

At Rehearsal

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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Every one was cross, from Webster, the stage manager and principal comedian, to the two new girls on whose account the rehearsal had been called. An intricate march and two dance numbers of more than usual elaborateness figured in the piece, and for the third time in as many months some of the old girls had left the Castle Opera company for the better pay of the larger organizations. As a result, the entire chorus had been compelled to rehearse for a week for the benefit of the newcomers.

The theater was cold, for it was too early for steam to be sent up to warm the house for the matinee, and a single row of lights in the dimly lighted stage, accentuating the blackness of the shadows around the "stacks" of scenery, while a chill wind blew from the stairway leading to the basement and gripped in its bite tired ankles poorly protected by flimsy stockings and worn dancing shoes.

Webster, a little rat of a man, waspish of speech and nervous to the point of breaking, paced the front of the stage looking eagerly at his watch. All the girls were present, and they were waiting for the leader, whose thin violin tones were their only guidance in melody and beat.

Presently he crawled from under the stage and took his seat at the desk. Webster turned on him a torrent of reproach, at which the leader only laughed, though the new girls stood agast at the adjectives used. The older members of the company were more used to these displays of temper and smiled at the outburst, but Mildred



"PUT UP YOUR HANDS."

dreaded Hawley could only stare in fascination at the eccentric little man.

Dick Boris placidly turned his instrument and tucked it under his chin, then looked inquiringly at Webster.

"The march first," called the stage manager, with an abrupt abandonment of his tirade as he turned to face the girls grouped in two files on either side of the stage.

A dozen times they went through the march, Webster dancing about the moving sections, hauling a girl into place here, pushing another there, without ever interrupting the hand-claps that were the signals for a change of formation. Then, after a brief rest, one of the dancing numbers was called.

Mildred tried hard not to limp, but her shoes were tight, and the wet weather had made them shrink still more. It seemed as though she could not bear to rest her weight on the cramped toes, but she had no old shoes to change to, and she did not dare use the pretty satin slippers that were part of her wardrobe.

At times the pain was almost too great to bear, but she kept a brave face and accepted silently Webster's strictures upon her lack of grace.

They were going through the number for the third time when a stentorian "Stop!" brought the dancers to a halt, and Webster came striding toward Mildred.

"You, miss!" he cried savagely. "You always start with your left foot. You kick with your right first."

"I was taught always to start with the left," the girl stammered. "I try to remember, but sometimes habit is too strong."

"The trouble is that you've no brains to remember with," was the retort. "Now try it again—from the beginning."

The thin thread of sound from the lone violin began again, and Mildred bent her aching brain to the recollection of the bit of business. Through very anxiety to do it right the girl kicked first with her left foot, and again Webster roared out the "Stop!" which was always the prelude to trouble. The other girls looked curiously at Mildred as Webster started toward her.

"I said to kick first with the right," stormed the stage manager. "You don't know your right from your left, do you? This is the right."

With the words he brought his heavy gold stilet shoe full upon the tip of Mildred's shoe. With a little cry the girl fell forward and was saved from a drop to the stage by the quick action of the girl beside her, who caught the falling figure in her arms and let her gently sink to the stage. She knew the story of those tight shoes. Mildred had borrowed them from a friend in

order that she might make a good appearance when she joined the show. She knew the agony the girl must have suffered when the heavy boot came crashing down upon the numbed foot.

For a moment Webster stood looking at the prostrate figure. Then he went back to his position just in front of the footlights. There were angry murmurs from the girls, and at heart Webster was a coward. If he gave them a chance to grow more angry they might attack him in a body, as had happened a couple of years before. "Stop your fooling and get to work!" he commanded sternly. "All right, Boris."

But Boris held the violin in his lap as he watched the girls raise Mildred. He saw the brave effort she made to hold her place in line, and the white face told how close she was to fainting.

"That girl can't work! You've crippled her!" he called angrily.

Webster turned.

"The girl is faking," he said roughly. "You, miss, come back to line."

"I can't walk," sobbed Mildred.

Webster strode over to where she was sitting and grasped her arm.

"You can and will!" he declared. "If you don't, you leave the company at once!"

He jerked her to her feet. But with a little cry the girl slipped to the floor again, and some of the others rushed to her aid. Webster turned to order them back. But he faced Boris, who had leaped to the stage, and one glance at the leader's face told of trouble.

"You're not going to rehearse and you're not going to fire that girl," said Boris angrily, "and you're going to get one first class licking right now. Put up your hands."

It was not a long fight, but it was a highly artistic punishment. Boris had a long score of his own to settle, and while he was about it he paid the debts of the entire company.

He left Webster cowering in a corner and approached the little group about the girl. Raising her in his arms, he bore her to her dressing room, where the other girls got her shoes off and applied hot dressings. Boris brought a dozen liniments and salves and hovered about the door in case more were wanted. Belle Byrie, who played the old maid, smiled at the look in his face.

"Hard bit, Dick?" she asked, with a laugh. "I don't blame you. She's a nice little thing. I suppose we'll be taking up a collection for a present before the season's over."

"Nonsense," stammered Dick. "I just wanted an excuse for licking Webster."

"Want to bet?" asked Belle teasingly. Boris shook his head. Down in his heart he knew that if it were possible he would win the dainty girl who had been much in his thoughts since she joined the company. Her thanks were a reward that would have atoned even for the loss of his position, but Castle when he heard the facts sustained the leader.

It was three months before Boris got up the courage to put his fate to the test, and it was Webster who was the first to congratulate them.

"A girl who wears tight shoes needs some one to protect her," he said, with characteristic sarcasm. "I'm glad to hear it. Dick deserves to be happy, and I guess he will," he added as he looked into the girl's eyes, where love shone forth.

The Insistent Book Lender.

"I know a greater nuisance than the book borrower," said the omnivorous reader. "It is the person who insists upon lending books. Among my acquaintances are several people who buy books apparently for the sole purpose of lending them. Many times have I been selected as the victim of those misguided philanthropists."

"Here is a splendid book," says one. "Have you read it?"

"I most certainly haven't read it, and one glance at the title page assures me that nothing under the sun can ever make me read it, but as I speak less strongly than I feel on the subject my tormentor construes my timid confession as a wish not to impose upon his kindness, and he insists upon my taking the book home. I know quite well that I never shall open the despised volume, but I haven't the moral courage to tell him that I scorn his taste in literature, so I take the book."

"Since I haven't the slightest interest in it, I am likely to forget all about the book until asked to return it. A frantic search then fails to unearth it, and I find that the horrid thing is lost, and all on my account."—New York Press.

Why Little Men Do Big Things.

"Have you ever thought," said the little man, "why it is that so many people small in stature have accomplished such great things in the world? I'll tell you. It's because they get their dander up. They get tired of being looked down upon and of being treated patronizingly by the big fellows, and they just resolve to show society that they are worth something, even though their height may be in the vicinity of five feet. In a word, quality, not quantity, becomes their motto. Another thing about the little folks that I've noticed is that they have learned how to conserve their energies and how to take care of themselves. Your big man almost invariably is reckless with his strength. The very generosity of a large nature, I suppose, makes him care little about his time, his health and innumerable other things. He has an impression that he can do pretty much anything he sets out to do, and the chances are that he does not devote overmuch energy to preparation. The little fellow, on the other hand, knows that he has a physical handicap, so far as appearances go anyway, and he does his best to overcome it."—Exchange.

Selections

HE DOESN'T FORGET.

Frederick W. Story of Baltimore Has a Wonderful Memory.

Those who know Frederick W. Story, the Baltimore lawyer, do not regard it as remarkable, says the Baltimore Sun, that he was able to reproduce from memory the will of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Story, who died some years ago.

Mr. Story wrote the will from his recollections of it after having read the document, and his draft has been sent to the probate court of Middlesex county, Mass., to be set up in lieu of the original will, which has been lost.

His associates in the city solicitor's office frequently call upon him for a name or a date, and he has scarcely been known to fail to give the desired information. Some of those who know him say he never forgets anything he reads or sees. He has at his fingers' ends all the important decisions of the court of appeals and can mention the title of any case in which a point that may be at issue has been decided.

He admits that he may have forgotten some things, but he can repeat the name of every member of the house of Plantagenet, the names of the kings and queens of England and France and the rulers of many other countries, with the dates and duration of their terms. He can repeat also the names of the presidents of the United States with the years in which they served, but he says every one should be able to do that.

Although he has, of course, not been at school for years, he can repeat verses of Virgil and Homer, and probably could repeat nearly the entire Book of Common Prayer of the Episcopal church, of which he is a warden.

Mr. Story is a student of genealogy and history and has a vast fund of information on those subjects. From memory he can draw the map of almost any country on the globe. When he was five years old he started to school, and the first day he was promoted to the first class, but was put back because of his lack of knowledge of geography. That lack he has since supplied. He continued at school until he was graduated from Harvard. Mr. Story is a son of the late Judge Isaac Story of Massachusetts and comes of a brainy family.

Clothes In New York.

Clothes, the kind that a man spelled with a capital "C," mount to a price that would seem like fiction if you had not found it reality. There are shops along Fifth avenue—those that are labeled "Lorise," "Harriette," "Mme. Jeanne"—where one buys a gown or a hat—that is, one would if one had the money—as a collector buys a Corot or a Rubens. The artist—oh, dear, no; nothing so plebeian as a dressmaker or a milliner—herself wears, say, a costume of lace with a rope of pearls to her knees. She meets her customers in a reception room where oriental rugs hush the footfall and softly shaded lights blend the colorings in the decorations. She looks my lady over. The hired designers, the fitters, the needlewomen do the rest. And the bill comes in, \$30 to \$150 for a hat, \$300 to \$2,500 for a gown. There are plenty of prices like that in New York. Then there are others that gently let you down, down until you strike prevailing rock bottom at about \$15 for only the making of a gown and \$25 for a hat that is a hat.—Broadway Magazine.

Gambling In Cuba.

American influence has brought about some important changes in Cuban customs and notably in the abolition of the bull ring and the cockpit, which used to be the chief Sunday attractions of the populace. Not a few of the better class of Havanaese desire the same fate for Jai Alai and would rejoice to see the Fronton closed forever. High and low wager immoderately on this game, and many stories of ruined reputations and wrecked businesses are connected with it. Every race has its prevailing vice and its comparative freedom from others. The Cubans are incurable gamblers, but drunkenness is virtually unknown among them. Both sexes in Havana spend a great deal of time in the numerous open air cafes, but they drink for the most part nonalcoholic, fruit beverages, of which there is an extensive variety peculiar to the country. —C. H. Forbes-Lindsay in World Today.

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Mrs. C. E. Bissette, Lombardy, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with a hard dry cough for a long time, especially in the mornings, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. I can positively say that this remedy is well worth a trial."

MRS. EDWIN MOULTON.

President of the National Woman's Outdoor Art League.

One of the enthusiastic workers for "a more beautiful America" is Mrs. Edwin F. Moulton of Ohio, who is the present head of the Woman's Outdoor Art League of the American Civic association. Her work for civic beauty began at the time of the Chicago World's fair.

Mrs. Moulton's first public service was some years ago, when she was made chairman of a new committee in the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs. This committee had for its object gen-



MRS. EDWIN MOULTON.

eral civic improvement, including hygiene, pure drinking water, abolition of smoke, public stations of comfort, with the establishment of playgrounds, parks, the preservation of natural scenic beauty, art in public schools, tree culture, beautifying school grounds, home gardens, etc.

As a result a great wave of improvement swept over the state, men and women of all classes joining in it, and Mrs. Moulton was chosen chairman in Ohio for the Woman's Outdoor Art league when that body was organized as an affiliated branch of the American Civic association. At the last meeting of the league she was chosen president.

As the wife of the city superintendent of schools Mrs. Moulton has been one of the social leaders of Cleveland, O., where outdoor art is finely displayed. At Mr. Moulton's retirement from active duties last year they took up their permanent residence at Moulton Hall, Warren, O., which is now the national headquarters for the Woman's Outdoor Art League of America.

"I always try to treat my maid as if she were a member of the family." "Gracious! How do you get her to put up with it?"

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NOTICE OF LEGISLATION

The City of Fredericton will apply at the next session of the Legislature of New Brunswick for an Act to authorize the said City annually to present the University of New Brunswick a medal for competition among the students.

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