

Metamorphosed

By DOROTHEA HALE

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The manager of burlesque opera sat at his desk. He had given out that he needed one who could take a woman's part to act, dance and sing. A girl about twenty years old, comely, with a good figure and a bright face, entered.

"Dance?" asked the manager.
The girl replied by pirouetting about in good style.

"Sing?"
She ran the scale. Her voice was a full, round soprano and very sweet. The range was remarkable.

"Act?"
She recited a passage in a well known play.

"You are engaged."
Miss Fredrica Harrow proved a success. She had in her a certain spirit of delivery that was especially appropriate to the parts she took. One role she played was that of a female Mephistopheles. When the audience left the theater after the performance they felt that they had been under the influence of a deliciously bad girl.

One Sunday morning the manager went to church. It is possible for a manager of a burlesque troop to go to church and with religious motives. But this manager did not go with such motives. He went because he had heard that in the choir was a remarkably fine tenor. The services opened with a tenor solo. The manager was astonished. There was Miss Harrow in man's clothes. He not only recognized her by her face, but through her voice, which was Miss Harrow's lower notes.

But there was one difference between Miss Harrow soprano and Miss Harrow tenor. The latter was as heavenly as the former was devilish. She sang an "Ave Maria," and it seemed that an angel rather than a mortal was praying to the Virgin. The manager did not wonder that the tenor was exciting attention. But he had no use for him in burlesque opera. He expressed the good, and with that the manager was not concerned.

"Where were you last night?" asked the manager the next day when Miss Harrow came to rehearsal.

"At home."
The manager said no more. He had slept over the tenor's identity and had come to the conclusion that he could not be Miss Harrow.

Not long after that a man in his troupe fell sick, and there was no one to take his part.

"How low are his lowest notes?" asked Fredrica.

The manager told her, and she said that she thought she could take the part. He also asked her to sing the lower notes, but she said she couldn't jump right into them; she must get it by practice. She left him, agreeing to be ready for the part when required.

Miss Harrow in man's clothes was a very different person from Miss Harrow in woman's clothes. In the first place, instead of singing the part in a low soprano voice, she sang it as a tenor. In the second, she made a failure in her action. Instead of being adapted to burlesque, she sang as if she were in oratorio.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" said the manager after the first act. "Your singing is all right—indeed, it's a wonder for a woman—but you act as if you were preaching a sermon."

Miss Harrow hung her head and looked hurt. However, she finished the performance, and before the manager could catch her to find any more fault with her she had gone home. But the next day when she went into the theater he tackled her.

"There was something funny about your work last night. How did you get down to a real baritone, and what made you act like a clergyman?"

"I told you that with a little practice I could do the low notes, and, as for my acting, the part is different from those I've been playing. It is not a rollicking role."

"And it wasn't taken out of a hymn book, either?"

"I'm sorry. I thought I could take baritone parts sometimes."

"So you can, but not where there's any devilry in them."

In a few weeks the regular baritone was down again.

"I think," said Fredrica, "I can take that role. It's more serious."

"Who'll take your part?"

"I think I can take them both."

"Nonsense!"

"I'll show you how it can be done tomorrow at rehearsal." And she tripped away.

When the rehearsal came and the manager went on to the stage to conduct it he was more bewildered than ever. There were two Fredrica Harrows, fine and superfine.

"How's this?" asked the manager, staring from one to the other.

"Permit me," said Fredrica, "to introduce my twin brother, Frederick Harrow. He has a tenor voice."

Then she admitted that she had substituted him for herself in the man's part; that while she was all frolic he was religiously emotional.

"Well," said the manager, "I want you two. I have a scheme for an opera involving a transformation scene, man metamorphosed to woman and woman metamorphosed back to man. You two will do it to perfection."

And so it was that the twins appeared in a part prepared for them and sang a harvest. The opera was called "The Devil and the Saint."

FUNERAL COSTUMES.

Their Extravagance Curbed by Law at One Time in England.

Sumptuary mourning laws were formerly found necessary in England to restrict the extravagance of the nobility and their imitators in the matter of funeral costume. At the end of the fifteenth century it was laid down that dukes, marquises and archbishops should be allowed sixteen yards of cloth for their gowns, "sloppes" (mourning cassocks) and manies; earls fourteen, viscounts twelve, barons eight, knights six and all persons of inferior degree only two. Hoods were forbidden to all except those above the rank of esquire of the king's household.

In the following century Margaret, countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., issued an ordinance for the "reformation of apparel for great estates of women in time of mournings." So it seems that men and women have met in the extravagance of sorrow.

Even 200 years ago London tradesmen found that court mourning seriously affected their business. Addison relates that at a tavern he often met a man whom he took for an ardent and eccentric royalist. Every time this man looked through the Gazette he exclaimed, "Thank God, all the reigning families of Europe are well." Occasionally he would vary this formula by making reassuring remarks respecting the health of British royalists. After some time Addison discovered that this universal royalist was a colored silk merchant, who never made a bargain without inserting in the agreement, "All this will take place as long as no royal personage dies in the interval."—London Chronicle.

MENTAL INFLUENCES.

The State of the Mind Has a Direct Effect Upon the Body.

A good deal is said in these days about the effect of mind on matter in the way of the cure of disease, but less is heard about mental influences as a cause of bodily ills, yet it is an old truth that the state of mind has a direct effect on the body. The gloom and depression caused by worry and anxiety create a morbid condition of the physical system. It is impossible to feel well physically when the mind and spirits are downcast. The blood does not circulate properly, appetite falls, the head aches, and if these morbid conditions continue more deep seated ailments are likely to arise, and cancer may be one of them.

With many persons a fit of anger is followed by an attack of indigestion. Excitement destroys the appetite, bad news creates nausea, fright causes faintness, and so on. Violent or depressing emotions always disturb the equilibrium of body and mind alike. This being the case, it is inevitable that when these emotions often recur or become continuous serious physical results will follow. The obvious lesson is, then, that mental serenity tends to health—is, in fact, an essential element of health—and that instead of resorting to mind "cures" after the health is broken it is wise to preserve the serenity as a preventive and safeguard against disease.—Indianapolis Star.

Lordly Disraeli.

Disraeli once told a lady that two possessions which were indispensable to other people he had always done without. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magulicious reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, 'with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"

Easier to Write It.

In 1871 Edward Lear was staying with the governor of Bombay at Mahabaleshwar, the hill station of the Bombay presidency. I was there and took a walk with him one day. He asked me the name of some trees. I told him they were called "jambul" trees in India. He immediately produced his sketch book and in his indimitable style drew a bull looking into a jam pot. He said it would help him to remember the name.—London Spectator.

Pleasant Prospect.

"Yo' isn't stopped at de Palace hotel befo', is yo', boss?" inquired the colored man who was piloting a just arrived traveler from the railway station to the hostelry.

"No. But what makes you sure of it?"

"Thkase yo' gwine dar now, sah."—Puck.

Amiability Rules.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do fact and courtesy become.—Holmes.

Admitted.

She—Oh, I have no doubt you love me, but your love lacks the supreme touch—unselfishness.
What makes you say that?
You admit it. You want me for yourself alone, you say.

The Utopia of today is the reality of tomorrow.—Passy.

DECAY OF TIN.

Remarkable Alteration Which Takes Place in the Metal.

Anything made of tin, it seems, is doomed to a brief existence. This metal is subject to a remarkable kind of alteration, a species of disease to which it is liable. When exposed to the air tin undergoes no chemical change, as do iron and copper, which, of course, chemically combine with the oxygen or with water. The tin, however, still remains metallic tin, but gradually becomes gray and dull and falls to fine powder.

The disease is "catching." It infects or induces the same change in other masses of tin in the immediate neighborhood. We are told that in a Russian imperial magazine, in place of tin uniform buttons, little heaps of powder were found. A consignment of Banka tin sent from Rotterdam to Moscow in 1877 arrived at the latter place in the form of powder. This alteration is due to a change in the internal crystalline structure of the metal and is analogous to the slow transformation of monoclinic sulphur to rhombic sulphur. As a result, objects of tin of archaeological interest are rare. Those that have been found have been in the form of earthenware vessels, knobs, etc., which have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings coated with tin foil. Cassiterite or stonstone is the single ore from which the tin has been obtained in any quantity.—Knowledge and Scientific News, London.

A PLACID MERCHANT.

He Had Some Regard For the Social Side of Trade.

The summer visitor in a small seaport town was amazed and amused at the assortment of merchandise displayed in the little store at the head of the wharf. The showcase was devoted to an assortment of candy at one end and a lot of cigars and tobacco at the other end and no barrier between. Next to the showcase stood a motor engine valued at several hundred dollars.

Thinking to please the proprietor, the visitor remarked that even the large department stores in Boston could not boast of such a collection. "Well," he said, "I ain't aping them stores, I can tell you. I aim to keep what my folks want. When a man wants an engine for his bot he wants it, and if the fish are running he can't wait to send way to Portland or Boston for it. He wants it when he does, then and there."

After a little pause he continued: "I don't like the way they do business in them big stores, anyway. Why, when you go into a store up to Boston the first thing you know somebody asks you what you want."

"Now, I never do anything like that. If a man comes into my place I pass the time o' day and ask him to set, and after he's set and talked a while if I never pester him he'll tell me. 'I never pester a man to buy. Maybe he ain't come to buy; maybe he's come to talk.'—Youth's Companion.

The First Universities.

To fix precisely the date of the rise of the first universities is impossible for the reason that they were not founded, but grew. They were started by a few able men who had something they wished to teach and youths wished to learn. Gradually the free, voluntary center of learning became the organized affair we know as the university. Among the earliest of these centers of learning were Salerno, Naples and Bologna, Italy being the first land to experience the literary revival. We may say that Salerno university was fairly established by the year 1090, the University of Bologna by 1160 and the University of Paris by the year 1200. The University of Paris, which owes its existence to the genius of Abelard, was founded about the same time.—New York American.

Handed It Back.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat I go to London. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired, "By the bye, do you attend my church?"

"No," was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon I go to London. They make them there."—London Tit-Bits.

Tea in the Time of Buddha.

At the time of Buddha China was enjoying a large foreign commerce in tea. It was carried by her junks to Japan, Korea, Tonquin, Anam, Cochlin, Burma, Siam, India, Ceylon, Persia and Arabia. According to one record, it was sent to a great black river country west of Arabia, from which it was separated by a long and very torrid sea, which must have been Egypt. It was carried by caravans to Manchuria, Mongolia, Kuldja, Tartary, Tibet, Persia and northern India.

Couldn't Tell.

"Has your pocket ever been picked?"
"Really, I don't know. It never was before I got married. If it has been since I, of course, would have no way of finding out about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Inspiration.

"This is a pretty good poem. You must have had some strong inspiration."

"I had. The editor promised me \$10."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The heart of a loving woman is a golden sanctuary where often there reigns an idol of clay.—Linnaea.

DEATHWATCH BEETLES.

Their Tapping Stands For Courtship and Not For Warning.

Much mental anguish could have been saved to past generations and some not so very far past if people had known that the mysterious tapping of the "deathwatch" stood for courtship and not death. A writer in the Scientific American explains that the various species of the beetle anobium and their bigger relatives of the genus xestobium not only attack furniture, but so completely riddle the whole woodwork of old houses by their borings as to render the structures unsafe. Indeed, a beam that has been tenanted by these insects for a number of years is little better than an outer shell containing a mass of wood dust. The xestobium is the common deathwatch, while the anobium also is in the habit of making a tapping sound.

The nocturnalappings of these insects, distinctly audible in a room where there is an otherwise complete absence of noise, has for many centuries been regarded by the superstitious as a warning of the approach of death. This uncanny interpretation of a mysterious sound is scarcely surprising when it is remembered that only in recent years have naturalists discovered its true cause.

The little beetle has been found in some secluded spot, jerking its hard head at regular intervals upon the surface of the wood beneath it. So far as can be told, its rattlings constitute a kind of courtship ritual. Obviously they have no connection with the latter end of mankind.

A RAIN OF FIRE.

The Great Meteoric Shower That Scared Folks in 1833.

In Scharf's "Chronicles of Baltimore" there is a vivid description of the starry halli storm, the fiery meteoric shower, of 1833, and old files of newspapers are made luminous at that date with the impressions of editors and contributors. One writer said it was the grandest and most charming sight ever presented to the vision of man. Awakened from sleep, he sprang to the window, thinking the house was on fire, but when he looked out he beheld stars, or fiery bodies, descending like "torrents." The shed "in the adjoining yard to my own," he wrote, "was covered with stars, as I supposed, during the whole time." Professor Olmstead of Yale college thought that the exhibition was the finest display of celestial fireworks that had been witnessed since the creation of the world, although he, too, while knowing its character, was sufficiently imbued with the theological spirit of the time to believe that it was a solemna portent that carried a divine warning.

One editor whose comment upon this phenomenon was probably more quoted than any other he ever made said: "We pronounce the raining fire which we saw on Wednesday morning an awful type, a forerunner, a merciful sign, of that great and dreadful day which the inhabitants of the earth will witness when the sixth seal will be opened. Many things occurring in the earth tend to convince us that we are now in the latter days."

Dreams of Genius.

An interesting book might be written on the subject of the dreams of genius. Stevenson maintained that much of his work was only partially original. His collaborators were the brownies who ran riot through his brain during the hours of sleep. He instances the case of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." "I had long been trying to write a story on this subject," he writes, "to find a body, a vehicle for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature. For two days I went about racking my brains for a plot of any sort, and on the second night I dreamed the scene at the window and a scene afterward split in two, in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers. All the rest was made awake and consciously, although I think I can trace in much of it the manner of my brownies."—London Chronicle.

Opportunities and Limitations.

The world is full of opportunities. The world has a place for all kinds of people. If a man look no higher than pickax or hod, but be industrious, the world can use him. The opportunities for the man who has spent the least time in school, getting only the practical studies, are better and higher than come to him of the hod, but such a man soon reaches his limit. He is on a short ladder. The one who has laid the foundation of a broad general education as well as a technical one has, given intelligence, industry and loyalty, practically no limit to his career.—K. U. Graduate Magazine.

A Hard Problem.

A certain debating society is discussing the question as to which is the angrier, the husband who goes home and finds that the dinner is not ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does not come home. It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

Not Always.

Teacher (of night school)—What do you understand by the term "life sentence"? Give an example of one.

Shaggy Haired Pupil—"I pronounce you husband and wife."—Chicago Tribune.

We can do nothing well without joy and a good conscience, which is the ground of joy.—Dibbes.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

Nights of Wasteful Debauchery That Wore Him Out.

"Yes, I'm dissipating too much," said the red faced rustic as he rubbed his head despondently.
"Dissipating?" gasped his friend.
"That's the word I used. You've heard that expression about 'burning life's candle at both ends?' Well, that's my case exactly. To tell the truth I have been having too gay a time. Last night I went down to the Blue Moon and drank a soda. Then some traveling man offered me a cigar. Of course I had to take it."

"You don't mean it?"
"I mean just what I say. Then I bought a ham sandwich. I ate it and actually forgot myself and took another. On my way home I dropped into the church social for a few minutes. Some of the young ladies made me try the 'penny dip,' and I drew a blank."

"Such extravagance!"
"That's exactly it. Extravagance and dissipation will kill me. It was 9 o'clock before I reached home."

"Nine o'clock?"
"Yes. I must be sowing my wild oats. Well, I've finished now. Night before last I called on my girl. She wouldn't let me leave until I had taken her out and bought chocolate creams. Talk about pleasure hunting! I'm simply worn out after these nights of wasteful debauchery."—Pearson's Weekly.

BLINDING A SHARK.

A Pearl Diver's Ruse by Which He Made Good His Escape.

A successful diver must possess great courage and nerves of steel. Such a man connected with a large wrecking company was visiting some years ago the pearl fisheries in the gulf of California, where sharks abounded. On one of his trips in quest of the pearl oyster he had a narrow escape from a fearful death.

He had been instructed never to stir from the bottom until he had looked up and around. Fortunately he heeded the advice. Having filled his bag, he glanced quickly about and caught sight of a huge shovel nosed shark watching him.

In an emergency men think fast. Near the diver was a large rock. He moved quickly to the other side of it, hoping to dodge the ferocious monster, but the maneuver did not work. The shark watched every movement, changing his position by a slight motion of his powerful tail.

Time was precious, and the diver conceived the idea of blinding the shark by stirring up the mud. Under cover of that he might escape. He worked for dear life and had the water thick with mud in less than half a minute.

Slipping around the rock again, he rose to the surface, having barely strength enough to reach the side of the boat, and was hauled on board just as the voracious man eater made a rush for him.

Romeo Not Taken Seriously.

Juliet was only fifteen years old, but she thought she was quite grown up. One evening, says Mrs. R. A. Fryor in "My Day," she was reclining on the moonlit veranda a young man called. He, too, it seemed, considered himself grown up. The anxious youth was moved to seize the propitious hour and declare himself. Juliet wished to answer correctly and dismiss him without wounding him.

She assured him mamma would never consent.

A voice from within—they were sitting beneath her mother's window—settled the matter:

"Accept the young man, Juliet, if you want to. I've not the least objection. And let him run along home now. Be sure to bolt the door when you come in."

Evidently the mother had small respect for boy lovers and wished to go to sleep.

A Prince Edward Island Legend.

There is a delightful legend among the people of Point Prim to the effect that when the English attacked the French fort at that place a chain ball from one of the attacking vessels cut the steeple from the old church located on the very point. In falling it toppled over the promontory and carried the bell which it contained into the sea. Dwellers along the point affirm that from time to time the sound of that bell comes over the waters at eventide and that its phantom tone is ever a warning of a fierce storm or some imminent danger to those who make their living by the spoils of the ocean.

An Office Engagement.

One of Washington's glided young men came rapidly down the steps of his house half an hour after noon the other day.

"What's the rush?" asked a friend.
"Oh, I've got to hurry down to the office or I won't get there in time to go out for lunch."—Saturday Evening Post.

Her Excuse.

Her Horrified Mother—Maude, I should like to know why you allowed that presumptuous fellow to kiss you.
The Daughter—I—I-I thought, mother, no one was looking.

Real Reform.

Knicker—What is your idea of municipal government? Bocker—First provide an auto and then create an office to fill it.—New York Sun.

Safe Ground.

"Every big millionaire likes to tell how he got his first thousand dollars."
"Yes; he's usually on safe ground there."—Pittsburg Post.

IN A SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF

By SHIELA ESTHER DUNN

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"My child, what's the matter between you and George?"

"Oh, auntie, I'm vexing him!"

"Don't do it."

A young girl sat at the feet of a woman of ninety. The tender curves in the face of the one contrasted strongly with the wrinkles of the other, who was her great-granddaughter. The one was of the early twentieth century, the other of the early nineteenth.

"When I was your age," the old woman continued after a pause, "General Jackson was president. He was a great fighting man, and since he not only fought the enemies of his country, but his own enemies, his example affected every one. He fought a duel with and killed a young married man who said something disagreeable about his wife. I always thought she was no saint, but the romance of it fired a young friend of mine, Albert Stevenson, and he was constantly looking for some girl on whom to practice Jackson's knight errantry.

"I was accepting the attention of a young Virginian, Fitz Hugh Fairfax. He was a remarkably handsome man and full of real chivalry, not the spurious kind affected by many others. He was devoted to me, and I loved him desperately.

"But our southern girls had the same romantic ideas as the young man. We thought it a fine thing to flirt with two or three men and at last give ourselves to some suitor who was ready to play Don Quixote in our defense. I was at the time playing a game with both Albert Stevenson and Fitz Hugh Fairfax. I had one other string to my bow, but I have forgotten his name. And yet at one time I thought I should marry him. Oh, dear, how one's memory fails after so many years!

"One day I was walking in the garden with Fairfax. We sat down on a bench under a tree. Stevenson called, and they told him I was in the garden. I saw him leave the house and come toward us. Fairfax was turned away from him. I am sure Fairfax was about to propose to me. He was bending over me with his face near to mine. Suddenly I jumped up, assuming an offended appearance. At the same time Stevenson joined us.

"He asked Fitz Hugh what it all meant. Very red in the face, he told Stevenson to ask me. Stevenson turned to me, and I, acting under the guidance of the spirit of devilry that was in me, said never a word, but walked to the house.

"I was no sooner on the gallery than it occurred to me that some real trouble might come out of my freak, and, returning to the young men, I told them that there was nothing of moment between Mr. Fairfax and me and they were to consider the matter as not having happened. Then when Fairfax gave me that cold, contemptuous look, which I can see at this very moment, my blood ran cold. I knew he had loved me, that I loved him and that I had lost him.

"Neither of the young men spoke. As I had nothing more to say and influenced by the look Fitz Hugh had given me, I went away, leaving them together. I made a second mistake in doing this, but I couldn't remain where Fitz Hugh was after that look. I wished to go to my room and weep. There was more to weep for than the loss of his respect, and no man can really love a woman without that. It did not occur to me that after I had exonerated him there would be any trouble between him and Stevenson.

"I lay awake that night till dawn and then fell asleep. I awoke late in the morning and went downstairs into the dining room.

"Ta's a massy, Missy Imogen," said our table servant, 'have yo' heard de news?"

"No," I said. "What is it?"

"Mars' Stevenson and Mars' Fitz Hugh fought a duel dis mawnin' befo' sunup, an' Mars' Fitz Hugh killed Mars' Stevenson."

"I sank on the floor in a swoon. "It was a long time before I recovered from an attack of brain fever. I recovered from the fever, but that's all I have recovered from to this day.

"Fitz Hugh never came to see me or, as far as I could learn, asked for me. I knew that in my heedless act and its result I had fixed a great gulf between him and me. He went back to Virginia. He never married, nor did I. But we never met again.

"A friend of both parties told me what had happened after I left the two young men. Stevenson assumed that I had exonerated Fitz Hugh because I was magnanimous and did not wish to make trouble. He posed as my defender and sent a challenge to the man who had insulted me. I notified me! In another moment he would have asked me to be his wife. They fought with pistols, and at the first shot Fitz Hugh had fired in the air. Stevenson then made some irritating remark, whereupon Fitz Hugh on the second shot had sought to wing his opponent. By this shot he unintentionally killed his antagonist.

"By that one act I lost the only man I ever loved, made him a murderer with a sting upon his conscience, caused the premature death of one who loved me and have lived for three-quarters of a century under a blight.

"No, no, dear, don't vex your lover. Many a pair of young lovers have been separated and their lives turned awry by a spirit of mischief on the part of the girl. But mine is the worst of all."