a wheel may be found a less nuisance than the awkward novice on a wheel and the instructors who take the room of four sprinters. Fifth avenue by night is not so crowded but that a dozen runners could dash from Twenty-third street to the Marble Arch two or three hours before the theatres are out and crowds walking. We need some common exercise worth the name which does not require a machine and expensive training and keeping up.

A good girl, who is troubled by his pneumatic tire being punctured, his lamp going out or chain gear getting out of order, and he never has a heavy wheel to "tote" home, or to wash and oil after he gets there, tired out. Instead, he has a very healthy, happy heart and supple limbs, which assure a clear head and firm nerves. For one gets more exercise and fresh air pumped into him in half an hour's running than by two hours of walking or wheeling. This is easily proved by experiment, and those who once become runners are forever enthusiastic over the sport. SHIRLEY DARE.

PLATT IS FACING A BITTER FIGHT.

Stearns, of Chautauqua, is Beaten by Kellogg, of St. Lawrence. QUARRELLING FOR A JOB. The Bone of Contention a Big Salaried, Easy Place as Judge of Court of Claims.

Lester F. Stearns is one of the best workers for the Republican machine in Chautauqua County. For many years he contributed his time and money, and was looked upon as a self-sacrificing patriot of the loftiest order. The heavy duty of Stearns was that he did not want anything unless it was big. Little political jobs with a heap of work and small pay had no place in his heart.

"Sometimes," thought Stearns, "I'll pick out a place and I'll get it or I'll know why."

Worked Hard for Roosevelt. Just before the last campaign Stearns picked out a judgeship of the Court of Claims. There will shortly be a vacancy, and Stearns, certain of being appointed to fill it, worked like a beaver to elect Roosevelt. He was lavish of his time and cash, because before him was the desired job with its term of six years, its salary of \$5,000 a year and an additional allowance of \$500 for expenses.

After the campaign Mr. Stearns let it be known that he was a candidate for the job. S. F. Nixon, who is to be Speaker of the next Assembly, bolstered up his claim and journeyed to Albany and to this city to see about it.

A Fierce Session. What he learned resulted in a telegram to Stearns, who rushed to Albany and there encountered Nixon and Senator George R. Malby. "The gentlemen met in 'The Club' and locked themselves in the parlor. For three hours thereafter Stearns's voice could be heard rolling out oaths, threats and maledictions. Occasionally Nixon would murmur sympathetically and Malby would murmur an explanation. But Stearns did not want sympathy or explanations. He wanted the job.

The next day the full story came out. Up in St. Lawrence County is a Republican politician named C. A. Kellogg. He was formerly District Attorney. For several years he had been off the public pay roll, and his friends joined hands to get him nominated for Attorney-General. Senator Platt would not permit it, and so Kellogg, Malby and the rest of the St. Lawrence delegation returned home bent on vengeance.

"Get me the job as Judge of the Court

TOWER MAY BE MADE AMBASSADOR.

Effort Being Made to Raise Austrian Post from Rank of Minister. Special Cable to the Journal, (Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.) Vienna, Dec. 17.—Mr. Tower, the American Minister, is negotiating with Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, for the elevation of the Legation here and at Washington to embassies.

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