

FICKLE FATE PLAYS TRICK ON RICHMOND

Great Crowd Disappointed Saturday Night by Late Train Preventing La Follette Speaking Here.

(Continued from Page One.)

tee, realizing his extreme weakened physical condition, advised his retiring and continuing on the same train which would reach Washington Sunday afternoon where it was necessary for him to be in consultation on Senate matters before Monday morning. When the committee advised his retirement he asked the committee to say to the people of Richmond for him that if he could be excused this time, and God permitted him to live, he would come back to Richmond on any date that could be arranged between the Richmond people and his Washington managers. The Senator then dictated and signed the following statement to be published in the local papers:

Letter From Senator.

On board Penn. Train, No. 30. Jan. 6th, 1912.

To the Hoosier State Progressive League,

Richmond, Indiana.

I recall with a great deal of pleasure having addressed a great audience in Richmond while I was Governor of Wisconsin and looked forward with special delight to this meeting at the home city of my friend R. G. Leeds.

I regret very much that owing to a belated train it was not possible to reach Richmond in time to permit of my addressing the meeting. After conferring with your committee and boarded the train at Indianapolis, it was decided that it would be best to arrange for another meeting at a later date during the present winter, to be agreed upon between your committee and the manager of the Progressive campaign at Washington. I now definitely engage to be in Richmond upon that date.

(Signed) Robert M. La Follette.

The members of the Hoosier State Progressive League wish to express their appreciation of the patience shown by the audience at the coliseum and the people gathered at the station on the arrival of the train.

The committee acted upon its best judgment in making the decision, which we think would have been endorsed by all, could they have been confronted with the adverse circumstances and the weakened physical condition of Senator La Follette.

Progressive principles are live issues and in Senator La Follette's people of Richmond will find not only a pioneer but a clear exponent of its tenets."

HOOSIER STATE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE Alfred Davis, Secretary.

January 8th, 1912.

Too Late. Mr. B. drove up in a hansom and entered the jeweler's shop accompanied by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel. Mr. B. asked for a private interview, and on being shown into the office he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamond and pearl necklaces, earrings, stars and rings.

"Mrs. B.," he said, "is now abroad. Before she returns I want you to extract these stones and replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B. is to know nothing of it."

"My dear sir," said the jeweler, "I should be glad to do as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B. called here on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand in her case was successful. The same jewels that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside."—London Tit-Bits.

Thackeray and Colonel Newcome. Mr. Louis Melville tells a characteristic story of Thackeray's fondness for his greatest hero. "It was outside 'Evan's,'" he writes, "that Lowell being on a visit to London, met the novelist looking so haggard and worn that he asked if he were ill. 'Come inside, and I'll tell you all about it,' said the latter. 'I have killed the colonel. At a table in a quiet corner Thackeray took the manuscript from his pocket and read the chapter that records the death of Colonel Newcome. When he came to the end the tears that had been swelling his lids trickled down his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob."—London Chronicle.

Pretty High Hills. A distinguished astronomer once took the trouble to measure in several paintings the size of the moon and to deduce from it the height of the mountains shown in the same picture. He found that the average height of the hills was about forty-three miles, while one giant peak raised its head more than a hundred miles above sea level. Turner, who was one of the greatest masters of landscape composition and coloring, frequently exaggerated the height of his hills with the intention of confounding upon them a majesty which otherwise they would not possess.

Happiness. That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for deriving equal happiness with a philosopher. Johnson.

WHY ARE NEW YORK DRAMATIC CRITICS?

Strange Comments on Current Plays Emanate from the Metropolis.—Aborn Opera Company at Gennett the Fifteenth.

BY ESTHER GRIFFIN WHITE.

The standards of dramatic criticism in New York are somewhat anomalous.

Mr. Daniel Frohman once said to the writer, "that theatrical critics in the metropolis became so sated that it was difficult for them to be entirely just—that it wasn't surprising. Or words to this effect.

Perhaps this may be so.

And then again perhaps it may not. And if it is it is not an unusual state. The professional writer who haunts the theater is apt to be sated anywhere. In New Orleans, or San Francisco, or Chicago, or Keokuk or even in Richmond, Indiana.

It doesn't take long to sift the thing out, to shake it down, to divide the sheep from the goats, to tell the chaff from the wheat.

That is, it doesn't after you've been at it for any extended period.

Although this, of course, is part of the business.

You can't do that why you should be retired to some other department—the courthouse run, say, or visiting the undertakers' offices.

It isn't at all what you may like or what you may not like—your personal predilections have nothing to do with it.

You've got to "put yourself in his place."

You must be able to get the point of view of the author, the actor and the producer. When you get that you have a basis of operation.

You can then judge what they are doing by the general rules governing dramatic art.

Do or do they not succeed in achieving the thing they are after? That's what you want to know and what the audience wants to know.

The professional writer of average acumen gets it by the rules of the game.

The audience through a certain psychology that hits an average without knowing it.

These "remarks" have been inspired by looking over the New York papers' account of "The Grain of Dust," which has recently opened a several week's engagement in that city and was well received by the public—the critics, so far as the writer's perusal of their diatribes went, uniting as one man in deriding the play because it included in its role a stenographer.

Nobody thinks, and its producer never claimed, that "The Grain of Dust" is a great play.

Neither was Phillips' novel from which it was taken a great novel.

The fault, indeed, of the play is that it is painted in too neutral a tint—the contrasts are not vivid enough. And it lacks in humour of a certain sort.

But to ridicule Miss Izetta Jewel, in instance, for her colorless presentation of the stenographer—after abusing the play because it has such a character in its story—shows a certain crassness on the part of the celebrated New York critics one might expect in a graduate of a college of journalism.

As said the other day the reason for this is that the passion of the hero is subjective. It creates an object which deludes itself into thinking breathes the breath of life and love but which is a human dummy. Miss Jewel shows dramatic intelligence in imbuing her characterization with this subtlety—as near as she can. No-one could do it.

It is the charm of the book but it cannot be made the charm of the play.

The Gotham critics give it the merriest ha ha—this is the season of the telephone girl and the stenographer, they say.

The stenographer marries the rich man—she always does, she leaves home and then comes back—be sure she does that—she leaves to make a climax in the third act—but never fear she'll be back at the finale—and that of this sort.

What's the odds who's in a play or what characters it depicts—whether they're rich men or poor men, stenographers or "society ladies," telephone girls or school teachers, beggars or capitalists, kings or queens—if the red blood of life is injected into its artistic veins.

It's life—no matter in what phase.

And if its life—there is truth and

beauty and poetry and imagination—even if it is a telephone girl or a stenographer. Life is an exquisite thing. Art is divine. Fuse the two and you have the climax of all things.

There are many amusing things about New York but none more so than its alleged "dramatic criticism."

That is since the erudit Mr. William Winter has retired from the field.

If a critic thinks a play is bad—why doesn't he give some intelligent reason for thinking it is?

Why merely say—"ha ha—a play about a rich man and a stenographer—rotten—same old thing—come let us repeat to those theater haunts where undraped ladies in profusion twinkle in and out to the tune of nightmarish music—for this is Art."

At this distance the New York critic seems a provincial, entirely complacent and quite amusing ass.

Now is the time for the Richmond public to put itself through its musical and dramatic paces.

On Monday, the fifteenth, one of the best known American operatic organizations will be at the Gennett in a presentation of the famous opera, "Martha," with whose music everyone is more or less familiar.

The Aborn Grand Opera Company, which makes its presentations in English, maintains a very high standard both theatrically and musically, and is affected by the best musical element of the country.

Not long since they played a week's engagement in English's in Indianapolis to big audiences.

Here is an opportunity to see a classic, which is also a popular opera, presented as well as you will see or hear it outside the Metropolitan Company and if the town passes this up Mr. Murray may well feel that all is worth while to bring here is such ancient and honorables as Uncle Tom's Cabin and its ilk.

To that portion of the local public which attended the Chautauqua last summer, it may be interesting to know that excerpts from Martha were given by the Haines-Kellogg Singing Party and given, it is said, with a certain degree of eclat.

The opera is full of action, melody, life and color, the story is an interesting one and, altogether, the company should sing and play to a "capacity house."

The Range of Vision.

Data have been gathered in Germany with reference to the distance at which persons may be recognized by their faces and figures. If one has good eyes, the Germans claim, one cannot recognize a person whom he has seen but once before at a greater distance than twenty-five meters (eighty-two feet).

If the person is well known to one, one may recognize him at from fifty to a hundred meters, and if it is a member of one's family, even at 150 meters.

The whites of the eyes may be seen from twenty-seven to twenty-eight meters and the eyes themselves at seventy-two to seventy-three meters. The different parts of the body and the slightest movements are distinguishable at ninety-one meters. The limbs show at 182 meters. At 540 meters a moving man appears only as an indefinite form, and at 720 meters (2,361.6 feet) the movements of the body are no longer visible.—*Scientific American*.

Friends.

Put your heart into the search for a friend, freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who needs it, and, sooner or later, you will find a hand out stretched toward yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who, shut up in their individuality as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers by, yet send forth on the four winds of heaven the melancholy cry, "There are no friends!" They do exist, be sure of it, but only for those who seek, for those deeply interested in the search and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.

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SAVING MONEY.

A Dollar a Week Put Into the Bank is a Good Investment.

"It is mighty hard," said an unfortunate workingman some time ago to the writer, "to save up a thousand dollars by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the savings bank and lose it to a get rich quick swindler, as I have just done." The poor fellow could work and save, but he had not had even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest and so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest and, of course, had never heard of that wonderful process of accumulation known as "progressive compound interest."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays 4 per cent will amount to \$2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. Now, if you deposit \$1 every year for twenty years, or \$20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to \$30.97.

Any wage earner can put by \$1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will have increased to \$1,612. A deposit of \$5 a week will have grown to \$8,000, and this at 4 per cent will be \$320 a year.

There is no secret, no mystery, about this. It is as clear as the cloudless sun, and the method is just as clean and honest.—*Christian Herald*.

Primitive Man and Exercise.

Exercise in primitive times was the price of life. It was only after we had learned to live by our wits and exercise became luxury that it began to run into fads. If primitive man neglected his al fresco Delsartean exercises and let his muscles soften he simply provided a tender titbit for some of his confreres, carnivores or cannibals.

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The Painter and the Cobbler.

The painter Apelles, who flourished in the time of Alexander, was shown a picture by an inferior artist who boasted of having sketched it out in an exceedingly short space of time. "Yes, I can see that very well," said Apelles, "but I am surprised that you did not make several other pictures exactly like this in the same space of time."

We are indebted, according to tradition, to this same Apelles for one of our common phrases. The painter had listened with patience and profit to a cobbler's criticism of the sandals in a picture. But when the cobbler began to enlarge the field of his criticism to other parts of the painting he received this rebuke from Apelles: "Shoemaker, stick to your last."

Auburn Haired Women.

History avers that women with an Auburn hair have wielded a strong influence in all ages.

The women familiar to history who belonged to this sisterhood were Isabella of Castile, Helen of Troy, Catherine I. of Russia, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of England, Mary Stuart, Anne of Russia, ex-Empress Eugenie, Lucrezia Borgia and Beatrice Cenci.

CAN'T READ THEIR LIPS.

When Actors Do Not Face the Audience It Bothers the Deaf.

"Time and time again we're asked to have our actors face the audience squarely when speaking lines that are of great importance," a theatrical manager said recently. "The explanation for the request is generally the same—that deaf people in the audience who depend on lip reading rather than hearing lose the run of the play if some important lines are spoken by a person whose lips can't be read. An actor or actress who's stuck on posing in profile is always the despair of the deaf people in the audience, as they will have almost impossible to read lips in profile."

"Our ticket agent hears another side of the same question. People tell him when buying tickets that some in the party is stone deaf and must read the lips of the actors in order to follow the play. Then they ask him on which side of the theater these particular seats should be located to make this lip reading the most satisfactory. Often the stage setting decides which way the actors must face, and if a deaf person gets on the wrong side of the house the play is practically lost."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays 4 per cent will amount to \$2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. Now, if you deposit \$1 every year for twenty years, or \$20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to \$30.97.

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