FIRST THEATER IN AMERICA

sat Was in Philadelphia and its Walls Are Only Now Crumbling Into Dust

There is an echo of the past called hap by the falling of the walls of an mbandoned distillery on South street. These walls once inclosed the first theater that was erected in the United States. It was burned out some years flater, but the walls have remained to this day.

If surprise be noted over the location of tue theater, it is only neceswary to point out that in the middle of the eighteenth century the moral and etvic spirit of the day prevented the profanation of the city by any such Anstitution, so it was erected outside The boundaries and was in what was known as Southwark. Of the troubhous history of this artistic enterprise much has been written. It is unfortumate that records of the dramas given are not complete and that we have few contemporary criticisms from unbiased pens upon the artistic worth of the thespian representations. It is of record that the city authorities were much shocked, that much of Society (with a large S) frowned on the institution, and that rogues and vagabonds were under the ban for a long time

But even in that day there were those who found pleasure and profit in attending the theater. A few years later George Washington was of those who patronized the enterprise. At that day the name of Washington might have stood against the world. and many young men at least considered that it would do them no harm to follow their leader to the theater.

If we can believe what evidence is available, dramatic managers in those days had some illumination and inspiration, as well as being mere purveyors of entertainment. The supply of plays was meager and not of high class, according to modern standards. The theater was ill appointed and poorly lighted. But the actors and actresses seemed to have had some spark of divine afflatus, for they received commendations from foreign vistors who had seen the best the world afforded.

The dawn of the American drama cast a feeble light, but-we may now catch a few glintings of it as its first home in America tumbles into dust.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

IDAHO A WONDERFUL STATE

Even the Victims of its Swindlers Make Money by the Fraud, Bays Senator Borah.

that his state of idaho is so good that even the people who get cheated within its smiling domain make money by the transaction. On his way from Washington after the adjournment of the last session of congress, he was introduced on the train to an eastern woman who immediately began to tell a long, sad story about the robbertike practices of western people in general and Idaho men in particular.

"My husband was a traveling man," she explained in a lachrymose voice, "and one night in Boise City some of your people gave him too much drink, so much in fact, that he didn't know what he was doing. The next morning he waked up and discovered that he had bought fourteen hundred dollars' worth of mining stock at four cents a share. Think of that, the greatest outrage I ever heard of. I have never even looked up the mine in which the stock was sold, but the experience has taught me that western promoters are merely burgiars. My poor, dear husband was robbed as surely as if those men had held

him up at the point of a gun." Mr. Borah asked the name of the mine and she told him. Without gaying a word, he picked up a newspaper and pointed to the stock quotations. Right there that Niobe-like woman got the shock of her life. The stock was shown to be worth \$140,000 that day -- Popular Magazine.

Monkey Chastisement.

Monkeys do such an astonishing amount of reasoning, sometimes, that it almost frightens us into believing that Darwin was right after all. A short time ago a child, contrary to all orders, put several peppermint drops inside the wire of a monkey cage, in s circus. One of the monkeys sampled one and liked it immensely, but. thinking that another treat was in store at the end of the cage, left the remaining peppermints unprotected for a brief moment. No sooner was his back turned than a mischievous Ballittle monkey made way with the canidies, and on the owner's return not a peopermint was in sight. The older monkey gravely considered the situaition for a few moments, then called The little monkey to him, tested his breath, and spanked him for dear

> Exonerated. Indignant Passenger (to railway

manager)—Here, I say, I got a cinder the my eye from one of your beastly mengines, and it cost me 10 shillings for a doctor to get it out and dress the Seys. Now, what do you propose to do In the matter?

Railway Manager—Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. No doubt, strictly speaking, you did go off with our propertythe cinder of course, was not yoursbut we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter. Pray do , not give the incident a moment's -thought.

RESPECTED BY MINE OWNERS

Superstitions Among Men Who Work Where Daylight Never Penetrates Are Rather Quaint.

Many and quaint are the superstitions existing among coal miners and each of them is respected by the wise mine owner.

For example, it is an old-established custom in the mines in the north of England and South Wales to close down a mine for one day when a man is killed in the workings. In some mines the closing day after a fatal accident is the day of the funeral, but more usually it is the day after the accident

In some mines it is considered an omen of ill luck for a miner to carry his lantern in his left hand; and in others, curiously enough, it is regarded as unlucky to carry the lantern in the right hand.

One of the oldest customs among miners is that known as "parting." When a batch of miners in England get to work on a new seam, or cutting. for the first time the first miner to strike the coal with his pick leaves & bit of the clothes he is wearing at the place where he strikes the first blow. A miner always tears a bit out of his coat or trousers for this purpose, and in mining districts where this custom prevails you may see many wearers of clogs going about with several torn patches in their clothes, telling of the number of times they have fulfilled the custom of parting in the mine. It is considered unlucky to have such rents in cloths mended.

Every miner on taking on work at a mine in the north of England receives a cardboard leaf, containing the regulations prevailing at that particular mine, which he must scrupulously observe. It is considered an unlucky thing for a miner to lose this card, and in many miners' homes you may see the regulation card hanging on the wall in a glass frame.

FATE OF THE OLD CHURCHES

Elahteen From New York City Have Been Sold and Moved to Small Towns.

Eighteen stone churches which were on Manhattan Island from twenty-five to two years ago are now scattered over New York state, New Jersey and Connecticut, says the New York Sun. These structures were taken down to make room for mercantile buildings. The congregations moved uptown and built new edifices. The old buildings were sold and the buyers took them down, carefully numbering each stone and making full detailed drawings for sale with the materials to prospective

There is a good market for second hand churches taken down hereabout and that can be moved by low cost water carriage to places within two hundred miles. Old New Yorkers journeying upstate, through New Jersey or in Connecticut often come upon a church that looks familiar, and on making inquiries find that the building formerly stood on Manhattan Island and after being taken to a new site was sand-blasted so as to give

the stone a fresh appearance. In the last dozen years an enormous business has been done in taking down brownstone houses in Manhattan and re-ereeting them in many places. One fine facade by a famous architect of sixty years ago is in Boston, another in New Haven and a number are in New Jersey cities. More than a thousand fine brownstone houses were taken down in Manhattan last year and the stone and a good deal of the timber were worked into houses and apartment houses, hotels and halls within a hundred miles of this city.

How He Tamed the Gallery.

E. H. Sothern tells an amusing story of his father, E. A., otherwise "Dundreary" Sothern. During the summer of 1863, the elder, with John T. Raymond and several other well-known actors, occupied the local theater of a) seaside summer resort, to which he and his company drew a large house several nights in the week to hear and see them act-rehearse, really, important plays for their next winter's New. York season.

The gallery "gods" became so obstreperous on occasions that it was with great difficulty the play could be proceeded with. The ringleader, a town tough, was known as Bill Han-

The elder Sothern addressed him in the midst of the most unearthly noise, as follows: "Mr. Hanrahan, will you be good enough to take charge of the gailery and keep order for me? I shall feel very grateful."

The result was magical! Bill cracked the heads of a few of his erstwhile fellow rioters with such good effect that it was only a little time before the best of order prevailed.

But One Distinction. Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes (Rose Pastor) said in a recent address in New York, aprepos of certain dishon-

est financial methods: "They tell a story about a man of this type. It appears that, as he got out of his motorcar one day, a thief snatched a silk handkerchief from the

pocket of his sable-lined overcoat. "The millionaire grabbed the thief and looked around for a police officer. Then the thief, squirmingly in his

"'Ah, let me go! Come on now, let me go. Arter all, boss, the only difference between you and me is that you're makin' your sixth or seventh million while I'm still workin' on my

OLD STAGES OF NEW YORK

Many Years Ago They Were Operated Regularly Between Metropolis and Other Cities.

In excavating underneath the former Tallman livery in New York recently workmen found a number of straps such as were used in former days on the stage coaches which plied between Albany to Buffalo.

The straps are supposed to have been made at the Sherwood establishment, which many years ago stood at the northeast corner of State and Dill streets. S. C. Tallman said he believed the straps to be at least 75 years old, and to have lain where they were found probably for that length of time or longer.

It was in 1809 that Isaac Sherwood of Skaneatles became a partner of Jason Barker of Utica in conducting the stage line which passed through this county, carrying the United States mail. It is recorded that in 1816 a line of coaches, among the proprietors of which was the firm of Isaac Sherwood & Co. of Auburn, was operated between Canandaigua and Utica.

These coaches passed over what was known as the Seneca turnpike. constructed between the two points named. It was designed to build this road six rods wide, the middle 25 feet of it to be covered with gravel or broken stode to a depth of 15 inches. The Seneca Turnpike company was authorized to erect a toll gate every ten miles and exact 121/2 cents toll for two-horse teams and 25 cents for four borses.

From Utica east a tri-weekly stage line was operated to Albany, and this likewise was controlled by Sherwood

& Co. and others. The corner of State and Dill streets was a great center for stage coaches in the early days. Various other lines besides the turnpike stages converged in Auburn, there being stages to Homer Ithaca, Oswego, Aurora and other places. It was in that day that the fight broke out between the Pioneer Line, as a new competing company was called, and the Sherwood combina-

The Pioneer Line gained control of the principal hotel in the village. known as the Western Exchange, hoping thus to embarrass its rivals. But the Sherwood interests fitted up the Bank of Auburn, as it was known, for their headquarters. An issue of this campaign was the question of running stage coaches on Sunday.

IT ASTONISHED THE COOK

Marvelous Appetite of "Mr. Clarendon," Whose Name Was Passport to Kitchen's Best.

J. Hayden-Clarendon, eating his three meals in a German grill of much renown, has, day by day, extended his acquaintanceship from the steward to each of the waiters and from thence into the kitchen to the cooks. And it so happened a while ago that one of the cooks had had to send his wife to a hospital. Clarendon, ever thoughtful, bought flowers and sent them out to the kitchen to be forwarded thence

to the hospital. This, of course, made him more than solid with the culinary department of the big restaurant, with the result that whenever a waiter announced that the order was "for Mr. Clarendon" the cooks would go to the timit in getting him the best steaks and chops and serving them as works of art.

The waiters weren't slow in learning that the word "Clarendon" was the passport to the kitchen's bestthe open sesame, as it were.

So it happened that one afternoon a waiter came into the kitchen with

"T-bone steak, rare, for Mr. Claren-

The man at the broiler threw up his hands. "What's come over Mr Clarendon?"

he asked in astonishment. "He has had two porterhouse steaks, boiled salmon, ham and eggs, three oyster stews, sanddabs, chops, and now be wants a T-bone steak-and all in an hour!"-San Francisco Chronicle.

"Wild Bird Returns to Captivity.

Are birds able to think and remember where they have been well cared for? A gentleman living in Leith is in the habit of feeding the birds which frequent his garden during the winter months. Some time in January, 1911. he enticed a greenfinch to enter a cage and so captured it. It was wearing a ring on its leg marked "Aber-

deen University, 7185." In the following March he set it at liberty, declares a correspondent of The Scotsman. He was much surprised when on January 13, 1912, the bird returned. On his cage being presented to him, the bird hopped contentedly into it and settled comfortably down for the severe season. An examination of the ring left no doubt -as to the identity of the bird.

When Filrting Has No Charm.

An aviation meet was given recently at Hot Springs, Ark., to the great amazement of the native negro population. Two little very black maidens were discussing the doings of the marvelous "bird men," and one of them said boastfully:

"Ah wuz offered \$10 to go up in oue o' them flyin' machines." "Ten dollars!" exclaimed the oth-

"Mah goodness, chile, that's a powerful lot o' money. Why'n you ail

"Well. Ah shorely needs th' money," was the reply, "but Ah ain't goin' to flirt with no undertaker for no \$16"

NEVER FORGOT ITS ENMITY

Coit's Repugnance to Calf Grew Until the Bovine

On a stock farm near Syracuse. N. Y., a calf and colt were born on the same day. So soon as it was old enough to run about the calf resolutely repudiated its Jersey mother and insisted on being fed by the mare. Regularly every morning the calf would watch its chance for breakfast when the colt was kicking up its heels at the other end of the pasture, and would hurry to the good-natured mare, who seemed to develop a real affection for her foster baby and was quite willing to mother it. To this, however, her own offspring strenuously objected. So soon as it observed the calf enjoying the nourishment which it considered its own exclusive right, the colt would charge on the interloper and, grabbing it firmly by the back of the neck, would yank it away from the maternal fount and take its place.

So, far from forgetting its youthful enmity for the calf, the colt has grown up hating everything bovine. The farmer has had to erect a high fence dividing the pasture, and to keep cows and horses separated. The colt otherwise tractable in every way, goes wild with rage at sight of a cow, and attacks her with hoofs and teeth. For this reason it is impossible to drive him in the country, and his owner is even obliged to stable him in a building remote from sight and sound of the cowyard.

MARKED BY MUCH COURTESY

Transaction in English Country Store Caused Reflection on Part of Boston Woman.

Letting a boy buy eggs in an English country store brought home to a Boston woman the barbarian bluntness of her own townsmen.

"The boy was aged about six, and he wanted three eggs," she said. "Picture the transaction in a Boston store. In bounces the boy, slaps down the money, and shouts: 'Gimme three eggs;' the tradesman answers 'All right,' or maybe nothing at all, and the deal is closed. Not so in that English store.

"Quietly the boy sidled up to the counter. From the other side a grayhaired grocer beamed upon him benevolently, and said. 'Thank you?' inquiringly.

"'Three eggs, if you please,' said the boy.

"Thank you," said the grocer, and put the eggs into a paper bag. "The boy received the bag with another Thank you, and Thank you, replied the grocer when he took the money. That required making change, which was effected with another interchange of 'Thank you's.' Just count the civilities: Six 'thank yous' and one of you please' to buy three eggs. In Boston you could do a week's mar

keting on less courtesy."

Suiting the Question. The damage suit was on, and Bil-

dad's chauffeur was testifying for the "Now, you say," said the pompous lawyer for the defendant, "that at this point the two cars, traveling at the rate of 30 miles an hour, came to-

gether head on. Then what did you The witness gazed wearily at his

questioner. "Why," he said, "I turned to my wife, who was brushing the baby's hair in the tonneau, and I said that I thought the dumplings must be done by this time-"

"Bang!" interrupted the judge's gavel. "Stenographer," said his honor, "strike that fool answer from the record."

"And doesn't the question go with it, judge?" asked the witness meekly. "Sure!" said his honor, forgetting the dignity of his calling for the mo ment.—Harper's Weekly.

While the great moneyed and industrial combinations of the present day, known as "trusts" are quite modern affairs, it is true that the trust idea is almost as old as history. Under the Roman Empire, and even away back among the peoples of Egypt and the other eastern nations. we find the germs, at least, of the modern trust. The fundamental idea at the bottom of the doctrine of the present day trust is that of the exploitation of the many by the few, and it was against such an idea that the Gracchi died in Rome. In fact, all ancient history is little more than the story of the few combining for power and wealth against the many, and that is all that the trust of today

Why He Had to Have an Office. An inherited fortune and the disposal of an organized business enabled a well-known Chicagoan to retire. He had the inclination for leisure, but could not surrender the idea of having a definite business abiding spot.

He rented an office in a loft building and went to Europe. After a six months absence he returned, looked the huilding over and went to South America. Then, after again verifying the report that the building was not crumbling, he took a jaunt to Japan.

Not long ago one of his old cronies anid: "Frank why don't you give up your office-you don't need it."

"That's true," said Frank. "I would give it up, but I don't know what to do with the rug."

CRIES TO GET ITS OWN WAY

Child Soon Learns to Know the Effect of Tears on Mother, Declares

an Authority. A mother can seldom withstand the tears of her baby, especially if it is her first baby. And yet the fear that babies' will cry, or the mother's softness of heart, accounts for much of the over-indulgence of children. As soon as a child finds out that a mother is perfectly willing for him to ory II he likes, and as long as he likes, and that it doesn't disturb her in the least, but she just sits complemently (outwardly!) by and reads or sews. crying loses its virtue and life from that lesson on grows decidedly more sunshiny. For most of the crying of a young child is done deliberately because the child soon finds out that it is the way to get what it wants. "I know it is wrong to give in to my child when he cries," said a mother recently, "but I do it for the sake of the neighbors." This feeling for the neighbors is penny wise, pound foolish. In the first place anyone who lives near babies expects to hear them cry more or less, because all bables cry. But no baby cries so much as the one whose mother is so afraid of his crying that she is always trying to prevent it. Hard-hearted it. may sound, but the common sense fact remains nevertheless that the crying of a young child shall have no weight whatever in his management. except as a symptom. In itself crying is not serious; on the contrary, it is healthful. A mother must decide whether the crying is a symptom of pain, weariness or of temper. But having decided that, she must treat the pain, the weariness or the temper, but never the crying itself .-

Ladies' Home Journal.

Consolation for Women Who Do Not Enjoy-All the Advantages They

HAVE PRIVILEGE OF CREATION

See Others Have. Women are taught very wrongly about love. They are allowed to read

love stories at a tender age and form

a totally fatal notion of love. They see themselves as charmers at a very early age. They begin trying to captivate, to charm, to enslave the opposite sex, before they are out of the nursery. They live and diemany, many of them-without ever in the least understanding the truth about love or, in fact, about anything

eise. Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it. Why should one woman have luxury. ease, travel, society and fine clother and another woman have only toll and loneliness and privation?

This is a useless question. cannot explain the inequalities of life. but there is an answer to the woman who asks this question. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by the way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so .- Pittsburg Leader.

Sounds Like Good Logic.

Recently, several educators came of the conclusion, after a lot of argument and discussion, that it is useless to teach girls higher mathematics and logic and that the time should be devoted to giving the girls a more practical training that will fit them to be housewives and mothers. It is much better, say the educators, to teach cooking, housekeeping and nursing. So far as logic is concerned, the educators point out that the minds of young women can be disciplined just as much, if not more so, by putting them through rigorous courses in what will be of practical benefit to them in life. It further is argued that mathematics and such studies do not help a woman to be a better companion to her husband, for he uses those things only in his business, and a woman rather should study things that can be of help to him in his hours of relaxation.

Strenuous Exercise.

They were talking about the value of regular physical exercise, and one of the group, noticing that Meredith Nicholson, the author, seemed pretty fit, asked him what he did to keep in condition.

"Who, me?" he exclaimed. "Why, I don't need any calisthenics or things of that sort. I live in a house on the sunset side of the street, and I get all the exercise my system needs in building the fire every morning."

"That doesn't seem to offer much chance for exercise," remarked a friend. "What kind of fire is it you build, wood or coal?"

"Neither," replied Nicholson. "We use gas, and I have to scratch a match every time I light the fire."

Ancient Land Grants.

Among the Jews the private ownership of land seems to have been established from the earliest times, as we learn from the purchase of land by Ahraham when he secured the Cave of Macphelah for a family tomb, and the story of Ruth and Boaz. Assyrian, or rather Babylonish cylinders of clay still preserve the transfers of land, and the names of humble grantors and grantees, whose names and petty bargains have survived for ages all record of the magnates whom they envied and obeyed.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

CAMERA HERO SAVED TRAIN

Spoiled Films an III Reward for Act That Deserved Better Things

of Fortune. The slave of the camera was dozing

in the smoking car when a haif dozen shots rang out in the night air. The train slackened. There were

more shots "Train robbers!" shricked a pailld passenger as he crawled under the

The camera man grasped his black box and tripod, and, running to the car platform, sprang off into the dark-

De48. The robbers, most of them, were grouped about the express car. There was much money in the express safe. The company said not over \$17, but it must have been thousands. Anyway, the robbers were determined to get it, whatever it was. They had done a lot of wild shooting and several persons had been hurt. Now they had skoved a stick of dynamite into the car and were just about to ignite the fuse.

Suddenly a blinding glare filled the air with dazzling fire. With a wild shrick the robbers fied

to the woods. The flashlight of the camera man

had saved the train. When they found him he was crouched before a train hand's lantern, weeping bitterly.

"Something went wrong with the dum thing," he mosned. "The film's

SORRY FOR HIS WRONGDOING

"Mr. Win'" Unhappy Because He Once Did III Deeds at Old Man Winter's Behest.

Once 'pon a time Mister Win' wus sleepin', still an' peaceable, dreamin' bout de time w'en he useter blow de blossoms an' talk ter de li'l chilluns as dey played under de trees; but Oie Man Winter, he come 'long an' waked him up, an' tol' him dat he wuz in need er comp'ny, kase he had a long ways ter go, an' Mister Win' riz up an' went wid him, an' Ole Man Winter

say ter him: 'You see dat steeple yander?" Mister Win' make answer dat he sho' do, an' den Ole Man Winter say: "All right. Des whirl in an' blow it down fer me, kase I got a grudge ag'in it. Blow it down!" An' down

come de steeple. Den he make Mister Win' take de roof off de po' man's house, whar de li'l' chiliuns wus sleepin', an' blow de fire out what kep' 'em warm; an' wen dat come ter pass Mister Win' he git mighty sorry, an' tol' Mister Winter no mo' er dat fer him; an' he gone off a-grievin' ter hisse'f f'um dat day ter dis you kin hear him cryin', an' cryin', des lak he had de breakin' er de heast. -Atlanta Constitution.

Sport of Collar Spotting.

"Collar spotting," the new automobile sport, is at its best when the streets are dirty enough to hold puddles of water. When the broadlytired wheel of the machine strikes such a puddle a thin but solid sheet of water is thrown upward and outward, the path it takes being determined by the speed of the machine, the depth of the liquid and, to a certain extent, its consistency. These three factors make the aiming of the sheet a matter of great skill. When the puddle is close to the curb it is possible for the expert spotter, by swerving into it, to throw the sheet in such a way as to hit a man's collar-even when it's a narrow oneor the white feathers on a woman's hat. Not every one is as expert as this, but the great fun of the sport lies in the fact that even when you miss your aim you're pretty sure to hit something, if it's only skirts on trousers of pedestrians.

Last of Schagticoke Indiana. The few survivors of the Litchfield county (Conn.) tribe of Schagticoke. Indians own 300 acres of land and five houses, valued at \$3,000, besides a little personal property. They subsist by selling potatoes and other products, cirtting ratiroad ties and wood and working on neighboring farms. The tribe is reduced to ignorance and poverty as a -result of leading shiftless lives and by intermarriage and mixtures of races. The great event at the reservation is the annual rattlesnake hunt in the spring, when the paleface joins in the sport and furnishes all the whisky antidote needed.

Widely Separated Cities. "Now, children, who can name two cities which are widely separated?"

"Boston and San Francisco." "Correct! Amy one else!" London and Melbourne." "Yes. Now two more cities widely

separated." "Simpli-city and Dupli-city."-Boaton Transcript.

"Thought They Were Mere Billel" "Why don't you answer my notes?" asked a woman of another woman she had greeted effusively. "I have writeten you four notes during the last two

weeks and not a single reply." "O, were those four letters I thought they were merely bills, so I didn't open them."

Slow Process. "Do you think your constituents favor the initiative and referendum?" "Can't decide yet," replied Senator Sorghum. "They haven't yet got

through arguing about the exact mean-

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS