

"The Mikado" on Chautauqua's Closing Night



The Chautauqua Association has just announced that on the closing night it will present the popular opera, "The Mikado." This will certainly be a record event. Though this Gilbert and Sullivan classic is known to everybody, few have seen the opera, and those lucky few are eager to see it again. The famous songs, "The Flowers That Bloom In the Spring," "Hearts Do Not Break," "Tit Willow" and several others, are familiar, though many persons do not know that they are from "The Mikado." The Gilbert and Sullivan operas are the best music, the best comedy and the most delightful

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THE PRICE.

Back of the firing line children shall reap
The remnant of ripening grain;
Women shall slaughter the cattle and sheep
As men slaughtered men by the Aisne.
Children shall labor in market and mill
That the troops of the king may be fed;
And after the battle's grim tumult grows still,
Women shall bury the dead.
Yonder where thunder the murderous guns
And the shell and the shrapnel shriek by,
Are husbands and lovers, and brothers and sons—
Bhastly and silent they lie.
But while there is corn to be gleaned from
The sheaf
While bread may be wrung from the soil,
Tears are a weakness, a folly is grief;
And women and children must toil.
War chests are drained of their treasure of gold
To coin into bullets of lead;
The wealth of a kingdom is recklessly sold
That brave, honest blood may be shed.
But back of the battle smoke's sinister pall,
Where famine waits, gaunt, at the door,
Women and children, bereft of their all,
Shall bear the real burden of war.
—Anonymous.

THE GOOD LOSER.

(Concluded from last week.)

The days drew on toward the end of summer. Billy, under Kendrick's watchful coaching, daily grew on better terms with his little racket and the big white ball. Sometimes Kendrick asked how Billy's father was making out with his business troubles.
"Bit by bit he learned of the ceaseless fight against bankruptcy for two years; the crash this summer; the bitter weeks of gathering up the pieces."
"He writes that there may be enough left to live on for a year," Billy's mother told Kendrick one evening late in August; "but his spirit seems to be broken."
"Why don't you make him come up here for a little rest?"
"I have tried," she said; "but he can't—not yet. He might come later, he says."
"He'll pull through," comforted Kendrick. "He's made a great fight—a man like that doesn't lie down long after he's beaten."
A day or two later Kendrick came back from one of his reckless spins in his little roadster he took occasionally by way of "working a grouch out of his system," he often said. He had a great surprise for Billy. He brought it out at the supper table.
"How'd you like to play in a boys' tournament at the Crawford House this week?" he asked.
Billy almost choked on a slab of hot, buttered blueberry cake.
"Oh! Gee! Can I?"
"If your mother doesn't mind... They're getting ready for the White Mountain championship tournament, beginning next Saturday," said Kendrick, turning to her; "they're starting off with a junior event for boys of sixteen and under. I think Billy's got a good chance to win."
Billy gulped and bolted his cake.
"Oh, Ma!" he exclaimed.
"Why, if you think it's all right," said Billy's mother.
"Great thing for him," said Kendrick.
For two more days Kendrick worked Billy like a slave on the court back of the barn. The third day he ordered a complete rest.
"You're as good as I can make you in the time we've had," he said; "a day's rest will put you on edge."
The next morning they drove over to the Notch, and returned in triumph. Billy had licked his first op-

ponent without extending himself. But Billy's mother wasn't interested. There had come another letter, a pitifully thin one this time, and Billy's mother's eyes were redder than ever. That evening Kendrick gently drew from her that it was all over. There wasn't anything left but debts, and Billy's father had accepted a salaried position in another factory—to start work after Labor Day.
"There's no reason why he should not run up here for a few days," urged Kendrick. "Wire him in the morning to come right up. It will do him all kinds of good to get his mind off his troubles—he's played tennis, and when he sees Billy in action it'll give him a new lease on life."
"I wonder," said Billy's mother. But she sent a telegram.
The next day Billy won his second-round match from a lively youngster of fifteen, taking straight sets, 6-3-6-2. When they got home Billy's mother met them with a smile. Billy senior was coming up next day.
The third evening Billy and Kendrick returned from Notch like conquerors, to find Billy senior and Billy's mother waiting for them on the porch. Billy's father looked stooped and white and worn, but he took Billy in his arms with a display of feeling that warmed Kendrick toward him, and the two men clasped hands firmly.
"Oh, Dad," cried Billy, "you're just in time to see me play in the finals tomorrow. I won two matches to-day. The feller I had in the third round was a cinch, but I beat a big boy in the semi-finals, didn't I, Mr. Kendrick?—though I thought he had me licked once; but I worked the chop stroke on him, an' pulled out the set an' match, didn't I?"
"Of course all three of you will go over to-morrow," said Kendrick. "There's plenty of room in old Lizzie, if she is just a roadster."
"We'll see about it," said Billy's father as they went to supper.
That night the two men sat on the porch and smoked their pipes and talked, while Billy lay curled up in contented slumber and Billy's mother sat beside his bed and thought of many things.
"Can that kid really play tennis?" asked Billy's father.
"Can he? Just wait until you see him to-morrow. He's a wonder for his age and size."
"I'm not sure I'll go over; don't feel much like tennis. You know why, I guess. My wife told me you knew something of our—our difficulties."
"The worst is over isn't it?" asked Kendrick. "You know how you stand now. You're through the suspense and all that, and you're going to start all over again. You can make good, I know that."
"It's kind of you to say that, Kendrick," said Billy's father. "But it's hell to have everything you've owned snatched away from you and have to start in—at a salary, at my time of life."
"Of course it's hell," assented Kendrick. "But you're going to do it. So now's the time to get a grip on yourself and pull that old grip-and-bear-it stuff."
There was a long pause while their pipes purred and bubbled soothingly.
"Guess I'll go over with you," said Billy's father.
"Sure," grunted Kendrick. Kendrick, Billy and Billy's parents found camp stools on the lawn at the edge of the court, facing the crowded hotel veranda. Billy, in his worn little "sneakers" and khaki blouse and knickers, was as unperturbed as any veteran. Billy's father looked over the crowd, glanced at the neat, freshly-marked court, and then looked at Billy. The desperate, haunted gleam in his eyes softened, his features relaxed.
A committeeman with a big badge and a megaphone announced cavernously that, as a special favor, Mr. James Kennedy, secretary of the

The Venetian Troubadours at Chautauqua



The Venetian Troubadours, with Victor's Band, on the last day. Their presentation of Italian street scenes, with the songs and music of the common people, is a pleasing variation that all enjoy.

Eastern Tennis Association, had volunteered to umpire the final match in the White Mountain Junior Championship. Then followed the names of the contestants and the order to proceed with the game. A big, genial-looking man climbed upon the umpire's ladder amid a ripple of applause.
"Good old Jim," muttered Kendrick.
"Contestants ready?" called Kennedy.
A bulky youth nearly two heads taller than Billy advanced across the court from the hotel. He carried two rackets and wore long white flannel trousers, a sport shirt, and a Turkish towel across his shoulders.
"Now, Billy," said Kendrick tensely, "walk right up to the net, stretch out your hand and make him shake it. Then come back here."
"Great guns!" muttered Billy senior. "Is that the boy Billy's to play, or his father?"
"You wait," said Kendrick.
Out marched little Billy, straight to the net, and reached out his hand. His big opponent looked abashed, but shook hands limply and grinned. The gallery caught the spirit of the thing and a wave of laughter and applause encircled the tennis court. Billy came back to Kendrick.
"Now go right after him," said the coach; "don't worry about his size and speed. Keep placing them on him. Get me?"
"Yep," said Billy. "I gotcha."
Umpire Kennedy tossed out three brand-new balls to the Andover lad, and Billy set himself to receive.
"The big boob will walk away with Billy if he's any good," said Billy's father.
"You've got three more guesses," said Kendrick.
In the first minutes of play little Billy brought the gallery to its toes. The general expectation had been that the bigger boy would make a runaway affair of it. That expectation lasted only until they saw Billy drive three of the Andover boy's hard service balls straight down the sidelines for clean passes and points.
"Good lord!" exclaimed Billy's father, sitting up in his chair.
Billy took the first three games without batting an eyelash. The Andover lad braced, and by a smashing service won the fourth game handsily. Billy came back in the next, and won with a beautifully placed reverse-twist service.
"Did you teach him that?" asked Billy's father of Kendrick.
"Ugh!" grunted Kendrick. "Watch

ate back-hand drive, but only succeeded in netting the ball. The point was gone—it would be deuce now. The golden opportunity to win the match in one stroke had passed. But, no. Even as Billy swung wildly at that deep return Umpire Kennedy's big voice came booming across the court.
"Outside, Game, Set, match!"
The gallery burst into prolonged applause.
"That ball wasn't out," cried Billy's father hoarsely.
"No it was dead on the line," said Kendrick. "And Billy knows it—look at him."
"But the umpire yelled it out, and Billy's won the match," exclaimed Billy's mother.
"Watch Billy!" hissed Kendrick. It was obvious to all that the little figure in the center of the court was trying to make itself heard. The gallery grew immediately silent.
"Mr. Umpire," came Billy's voice, piping in that big space, "that ball was good, I saw it hit the line."
The silence was tense. Then Kennedy spoke, in a big kindly voice:
"Are you sure, young man?"
"Sure," said Billy stepping to the line and pointing with his racket, "there's the spot it hit."
"I thought it was in all the time," said Billy's opponent ungraciously, from across the net.
"All right," boomed the umpire, "my mistake. Resume play, please. The score is Deuce, the games, 6-5, third set."
Then the big gallery realized what Billy's display of sportsmanship had cost him, and while only meaning to show appreciation prolonged its cheers and applause to the point of upsetting the little fellow's nerve entirely. He stood restlessly back of his base line, waiting for the noise to subside before resuming his service.
Billy's father looked at Kendrick in delighted amazement.
"Why, the little cuss!" he exclaimed at length.
But Billy's mother looked at Kendrick with shining, wet eyes.
"You taught him to do that—I heard you, one day on the veranda," she stammered.
Kendrick was grinning from ear to ear.
"The stuff was there," he said, "with a note of triumph in his voice. It only needed tennis to bring it out."
None of the three seemed to care a particle when poor Billy, rattled beyond control, lost his service game, got swamped in the next, and then again lost his service, and the match. He found himself smothered in the arms of his parents and thumped by Kendrick just as though he'd actually won the cup.
A big man pushed his way through the crowd and slapped Kendrick between the shoulders.
"Phil Kendrick, you old rascal!" he roared.
"Hello, Jim! glad to see you." And then Kendrick introduced the big umpire to Billy's parents, and the defeated finalist himself.
"Say, youngster, the committee wants to see you. Take him over, Phil; they've got a surprise for him. Phil, you old hermit,—I thought I recognized that reverse-twist service the minute that kid began it,—what do you mean by keeping away from all your old pals this summer? We have wanted you at all the big events, but couldn't get a line on you anywhere. And the ankle? Any better? Too bad—worst blow to American tennis we ever had—had you slated for the Davis Cup team sure."
"Don't rub it in, Jim," said Kendrick laughingly. "Come on, Bill, let's see what the committee wants."
"Great Jupiter!" said Billy's father to Kendrick. "Is that Phil Kendrick, the old Eastern Champion who had to default in the finals for the National last spring?"
"Sure," answered Kendrick in surprise; "didn't you know it?"
"Why—er, no, only met him a few days ago. He's been training my

boy all summer—but I just got up here—Well, I'll be darned!"
"How did he break his ankle?" asked Billy's mother.
"Didn't you hear that either?" exclaimed Kendrick. "Toughest bit of luck in the world. It was in the National finals at San Francisco this spring. Phil was playin' McCoughlin. Been after that title for fifteen years and was within one point of gettin' it. It was set and match point, 8-7 in Phil's favor; Mac was serving, and the score was 30-40. Just like my mistake to-day—the linesman called one of Mac's returns 'out' and gave Phil the point, game, set and championship. But Phil wouldn't take the point. Mac wouldn't take it either, so they agreed to play it over. On the very next play Phil slipped and busted his ankle. Mac won by default, of course—and Phil's out of the game for good."
Wonderful, simply wonderful, said Billy's mother.
"He's a white man, all right," said Billy's father.
"White?" bellowed Kendrick. "He's the best sport in the country, bar none—unless it's that kid of yours. A good winner and a good loser—never uttered a whine when it happened. Took his medicine, and just dropped out of the game for good without a peep."
Then came Kendrick and Billy lugging a big silver cup.
The committee liked Billy's sporting spirit so much they decided to give him a cup as runner-up," explained the broken champion, grinning like a Chinese idol. "It's a better cup than the winner got because it was meant for the runner-up of the big tournament. But they're going to get another one for that."
"Oh, Billy!" cried Billy's mother, taking him in her arms, "I'm so proud of you!"
"Me too, Bill," said Billy's father.
"Phil," vociferated Kendrick, "you've got to come over here every day and umpire in the big tournament, and next month down at Pinehurst—now don't say you won't. You're too good a loser to let any disappointment keep you away from the game altogether, so I'll expect you. So long, everybody! I must see the committee."
A silent, happy foursome piled into Phil's little roadster and slipped back to the old Fletcher farm. Nothing important was said until just before Billy went up-stairs to bed. Then his father called to him from the veranda:
"Say, kid, get plenty of sleep, because to-morrow morning I'm going to take that old racket of mine and show you up."
"That'll be great, Daddy," came Billy's voice from the stairs. "I guess you can do it all right—I'm only learning, you know."
Billy's father looked at Kendrick.
"No swelled head, either," he commented.
"Mr. Kendrick cured him," put in Billy's mother.
"Nothin' like being a good loser," mused Kendrick.
"I think you're right," said Billy's father, reaching out his hand through the dusk.
"Guess I'll accept Kendrick's invitation to umpire those matches," said Kendrick, after a pause.
"Billy'll miss you," said Billy's mother.
"You'll come and see us sometimes, when we get settled in Boston?" asked Billy's father.
"Of course," said Kendrick. "I'm going to make Billy the national champion." By E. Richard Schayer, in the "American Magazine."

Strict Restitution.

He—Do you really believe that all stolen goods must be restored?
She—Of course, I do.
He—Then, since my conscience is troubling me, will you let me return you the kiss I stole last night?—Baltimore American.