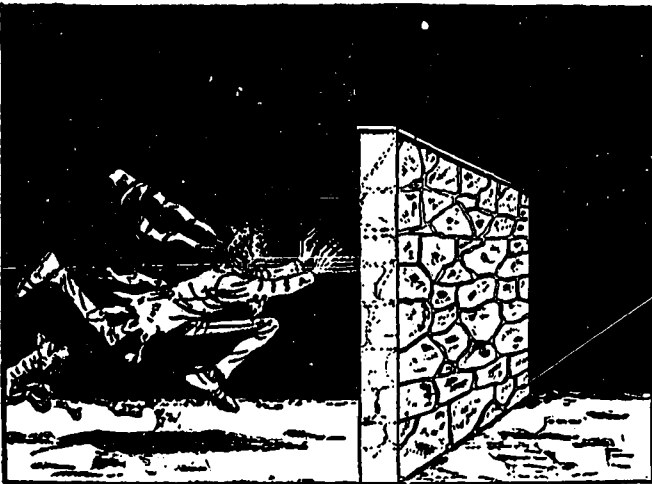


SUNBEAMS.

THE INGENIOUS TRAMP'S HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.



GOING ON THE STAGE.

WHEN a girl goes on the stage, especially if her social position has been a little above the ordinary, most of her friends think her, if not quite lost to virtue, at least given over to frivolity and vanity. A mad whirl encompasses her future life.



HIS was vaguely my idea. I expected to be the noble exception 'midst a gay and pleasure-seeking throng, possibly finding some kindred prim little soul with whom to talk about the "divine art, dragged through mud and mire," and a time of elevation and enlightenment not far distant. A more surprised young woman there never was than I, the night of my induction into a green-room.

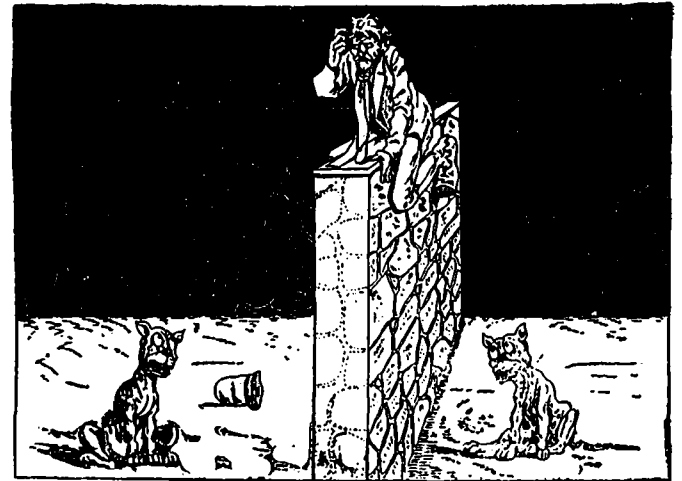
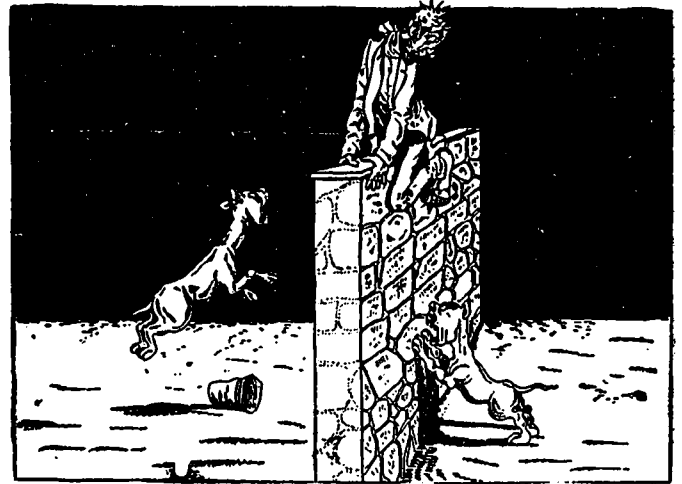
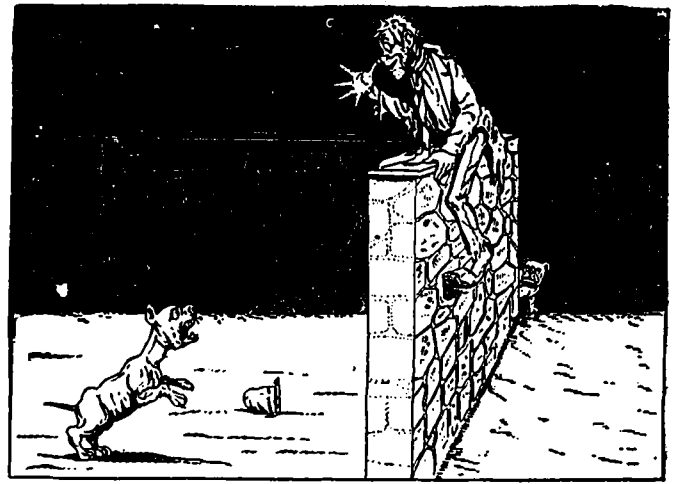
The members of the company sat in little groups, some reading, some sewing, others chatting with their neighbors on topics ranging from ethics to cosmetics. The call-boy glided in and out, the various make-ups were scanned and criticised, and good-fellowship filled the room, until "All up!" sent the whole bright assemblage to the stage for the last act.

To attend rehearsals numerous; to meet people of refinement and education; to work hard; to cultivate patience and perseverance; to take success calmly, rebuffs bravely; these have been my lessons and experiences, with now and then a few hasty words to break the monotony, or a stage-wait to break the week's salary.

And the mad whirl? The seething vortex?

A quiet cup of tea made over the gas, shared with the little type-writer from the hall-bedroom and the tired seamstress from upstairs—sisters through the common bonds of bread-winning and a deep heart-hungering for—tea! This the midnight revel, the orgie. How many of those who decry the stage can say the same of their lives?

Ysobel Campbell.



HEREAFTER.

TED: Do you think old Barler is a hypocrite?

NED: Well, rather. Every Saturday night when he comes to think of all the mean things he has done during the week, he becomes scared and goes to church on Sunday.

HE (about to light his cigar): I know you don't object to my smoking, Mrs. Weeds, for I've been told your late husband was an inveterate smoker.

SHE: He smoked himself to death. (*Musingly*): I wonder if he's smoking yet.