

## ACTORS AS THEY REALLY ARE

## HOW THEY APPEAR BEHIND THE OPERA HOUSE SCENES.

Thirteen Years Experience on the Stage With Well Known Actors and Actresses—Their Characteristic Peculiarities.

"Thirteen years continuous employment behind the scenes on a theater stage ought to give an individual something of an opportunity of judging as to the character—the actual personality—of those who are generally accepted as popular footlight favorites. Don't you think so?"

The above expression was recently addressed to a News reporter by a carpenter and property man who for full thirteen years, did his important share toward the success of the drama upon the stage of the Terre Haute opera house. Continuing, he said: "Of the vast majority of those who love the play as studied from the 'house' there is perhaps rarely one to be found who could form anything like a correct estimate of the personal worth—the actual personality of the stars. There is, perhaps, not one of the many who have been regular patrons of the opera house here through many years—and there is a multitude of them, who have not formed in his mind a mistaken estimate of many of the leading actors and actresses. Now we who have perforce of our labor brought into personal relations with these people have learned to know them for what they are worth."

Did you ever see Mrs. D. P. Bowers at her best? Well, there is a woman, who, by the average audience would be considered the personification of gentleness, forbearance and simple tenderness. Well, they would be everlastingly fooled for the contrary she is cold, repelling, austere, exacting and as artistically disagreeable as one woman could possibly be. Nothing in the way of stage work ever pleases her and the sight of a poor stage hand in the hurry and flurry of the rush between acts, shifting a chair or a prop from one cheek to another, with which the "house words" of a Gloucester fisherman would be sweet relief. One time, when Charley Hosford was manager here and Mrs. Bowers was billed for a certain night, she took the trouble to telegraph Hosford from Indianapolis to see to it that no smoking or chewing on the stage be tolerated. Well that night every man on the stage had as black a clay pipe as could be found and puffed away until the atmosphere behind the scenes was impregnated with an odor that probably reminded Mrs. Bowers of the pestilential vapors from a grave yard. It came near killing some of the boys who were not accustomed to smoking, but it is fact which will go down into history that Mrs. Bowers, who appeared here frequently after that, never took the trouble to telegraph ahead orders against smoking.

John T. Raymon, the only "Col. Mulberry Sellers," who has conversed with thousands by the force of his rich humor, quaint style and ready wit, might have been supposed to have occasionally indulged in a little good natured pleasantry behind the scenes. Well, he did once in a while—but seldom. You know John was prone to hit the bottle and hit it hard and frequently. Whisky did not add one jot to John's amiability.

Janaschek, well, at least once upon a time, especially in "Mother and Son," was the picture of loving tenderness and refined dignity. Well, sir, that woman used to "rush the growler" every interval between acts and every drop in the can went down her gullet. Drink beer? Well, I should smile. She simply bathed in it and if ever she so much as gave the drippings in the big pitcher to any one on the stage, I never discovered it.

Pritz Emmet was a dandy with stage hands, that is, when he had his liberal jag on. That was when he was just about one-quarter full. Whenever he came on with a regular heavy load aboard, mark my word, stage hands gave him all the room he wanted. They had no use for him.

Fannie Davenport, elegant in stage presence, with superb face and voice and her magnificent professional skill, could easily move the people in front of the curtain to tears, and as easily move the people behind the curtain to tears only in a different way. She has the temper of an Amazon. I never heard of any members of her companies ever falling insanely in love with her. If you had seen her as I have known her you would not be surprised.

So it is, no one looking on from a seat in the house can tell anything of the way actors act when the curtain is down.

## THE CHESS CLUB.

Score of a Game Between Mr. Smith and E. D. Harvey.

The Terre Haute chess club will meet this evening at the residence of E. W. Ross, Esq. All players in the city are invited to attend. Communications for this column should be addressed to A. R. Armstrong, Room 4, Savings bank block. The twelfth meeting of the Indiana chess association will be held at Hotel English, Indianapolis, commencing next Tuesday.

The following is the score of a game played by Mr. Smith and E. D. Harvey, of this city:

White.	Black.
Smith.	Harvey.
1. P to K 4.	1. P to K 4.
2. P to K B 4.	2. Q to K 5.
3. K to K B 2.	3. Q to K 5.
4. P to B 4.	4. Q to K 5.
5. K to K 2.	5. P to Q 3.
6. K to K 2.	6. Q to K 5.
7. Castles.	7. B to K 2.
8. K to K 4.	8. Q to K 5.
9. B to K 3.	9. Q to K 5.
10. B to K 3.	10. P to K 1.
11. B to K 3.	11. Q to K 5.
12. P to K 3.	12. P to K 3.
13. K to K 3.	13. P to K 3.
14. K to K 3.	14. P to K 3.
15. Q to K 3.	15. Q to K 3.
16. P to Q 3.	16. K to K 5.
17. P to P.	17. B to K 5.
18. K to K 4.	18. Q to K 5.
19. K to K 4.	19. Q to K 5.
20. K to K 4.	20. Q to K 5.
21. R to B 3.	21. Castles.
22. R to B 3.	22. R to K 5.
23. K to K 4.	23. R to K 5.
24. R to K 5.	24. Q to K 5.
25. R to K 5.	25. Q to K 5.
26. R to K 5.	26. Q to K 5.
27. B to K 5.	27. Black resigns.

The News is the popular paper of Terre Haute.

## FACTS ABOUT ROYALTY.

The czar of Russia is getting so fat that he is at present engaged in chopping down trees to reduce the surplus.

Emperor William of Germany has given repeated evidence during the recent military exercises of talent as a commander.

When Prince Albert Victor of Italy, was at school his money ran short and he sold a letter from his grandmother to an autograph-hunter for 30 shillings.

Prince Maximilian, nephew of the grand duke of Baden, will shortly be betrothed to Princess Victoria Louise of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderbourg-Augustenburg.

The negus of Abyssinia has just ordered a new crown of pure gold, weighing three pounds and containing 300 precious stones. Why should not the negus of Abyssinia be happy?

Victor Emmanuel, the Italian heir apparent, assumed, while traveling in Russia and Germany last summer, a fictitious title that happens to belong by heredity to an impecunious Italian, who now sues the prince for the use of it. He wants to know, not what's in a name, but how much.

King Humbert of Italy is a man of unusual will power. After having for years smoked to excess, he suddenly and completely renounced the habit. When his physicians advised him to abandon the use of the weed, it is related that he pondered a moment and said: "On my kingly honor, I'll never smoke again," and he has kept his word.

The real truth about the King of Netherlands is that he has been in a state of driving idleness for more than six months, and all State affairs have been transacted by Queen Emma. She ought to be very grateful to the duke of Nassau, who might have made himself exceedingly troublesome, had he insisted upon taking steps to have King William legally declared incapable of reigning.

Ex-King Milan is one of the few persons who find it profitable to make a nuisance of themselves. The business of his recent trip into Serbia was to make himself so disagreeable that the government would offer him a handsome sum to stay away. He was offered 200,000 francs a year, but his figures were 300,000 francs. Milan is now studying up some new combinations of devils, and the chances are that the government will come to his terms.

## COREA'S SEVEN WONDERS.

A hot spring near Kin-Shanta, which cures all diseases.

The "hot stone." Which from remote ages has lain glowing hot on top of a high hill.

Cold Wind cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. A strong man can not stand before it.

A drop of the sweat of Buddha. For paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow.

A forest that cannot be eradicated. No matter what injury is done the roots of the trees, which are large pines, will sprout up again.

Two springs that have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. When one is full the other is always empty, and though obviously connected, one is bitter and the other sweet.

The famous "floating stone" in front of the palace erected in the King's honor. It appears to be resting on the ground free from support, but two men at opposite ends of a rope may pass in under the stone without encountering any obstacle.

## VARIOUS NOVELTIES.

The royal boat-shaped hat in felt or velvet.

Ermine-trimmed velvet coats for small girls.

Black lace studded with jet and turquoise beads.

Jacket-wraps of sealskin having manilla fronts.

Refter jackets of undyed sealskin for young ladies.

Corsets and Medici collars of jeweled passementerie.

Sealskin capes of voke, falling ruffle and Medici collar.

Ball frocks trimmed with black or dark-brown fur edging.

Parlor lamps made of rare and curious Japanese vases.

Immense cuffs of fur, reaching to the elbows, to wear with the capes.

Coiffure pins of silver wire, forming lovely single flowers and sprays.

Turquoise blue picture-frames banded with silver for dainty water colors.

Photograph frames of "natural" colored linen painted in water-colors.

A creamy, pinkish shade of tan in suede gloves to wear with evening toilets.

SUNFLOWER STATE TALK.

When some men can't have anything else they have a habit.

The only safe way is to avoid a man's example and take his advice.

One man's blunder calls out greater ingenuity on the part of another.

Put one bad man among seven good men, and at the end of a month you have one good man among seven bad ones.

When the heart overbalances the head you have a fool; when the head overbalances the heart you have a villain.

Watch the little things. A man has never known to pass every rock in the road in safety, and at last break his neck by stumbling over a stone.

A man with his pleasures is very much like a small boy with his jam; he spreads it so thick on the first slice that the last slice is left without any.

When a man attempts to do good he is like a feeble old man climbing a hill, but let him be wicked and he is like an active boy running down hill.

What a nice, jovial old man he is who talks of the wild deeds he did when he was young, but how society's hair stands on end if an old woman tells of her youthful follies.—Aitchison's

THE LABORER'S SONG.

I am no man, if anyone can—

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To Oblige the Barber.

The village had but one barber, and one day he was taken sick. Just at this time a tin peddler came along, and when something was said about the barber's ill luck the peddler opened his sympathy box and said:

"It is awful, awful! Poor, poor man! His income will cease, and his business go to ruin. Gentlemen, something ought to be done."

No one else seemed to care much, but the peddler grew more sympathetic the longer he thought of it, and finally he posted off to the house and offered to open the shop and run it a couple of days.

The barber's wife gave him the key, and he soon had the curtains up and the door open. The first man to enter was a stranger in the town, who had stopped over to do some business with a druggist.

He took the chair and asked for a quick shave. The peddler lathered him up and down and across, tucked up his sleeves and picked the first razor he could reach.

His first scrape brought blood, his second pared off a third of the stranger's mustache.

"Good Lord, man, what are you doing?" he shouted as he jumped out of the chair.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Do you call yourself a barber?"

"No sir."

"Then what in the—are you doing here?"

"Obliging a poor man who is sick in bed."

"You ought to be killed, and here goes to do it."

And he knocked him over the box side, kicked him out of the door, and ran him around the meeting house, and let him in a heavy growth of pigweeds.

It was late at night when the peddler disappeared, lame and sore and humbled, and all he had to say was:

"By gum! if I ever try to oblige another feller critter as long's I live."

## A Serious Mistake.

Bill Blake, house and sign painter for the town of Clinton, has the misfortune to be near-sighted. This fact led him into a scrape last week that nearly ended in his losing his eyesight altogether.

Bill was doing some painting for Ben Brown, one of the leading farmers of his neighborhood, the other day.

While he was at work a stranger rode up to the house, and seeing Mr. Brown looking around as though he had lost something, said:

"What is the trouble?"

"Why, not more'n ten minutes ago I put a hornet's nest right yere on this 'ere porch, an' now I can't find it now."

Just then a yell that nearly raised the stranger's hair was heard, and Bill came around the house in a tremendous hurry, yelling and swinging his arms as though something ailed him.

He went over the fence like a deer, and never stopped until he plunged into a stream which ran near by.

Mr. Brown and the stranger followed, and found Bill bobbing up and down in the water. He would go down in the water and stay as long as he could, when he would rise for air, and then go under again.

"What in thunder air yer doin' that fur?" demanded the farmer.

Between bobs this was his reply:

"That blunder (plunk) of putty (plunk) was full of (plunk) hornets."

The insects had followed him and were stinging him every time he came to the surface.

## Outside the Bakery Window.

Mickey—What way would you rudder die, Blazey?

Blazey—I dunno. I think I'd rudder eat too much an' bust.

Thinking of Her.

Wife—George, what did you mean last night by standing up in bed and yelling like an Indian?

George—What did I say?