

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 PECCARIES.

"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 has not formed in his mind a mistaken estimate of many of the leading actors and actresses. Now we who have performed our labor been 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 on 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 chew of tobacco from one cheek to another, will drive her to expressions as compared with which the 'cuss 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 if 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. Raymond, the only "Col. Mulberry Sellers," who has convulsed countless 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 pleasure 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 amability.

Janauscheck, 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.

Fritz 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 a termagant. 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:
 1. P to K 4. 1. P to K 4.
 2. P to K B 4. 2. Q to B 3.
 3. Kt to K B 2. 3. S to Q 2.
 4. R to B 4. 4. QxPch.
 5. Kt to K 3. 5. P to Q 4.
 6. Kt to B 3. 6. Q to Kt 3.
 7. Kt xP. 7. B to Q 5.
 8. Castles. 8. P to K 3.
 9. P to K B 3. 9. P to K 2.
 10. B to R 5. 10. P to Kt 2.
 11. B to B 3. 11. QxKt.
 12. PxR. 12. P to Kt 1.
 13. P to K B 2. 13. P to Q B 2.
 14. B to K 3. 14. P to K 4.
 15. Kt to K R 3. 15. Kt to K R 3.
 16. P to Q 5. 16. Kt to Kt 5.
 17. PxP. 17. P to Kt 5.
 18. R to K 4. 18. B to K 4.
 19. Q to K 6. 19. Q to K 6.
 20. Kt xKt. 20. Kt to Q 2.
 21. R to B 3. 21. R to Q 2.
 22. Kt xP. 22. Castles Q R.
 23. Kt to B 1. 23. R to K 6.
 24. B to K 3. 24. Q to Q Kt 6.
 25. Kt xR. 25. Q to Kt 6.
 26. R to Q 5. 26. Kt xR.
 27. B to K 5. 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-Sonderburg-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 hereditary to an impious Italian, who now sue's 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 idiocy 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 if (as heir to the duchy of Luxembourg) he had 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 Servia 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 360,000 francs. Milan is now studying up some new combinations of devilry, 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.

Reef jackets of undyed sealskin for young ladies.

Corselets and Medici collars of jeweled passementerie.

Sealskin capes of vole, 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.

Coffrige 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 toilettes.

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 speech 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 been 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 be 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 as old woman tells of her youthful follies. —Atchison, G. G.

THE LABORER'S SONG.

I'm happy, if anyone can—
Wrong a woman and your man!
I'm a poor man, but I'm healthy
And as a result, I'm healthy.

I never was in a condition to board,
And yet I've a seat for a friend at my board,
And a kindly welcome to all who come
To my humble and poor but cosy home.

I am no man's debtor—I pay my way,
And while my little ones' round me play.
I look at my wife so loving and leal,
And prouder than any prince I feel.

I put my foes and love my friends,
And give God thanks for all He sends.
And I would not change my earthly state
For any dominion however great.

I have my trials and cares, 'tis true,
But not the monarch his troubles, too!

'Tis seldom that care deserts his brow.
I sing ten songs to his one, I know.

My cough is rude, but my sleep is sweet,
I have clothes to wear and enough to eat;

I've a conscience clear and a mind at ease,
And where is the king who can boast of these?

A SLAVE OF THE PEN.

When I first saw Smith, many years ago, he was apparently an old man.

He was thin, gray-haired, and his face was careworn. Not long ago when I passed him in the street, he had the same aged, troubled, and shabby look.

"You are a master of the pen," I said, "and you ought to be well."

"No, I am a slave of the pen," was the gloomy reply. "I have built up the fortunes of many men, but luck has always been against me. I have always worked for low wages, and half the time I have had no regular employment."

I looked keenly at the old man.

There he sat, a brainy, accomplished scholar, industrious and temperate, and yet, after a life-long struggle he was an utter failure.

"The approach of Christmas makes me blue," he said, after we had talked awhile. "I had the greatest trial of my life, years ago, when the people around me were enjoying their holidays."

He paused a moment, brushed his hand over his eyes and went on:

"My wife was sick—dying—and it had been an unlucky winter with me.

One morning the doctor told me that my wife would die in twenty-four hours. I walked out into the yard in a dazed way, trying to compose myself before going back to Mollie's bedside.

"A man hailed me and beckoned me to the gate. He was a prominent citizen for whom I had more than once done some writing. He thrust a few sheets of paper into my hand. He wanted me to take his rough notes and write a speech for him, and he wanted it written that very night. At first I was about to refuse, but a sudden thought caused me to change my mind. I had only \$10 in the world and my wife knew she was going to die, and had told me of her great dread that the charity of the neighbors would have to be appealed to in order to secure for her a decent burial.

"Well, I promised to write the speech for \$25, cash down in advance.

The man objected, but I let him know the situation and he handed over the money.

As I turned to enter the house he called me back and told me to make the speech bright and eloquent. My heart was almost breaking, but I promised.

"I told Mollie all about it and showed her the money. The poor thing smiled sir, actually smiled!

Then, as I bent over her, put her arms around my neck and kissed me. She was happy over the thought that her husband would give her a respectable funeral and save her from a pauper's grave. All day long I put it off, but when night came I drew a little table up to Mollie's bedside and began my work."

Smith stopped and wiped away a tear.

"God knows," he resumed, it was hard, but I scratched away. Every few minutes I had to give my wife some medicine, or hold her hand and talk to her. Several times she whispered to me that she wanted to hear what I had written, and so I read the speech to her, little by little. Once she pressed my hand and said that she was proud of me, and that some day I would be a very great man.

"I made the speech bright and eloquent, as my employer requested, but I don't know how I did it. I felt it had to be done, and I kept my tears back and wrote on. Just after midnight I stopped a full hour, and talked to my wife. Not until she urged me did I take up my work again.

"My pen rushed along until it was nearly morning. Once a thin, white hand motioned me to the bedside, and I gave Mollie a kiss, and she whispered that she was very happy.

"The speech drew near to its close, and finally I finished the last page as the first glimmer of the dawn began to show in the east. I pushed away the manuscript, and walked over to Mollie. She was dead—dead with a smile on her face."

The old gentleman pulled out his handkerchief, and gave a little sob.

"It all happened long ago," he said,

"but it overcomes me now when I think of it. Every year when the Christmas holidays are coming on I live over again that bitter experience, and yet I should be thankful that the speech came to me just in time, and that the strength was given me to write it. The money earned that night gave my wife the last pleasant moments that she enjoyed on earth."

A Mistake Means Destruction.

* Any vessel causing a disaster at her launch is regarded by the Japanese as doomed to ill-fortune for her whole career.

At Osaka lately a vessel capsized while being launched, several persons being drowned, and her owners determined to destroy her at once before the unlucky craft produced a further catastrophe. The destruction was carried out by night with much



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."