Unique Discussion of the Merry Little God's Doings Among Actors and Actresses

BY FAMOUS THEATRICAL STARS.

Nearly All Agree That Separation of Man and Wife is the Great Obstacle to Marriage.

SOME ARE IN PAVOR OF CELIBACY.

Quertien of Whether a Life Partner Should Be Cheses From the Profession.

Owing to the itinerant life of the actor. it has often been asked: Is it wise for the actor to marry? Can he have a bappy home, and be away from it continuously? While the public has thought much on the subject the actor has never been beard from. Recently these two queries were caused to be submitted to a number of the leading members of the dramatic profession by an occasional correspondent of THE DIS-PATCH, and their answers, unique and interesting, are given below:

IN STOCK COMPANY DAYS

Marriage Was All Right, Says Clara Morris, but Times Change.

It is an old saying that nothing makes or mars a man like marriage. Especially is this true of the actor. One of the essentials to his success is an unfettered mind whereand interpret it in its full meaning to his audience. This unfeltered condition of mind may obtain to the matrimonial state; and again it may not, It all depends upon the kind of woman the actor marries.

The chances of unruffled happiness among

married pro essinguls are very few and re mote. This is not because of any individual. weakness or crookedness of disposition, but rather because of the circumstances in which the followers of the stage are placed. It is most difficult for married players to obtain engagements in the same company. It ubles arise between the manager and one of the couple the other takes part, and the trouble is augmented. In the old days of stock companies things were different. Man and wife were together for a longer period. But with the advent of rapid railroad acilities and other innovations came the traveling theatrical troupe, and now there are but one or two stock companies in each of the big cities. The rest of the players are always on the move.

Separation perforce ensues when man and wife fall of obtaining engagements in one company. And what is married life when the contracting parties see little or nothing of each other? Where is the opportunity to ove and cherish?" It is a mockery! Better celibacy than such a state. . If one really loves, picture the pain and heartburn at parting for so long a period every season!

To die and part Is a less evil—but to part and live— There, there's the tormen'.

And, nine times out of ten, the state of mind of the player has a depressing influence upon the performance. These repeated separations can restit in but one thing— final drifting apart and divorce. And if there be children, what of them? Go and visit the schools and convents. One of the eleverest of newspaper men is always protesting that there should be no marriages among professionals. And I sometimes think the same myself. But the actor is still imbased to as great an extent as his fellow-creatures with the desire to love and be loved. It is this phase of human nature which makes all discussions such useless-words, words, words.

Though I deprecate marriage among

pro-essionals, both for the good of the profession and the individual, not think that matrimony should be prohibited to them. Celibacy, in my opinion, is not a good thing. And a partner in wedlock, on the other hand, is often a very good thing. Matrimony is the actor's privilege as much as that of any man, but it should be entered into at the proper time. Early marriages should be avoided. Let the player first make a name and a competence. These are more easily made before than after marriage. Then beyond the pale of your profession and seek a mate from the outside world—one who will be to you such a wife as God intended a woman to be. The stage will be graced by a more finished histrionic performance, and the player as the curtain descends up the last scene and he prepares to go to his home, may well say, with our own Willis: The world well tried-the sweetest thing in life Is the unclouded welcome of a wif

CLABA MORRIS.

CERTAINLY THEY SHOULD.

Genius No Bar to Matrimonial Rappiness Says Minuie Maddern.

I de not see how marriage can interfer with the popularity of an actor. Public veneration is given to genius, noble thought and patient endeavor. Unless the domestic relations interfere with these qualities, the actor need not fear that his audience is concorning itself with thoughts of his private

Naturally, the most perfect union of the people of the stage is that wherein both man and woman participate in the same ambi-In that case, there is a complete mutust understanding and congeniality in taste. However, there is absolutely no reason why a good woman should love a good husband the less, or be less happy in her wedded life, because that husband is an actor, though she be not an actress.

I think that there exists but one question in regard to the advisability of an actor's marriage, and that is to the case of the woman of the stage who marries the man not connected with it. However glorious her talents, no woman with a true heart in breast can find perfect content and happiness without love and the dear ties of home. No good woman should marry unless a love deener and greater than that which she feels for her art is born to her. If a man suffers in what seems a public exhibition of the dear personality so sacred to him, the right sort of woman will not hesttate a moment in relinquishing that which is humiliating to her husband, and consequently dangerous to the perfect content of

It would seem scarcely right to rob world of any great gifts clearly bestowed for its elevation and benefit. A great genius is a great responsibility, an almost sacred charge to be used for inestimable good. The question is: "Should a genius marry?" Certainly; genius would be a curse were it to debar its possessor from the only complete appiness-the ties of love and home. But the marriage of a genius is no ordinary affair. Mutual concessions, perhaps sacri-fices, are necessary. Pages might be written upon the subject, but, after all, true, unselgenerous lovers witl discover the way out of the complication. It seems to me that this is the only question that appears in the discussion of the actor's chances of happiness in marriage,
-MINNIE MADDEEN-FISEE.

DON'T MARRY IN THE PROFESSION. Rhen Says an Actress Wrecks Her Future by

Taking a Husband. Never having had a husband, I find it very difficult to answer the question satisfactorily. It seems to me, however, that on the stage, as elsewhere, married life must have its good and bad sides. I believe that wrecks her future, for if she loves her husband she will sacrifice herself for him, she

band she will sacrifice herself for him, she will accept any engagement to stay with him, and, as a loving wife, she will take the parts which may most bring out her husband's talent, while hers would remain almost unknown. And yet I have seen couples so happy that, though vanity, pride and ambition were not exactly satisfied, as a return the heart was satisfied, and reason had to be hushed.

To wed a beautiful actor is rather dangerous. They are surrounded by temptations, and they are but men, after all. I believe that the happiest couples are those where the husband alone is an actor and the wife not an artist. She stays home, takes care of the house, of the children, and when her husband comes back from a long stay "on the road" his home appears to him then as a the road" his home appears to him then as a paradise, where he can rest from his troubles him new and consequently beautiful.
On the whole, what I have just said can be resumed thus: Actors do well to marry,

but should not do so among themselves. RHEA. HARD TO GET A WIFE.

Women Who Are Actors' Equals Are Ken Away From Them.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, when asked for an opinion on this subject, said: "Actors are able to support their wives, why, therefore, should they not have wives to support? I do not think, however, that they are spt to marry, for the reason that it is so difficult for them to secure wives-I mean wives who would be their equals. I am speaking now of an actor in the best sense of the wordthat is, of a gentleman who has adopted the stage as a means of livelihood, and who re- be a failure, if not a crime. tains with his profession his breeding and gentle characteristics. Such men rarely marry, despite their ability to do so, for the reason, as I have said, that it is difficult for them to secure women who are intellectually and socially their equals. They have not many opportunities for knowing such women, though they will be afforded almost endless opportunities for meeting to his success is an unfettered mind where-with to grasp the spirit of the playwright am describing finds the door of almost any home open to him; he is asked to dine, per haps even to visit with most desirable hosts, and allowed to become 'chummy' with the sons; but the line is distinctly drawn with a close hand when he attempts to make love to the daughters. The feeling which prompted the passing of a law it Queen Elizabeth's time making an actor 'a vagabond and an outeast' exists in but slightly modified form to this day.

"An acquaintance of at least a short duration is primary to a falling in love, and with the possibilities for such an acquaintance prevented by vigilant circumstance, and with the difficulties increased by the nomadic nature of the actor's life, the opportunity is, indeed, lacking. But provided an actor can find a woman who will be a real wife to him, there can surely be no good reasons to urge for his celibacy.

LYDIA THOMPSON SAYS YES.

She Thinks Actors as a Class Have a Perfect Right to Get Married.

I do not think any particular profession should be so jealous of its members as to prevent marrying and giving in marriage. Actors should certainly marry, but, to my mind, it is a question whether they should marry in the profession if they intend to keep their wives on the stage. Where the actor-husband and the actress-wife have to act from season to season in different companies, then I decidedly think the actor should not marry. This separation naturally leads to a legal separation. To my mind, much of the divorce scandal prevalent in the profession is due primarily to husband and wife playing in different

companies. Where the actor keeps his wife off the stage, then I can see no reason why he should not marry. Even if he plays in the same company with his wife, he is wise in marrying. If the question is asked, should actors, as a class, marry? I would certainly answer in the affirmative. From a moral and I do not think that connubial biiss is inimical to success upon the stage. History tells that the great tragedian, Edmund Kean, was married and had three or more children when he made his great hit in London. Perhaps the thought that his wife and children would starve unless he succeeded gave him the courage and the ambition necessary to electrify his critical audience the first night of his appearance. ambition n Marriage oftentimes puts a man on his mettle, arouses him from his lethargy, and and courage that means success.

Actors should marry with discrimination. A hasty and ill advised match oftentimes proves fatal to the success of an actor.

LYDIA THOMPSON.

MARRIAGES ON SPEC.

Isabelle Urquhart Has Some Fault to Find With Stage Alliances.

Why is it that I am asked for an opinion on marriage? I can only give vague reasons for having any opinion on the matter whatsoever. From observation I should say that there are marriages, and, then, there are marriages. In our profession, as a rule. they are made as contracts are, signed burriedly, without thought, and totally "on spec." And sometimes, alas! the usual two weeks' notice on either side is an unwritten part of the agreement.

Where there is true love between man and woman there is nothing left them but mar-riage. Where there is not there should be no marriage. I think about one man out a thousand to one woman in a hundred (a ratio of one-tenth man to one woman) love sincerely and faithfully; consequently, marriage should occur in about that propor tion. I don't mean by this that one man should marry ten women, or that all women should marry ten times. Marriage, to me, is like politics and religion-there is no argument that will shake one's firm convictions on these matters, and my firm cop-viction is that marriage is a very, very good institution, when you are quite sure of it being a success. The worst of it is, you never can be sure!

I see no reason why actors and actresses may not marry. They are separated constantly, and all that, you say. That is no excuse whatever. A true marriage of hearts and souls will stand very much more trying ordeals than separations

ISABELLE URQUHART.

SHE MARRIED TOO WOUNG. Marie Tempest Tears Out a Leaf of Her

Experience in Matrimony. I am afraid if I give my opinion of the subject people will think I am prejudiced. but I will say that I think girls on the stage should wait until they are old enough to know their own minds before they marry. It was so in my own case. I married very young for a home, and I found afterward that my hus band and myself were entirely unsuited to each other. We had no sym-pathy with each other; hence a divorce. I see no reason why an actress should not be happily married if she only waits until she is old enough to know who she wants, and whether her choice will render her happy.

MARIE TEMPEST.

SHOULD GIVE UP THE STAGE.

John Ward's Wife Was Going to Quit the

Boards but Didn't There are certainly as many happy marringes on the stage as off. An actress who marries a man not interested in theatrical matters should at once make up her mind to give up the stage and retire to private life, if she wishes to be happy. With men it is different, for they can take their wives

with them in traveling.
In my own case, when I married I was have its good and bad sides. I believe that just as fully determined to retire from the a young woman of talent who weds an actor stage forever, as I am now determined

HELEN DAUVRAY. MARRY IN THE PROFESSION.

never to leave it again while I have health

schek Thinks Marriage is All Right

but Jealousy Awiul, Should actors marry? Why not? Actors are like other people; they have affection, desires, pleasure, passion; have noble senti ments, morals, companionship—in fact, all the attributes of people in other walks of life, and to consign them to celibacy would be unnatural and contrary to the command of the Lord when he took part in the marriage at Cana. It must be admitted that marriage is bonorable among all men, and the Scripture especially enjoins that the husband shall be the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church. I regard marriage as a condition not to be entered upon without due consideration, and then not unless the parties entertain the strongest and most endearing affection one for the other. These considerations being observed, there is no reason to think such a union will not be a happy one, even among actors, and I say actors because the nature of their rela-tions to the mimic stage is frequently of such a character as to cause ungenerous and unjust criticism from those who lose eight of the artist, only seeing the man and woman

afore them.

And this being the case, it would probably be better, as a rule, for actors to marry within the profession, as the outside partner, unless possessed of more good sense and judgment than we usually find in humanity, will be apt to develop to a large degree the green-eyed monster, and make home a val-ley of unrest and misery, and in that case narriage, to that particular couple, would JANAUSCHER.

60 OUTSIDE THE RANKS.

Crane Gives an Interesting Lea From His Experience. I shall have to give you a leaf from my

own personal experience. My married life has been a very happy one, and my wife has always been my best friend and right-hand man, so to speak. In fact, she is treasurer of our company. My bank book bears the name of E. C. Crane. She laughingly assures me many times that I cannot draw any money nor make out any checks without her signature; and it's the truth. She drst began to take care of the money more from amusement than anything else; then, when she realized what a help it was to me, she took complete charge. One season in Boston, when we were playing at the Hollis Street Theater, our business manager, in a spirit of fun, put her name on the bills as E. C. Grane, Treasurer, and it has remained so ever since.

not marry and be happy, if they marry out of the profession, as it is very hard and very unsatisfactory to be separated and obliged to play in different companies. If husband and wife could he placed in the same company always, then everything would arrange itself nicely; but ery few managers nowadays care to have oth man and wife, as it causes trouble, and the manager has two to contend with then instead of one only.

If an actor or actress is desirous of mar-

I dou't see why actors and actresses should

riage, then let them endeavor to seek their eompanion outside the ranks. W. H. CRANK.

THEY MARRY IF SMITTEN.

Nat Goodwin Says Discussion Doesn't Count Against Love,

Why shouldn't an actor marry? He is human, like all men, and the love of home is inherent in his nature as in that of all men. It is my opinion that an actor is spurred on to greater effort and more finnished work through love for wife, children and home. One can't lay down principles for men in love to follow, but if the husthe same company. It were better not to be married than to be separated for months at a time. But you will find that whatever I think, or whatever anybody else thinks, on this subject, if an actor be smitten at all hard, he won't stop to think the matter over, but will follow the promptings of his heart and marry. And who will say that he should not?

NAT C. GOODWIN.

OUTSIDERS CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

Minnie Palmer Says the Green-Eyed Mon-

ster Spoils Many Marriages, I think actors and actresses should marry if they can marry in the profession; that is, some one who is connected with theatrical matters in some way or other. The difficulty in an actress marrying outside her profession is this: A man who is in another business cannot understand what women on the stage are obliged to do in acting, and they immediately resent their wives affectionate manner to their lovers in the play. Whereas, if the husband were a professional man he would understand that it were obligatory on her part, and think nothing of it. It is the same with an actor marrying a woman off the stage. She bemaking love with any other woman for two years, and during that time his wif-

We had one young fellow in our company ousies that he was obliged to give up his MINNIE PALMER.

DOESN'T MATTER VERY MUCH. Margaret Mather Says Genius Will Win

Whether Married or Not. I think there is too great a disposition on the part of the public to regard the actor and actress as beings of a different order to the general run of humanity. I see no reason why one of my profession should find any demand in his artistic life to compel his abjuration of an institution so well established as marriage. And yet I should not urge it as a necessity to the beginner in

the race, after dramatic laurels. Marriage under pecuniary difficulties must surely be as disadvantageous to the actor as to the ar-tisan. There are unhappy, marriages within and without the theatrical world. But greatness of purpose will accomplish its end under any circumstances, and genins and talent, whether clogged by unhappy social conditions or encouraged by domestic felicity, will find their vent. I should simply say, let the actor marry if he chooses. MARGARET MATHER.

SECOND NATURE WITH FLORENCE. No Doubt Exists in the Mind of the Cleve

and Popular Comedian. It is very strange that such a question should arise, but still it may be a natural one. Of course, I can only speak for Mrs. Florence and myself. We have been married over 30 years, and are as happy as mortals can be. You may call this devotion, if you like, but it's been going on so long now W. J. FLORENCE.

Individuals Must Decide. I think this is a matter which everyon should decide for himself-and another' opinion is an impertinence. I think every-one should in such a matter follow his or her own heart and feelings.
FANNY DAVENPORT.

Marriage Is a Blessing. There are so many happy marriages that they counterbalance the unhappy ones. I think that marriage is a blessing to our proession. Please use simply these words to express my opinion. LILLIAN RUSSELL

Actors Had Better Stay Single.

My candid opinion is that actors should may basket out of halt an egg shell—fragile as my hopes, I told myself. I filled this

FROLICS OF MAY-DAY The Down-East Custom of Hanging sacred night arrived. .

- Baskets to the Door Knobs.

GLADDEST DAY IN ALL THE YEAR Hearts Went With the Petty Gifts and Kisses Were Rewards. INCIDENTS OF PIELDING'S BOYHOOD (WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.)

As a Downeaster, I am always grieved at this season of the year by the spectacle of preparations for the celebration of the 1st of May. Recently I have had the curiosity to ask a dozen or more of my acquaintances whether they knew what a Downeaster May Day was like, and I haven't found one who My section of the country is but slimly represented in New York and Pennsyl-

vania. The staid New England conscience unfits us for the gay and original dishonesty of the metropolis; we pre er to go to the West, where the questionable practices of the people are more like the sins to which we are accustomed. New Yorkers are near y all foreigners, and such as I interrogated replied with some nousense about May poles and dancing on the green. Not one had ever tasted the delights of hanging May baskets, or knew anything about the proper celebration of the day. One of the Days of the Year.

When I was a boy we liked May Day bet ter than Thanksgiving, ranking it with Christmas and the Fourth of July. In the observances of the last two holidays the old folks mingled. On Christmas they did all they could to make us happy, and on Fourth of July we did all we could to make them miserable, and thus we had the better of them both ways. But May Day was all our



own, except that we occasionally perverted the uses of the occasion to the ends of fautastic vengeance upon our common enemies such as school teachers, doctors and people who set bear traps in their orehards—an offense which, by the way, resembles that of the teacher, since it is he who surrounds the tree of knowledge with instruments of

It was love, however, that ruled the day, and the May basket was its symbol. In the preparation of this token we employed secret wiles much darker than those with which we surrounded the Christmas present.

The Heart Went With the Basket, The point of it was to hang a pretty basket on the doorknob of the house which held the sweetest little girl in the world, and then get away again without being caught. She was to have no clew to the giver unless her heart told her who he was. She was ex-

pected to hang a May basket, too, but if she were caught at it she might be kissed. I remember lying in wait for a whole hour in the porch, on a warm May night, expecting every moment to hear the sound of stealthy feet on the steps. It seemed a long band and wife be professionals both, it is befter that they should as nearly as possible be of the same grade of ability. I think, also, that they should endeavor to be east in doing it even then; he might be catching her, and kissing her. Would I ever forgive her? No, sir. Would I pound that other fellow it I found out who it was? You bet! Even if he should be big Ed Smith I'd fix him so that he couldn't come to school for a

week. He Kissed the Wrong Girl. My jealousy buzzed so loudly that the door bell rang with a clamor, and scamper ing feet resounded on the walk before I became aware that she had come. I was after her in an instant, but the breath had been so startled out of my body that I feit as if the main street for a little way, and then along a shadowy crossroad, her figure along a shadowy crossroad, her figur-flitted before me in the dusk, like a phan

Pride came in aid of love; I wouldn't be beaten by a girl. I was gaining; she was but a lew yards ahead. In the darkest part of that long lane I caught her; struggled a moment for a kiss; got it, and we both stood panting till the moon looked out from be-hind a cloud, and showed me the queer, the house of my lady love, and doubtless in-trusted with the basket for no other reason than to play me this ridiculous trick.

I should have been rude if prudence had not supplemented chivalry. As it was, I promised her unlimited candy it she would

The Larceny of a Gravestone On the way home, with my soul full of bitterness, I encountered several of the older boys and joined them in a hazardous under-taking, which involved larceny from my own father. Our kitchen chimney had of late indulged in the bad habit of smoking, and an expert had recommended putting alab of stone over the top, supported by bricks at the corners. My father had sent to Belfast for this slab, and some grim humorist over there had shipped him an un-

not tell; but she did.



Aggravating Disparity in Ages.

By next May Day, I had transferred my affections from the fair one who had duped me so cruelly to a girl of a more serious mind. She was 15 years old and I was 13, and I used to weep bitter tears because, in my ignorance of matrimoulal affairs, I supposed that the two years between us consti-

posed that the two years between us consti-tuted an insuperable barrier to our union. However, there is a time in every boy's life

when a hopeless passion becomes a necessity. In the depths of my heart I had sworn an

That It Has. sed gravestone. This grizzly piece of mar-Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.] ple had not been placed in position, but was ying in the back yard.

Since it had been there I had avoided the locality after dark, but emboldened by the presence of the other boys, I led the way, and we secured it. With much difficulty we carried it to Dr. Wilson's front door, where we left it, with a card stating that it had been sent as a token of remembrance by a large number of his late patients, I think that the doctor suspected my hand in this matter, for my experiences during a subsequent slight illness were too painful to

mals returning to sobriety the experiments were reversed with precisely the same results

No. 1 becoming nappy under the influence of old whisky, and No. 2 disagreeable

honorable member will move for a commit tee to ascertain if there is any connection be tween whisky and obstruction. WHY suffer with corns when you can permanently cure them with Daisy Corn Cure? 15 cents; all druggists.

basket with sugar hearts on which tender sentiments were inscribed in some poisonous, red coloring matter, and suspended it upon the bell-knob of her father's house when the EARNINGS OF HUMOR.

This father of hers was a choleric old This father of hers was a choleric old orthodox deacon named Simon P. Hatch, and by bad luck he came in answer to my frenzied summons, just as I was climbing over his garden fence. It wasn't too dark for him to see me or to note that I had pulled about six feet of his bell cord through the side of his house, and this did not tend to make him more amiable than usua!. He started in hot pursuit accompanied by a large dog with a bad disposition, and I don't know what they might have done to me if I AN EXPLOSION BROUGHT BIM OUT. James Whitcomb Elley's Money Trouble know what they might have done to me if I hadn't shinned up the lightning rod on the

How He Fooled the Old Gentle I was in hopes that he would try to shin up after me and break his neck in the opera-tion, but he contented himself with leaving the dog on guard while he went for a ladder.

side of the church just in time.



Taking advantage of his absence, I climbed to the beliry, descended to the body of the church, and dropped out of a window on the-

opposite side from the dog.

I heard atterward that in revenge the old man had led the sugar hearts to his dog. Looking back now upon those old time confections, I wonder that they didn't kill

remained constant during that year and, when the time came round, I prepared another May basket more beautiful than its predecessor. In this labor I received valuable advice and assistance from Harry Raymond, who was three years my senior. I thought it very kind of him, because I had suspected that he, too, was in love with Alice, and I had wondered if I should ever be big enough to "lick" him for it. But he so assured me of his deep and everlasting sympathy that I grew to like him very much, and even offered to make a May basket for him, because it was well known that he was too lazy to make one for himself. However, he generously refused.

An Accumulation of Hard Luck. I pulled old Hatch's door bell that May night with a beating heart, and lost no time in taking flight. There was a long vard at one side of the house, and I whizzed through it like a cannon ball, making for the open fields beyond. But unfortunately there was a clothesline stretched between two posts at such a height from the ground that it caught me squarely across the bridge of the nose. My head stopped suddenly and my feet continued. I landed on my back after a giddy pluage, and lay there, I don't know

how long, trying to decide whether I was dead or only blind.

By and by life enough came back to en-able me to crawl toward the street. Both my eyes were nearly closed, so that I could see only the general outlines of houses and trees. As I nesred the gate, I heard the sound of voices. First Alice asked in pitying tenes: "Did he hurt you much? Oh, why didn't you run faster?"

why didn't you run faster?"
"I didn't mind it," said Harry, "so long as it was for you, though the old man laid it on pretty hard."
"Never mind, dear," whispered Alice, "it was such a beautiful basket, and so goed of you to make it for me. I looked out of the window just as the bell rang, and saw you

run away with father after vou."

The intamous traitor. He had hidden there waiting for me to hang the basket, and had then allowed old Hatch to catch him in order to get Alice's sympathy.

"I knew you'd come back," said Alice, "so I stole out to console you, though father'd give me fits if he caught me. There-oh Harry, two kisses are enough-They were too much for me. Blind and crippled as I was, I made a straight rush for the traitor. Just when he escaped from me I don't know, but a few minutes later I found myself engaged in pummeling old Hatch's tall white kitchen post under the misapprehension that it was my unworthy

Then I crawled home, sore all over, capecially in my heart.

It was with such pastimes as these that we made May-night merry in the olden time. I wonder if there is any spot on earth where it is now celebrated as we used to do way down in Maine years ago. Perhaps not; but there are men scattered all over the country who would give half of what they have since laboriously stolen from their fellow men to have again the fearts that best under their jackets in those May days. HowARD FIELDING.

IN HER 114TH YEAR. A Very Old Quaker City Lady of a Long-

Lived Family.

Philadelphia can be credited with a physiclogical phenomenon exhibited by the recent census returns of no other city. This is no less than a group of five living generations of one family, all female, the oldest member of which is now in her 114th year and in the possession of good health and remarkably preserved faculties says the Times, of that city.

Mrs. Catharine Sharp was born on Februry 26, 1778, and a "History of the Saints," which her parents cherished as a family book and is now in her possession, contains that registry of her birth. Extraordinary preservation of youth and health has been the feature of the race. Her daughter, Mrs. Mary H. Smith, is also a wonderfully preerved woman, whose 73 years sit as lightly on her shoulders as though they were not more than half that sum. Mrs. Annie E. Wilson, Mrs. Sharp's granddaughter, is only 41, and searcely a wrinkle has yet furrowed her brow. Looking like a child is pretty little Mary Wetherill, the great-granddaughter, only 21 years old, and the proud mother of two plump, diminutive broaches of familiative has a properly and the proud mother of two plumps, diminutive of the properly and the properly an unches of femininity, the very picture of

Mrs. Sharp often saw Washington after be became President.

. NEW AND OLD WHISKY, The Age of the Stuff Determines the Effect

There is whisky and whisky. There is Parliamentary whisky and several other whiskies. It will be remembered that some attention was drawn to the former a whil ago, and it is now announced that an "emipent distiller" has taken samples of the new whisky supplied to the members of the House of Commons and samples of the old. and has tried their effects on two monkeyswith the following results, says an unofficial

report:
No. 1 monkey was made drunk with new
whisky, and became quarrelsome. Monkey
No. 2 was intoxicated with fine old whisky,
and got markedly hilarious. On the sniconied everywhere. It was soon see everything he wrote was received in like manner, and he became the great feature of the paper. His salary was steadily in-creased, and for five years and more he has been receiving \$100 per week. On the whole, I suppose the question of salary is not the only one that enters into his resolution to change. The intellectual animal needs a change of diet as much as the physical animal, and the genius who would keep fresh must often seek pastures new." with the new.
In the face of this report, perhaps, some

It is strange that two of the greatest humorists of our time should live within a few miles of each other. Nasby did his work and made his fortune at Toledo, O., just a short ride from Detroit, and his wit gave the

Toledo Blade the start which now makes it M. Quad Will Go to New York on a Salary of Ten Thousand a Year.

Lake I was to be state in some warpaper properties of the country. It makes, I was told at Toledo yesterday, about \$100,000 a year, and the Nasby estate is now worth about \$1,000,000. This is a great increase over its coudition at the time of Mr. Locke's (Nasby) death a few years are. The great humorist

condition at the time of Mr. Locke's (Nasby) death a few years ago. The great humorist had invested largely in real estate and other things, during his latter years, and his property, though valuable, was covered with mortgages. It would not, it is thought, then have sold, paper and all, under the hammer, for such a price as to net \$200,000.

Nasby thought he was the soul of his news-

Would Brive Anyone to Drink. paper, and that with his death it would begin to decline, and that it would steadily decrease in value. He told his son Robert Locke this, and during his last hours, when THE ESTATE OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY he knew he was going to die, urged him by ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. all means to sell as soon as posible. Young Locke listened with due respect to his father, but he did not sell and kept on pub-DETROIT, April 24 .- For the past decade

Detroit has been famous as the residence of

the most prolific funny man in the United

sions of laughter.

and in Australia.

more for, a new field.

will make you roar with laughter.

Striving Always for Variety.

worth, I judge, something like \$50,000."

A Steamboat Explosion Made a Humorist

"Where did he come from?" I asked.

interior Michigan towns, and saved enough

to buy a weekly paper that was offered for sale in one of the back counties of Tennes-see. He left Michigan and went to Cincin-nati, intending to buy this paper. At Cin-cinnati he took the boat to go down the

river. He had never been on a steamer be-

to the Captain and asked him if it was safe.
The Captain replied that it was, and upon
his assurance that there was no danger of
the boat blowing up, M. Quad took his stand

near the engine and watched its workings with big and fearful eyes.

"This was just about the close of the rac-ing days on the Ohio and Mississippi, and

shortly after the boat left it got into a race

with a rival steamer. Bacon and oil were thrown into the engine, the fires were made as hot as those of the Shadrach, Meshach

and Abeduego furnace, and just as the boat was passing its hated rival, the boiler ex-ploded, and M. Quad, with the rest of the

Thrown Into the Water.

"He was dragged out insensible onto the

ahore, but he had been so near the engine that his face was blackened, and it was some time before he was attended to, as it was

Concessee paper, and he worked his way

"Now, the editor of M. Quad's paper,

like many of his kind, had a failing of

the story of his experience on the Ohio. The article was headed, 'How it feels to be blown up.' It was full of the humor that

has since made its composer so famous, and it was copied far and wide. Among the other papers which copied it was the De-

troit Free Press, and its editor was so struck

with it that he opened up a correspondence with the editor of the paper, and finally of-

fered M. Quad a place as legislative re-

He Writes Up a Dog Fight.

"M. Quad took it. When the Legislature

adjourned he was ordered to come to Detroit

to do local work. He came in to the city editor, and he, looking upon him as a green country boy, asked him rather contemptuously what he thought he could do. M. Quad replied that he could do almost any-

porter at Lansing.

passengers, were

fore, and before taking passage he went up

M. Quad Is Going to New York.

lishing it, and it has, I am told, made enough money for him to pay off all the mortgages, and to increase the value of the States, Here, surrounded by the cold breezes of two great lakes, his ears dinned by the property so that it is now worth a million. whistles of the hundreds of mighty steamers which plunge their way past Detroit from Montreal to Duluth, he has poked his steel Gossip About James Whitcomb Riley. The true inwardness of the bad habits which James Whitcomb Ritey was accused stub pen into the sides of the great Amerof at the time of his trouble with Bill Nye ican public, and tickled them into convulsome time ago has never been published. I spent a day or so at Indianapolis a short Here the Farmer's Lime Kiln Club was Here the Farmer's Lime Kiln Club was time ago, and the only wonder to me was born with him as its father, and out of his that Mr. Riley was as temperate as he was. His troubles were not with Bill Nye so much as an advance agent of Indianapolis, brain sprang the old negro Bijab, who will go down into literary history as one of the who had a five years' contract with him, by which he was to receive one-half of all the profits of his lecture and reading tours. Riley is as simple as a child, and he made strongest characters of American humor. It was he who originated the terrible Mr. Bowser, and who keeps our digestions in

order still; by retailing his troubles with his contract, now nearly five years ago. The agent managed him for a time himself, and when the Riley-Nye combination was copied translations from the Arisona formed, he got to be an employe of Major Pond and managed them.

If the report I hear at Indianapolis is true, he received pay for this, and in addi-Kicker, and it is he who for a dozen years and more, has been the author of ninetenths of the humorous and patheticarticles which have given his paper a mighty cir-culation in the United States, in England tion got on the quiet one-half of the receipts that Riley received from his work. Thus Rilev was 'urnishing fully half the show, doing the most of the work, and getting only a small part of the profits. It is no wonder that he got gloomy under this slavery, and if he now and then took more to drown his This man's name, as far as the world knows him, is M. Quad. His real name is Mr. Charles Lewis, and his individuality is troubles than was good for him, we need not be surprised. He is, in fact, one of the best all the more interesting just now that he is about to leave Detroit for the wider field of drawing cards in the lecture field to-day, and his receipts for going to make a single read-ing at Denver were, I am told, \$1,000. His contract with this agent has about expired, and he will be in the lecture field on his own

New York. His last contract of five years here expires in May, and he has received two offers from New York of \$10,400 a year each. I am told his salary here has been only \$5,000 a year, and in moving he will have twice the salary, and what he cares more for a new field. His Genius Doesn't Grasp Details. Mr. Lewis' greatest horror is that he may get into a rut. He has seen the other funny Speaking of his simplicity, an Indianapolis editor says he is sure to get the wrong train in going to any place, and they tell a story there of how he once took a young lady home from a party in Indianapolis, and then men of his generation rise and fall from sot varying their fields and subjects, and he learned a lesson by their example. Bob Burdette was a great man for a time, but in order to find his own way back to his he, to a great extent, wrote himself out. Petroleum V. Nasby's funny business house, he had to go back to the place where the party was held and start anew. He is, practically stopped with the war, and even our own Bill Nye has but one field. M. however, much loved at Indianapolis, and the people rightly call him the Robert Burns Quad can write a story that will make your eyes water, and with the same pen on the same day he will describe a dog fight that

of the present generation.

He has one of the greatest souls among the authors of to-day, and he is a genius of a very high poetic order. He has a wonderful power as a lecturer, and he can render his own poetry so as to bring tears to the eyes of his hearers, or at will, to bring the house down in convulsions of laughter. He has When he had the Lime Kiln Club, at the height of its popularity, he dropped it for fear he would tire his readers, and I am told that he adopts all sorts of methods of life to keep himself fresh. "M. Quad," said one of the Detroit editors to me last not the money-making sense to any extent, and though he receives good prices from the magazines for his poetry, it would be just like him to give some of his best work away to a friend who admired it. There is no night, "is one of the best detectives in Michigan. He knows all about the cases that snobbishness about him, and he is, in short, what his poemeshow him to be, a great big boy, come before the police here, and he has a
wide knowledge of all classes of people. I
went into a store the other day and found
him behind a counter selling hats. The
hatter told me he had sold there for an hour with a soul in sympathy with the good, the true and the beautiful, and with a kindly feeling toward all that is sad and sorrowful in humanity and human kind. It goes and had done better than any of his clerks. without saying that such a man should not sell his soul for one-half of its profits to an "He is one of the most prolific writers in sell his soul for one-half of its profits to an
advertising agent. James Whitcomb Riley's
experience in money making is that of many
humorists. Artemus Ward never saved
anything, and he was as guileless as Riley.
M. Quad has made a good thing off of the
Detroit Free Press, but its owners have been the country, and he turns out from 10 to 12 columns every week. The most of his mat-ter is unsigned, but it is all widely copied. In addition to this he writes for other parties, and has for years written the advertise-ments or one of our largest firms here. He does the most of his work at home, writes rapidly and makes few corrections in his manuscript. Both his offers are \$200 a week helped to make a fortune out of him, Mark on a yearly contract, but one was from a leading New York newspaper, and the other was from a big newspaper syndicate. He is not a rich man, though he has saved him a vacation in Europe. He has worked on and on, at \$1,000 a year, until his health is broken. FRANK G. CARPTENTER. money since he came to Detroit, and he is

PALSE TRETH BLAMED

"The story of M. Quad's life is a curious Owned by a Descon's Wife and Bropped one," was the reply. "He originated, think, in Michigan, and like Petroleum. V Out When She Sang. Nasby, started as a printer. He set type for some years on a weekly paper in one of the

At every meeting of the Congregational Sunday school superintendents someone tells a good story in illustration of some point which he wishes to bring out. The meeting last night in Berkeley Temple took up again the topic that was left unfinished at the last monthly meeting, "What Can the Sunday School Learn From the Public School?" This subject gradually led up to the "Choice, Tenure and Change of Teachers in the Bunday School," in which Mr. C. W. Carter spoke at length. His remarks led to a very funny story by Mr. E. O.

Mr. Carter spoke of the necessity of having good teachers as something which everyone admitted, but he recognized the fact that to get the best machers was an exceedingly dificult thing. To change teachers often was a great injury to a school, and he thought, herefore, that it was often better to keep a teacher who was not strictly first-class rather than risk the alternative and hurt the tencher's feelings deeply, besides. Yhen Mr. Bullock arose.

Then Mr. Bullock arose.

"There was once a country parish," he said, "where the choir was led for a very long time by the wife of one of the deacons. For ten years she sang acceptably to the people, and for several years more she did not sing acceptably. Then it was made worse by her getting a set of talse teeth. These teeth came out one day when she was incident and the deacon's wife didn't like it. thought he was a negro. He was, however, finally picked up and carried to the hospital at Cincinnati, where he lay for some weeks. In the explosion he lost, I think, the money with which he intended to buy the inging, and the deacon's wife didn't like it. "The minister and the congregation didn't like it, either. But the former was like Brother Carter, and said, 'We will wait a while. It would be too bad to hurt the feelings of the deacon's wife.' So he waited.

drinking too much at the wrong time of the week. This prevailed to such an extent, so the story goes, that he did not have enough copy to fill his columns, and the selection of miscellany was left to M. Quad. Upon one The teeth came out a good many times during next year or so, but the deagon's wife still sang. When her teeth came out, of course, some of the congregation laughed, Finally the minister was obliged to do wife was to sing in the choir the congregation should stand back to the choir. "Some of the congregation complied, some didn't. That created a division in the church. Neither side would yield an inch,

and to-day there are two churches where there was then only one, all because the minister was afraid of hurting the feelings of the deacon's wife."

FIGHTS IN HIS SLEEP.

Man Who Knocks His Wife's Face Out of Shape While Unconscio

I had a patient recently, a married man says Dr. A. S. Whitmore, of Boston, in the thing, but he had seen a dog fight on his way up from the depot and he thought be could make a good local out of that. The city editor replied that he seldom reported dog fights, but he could write it up if he St. Louis Globe-Democrat, whose wife could not sleep in the same bed with him Secause he was liable at any time to strike her in the face while he was asleep. It was the worst wanted to and he might perhaps use it. M. case of restlessuess in sleep I ever saw. He Quad wrote it.
"The city editor passed it, and it was was a sleep-walker who didn't walk, but used his hands in his dream-ideas just as if they were real. He had fairly beaten the plastering from the wall on that side of the bed. The case was so strange that I sat by his bedside one night to watch him. His sleep was quiet for some time, and then he commenced to mormur unintel-ligibly and draw his arms up and down. Suddenly he clinehed his fists and struck

out with his right as hard as he could. He was lying on his left side, facing me, so that his blow was wasted on the empty air. I awakened him, and he told me after a while that he remembered dreaming of being at tacked by a highwayman, whom he knocked

TWO DOCTORS' EARNINGS.

nd Said to Have Made 835 an House for a Year.

Mew York Sun. 1 Dr. William A. Hammond, long of this city, and now of Washington, is said to have boasted that he built his magnificent Fifty-fourth street house-now Chauncey M. Depew's residence-with the fees he took in a single year. That property cost more than \$100,000. It is impossible to say what Dr. Hammond's income averaged, but never went into battle a more spirited charger than he. In one case that can be confidently referred to his bill for six short and ordinary visits was \$90, and it was a matter of common repute that many persons paid \$20 for consulting him preparatory to becoming

That is what may be called the Dr. Hammond or gilded side of the medical outlook.
But there is another side. I know personally a young practitioner who was graduated fire from college and then from a medical school, and then began to attend lectures and walk hospitals here and in Europe. In these ways he spent seven years in fitting himself to practice after he got his bachelor's degree. He then rented a house and hung out his shingle. There was a long pause. No one knew him and he knew no one. At last there came a ring at his door bell and an excited neighbor rushed in to say that a servant girl had gone crazy and to ask if the young doctor would take care of her and conduct her to some institution for safe keeping. The doctor called a cab, and, after overpowering the maniae got her into the vehicle. It octhrust her legs out of the cab window, and she would not take them in for any amount of coaxing. Thus the doctor earned his first fee after seven years of preparation.

NO MICROBES FOR HIM.

An Honest Milkman Whose Conscien Pats Him on the Back. Mrs. Bulbul (insinuatingly)-You ad-

vertised to sell pure country milk, did you not, Mr. Milean?

Milean (hesitatingly)-Yes, I did, madam Mrs. Bulbul (sareastically)-And this

blue compound is nothing but chalk and water, is it not? Milcan (firmly)-It is, Mrs. Bulbul, as

you say, nothing but chalk and water. But I have it on the authority of the highest German medical talent, madam, that pure cows' milk is the most deadly of drinks, and I resolved that come what might, even though my integrity, which I hold dearer than life itself, were unjustly impugned and my most sacred feelings wantonly torn, I, at least, should never endanger the lives of my customers and their little ones by inducng them to drink the wretched stuff. I tope, madam, that my explanation is satisfactory, but if it is not, I have at least the satisfaction of an approving conscience.

EXTRACTS FROM A FAMOUS LECTURE ON CA-TARRHAL DISEASES BY DR. S. B.

BARTMAN, COLUMBUS, OHIO. Chronic Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Influence La Grippe, and Many Other Common Affections Fully Explained and

Treatment Given. The disease known as catarrh is canable of setting up in the body such a variety of derangements that there are a large group of diseases, commonly thought to be dissim-ilar, but which are really different forms of the same disease. The different names by which the catarrhal affections have come to be known have the effect of leading most people to suppose each one to be an entirely different disease. To illustrate: What is generally known as "a cold" is really soupe catarrh of the sporadic variety. Epidemie Twain once told me that "The Innocents catarrh of the sporadic variety. Epidemia Abroad" paid him only 5 per cent of the retail price of the book. I hear that the Norristown Herald funny man has broken down, and that a fund will be raised to give toms, yet there is no essential difference in er nature or successful t flammation of the eyes and middle ear are simply entarrh of the mucous lining of these organs. Pharyngitis and laryngitis (sere throat) are both cataerh, although the symptoms produced by them are quite dif-ferent. Bronchitis, estarth of the bronchial tubes, and consumption are in a majority of cases but catarrh of the lungs. Dyspepsia, diarrhosa, dysentery, inflammation of the bladder and other pelvic organs are nearly always due to catarrh of these parts.

Thus it will be seen that the group of dis eases properly included under the head of catarrh is a very large and important one, and any remedy that so operates on the system as to cure catarrh of any variety can be relied upon as a remedy in all other varieties of the disease. It is established beyond all question that Perru-a is by far the most celebrated, if not the only specific remedy for catarrhal diseases. The dose and times of taking the remedy ording to the variety of catarrh for which

If it be a common cold, a wineglassful of Pe-ru-na, taken in hot water, at the beg ning of the attack, followed by a tablespe ful every three hours until the symptoms all subside, is the proper treatment. In cases of la grippe, distemper and influence, the dose is a tablespoonful every hour for adults, and a corresponding less dose for children. During the night, if the patients are quietly sleeping, it is not my custom to wake them to take the medicine; but if restless Pe-ru-na should be given regularly the whole twentyfour hours.

In cases of sore throat, broughitts and consumption it is better to add two onness of rock candy to each bottle before using; then take according to directions on the bottle. This is also the proper way to use Pe-ru-us in all cases where a cough is a permanent symptom. In cases of dyspepsis and diseases of the abdominal and pelvic organs the directions on the bottle are suffi-cient. Cases of chronic catarrh in the head, threat, bronchial tubes, stomach and pelvic organs, of 10, 15, or even 20 years' standing are constantly being cured by the use of Pe-ru-na. It has come to be a well-estab-lished fact that Pe-ru-na will cure catarrh

in any stage or variety where the case is not complicated by any organic disease.

A valuable pamphlet of 33 pages, setting forth in detail the treatment of catarrh in every phase of the disease, will be sent free to any address by the Peruna Medicine Company of Columbus, Ohio. This book should be in every household, as it contains a great deal of reliable information as to the cure and prevention of all catarrhal and kindred diseases.

The Soft Glow of The

TEA ROSE is Acquired by Ladies Who Use

MEDICATED

TRY IT. SOLD EVERYWHERE. OZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER.