

ACTING VERSUS HUSTLING.

NYM ORINKLE SAYS FANNIE DAVENPORT IS AN ARTIST, BUT NOT AN ACTRESS.

Richard Head Highly Enthusiased—He is Not in the Goodwin's Barbecue Line—"Deacon Brodie" Considered Depressing—Rose Goffman Does Not Fit British Roles—Goffman's Charm in His Youth.

Fanny Davenport clothed her ventrilo in an event. She changed the Greek advice from "Action" to Ancton, and the drama of "The Draper" began with the sale of seats.

As she fills a large space the amusement moment, and when the public get tired of looking at the new theatre they will watch the familiar actress.

When the Priestesses of Art file into the Temple of Fame I suppose she will come among the starhood—not perhaps as one who lies in suffering and won by the martyrdom of genius. She will dash up in a drag pointing her right eye, "I got there all the same."

Lake Lawrence Barrett, she, early in life, had her motto written in her copy-book. It was: "Nothing succeeds like success." But, unlike Lawrence Barrett, she never suffered her culture to interfere with her "hustling."

The noble qualities of these artists have not been sufficiently understood. We talk too much about their inspiration, their intellect, their insight and their mental grapple—which mean very little.

"What we ought to talk about is their 'hamlets,'" their punctuality, "that regularity, their industry and their staying power."

I don't believe Miss Davenport is any more like a Barnhart or a Rachel than she was when Mr. Augustin Daly had her in his female orchestra, and she played the French horn in white satin slippers.

But if a census of opinion could be taken now you would find that she has convinced a very large portion of the country that Barnhart is a small fish.

This is industry. Let us not confuse it with genius.

Miss Davenport undertook last night to create a part—far as acting can create any part—and as this article is being written before she makes the attempt, I refer you to other columns for an opinion of that work.

But having seen Miss Davenport in fifty roles and never having seen her create anything but being myself to believe that she suddenly flamed forth as a genius last night.

She had the distinction of being the first actress who did in Nancy Sikes, in Figue, in Olivia in Florida. She was true and practical and honest and brave and lively, and she was surrounded with the blaze of an event.

Miss Davenport's claims upon the tragic muse are not great. She once walked the boards an all-sufficing spectacle in society dramas. She has never quite caught the spirit of tragedy—only the notion.

When Miss Davenport do not make events, they use them. As actress like Barnhart she is in themselves.

If you were to ask me the exact difference there is between Langtry and Davenport I should say Langtry never thought she was great. Her bland genius consisted in letting other people think so.

Davenport's superiority is in believing in herself. Like it. She has more success and esteem by it. I think she is a man in a thousand who does not believe that she is a tragic actress at all. It appears to me that whenever she has not had the example set her she falls short of great execution, and when she has she falls short of great originality.

But hard work counts for something, certainly, and Miss Davenport to-day is as much better than the class of actresses who are Mrs. Potter as trained, disciplined and disciplined function are always better than mere impulsive.

During the week a comedian has attracted attention at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. He has been playing a farcical comedy called the "Woman Later." I noticed that his work was clean, old, and full of bright delineative flashes. It pleased me to see that in a series of absurd incidents he has been able to catch the essence of the situation that prevented him from monkeying with them. Whenever there was a funny idea or a phase of character to express, he depended on the idea of the phase, and left out the patent apparatus by which the low comedian usually produces a laugh.

This was so unlike the Nat Goodwin style of work that I began to think a new comedian had arrived. Nothing is more true, and the Billy Horgan comedy is a gem in the Goodwin school, that stops in the middle of a line to speak to somebody in the box; that has his hair fall over on the front seat and flings it aside to them; that makes jokes on the actresses, and guys the author and jibes the manager, and, like the end-man in a minstrel show, always betrays his pet amusement by making every joke circle round a pack of cards.

Roland Reed appears to view the difference that exists between comedy and burlesque, and the difference can be stated in its own line—burlesque always makes a butt of its one effort; comedy has no respect for the stage and the avocation of the actor. A burlesque is always exhibiting his person and mistaking your expression of contempt for admiration.

Wherever you see burlesque, there you see the actor exhibiting his limitations at his own business. He is not a born burlesquer; he is a Billy Horgan manages to remain an artist, but as a rule he gets to be a mere lampoon upon his better self.

Roland Reed does his work so well in "A Woman Later"—always keeping it within the lines of genuine portraiture—that he is worthy of a better play. By better, I mean stronger in its characterization. He fairly bubbles with a dry, cynical humor that is irresistible, and without paying you, like one of those blades which bring the sunlight as they fall.

"Deacon Brodie" has come back here, and with all the cleverness of construction is without charm. The author of it, I am convinced, is not a student of human nature. He offends the sensibilities of the average man, and that is fatal in any play.

The effect of "Deacon Brodie" is depressing. No amount of talent in the acting will overcome that inertia. The most abandoned man want to see something redeeming in human nature. Sordid portraiture is tiresome—no one will see it. You can make a picture with oatmeal if you know how—but it is leaving some spots white.

Over at Wallack's there has just in a remembrance season. The odor of the dried chestnut pervades the reportorial; and the comedians and Young Hoopes' lines are little—must be content with the "Jesse Rural, which is venalized, I know not for what, as much like the Abd Constantin as an unlike thing of John Gilbert, as we always do, as indeed we did when he played Sir Harcourt Courtenay, and played it tamely; but Jesse Rural remained just a little "faded"—did he not and eventually benighted, don't you know—under the stars.

In the "Old Heads and Young Hearts" I blamed me of "backstage's" spirit which sounded so far away and worn.

Let me confess that I can stand as much of the old oak bucket business as anybody—so long as there is fresh sparkling water in the moss-covered vessel. But when we have to take the water of our childhood days as well as the iron-bound vessel of youth's sunny days, I prefer the new sparkling up on the rocks, even if I have to get down and ladle it up with my hands.

Does Coghlan do not fit all these traditional burlesque roles. Sometimes I think she doesn't fit.

I don't think she cares much for the past just now. She lets us believe she is dreaming of the future. Wallack's Theatre is a dramatic institution in this city where there is a lingering English reverence for the past of the drama. Its recurrent efforts to take the avowedly contemptuous town back over the glories of the traditional stage are fraught with more respectability than success. Because your New Yorker does not care a drop for the past. He has no reverence for old things, but, knowing that the manager rebuilds his theatre every two years, the actress destroys the certificate of her birth when she makes her debut.

To play old comedies two things are necessary—an old audience and an old company.

Both of which are physical and moral impossibilities in New York, where everybody has a personal heart (including John Gilbert, God bless him) and a perspective imagination and an impatient disposition.

Approximate, the whole town has been running wild over a lady patient. Last night could not have so wrong them. Some of the women who faltered when they played Chloé never heard of Von Bülow, and when I asked them if it was the child's genius they said: "Heaven, man, think how young he is—the darling!"

That was the ecstasy that overcame them. If he had been old—well, he wouldn't have broken his contract. N.Y. Chronicle.

HUNTING A WILDCAT.

A Sample of the Sport the Farmers of Illinois Are Having Just Now.

[From the 17th Dispatch to Chicago Herald.]

For several months past the people residing in the vicinity of the "Big Swamp" have been greatly annoyed by the ravages of a wildcat that locally. Its dog-like howls have attracted the traveler in every direction and sent the timid hunter seeking for his life. The stories of its terrified victims have won general credence, even among people who are not accustomed to "take in" all they hear on the street. In October last Rev. P. N. Minton, late pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Monticello, attempted to organize a company and effect the capture, but failed. On the 15th, however, the big cat came out. The hunters assembled and were marshaled by Capt. Cook, who has won such distinction in recent Campaign County fox drives. The participants were mostly farmers, with a few prominent sportsmen from adjoining counties, and a party of twelve were attracted by the numerous similar events in this locality.

The "Big Swamp" is so called because in early times it was the best cover for wildcat and a dense undergrowth of brush. The drainage of recent years has carried off the surplus water, and the hunters are enabled to get in and out as easily as in former times. Yesterday's rain, however, has caused a flow of water in places, and the hunters are finding it difficult to get in and out of their traps as usual.

At about 11 o'clock the hunters were ready for the chase, and the wildcat was seen to enter the trap. The hunters were divided into two parties, one to surround the cat and the other to follow the example of the other side—stood and watched the rehearsal. Every two girls in the magic circle had a small gilded chair of myological design. The chairman was teaching the girls to jump on the chair, then down, to run, to stop, to turn, and to repeat again and again, to look over their shoulders, to look towards me, where I stood on one foot, holding the other, like an elephant, or a goose, as you please, up to rest.

"To whom shall I apply for a situation?" I asked.

"For what?" he questioned, looking at me with a kindly smile.

"In answer to the advertisement in to-day's World."

"Will you please sit down and wait? I'll see you in a moment," he said, and he left me. I looked around. I could see nothing but the perpendicular scenery and the stage floor. My feelings were rather shocked. I remained standing.

"Do you like the chorus?" I asked, turning to a slender girl, with a sherry dress, a straw fern and a bonnet, who was standing in the doorway.

"Yes, I like it. It's as easy as anything a girl can do."

"Does it pay well?"

"I think as well as anything else. Girls in factories and stores work from 7 in the morning until 6 in the evening. They get from \$1.00 up to \$4. The very few hours every night, and we have no mindless and two rehearsals a week, and we get \$5. This is the best place."

"I would like to have that job," said another girl, indicating a woman with a tall round hat and head sticking out the orchestra chairs. "She gets \$4 a week, and then when she cleans the actresses' rooms they give her a box and old dresses, and sometimes a new dress."

"Come with me, I want your name," said the man who had spoken to me, and we followed him in single file across the dimly lit stage and into a little room. Everything here had as barren a look as the stage. Trunks were piled on trunks and a number of odd chairs took up more space. He found a piece of paper and called the first girl to give her name. She gave it and he told her to come next. He asked the second, "What is your name?"

"I want to know how much you pay, first."

"Five dollars a week," he replied, while he answered the pen.

"Well, then, we (indicating her companions) won't come."

"All right. Good day, next!"

"I've expected to get \$30 a week," explained a girl.

"We all gave our names and four of us were told to report to-day at the stage door at 7 o'clock that evening. It was only the rehearsal I wanted, but I decided, as this was all that offered, to see what it amounted to."

At 7 o'clock I walked past the crowd of men who surrounded the stage door into the Academy. I secretly wondered if they were the "eligibles" I had seen in the papers every day, who were dressed in coats with their buttons and fustians, now and diamonds to lay at the feet of their chosen ladies. I did not see any evidence of any of these articles, but the crowd was there nevertheless.

There was no one on the stage or anywhere to be seen. The solitary gas jet was very silent. I could not see how we could do it and not break up the show, but I was bent on having fun. I did not know what was in store for me. The performers began to arrive. Almost all the girls carried little parcels or baskets. These I found contained their "make up." At last Mr. Kiralfy came and seeing we had come up and spoke.

"There is nothing to do until after the first act so you can go up and watch the play."

"If I tell you and then I saw a long string of men coming in, one after the other. They were making a noise like a cat, and I recognized them as being the men at the entrance whom I mistook for the devoted lovers. They disappeared under the stage. At last I and my friend were called to prepare for the stage. A few garments were given us and we were shown a room to dress in. It was already well filled with girls in all stages of dress and undress. This room is all occupied by the girls, where else," cried one girl, crossly, and with the exception of the three prettiest girls, they were all ugly because we crowded in with them. I spoke to two of three, but they did not reply—simply looked at me with quiet scorn. I had some idea of the dressing but my luckless companion had none.

"How do you get these things on?" she asked, in surprised demand.

I looked at her. She was trying to get her thin given tights on over her shoes and undergarments.

"You must take off your shoes," I explained, as no one else offered to.

"I needn't I'll not," she said, triumphantly.

NELLIE BLY ON THE STAGE.

SHE WEARS A SCANT COSTUME AND MARCHES WITH THE AMAZONS.

It Isn't Very Hard to Get Much of a Job—The Girls Earn \$5 a Week—Fights that Did Not Fit—Dressing in a Crowded Room—How She Behaved on the Stage—A Bad Beginning.

MADE MY DEBUT as a chorus girl or stage Amazon last week. It was my first appearance on any stage and came about through reading among THE WORLD advertisements one that called for 100 girls for a spectacular pantomime, so I found myself one afternoon at the stage door of the Academy of Music. There were but two men there. I looked at me, and they looked at me, and we as nobody made any movement to speak, I asked:

"Where do I go in answer to the advertisement?"

"Mr. Kiralfy told me to say he had all the girls he wants," replied one of them. Then, probably noticing my look of disappointment, he added: "You can stop at 10 on the stage and see him yourself."

The stage was bare and cold. A solitary gas jet only added to the dismal aspect of the place. The scenery even leaned up against itself as if it were tired. Near the front of the stage was a row of girls, twenty-four in number, watching the movements of a graceful little Frenchman, who twisted and danced before them. Standing around in rather forlorn groups were other girls, of all sizes, ages and appearances. Some were talking in a lively way, while others stood silent and were marshaled by Capt. Cook, who has won such distinction in recent Campaign County fox drives. The participants were mostly farmers, with a few prominent sportsmen from adjoining counties, and a party of twelve were attracted by the numerous similar events in this locality.

The "Big Swamp" is so called because in early times it was the best cover for wildcat and a dense undergrowth of brush. The drainage of recent years has carried off the surplus water, and the hunters are enabled to get in and out as easily as in former times. Yesterday's rain, however, has caused a flow of water in places, and the hunters are finding it difficult to get in and out of their traps as usual.

At about 11 o'clock the hunters were ready for the chase, and the wildcat was seen to enter the trap. The hunters were divided into two parties, one to surround the cat and the other to follow the example of the other side—stood and watched the rehearsal. Every two girls in the magic circle had a small gilded chair of myological design. The chairman was teaching the girls to jump on the chair, then down, to run, to stop, to turn, and to repeat again and again, to look over their shoulders, to look towards me, where I stood on one foot, holding the other, like an elephant, or a goose, as you please, up to rest.

"To whom shall I apply for a situation?" I asked.

"For what?" he questioned, looking at me with a kindly smile.

"In answer to the advertisement in to-day's World."

"Will you please sit down and wait? I'll see you in a moment," he said, and he left me. I looked around. I could see nothing but the perpendicular scenery and the stage floor. My feelings were rather shocked. I remained standing.

"Do you like the chorus?" I asked, turning to a slender girl, with a sherry dress, a straw fern and a bonnet, who was standing in the doorway.

"Yes, I like it. It's as easy as anything a girl can do."

"Does it pay well?"

"I think as well as anything else. Girls in factories and stores work from 7 in the morning until 6 in the evening. They get from \$1.00 up to \$4. The very few hours every night, and we have no mindless and two rehearsals a week, and we get \$5. This is the best place."

"I would like to have that job," said another girl, indicating a woman with a tall round hat and head sticking out the orchestra chairs. "She gets \$4 a week, and then when she cleans the actresses' rooms they give her a box and old dresses, and sometimes a new dress."

"Come with me, I want your name," said the man who had spoken to me, and we followed him in single file across the dimly lit stage and into a little room. Everything here had as barren a look as the stage. Trunks were piled on trunks and a number of odd chairs took up more space. He found a piece of paper and called the first girl to give her name. She gave it and he told her to come next. He asked the second, "What is your name?"

"I want to know how much you pay, first."

"Five dollars a week," he replied, while he answered the pen.

"Well, then, we (indicating her companions) won't come."

"All right. Good day, next!"

"I've expected to get \$30 a week," explained a girl.

"We all gave our names and four of us were told to report to-day at the stage door at 7 o'clock that evening. It was only the rehearsal I wanted, but I decided, as this was all that offered, to see what it amounted to."

At 7 o'clock I walked past the crowd of men who surrounded the stage door into the Academy. I secretly wondered if they were the "eligibles" I had seen in the papers every day, who were dressed in coats with their buttons and fustians, now and diamonds to lay at the feet of their chosen ladies. I did not see any evidence of any of these articles, but the crowd was there nevertheless.

There was no one on the stage or anywhere to be seen. The solitary gas jet was very silent. I could not see how we could do it and not break up the show, but I was bent on having fun. I did not know what was in store for me. The performers began to arrive. Almost all the girls carried little parcels or baskets. These I found contained their "make up." At last Mr. Kiralfy came and seeing we had come up and spoke.

"There is nothing to do until after the first act so you can go up and watch the play."

"If I tell you and then I saw a long string of men coming in, one after the other. They were making a noise like a cat, and I recognized them as being the men at the entrance whom I mistook for the devoted lovers. They disappeared under the stage. At last I and my friend were called to prepare for the stage. A few garments were given us and we were shown a room to dress in. It was already well filled with girls in all stages of dress and undress. This room is all occupied by the girls, where else," cried one girl, crossly, and with the exception of the three prettiest girls, they were all ugly because we crowded in with them. I spoke to two of three, but they did not reply—simply looked at me with quiet scorn. I had some idea of the dressing but my luckless companion had none.

"How do you get these things on?" she asked, in surprised demand.

I looked at her. She was trying to get her thin given tights on over her shoes and undergarments.

"You must take off your shoes," I explained, as no one else offered to.

"I needn't I'll not," she said, triumphantly.

"It's very rude, I will not do it." But in a while she did take off her shoes.

"How do you get the lights on?" she cried again.

"You cannot get them on over all your undergarments," I told her, and even the angry girls laughed as they looked at her. I forgot my own appearance in laughing at her. She got the lights on, and they set the little electric light in her hand, and she looked at it with a look of wonder.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"You started with the wrong foot," said a girl at my side. "I did not know your foot was stiff."

"Oh, my one foot for you," said the satisfied dancer. "I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of the crowd.

"I will be late. The curtain is up," cried one of them, and I rushed after a girl down the stairs and to the wings. I was late, but there was a crowd of people going out and I was among them, giving a high cry now and then to my friends, and I was in the hands of the crowd. I was in the hands of