

The Scarecrow and the Tin Man

How Montgomery and Stone Came Together and How They Stay Together.

The Scarecrow and the Tinman—these are two names which will doubtless live when the various fictitious kings, sultans and princes of present musical use have been stored away in a dusty corner of memory's property room. Impressionable childhood will treasure the living interpretation of two pet characters, and childhood is always grateful when it can still believe in something of which it has read. The Scarecrow and the Tinman are delightfully real, and to them chiefly is due the credit of keeping alive "The Wizard of Oz" for three seasons, with the prospect of still more.

It is seldom that an actor will consent to employ a make-up which altogether conceals his identity, but in the case of Fred Stone, the Scarecrow, and David Montgomery, the Tinman, their own relatives would hardly recognize them. Mr. Stone especially deserves identification. The most expert detective would pass him by when he is seen from the stage door.

The writer was unusually curious regarding the appearance and personality of these two young men. Being somewhat experienced in dissecting the person from the grease paint, the interviewer felt confident of being still able to do so. But such was not the case. Mr. Montgomery was the first to enter, and he was obliged to introduce himself. He is young, not as tall as he seems on the stage, with clear blue eyes and a winning smile. In a few moments Mr. Stone joined him. He proved to be also young, tall, with dark brown curly hair and rather an aquiline nose. He also has a smile which makes friends.

Last week, while chatting with the great Chevalier, the writer felt the power of this artist's genius and intelligence. This week an altogether different impression was received—that of being in the presence of two young men who had struggled long and hard from the very depths, who perhaps know little or nothing of Isben and Shaw except what they may have chanced to hear, but who nevertheless are extremely interesting, because in the eighteen or more years of their difficult climb they have preserved a certain naturalness of disposition, a freedom from cynicism, an absolute good nature and "ready for any fate" feeling which is admirable. Their past experiences would have soured and roughened many a man with the best intentions, but now that they are in a position to look down the ascent a little, they find their preserved cheerfulness and frankness excellent things to have retained.

During his leisure hours Stone is an enthusiastic and expert shot, and Montgomery is a good judge and lover of horses. The Anaconda Gun Club gave a shoot in honor of Stone during his Washington engagement, at which he came off with the highest record for clay pigeon shooting, and Montgomery candidly confessed enjoying the races at Benning.

"We have been partners for ten years," said Montgomery, "but we have known each other for nineteen years. I was born in St. Joseph, Mo., and Fred is from Denver. I'm the fellow who has to be shown, you know. Oh, I've been shown! So many years in this work has taught me about all I want to know."

"Dave and I met nineteen years ago in St. Joe," remarked Stone.

"Yes, and do you remember the circumstance?" asked Montgomery.

"You and your brother were doing the variety theatres with 'The Happy Hotentots.'"

"Can I ever forget it?" continued Stone. "Nine shows a day, with flip-flops in the sand. Please don't think that when I say in the sand I mean on a beach. The sand was there because the act just before ours required it for the dancing. No one ever thought of sweeping off the stage, and consequently when I did my turn my hands got the worst of it. By the end of the week they were calloused. Oh, those days! Many times I have stood on the stage and watched them play roulette, and of the theatre. There were no curtain speeches permitted for the calling down of inattentive theatre parties. Often I've seen them shoot the lights out of the theatre while the performance was going on, just by way of approval or of disapproval."

"In those days we both played in places where men only were admitted. The smoking, drinking and gambling kept things lively," said Montgomery. "Fred here was playing with his brother, but things were very lonesome for me, because I was all alone. It was Haverly himself suggested that I provide myself with an acting partner. He said that he knew no one who would exactly fit with me, and asked me to look around. I told him I knew but one man who I felt sure would be perfectly satisfactory, and that man was Fred Stone. Haverly asked me to locate him at once; but there was the trouble, for I hadn't the faintest idea where to find him. We had no correspondence, but merely met now and then when we happened to be acting in the same town. The minstrels went to Galveston for one night. On the morning of the day we gave our usual 11:30 street parade, and as we marched along, who should I see standing on the street corner, waving his hand, but Fred! I soon learned that he was in a stock company in Galveston. Haverly went to see his performance. Fred was doing a Dutch act with wooden shoes. Haverly said: 'Why, he's doing a Dutch turn; how do you know he can do a nigger?' I assured him that he could, and then sent word back to Fred to give us something in the nigger line. It was the funniest thing you ever saw, a Dutchman singing the Pas Mala."

"That was a great nigger song," interrupted Stone. "What? You never heard the Pas Mala? I sang it before it was published, and it became the rage. It went like this." Then the two, sitting side by side, suddenly sang with gestures a couple of verses. The writer could easily understand why it

was popular. It was interesting to watch these two, whose long association had caused them to become like brothers. Every expression of the eye of one was duplicated by the other, as was each gesture. It was the unconscious illustration of force of habit and association.

"That's the Pas Mala," they exclaimed simultaneously. "And it was the Pas Mala that caused Haverly to engage Fred that very night," added Montgomery. Haverly congratulated me upon having secured a partner who could sing and dance and talk, for it is these three things a performer must do, and do well, if he wants to succeed."

"Especially talk," suggested Stone emphatically.

"Yes, especially talk," reiterated Montgomery, "for as you get older, you are obliged to pass up the singing and dancing, but if you know how you can still make good by talking, you're all right."

"Why is it that you are willing to so completely conceal yourselves as the Scarecrow and the Woodman?" asked the interviewer. "So many actors would provide some way whereby they might be recognized, because I have heard it said that in modern stage belief, to be popular one must be pointed out on the street. The people must nudge one another and whisper in loud tones, 'There goes John Drew or James Hackett.'"

"No, no. We don't believe in that," they both protested. "If we did, we would never amount to anything, because only our intimate friends know us. Indeed, in public there seems to be some mystery about our identity. Frequently we have heard the comments of people waiting at the stage entrance to see us pass out. As we leisurely walked by we heard such remarks as these: 'Certainly I'll know him when he comes out.' 'Bet you anything I can pick him.' 'Look carefully now, don't let them pass.' We have yet to hear the person say, 'There's the Scarecrow,' or 'There's the Tinman.' Even people who have sat purposely in the stage boxes have not been able to recognize us afterward."

"We have never tried the dress-suit game," said Stone, "and as for being unrecognized, I have been used to such make-ups all my life. I shall never forget an experience I had while playing one of the 'Happy Hotentots.' This was just before I met Dave. My make-up as a Hotentot was so good that it deceived three lusty bloodhounds accompanying the sheriff out in Trinidad, Colo. They saw my black toes and woolly head sticking out of a hut on the stage, and with one bound it seemed to me cleared the space between the back of the theatre and the stage, and they sought my fascinating toes. Fortunately I had my eyes open, and in a second I had climbed a stout imitation vine which twined about my hut."

"By the way," said the writer, "how do you put the Scarecrow together?"

"We are not supposed to tell the secret," answered Montgomery. "It is done by black art. This part of 'The Wizard of Oz' causes a great deal of worry to the children. They are all very fond of the Scarecrow, and it grieves them to see him all cut up. One afternoon at the Majestic Theatre in New York a little child cried when it saw the pieces of my friend here thrown about. I stepped forward and said, 'Don't be alarmed. I won't hurt him. I will put him together again for you, and he will be as good as new.'"

"We have one more season in 'Oz,'

and after that comes a season in a new play under the management of Hamlin and Mitchell. We have a five-year contract, you know. At the conclusion of that we are at present undecided. Where one goes, however, the other goes. We have worked together too long to separate. Half the time our friends call Dave, Fred, and me Dave. So you see."

Japanese Labor Conditions. In the vigorous prosecution of its campaign for a law excluding Japanese laborers, The San Francisco Chronicle says that "there is probably no unaided direct immigration of Japanese coolies worth mentioning. It is all virtually contract labor. As to the possible amount of it, it is sufficient to say that Japan proper contains a population of about 45,000,000 people, crowded into an area smaller than that of California and a net arable area very much smaller. They can spare 500,000 emigrants a year and never miss them, and keep it up indefinitely. Each able-bodied immigrant who secures work at \$1 per day can repay the cost of getting here within two months, while supporting himself with better food and shelter than he would ever get if he remained in Japan. Obviously, they will come if permitted. We cannot blame them. Any human being living as the Japanese coolies live at home who could get into America at a cost of \$30 or \$40 would do so. We may, and do, regret the conditions under which they live at home. We cannot and will not consent to

their escape from those conditions at the cost of reducing our own standard of life to a point approaching that of Japan. There is no limit to the possible immigration of Japanese in the absence of restrictive laws. The more statement of their numbers, the conditions in which they live, the contrast of conditions prevailing here, and the trifling cost of passing from Japan to America tells the whole story. Nothing can keep them out if no laws forbid their coming, and the districts which they colonize must necessarily be abandoned by the white men, which will not occur without bloodshed."

The Bulldog as a Lady's Pet. In spite of his ferocious appearance, his gleaming jaws, and his record of pugilistic feats, the bulldog has more than his share of votaries among the "doggy" women of to-day. He is the idol of the dog shows, and three important British clubs are devoted to his interests alone, to say nothing of a host of local ones, which have all their full complement of members. But proud as the Englishwoman is of her pet, she has a very real danger of fear from her cousin on this side of the Atlantic. American women are spending large sums to acquire the best bulldogs in the market, and the temptation of a glittering pile of dollars is sufficient to win from many a fair owner the brightest ornaments of the show ring. Old-time breeders would stare aghast at the "long figures" which have been given for "Bully" of late, but there are still several women who have patriotically stood firm and refused to part with the choicest treasures from their kennels. Among them is Mrs. Edgar Waterlow, who for her Champion Nuthurst Doctor, a dog who has won over 200 prizes, refused a price that would have bought a hundred-acre farm; it would also take as much as Portsmouth dockyard would fetch, with the Isle of Wight thrown in, to induce Miss Marvin and Miss Traquair to part with their beautiful white bitch Hampshire Lilly, a winner of over 80 prizes and cups. Mrs. Marley also turns a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer with regard to her grand fawn dog Champion Felton Prince, who has won upwards of 500 prizes. They firmly and steadfastly believe the bulldog to be as he truly is.

"All that bewitches sense, all that entices; Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it."

Consumption Camps. Indorsing plans for the outdoor treatment of tuberculosis patients, The Toledo Times says that "the progress of this great work will be watched with interest by those who suffer, and by those who are impressed by such suffering. If the fraternal orders can establish such a camp for their members, they will not only have accomplished something for themselves, but they will have demonstrated that nature itself will cure where doctors fail. The establishment of one successful camp will probably lead to the establishment of others in favored localities, and, perhaps, be the opening wedge that will clear the way for the complete restoration of a majority of the consumptive patients and a practical eradication of the great white plague."

Trying Chinese Bride's Temper. From The Boudoir: On the day of a Chinese marriage uninvited friends and neighbors, or even perfect strangers, are allowed to come in and see the bride and they may make any remark about her, or to her, they please.

Sometimes things horribly rude and disturbing are said. To try her temper a man will say, "Fetch your husband a cup of tea." If she does so, all will say jeeringly:

"What an obedient wife you are!" If she sulks and does not do as she is told, they remark: "That is a pretty vixen with which to begin married life. We cannot congratulate on that far-tar," and other words to a similar effect. Then the poor thing is made to stand upon an inverted cup to show how small her feet are.

flexible top and of full length, and they can be beautifully decorated at home with lace insets if one cannot afford to buy them already lace-trimmed.

The Great Revival. He comes, the long-desired, long-misled! He comes with clear, inspiring call! But not to packed and teeming hall! Where crowds repentant meet; He calls us other—whither far, Where bubbling streams and wild woods are.

And where no more dull greys are seen, But clad in robes of shimmering green, The wealds smile fair and sweet.

At his reviving touch awake The bare black copse and thorny brake, In dainty sheen the hedgerows sprout, Prill flowers fling odors all about.

His "Glory Song's" triumphant notes Are thrilled from myriad throbbing throats, They ring into the high faint blue As if to burst Heaven's portals thru To reach the throne of God.

He comes! all Nature welcomes here The great revival of the year, Old earth grows young, the days grow long, The woods are all alight with song, And hearts new-tuned to love; Here foison is where late was dearth, For silence, melody and mirth.

Till in our hearts we deem we know The fair and smiling earth below Has changed to heaven above.

The Cautious Lover. Dear maid, I am thinking of making An offer—in short, to propose; But before such a risk, I am taking A view of the cons and the pros, 'Tis a difficult point to decide on, Unravel the thread to its tines, And follow its ultimate trace; To study the why and the wherefore Of seeking a change in my lot; And, when I am well, shall I care for The price or the blank I have got?

'Tis a lottery, dear, that is certain, Don't toss up your pet little pate; There surely is nothing to hurt in Discussion before it's too late. 'Tis better to marry at leisure Than hastily fasten the noose; 'Tis prudence that dallies with pleasure, 'Tis folly that grasps it and loses.

I own there's a sweetness in wooing, As pleasant a sport as can be, But when things are done past undoing, I fear I may pine to be free, When bachelors fall into matches, They try to look hearty and hale, But soon they have battered their hatches And cried for a port in a gale.

Will you promise to love and obey me— Especially, darling, the last; Defer to and never gaily me, But cherish me fondly and fast? Will you give me the uttermost tether Of days when I did as I chose? Then, perhaps in some glimpse of fine weather I may screw up my mind, and propose.

—A. L. B.

CATCH ON! WHY buy wooden buckets and tubs, when you can get

E. B. Eddy's Fibre-Ware

articles, which last so MUCH LONGER for proportionately LESS MONEY? Can he had it

TUBS, PAILS, WASH BASINS, Etc.

Always and Everywhere — EDDY'S MATCHES

For Sale by All First-Class Dealers

Established 1874

Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal.

P. BURNS & CO'Y

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL AND WOOD MERCHANTS

TORONTO, CAN.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONES MAIN 131 AND 132.

Office and Yard: Princess-st. Dock—Telephone, Main 190. Office and Yard: Corner Front and Bathurst-sts.—Telephone Main 449. Branch Offices:

426 1/2 YONGE STREET—Telephone Main 3298.
572 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Main 139.
304 QUEEN STREET EAST—Telephone Main 134.
429 SPADINA AVENUE—Telephone Main 2110.
1312 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Park 711.
274 COLLEGE STREET—Telephone North 1179.
324 1/2 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Main 1408.

said Stone, "and after that comes a season in a new play under the management of Hamlin and Mitchell. We have a five-year contract, you know. At the conclusion of that we are at present undecided. Where one goes, however, the other goes. We have worked together too long to separate. Half the time our friends call Dave, Fred, and me Dave. So you see."

Japanese Labor Conditions. In the vigorous prosecution of its campaign for a law excluding Japanese laborers, The San Francisco Chronicle says that "there is probably no unaided direct immigration of Japanese coolies worth mentioning. It is all virtually contract labor. As to the possible amount of it, it is sufficient to say that Japan proper contains a population of about 45,000,000 people, crowded into an area smaller than that of California and a net arable area very much smaller. They can spare 500,000 emigrants a year and never miss them, and keep it up indefinitely. Each able-bodied immigrant who secures work at \$1 per day can repay the cost of getting here within two months, while supporting himself with better food and shelter than he would ever get if he remained in Japan. Obviously, they will come if permitted. We cannot blame them. Any human being living as the Japanese coolies live at home who could get into America at a cost of \$30 or \$40 would do so. We may, and do, regret the conditions under which they live at home. We cannot and will not consent to

their escape from those conditions at the cost of reducing our own standard of life to a point approaching that of Japan. There is no limit to the possible immigration of Japanese in the absence of restrictive laws. The more statement of their numbers, the conditions in which they live, the contrast of conditions prevailing here, and the trifling cost of passing from Japan to America tells the whole story. Nothing can keep them out if no laws forbid their coming, and the districts which they colonize must necessarily be abandoned by the white men, which will not occur without bloodshed."

The Bulldog as a Lady's Pet. In spite of his ferocious appearance, his gleaming jaws, and his record of pugilistic feats, the bulldog has more than his share of votaries among the "doggy" women of to-day. He is the idol of the dog shows, and three important British clubs are devoted to his interests alone, to say nothing of a host of local ones, which have all their full complement of members. But proud as the Englishwoman is of her pet, she has a very real danger of fear from her cousin on this side of the Atlantic. American women are spending large sums to acquire the best bulldogs in the market, and the temptation of a glittering pile of dollars is sufficient to win from many a fair owner the brightest ornaments of the show ring. Old-time breeders would stare aghast at the "long figures" which have been given for "Bully" of late, but there are still several women who have patriotically stood firm and refused to part with the choicest treasures from their kennels. Among them is Mrs. Edgar Waterlow, who for her Champion Nuthurst Doctor, a dog who has won over 200 prizes, refused a price that would have bought a hundred-acre farm; it would also take as much as Portsmouth dockyard would fetch, with the Isle of Wight thrown in, to induce Miss Marvin and Miss Traquair to part with their beautiful white bitch Hampshire Lilly, a winner of over 80 prizes and cups. Mrs. Marley also turns a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer with regard to her grand fawn dog Champion Felton Prince, who has won upwards of 500 prizes. They firmly and steadfastly believe the bulldog to be as he truly is.

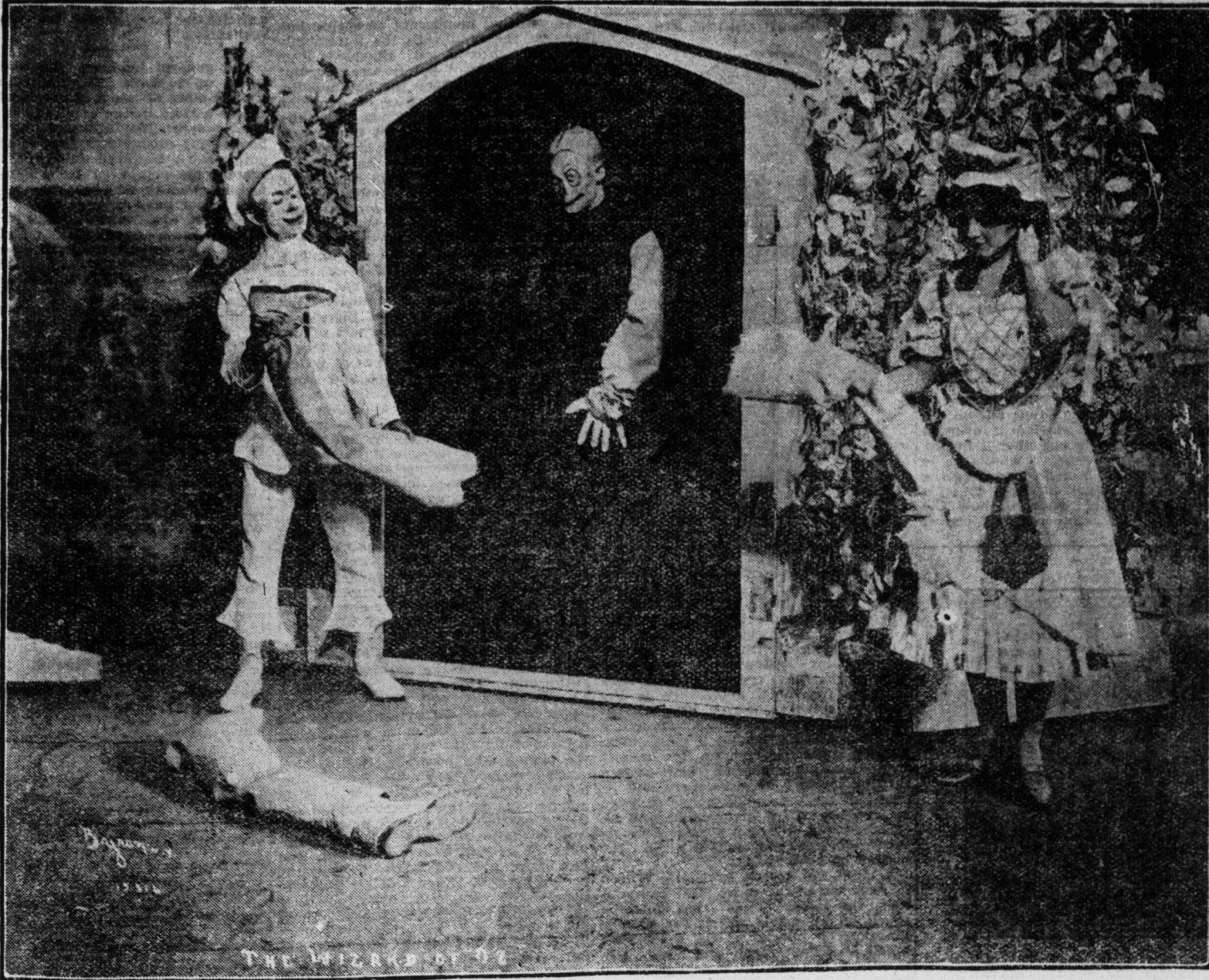
"All that bewitches sense, all that entices; Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it."

Consumption Camps. Indorsing plans for the outdoor treatment of tuberculosis patients, The Toledo Times says that "the progress of this great work will be watched with interest by those who suffer, and by those who are impressed by such suffering. If the fraternal orders can establish such a camp for their members, they will not only have accomplished something for themselves, but they will have demonstrated that nature itself will cure where doctors fail. The establishment of one successful camp will probably lead to the establishment of others in favored localities, and, perhaps, be the opening wedge that will clear the way for the complete restoration of a majority of the consumptive patients and a practical eradication of the great white plague."

Trying Chinese Bride's Temper. From The Boudoir: On the day of a Chinese marriage uninvited friends and neighbors, or even perfect strangers, are allowed to come in and see the bride and they may make any remark about her, or to her, they please.

Sometimes things horribly rude and disturbing are said. To try her temper a man will say, "Fetch your husband a cup of tea." If she does so, all will say jeeringly:

"What an obedient wife you are!" If she sulks and does not do as she is told, they remark: "That is a pretty vixen with which to begin married life. We cannot congratulate on that far-tar," and other words to a similar effect. Then the poor thing is made to stand upon an inverted cup to show how small her feet are.



SCENE FROM THE "WIZARD OF OZ"—PUTTING THE SCARECROW TOGETHER.



WALKING COSTUME IN CINNAMON BROWN TWEED.



A SMART CLOTH COAT FOR MAY.