

Two of the Extra People

By W. W. HINES

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Sometimes they are called "super-numeraries," or, in derision, "super-but stage land and the people themselves take more kindly to the more commonly used term "extra people."

In the big crowd of applicants for the position with the company which was to present the society comedy "My Lady Sylvia" were all sorts and conditions of men and women. The fact that the advertisement inserted by the stage manager in the morning newspapers had stated that each applicant must have evening clothes had not been sufficient to deter the man who slept on a park bench the night before from applying, and next to him in the line you might see the eager, boyish face of some well dressed stage struck young fellow from one of the acting schools.

On the big dark stage were crowded over 200 men and women, and from these twenty men and as many women were to be selected to take part in the ballroom scene. The stage manager passed rapidly from one to another. "Have you a dress suit?" he said to the men, and "Have you a ball gown?" to the women. In spite of the fact that the advertisement had mentioned these as absolutely requisite, fully half of the applicants did not own them, and those who did not were told to go at once. Then the stage manager picked out twenty men and twenty women whom he thought would be able to carry themselves in the ballroom scene without awkwardness.

The men were on one side of the stage and the women on the other. There was no light except that furnished by a single "spot light" set in the rear of the stage, and one could not see across it well enough to recognize even a friend.

Then began the rehearsal of the second act, in which the ballroom scene occurred.

"The scene, ladies and gentlemen," began the stage manager, "is laid in



AT THIS THE MAN STARTED AND LOOKED AT HER INQUIRINGLY.

the ballroom of the Duke of Ellerslie. The stage settings and exits I will indicate by chairs. Here is the entrance to the conservatory and here to the supper room. At the rise of the curtain you are waiting. When the music stops some of you go into the conservatory and some into the supper room, others stand and talk. When Archibald is denounced I want my picture this way."

And he began to group the people about the stage. In the supposed entrance to the conservatory he placed a man and a woman, who, he said, were supposed to be so interested in each other that they did not even look up when Archibald was charged with theft. "Now, you two people keep up a conversation. Count up to a thousand and back again if you can't think of anything to say to each other, but be animated and absorbed in each other."

Neither had noticed the other until then on the dimly lighted stage. And the first look, which brought recognition, caused each to start.

The woman spoke first, and with an attempt at lightness said:

"Who would have ever dreamed it possible that we should meet in such a strange place as this after we told each other goodbye in Virginia? Where have you been and what have you been doing?"

"It is strange that we should meet at all," said the man. "I have been doing a little of everything and nothing well. I suppose you have entered one of the acting schools and have determined to try to realize your old dream of going on the stage?"

"Exactly. And you?"

"Oh, I am here because I need the \$5 a week the part of a 'super' pays. Things have not gone well with me since I left Virginia. I made a futile effort to establish a law practice in Kansas, drifted to New York to try newspaper work, failed there and came here. This morning I counted up my assets and found that they consisted of \$2 in cash and an indefinite prospect of a job on one of the afternoon newspapers. I suppose you know that I

cut off all communication with the people at home?"

"And you know nothing of what has happened since you left?" asked the girl.

"Not a word. You know that I have no near relatives there, and when the trouble came I determined that I would cut my friends before they got a chance to cut me. That is an excellent plan," said the man in a cynical tone.

"And you had not heard of the death of my brother?" the girl continued in her questioning.

At this the man started and looked at her inquiringly. Her face was white, and her lips were trembling a little.

"No," he said softly. "I had not heard of that. When did he die?"

"He died very suddenly last year, but before he died he told the truth about that Martin matter to my father and me. We could not bear for justice's sake—and yours, to keep silence, so every one in Lexington knows now that he was guilty and not you. Finally we came to the conclusion that you must have died, and I—well, I suppose that I thought of the stage because there was nothing else for me to do. You know Uncle Jack left me some money, so I decided to come on here and study. A woman must have some interest in her life, and that seemed all that was left me."

"The first rehearsal is over," said the stage manager in a loud voice. "Report promptly at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

Then he came over to where the couple were standing talking to each other and said: "Both of you young people did admirably. You followed out my instructions to the letter. I like to see people take an interest in their work, and I am going to see if I cannot find a small speaking part for each of you. You are too clever to be wasted among the extra people."

The man and the woman looked at each other. There was a question in the eyes of the man and a happy answer in those of the woman.

"We will talk that over when we report in the morning, and, at any rate, we thank you for your compliment," said the man.

But neither of them showed up for the rehearsal next morning.

White Buffalo.

Old buffalo hunters of the western Kansas prairies used to tell of having seen and pursued white buffalo. There were white buffalo, albinoes, such as are found at rare intervals in all the families of the animal kingdom, but the number of those which existed in fact and of those which existed purely in the imagination, says the Kansas City Journal, were in wonderful disproportion.

In 1873 old Ben Canfield, who roamed the plains, with his tall, gaunt wife for a companion, followed a herd of buffalo from the northern edge of what is now Oklahoma to the sand hills of Nebraska, thinking to kill a big white bull which he had seen in the herd. After three weeks of patient stalking Canfield did kill the bull, only to find that the whiteness of its appearance was due to a coat of whitewash.

An explanation of this phenomenon would not be needed by people familiar with the natural lime beds of western Kansas. The habit of the buffalo is to roll or wallow in every pool of water or mudhole to which he comes. Canfield's buffalo had simply been rolling in a bed of the native lime, which, when dried in the sun, coated his hide with a kind of plaster.

No doubt these lime holes account for many of the "white buffalo" so often reported by hunters.

Tact.

"You're an authority on tact, Turveydrop, aren't you?" said Miggs.

"I have some reputation in that direction."

"Well, what would you do under these circumstances? I took a lady friend to a matinee a few weeks back, and of course after the performance I offered her tea. She accepted, but to my horror I found I had only tenpence, and she ate at least 15 pennyworth."

"Under those circumstances," replied Turveydrop, "you should have explained that you would have to send an important telegram, and as soon as you got outside you should have left your watch with a friendly pawnbroker."

"Couldn't. He'd got it already."

"Then of course there was nothing for it but an explanation and a hint that enough to pay the bill would be treated as a debt of honor."

"Couldn't do that either. There was an old gentleman sitting at the table, and one can't explain a thing like that before strangers."

"Perhaps not. But what did you do?"

"Well, I watched an opportunity and took that old gentleman's bill and left him mine. His was only sevenpence."

"Mr. Miggs," said Turveydrop, "you need no instruction in that beautiful accomplishment—tact."

Two Ways to Get Strong.

There are two ways to get strong—the active and the passive. To sum it up with one brief concrete illustration, the active treatment would comprise such vigorous exercise of all the muscles of the body in the fresh, rejuvenating air and under the bright and healing sun as one might obtain in the railroad section gang. By this method you are able to relish and digest anything short of shoe pegs.

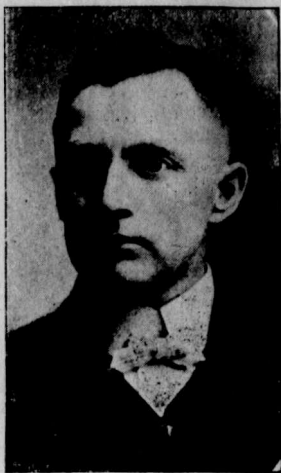
The passive method goes at it the other way about. Instead of exercising that one may eat, one eats that one may exercise. A diet is prescribed which is almost pure nutriment to begin with and has been so completely predigested that all one has to do is to swallow it down and the food is turned directly into power. By this method, if the billboards are to be believed, aged gentlemen become so frisky that they jump over eight foot fences just to work off their superfluous energy.—Eugene Wood in Everybody's.

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A series of articles describing their lives, their aims and their influence.

No. 5.

PHILIP PURCELL.



PHILIP PURCELL, Editor of the Brandon Sun.

Of all the newspaper men of Western Canada, few, outside his own city, are less known than Philip Purcell, editor of the Brandon Sun. In most of the western Canadian towns the local editor is as well known as the mayor or auctioneer. In small communities it is difficult, indeed, well nigh impossible, for the writer or publisher of a newspaper to resist the pressure that persistently forces him forward to the front rank in local affairs. Almost always a man of ability, by virtue of his professional familiarity with, and an authority on, all matters of public interest, the irresistible tendency is to compel him, sooner or later, to take positions of public responsibility and to resist the pressure in this direction is to argue personal unfitness, personal disinclination or unusual personal powers of resistance.

Mr. Purcell represents perhaps a combination of the two latter qualities. Those who know him best esteem him one of the very best newspaper men in Western Canada. Had he any aspirations to public office, or any other position of kudos or fame, the means to gratify his wish have long been at his command. But Mr. Purcell is a strong believer in the anonymity of journalism. The English dictum that "all credit is due to the paper, and none to the editor," is a belief to which he subscribes unreservedly, and of the practice of which his whole life is a noteworthy example. In his time he has made many reputations for others, and he has also marred a few. His influence is undeniable, but is never personally exerted. When a man is identified with a movement, whether political, municipal, or in any other capacity bringing him before public attention, the paper Mr. Purcell directs praises or blames, as seems to him good, with judicious commendation or unsparing flagellation, but, in either case, without a trace of personal feeling. But nobody ever dreams, in Mr. Purcell's case, of associating the man with his paper. A year or so ago, when he had charge of the Brandon Times, nobody ever heard the expression "Mr. Purcell says so and so." It was always "The Times says so." And now, that he has charge of the Sun, the saying is the same. A more complete merging of the identity of the man with the paper he edits it would be difficult to find than that of Mr. Purcell.

It need not be thought, however, that Mr. Purcell is an unapproachable recluse. On the contrary he is, exteriorly at least, the most accessible and popular of men. A constant stream of visitors drops into his office, and in the course of a few minutes that genial editor has absorbed news and views as a sponge does water. Mr. Purcell has the true news gathering instinct. He will "get a story" out of the most uncompromising conditions, and "nose out the news" in defiance of every obstacle. And his ability to write a news item brightly and interestingly is as apparent as that of securing the data therefor.

Mr. Purcell is one of the many splendid newspaper men who have graduated from "the case." He is a practical printer, whose care, taste and knowledge of the minutiae of the business has perhaps no superior in the West. He learned his business in the Guelph Herald office, which he entered in 1879. He was then a boy of fourteen, having been born in the Royal City June 7, 1865. He worked his way upward from galley boy, and after eight years came west. Mr. E. L. Christie, Brandon's big bookseller, was establishing a book and job printing office, and of this he put Mr. Purcell in charge. Those were the days when typographic excellence was a factor but little appreciated in the West, but the new job office set to work to cultivate a taste for individualism and quality in printing products, and in consequence speedily gathered to itself a practical monopoly of high-class work from the West. The standard of excellence on which Mr. Purcell insisted was a liberal education to his competitors, and the whole range of quality in the West was of necessity raised to meet the new mark his office had set.

For nine years Mr. Purcell directed the Christie job plant, when in 1897

the concern acquired the Brandon Times, and Mr. Purcell was given the editorial charge and control of the paper. As an editor his career duplicated the success he had already achieved as a job plant manager. The news of the paper was reorganized, and a higher quality of work required. The paper took a new lease of life, and speedily became one of the best paying propositions in the West. Its editorials were usually plain, pithy business talks, of a kind most impressive and convincing. Outside Winnipeg, the Conservative party in the West had no more loyal or able supporter than the Brandon Times, while, as might be expected from Mr. Purcell's record, the make-up and appearance of the Times was a model to the whole western press.

In April last year Mr. Purcell acquired an interest in the Sun, Brandon's daily newspaper. Under his management the paper has improved in both its appearance and its news service. Its advertising patronage and its circulation have both increased enormously, and its hold on popular favor is stronger than ever. Moreover, there is no sign of stoppage to its growth. Mr. Purcell is devoting the same energy to the up-building of the Sun as he did aforetime to that of its competitor, and with results as apparent. His striking success in this regard having, in the same town, twice demonstrated his capacity and ability as director of every department of a newspaper, is a record of which any man might well be proud, and which has not been duplicated by any other journalist in the West.

A SNOW EXPERIMENT.

Frozen Vapor From the Action of Sulphide of Carbon.

Two solid bodies, one yellow, sulphur, the other black, carbon, unite under certain circumstances to form a colorless liquid called sulphide of carbon, which must be handled with much precaution on account of its great explosive property. The soluble property of sulphide of carbon renders it valuable to take spots off garments. If its odor is more disagreeable than that of benzine or turpentine, it has at least the advantage of being dispelled quickly in consequence of the prompt evaporation of the liquid. There is nothing equal to it to take off spots of paint on clothes. It does not do it, however, without creating great fear in persons who use it for the first time, for they see on the very place where, to their great pleasure, the paint had disappeared a large white spot, the nature of which is hard for them to define, and the more they brush the more unsightly and the larger that white spot grows. Is then the garment lost? No, for fortunately after a few moments the spot melts away never to show again. It was snow and nothing more. The sulphide of carbon in evaporating takes heat from the cloth and surrounding air, and the result of that is a sudden lowering of temperature sufficient to freeze the vapor of the atmosphere.

Without operating on your clothes you may make the experiment in the following way: Fill a small vial with sulphide of carbon, taking great care to do it far from all flame or heated stove. Then close the bottle with a cork stopper through which you have previously bored a small hole. In this hole place a piece of blotting paper made up into a small roll. The paper must reach to the bottom of the bottle and about an inch above the cork. Within fifteen minutes you will see the outside of this paper covered with snow, the quantity of which gradually increases. The liquid has risen through the pores of the paper as the oil of a lamp through the wick. When it gets to the open air it evaporates, and water contained in the surrounding atmosphere, being brought to a temperature below 32 degrees, has been frozen. If you divide the paper outside of the bottle into several pieces you obtain flowers and most charming effects. You may make the experiment in summer and in the full rays of the sun. The result will be obtained then more promptly, evaporation being more abundant.

The Word "Buddle."

Late American dictionaries acknowledge "buddle" as a word. Dr. Murray quotes from an American paper of 1884, "Sineews of war," soap and other synonyms for campaign buddle are familiar. There, however, "buddle" is explained as meaning only "stock in trade," kinship with the Dutch "boedel," a man's stock of business or household goods, being highly probable. Perhaps "buddle," meaning a crowd or pack, as in the phrase, "the whole buddle (or caboodle) of them," is the same word. In that sense "buddle" is found in the early seventeenth century. No doubt it is only a coincidence that there is an old Scotch word "buddle" or "boddle," meaning a twopenny piece, and derived from the name of the mint master Bothwell.

It's Sometimes That Way.

She was surprised when she heard of the engagement, and she showed it.

"Why, I was perfectly satisfied in my own mind that you liked Tom better than George," she said.

"Well, to tell the truth, I did," replied the engaged girl.

"But you say you are engaged to George?"

"Yes, that's true."

"Well, I don't understand it at all."

"Why, it's very simple. You see, George was the one who proposed."

When you have said what you intended to say, stop; when you have written what you intended to write, stop. A practice of this habit will render many after dinner speakers tolerable and many literary persons readable. Verbosity is the ruin of much that might otherwise be endured patiently.

ORIGIN OF "FOOLSCAP" PAPER.

Watermark the Cause and Away Back in the Fourteenth Century.

The word "foolscap," as applied to paper, is a well known term (says an English contemporary). It is interesting, however, to search for the origin of such a singular epithet. A careful study of some rare old collection of papers would, no doubt, reveal this origin and bring to light, as well, many other curious facts about paper. The oldest known paper in which watermark appears is that of an old account book in Holland, bearing date 1311; it has a watermark of a globe surmounted by a cross. Other paper, of a trifle later date, bears a rude representation of a pot or jug. These two marks are, therefore, the most ancient yet discovered.

Paper of the fourteenth century shows a great variety of symbols in water-marks. Conspicuous among these are: The "Ram's Head," the "Half Lily," the "Bull's Head," the "Collared Dog's Head," the "Human Head," the "Two Cans" and the "Post Horn." Of these the "Bull's Head" was for a long time the most famous. In the main, however, these designs were but rudely executed. The "Anchor," the "Star" and "Crescents," the "Crown" and the simple "Spring with Leaves and a Fruit or Flower" are but a few of the many other suggestive marks belonging to the paper of this period. Probably one of the most unique designs is that of a fool's cap and bells; and this curious watermark is undoubtedly responsible for the words "foolscap," by which name one of our standard sizes of paper is designated. Likewise our "Post paper" received its name from the watermark of the "Post Horn." The "Open Hand" is said to be the watermark in the paper on which the "Golden Legend" was printed.

An early Strassburg Bible, although it adopts the common "Bull's Head" on most of its pages, yet distinguishes the two Books of Kings by the more appropriate mark—a "Regal Crown." This leads to the conclusion that in some instances the water-marks have reference to the subject matter of the book, rather than the mere quality or grade of the paper. The frequently found marks "P" and "Y" represent the initials of Philip of Burgundy and Isabella, his wife, the latter name at the time being usually spelled with a "Y." After the "Bull's Head," probably the most famous mark was that of the "Dolphin and Anchor." This has perpetuated the ancient symbol of the City of Venice.

Water-marks are made by a comparatively simple contrivance, consisting merely of ornamental figures, in wire or thin brass, which are sewn upon the wires of the mould. Where these wires lie, the paper is rendered thinner and more translucent, thus leaving the desired impression. The originators of this ingenious invention are unknown, though the Spaniards were the first to introduce it into Europe. The right and wrong side of paper can be easily told by holding the sheet up to the light and reading the watermark; the correct side is the one which reads the right way. Every manufacturer of to-day has his own special device, and the water-marks produced are often delicately shaded, and of the most artistic forms.

When Paul Kruger Was Young.

(As Told by Himself.)

After the Kaffirs had been besieged for some time and suffered greatly from famine, without our getting any nearer to effecting our object, I endeavored to end the matter and bring about a surrender by stratagem. With this object in view, I crept in the dark, unseen, into the cave where the Kaffirs lay hidden. I sat down among them and began to talk to them in their own language, as though I were one of themselves, and suggested that it would surely be better to surrender than die of hunger. Suddenly an armed Kaffir exclaimed:

"Magoa! White man!"

But this dangerous moment also passed, for when the Kaffir shouted "Magoa!" all the others fled deeper into the cave, and I jumped up and ran after them, right into the back of the cave. The Kaffirs now began to hunt for the white man, looking for him in every direction except where he was, in their very midst.

When they had quieted down a little I once more addressed them in their own language, and urged them to surrender. Finally I succeeded in bringing 170 or 180 women and children out of the cave, and it was not until I was outside that they perceived that it was I, and not a Kaffir, who had been talking to them.

Admired His Example.

The London Daily Graphic of July 27 had the following: "At the House of Commons yesterday afternoon Mr. Balfour presented to Mr. Spencer Charrington, the member for Mile End, a silver cup subscribed for by 178 Unionist members in recognition of his loyalty to the party in taking part in the all-night sitting last week. The cup bears the following inscription: 'Presented to Spencer Charrington, member of Parliament for the Mile End Division of the Tower Hamlets, to commemorate the twenty-five and a half hours' sitting of the House of Commons, July 19th and 20th, 1904, when he, at the age of eighty-six, voted in nineteen divisions and remained in attendance until the rising of the House. The gift of 178 colleagues who shared his exertions and admired his example.'

For the Minister.

Some time ago a worthy farmer had a visit from the minister, who was asked to stop for tea. Their servant, who is a Highland lass, had newly come from the land of heather, and her mistress put her in charge of getting the bread and butter ready for the occasion. Mary, thinking the minister's visit was of unusual importance, as it would be considered in her native land, came and whispered in the good wife's ear: "Will I butter the bread on both sides?"

HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

Mr. Chester Loomis Took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And From a Used Up Man He Became as Smart as a Boy.

Orland, Ont., Sept. 19.—(Special)—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says:

"I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy, and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it."

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy and I could not do any work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The Kidneys of the young may be wrong but the Kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

Why did Adam, when alone, find the day very long?—Because it was always mourning (morning) without Eve.

The Backache Stage may be just that incipient form of kidney disease which, if neglected, will develop into a stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the "backache stage" of the most insidious of diseases. South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures—30

Why does a pony never pay toll?—Because his master pays it for him.

If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese?—Mice.

What town in Kent is like a pantomime?—Rye; because there are so many Rye (wry) faces in it.

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE Fly Pad: that's Wilson's. Avoid poor imitations.

Candy.

"The talk about adulterated candies," said a manufacturer, "is nonsense. There is a national organization of confectionery manufacturers which makes a business of investigating all reports of poisoning from eating candy and has succeeded in exposing most of such rumors. When a child is hungry it will fill up on almost anything it can get hold of—green apples, for instance, or even gravel or grass. It gets sick, and the mother, knowing it had eaten candy that day, spreads the report that the sweets were poisoned. The organization looks into every such case it hears about and finds out the truth. Competition is too strong for any concern to try to sell adulterated goods. The firm's competitors would immediately analyze the piece which is sold suspiciously cheap, and if it contained injurious ingredients would not be slow in proclaiming the fact. Good business principles demand honesty in the manufacture of candies."

What fine days there are for fishing when a man can't get away from his work.

Neglect a cough and contract consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cures consumption, but don't leave it too long. Try it now. Your money back if it doesn't benefit you.

Prices: S. C. Wells & Co., 801 25c 50c 75c LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

Perfect Protection against Northwest Winters

Ordinary underwear is made for ordinary climates. Most makers can't appreciate the intense cold of the Northwest. Their garments are all right for freezing weather, but entirely too light for 30 to 50 below zero.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

is knitted in special weights, especially for the severe winters of this section. It's planned by men who know the climate and the people—know exactly what they want—know how to knit it thick enough for warmth, yet not too heavy for comfort.

Best of all—Stanfield's is guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. All sizes to perfectly fit every figure. Leading dealers throughout the west sell Stanfield's.

STANFIELD & SONS, CO., WINNIPEG Distributors for the West