

The Actor's Broken Heart

"What's the subject?" he asked. "I am quite courageous for a person, but this was not the time. He looked brown and bigger at home in his pink coat than I had ever seen. In Roman war garb on the stage, and he scowled as I had seen the scowl since Harry Norman 'The Bogie Man.' Had he been the size and a bit consumptive I have answered easily: 'Your heart—the one Blanche Walsh'—"

"The subject? Why, Melbourne MacDowell, of course." "I scowled on Mr. MacDowell's countenance reversed itself."

"Wake up out of your dream," he said, "wake up out of your dream—scatter!"

"Who evidently is Mr. MacDowell, was snuggly dreaming in his master's reception room. He awakened loosely, one of a time, and slowly 'scattered' into the bed chamber adjoining. As large as these on the set of the Grand Opera House. They were large when Morisco had them covered with furniture and hung with goods of all nations; but with the walls swept of adornments, the walls almost bare, something of an opera house. I should as soon make the downstairs on the stage. MacDowell caught me taking in extraordinary lengths and breaths. They are awful for a man to be in," he said; "they give me the shivers." "At night I have had the details of ghostly visitations had not a plumber broken up the wash atmosphere by entering to MacDowell's wash basin. He did not harmonize with the wash water with a jolt to my nerves—the actor's broken heart. The newspaper publicity annoy me."

"I asked: 'Personally, yes; but we of the public have no choice in the matter; we give the public what it wants, and we give the public what it wants, and we give the public what it wants, and we give the public what it wants.'"

"MacDowell and the sign of a martyr. Then of his face hardened and his eyes sparkled. His voice was the voice of Antony as he continued: 'Sometimes publicity becomes more than one can bear. Look at me. I have been drawn into by that woman, I, Melbourne MacDowell, the butt of a theatrical advertisement for Blanche Walsh.'"

"Such serious things as broken hearts are to be regarded as advertisements," said I, "you certainly are aware of that." "Perhaps that's true," he said, "but that man, her manager, he used to—'as for him, there will be no more when we meet.' The sparks came back into MacDowell's eyes."

"Better death," he went on, "better death. Stern has defamed me. He has said that during my last year under his management—when he paid me a salary and gave him 10 percent of the receipts—I was not doing as much as a single performance. Don't talk Stern to me." "I'm not saying a word," said I. "MacDowell did not hear. He was talking Stern."

"That creature," he thundered, "almost ruined me; but let him live. I have evidence that will put him in jail. And he'd be safer there, by God, if he doesn't go to jail."

"I had enough to be a witness to the slaying of an elk; but here I was, under threats of murder. Stern paid a few blocks away at another theater. MacDowell might have been out that very day. I could have sworn, under oath, forced by the evidence that I had heard. 'Prepared and in the first degree.' He would say, sure. Oh, for a question to shift the talk to a bloody ground! An inspiration and the question came—but not the answer. The artist spoke softly his sketches. 'How much do you weigh, MacDowell?' he said. 'I weigh 194 pounds.' 'You have a massive chest,' said the artist, soothingly. 'MacDowell reached it a few inches in acquisition.' 'I've been bared. You must deliver a powerful punch when you strike

out. A man with those arms has no need for other weapons." "They call my punch 'the first blow that kills,'" said MacDowell. "I used to practice the blow by punching holes in doors. Look at the wood scars on that first." He held out his right to the artist. It was as big as a cantaloupe. "That's the one I used the night I walked on the tables at Maxim's." "In Paris?" I inquired. "There is but one Maxim's," he answered reproachfully, "and that is in Paris; and I am the only man that ever walked the tables there. It came about through women—most things do—I went abroad that time on account of one. I used to drift into Maxim's every evening about 5, full dress and all that sort of thing; people always coming over to my table and saying, 'Pardon me, but I believe this is Mr. Melbourne MacDowell, and I've seen you act in America'; and the band invariably striking up the American march 'King Cotton' when I entered. I used to stay and drink it out with the best of them. It never feazed me, but the rest were pretty drunk by the time they left." "Well, one night I walked two ladies who had been fellow passengers with me coming over. They beckoned me to join them at their table. They had two men with them but I went over and opened some wine. The men refused to drink it. I lifted my filled glass and shot the wine into the face of the nearest one. He came at me like a bull, but I ducked and before he knew what was doing he got 'the first blow that kills' full on the jaw." "Were you charged with murder?" I asked. "I wasn't charged with anything," replied MacDowell indignantly; "the blow didn't kill him permanently. It only put him and his friend out of the cafe, while I jumped from a chair and walked on every table in the place, with the band playing 'King Cotton.'"

"But what did happen to you?" "Nothing, except another adventure. Along late that night a Turkish officer came in; his chest covered with decorations. I counted fifteen of them and vowed I would get one. But how? 'Salute him,' I said to myself, 'as is the custom of the country, with the kiss on both cheeks.' I went over to where he was standing and—"

"MacDowell was acting it now and I was the Turk. He brushed me along the chin with his day's beard and something in the immediate air bespoke a Martini. I'll stake my nose it was a Martini." "And saluted him like that," continued MacDowell, "and as I did it I lifted two of the decorations without his knowledge." "I felt my waistcoat pocket. The watch was still there." "But of course I gave them back to his friends the next day," said MacDowell.

"Anything else in Paris?" I asked. "Lots of things," he answered. "As soon as I arrived Bernhardt sent me a box for 'L'Aiglon.' The card read, 'To the American Marc Antony from Madame Bernhardt. A beautiful tribute, don't you think?'" "I nodded eloquently." "And deserved, too, when you reflect on what I have done and what the French actors have done in the Sardou pieces written for Bernhardt. Her men are nowhere; they are forgotten. I am today in my best and a star—a star, mind you, starring in plays that were written for a woman; playing the secondary role and still the star. Is there another man living who could do it?" "I shook my head in utterable conviction. I couldn't have talked had I wanted to. MacDowell had reduced me to making signs." "He handed me a typewritten sheet, a reading of the MacDowell palm, signed by a lady palmist of Los Angeles. 'Just look that over,' he said."

"I looked. 'Given the training and opportunity he could rule a nation with ease.' That was the first that struck my eye. Another paragraph said, 'He will never be injured by mental strain.' Others noted 'the remarkable talents and magnetic gifts with which nature has bountifully supplied him,' and that 'his head and heart rule equally, and one does not carry away the other.'"

"I asked Mr. MacDowell if he believed in palmistry." "Of course I do," he said, as he folded the palmist's report and reached among some books on the table. "And in this, too." "He handed me a couple of volumes, 'The Light of Asia,' and 'Mystic Masonry.'"

"Is this Freemasonry?" I inquired, holding up the mystic book. "Certainly not," he said, "it's Buddhism. Isn't she a Buddhist?" "Who?" "Why, Blanche Walsh. She's a Buddhist whenever the newspapers want her to be one. She was photographed for a Chicago paper kneeling before old Buddha himself." "MacDowell had come back to Miss Walsh of his own accord. His broken heart might be approachable now, if Stern were not recalled. I risked it by asking, 'Did you love her that much?'" "I spoke ironically about the Buddhist business," he said; "none of those shams for me." "But did she break your heart?" "I must be silent," he said with emotion. "There is a secret I cannot tell. That sounds like a play line, but it is the truth." "Were you in love with her?" "I can describe it only in one way—Blanche Walsh hypnotized me. I have no other way of accounting for it." "Are you still under the spell?" "No, thank God; I'm a free man, a lonesome man, but free." "But should you meet her in the street today—the distance between your theater and hers is very short—would you become-er-hypnotized again?" "No, sir; that time is passed. If we met today I should shake her by the hand and wish her all the good fortune in the world." "This didn't key very harmoniously with his 'that woman Walsh'; but, still fearful for Stern, a stoutish gentleman who would make an easy mark at 100 paces, I refrained from cross-examination. I merely asked MacDowell to tell me what broke the hypnotic spell." "That is the secret," he said solemnly. "I shall never tell it. If she—well, why don't you ask her?" "I asked Miss Walsh that very night. Seven o'clock found me in her dressing room. She was delighted to see me. We had never met before, but that didn't matter; I was as good as a long lost relation. Indeed I was too good for just Miss Walsh alone. Two other ladies of the company and Miss Walsh's maid must have their share of me. I must be informal; must forget that my call was of a professional nature, and become one of the family. Miss Walsh herself told me that the company was like one big family. And didn't they all call Manager Stern 'father?'" "It was delightful, charming—a welcome such as I had never received on any stage. It had but one drawback. I couldn't introduce broken hearts and hypnotic spells into a roomful of happy family. But Miss Walsh didn't mind this drawback a bit. She seemed to rejoice in it. And how entertaining she was. She had spent the afternoon purchasing a wardrobe for Baby Flood, who is four years old, but so tiny that she wears the garments that are marked for children of two. I must see them all—the beautiful dresses, the toy shoes, the big rakish hats, the dainty skirts—even the little pieces that button and unbutton. Miss Walsh had promised Baby Flood five cents for every time she unbuttoned them and another five cents for every time she buttoned them. Miss Walsh said that Baby Flood had already earned fifty cents in that enterprise during the afternoon." "Oh, we had a lovely time. Baby Flood came in and did the fly-on-the-lump-of-sugar scene from 'La Madeleine,' and then for an encore she delivered Miss Walsh's great take-back-your-gold speech, with appropriate gesture and bewildering stress. Part of my informality was to smoke. Miss Walsh gave me a cigarette from her own little carved leather case, an Egyptian cigarette fit for a prince, or a princess, for that matter. Nor was this the only gift. From a new box of big lavender-bordered batiste handkerchiefs I must take one, really I must. Miss Walsh anointed it with her own violet water and found a pocket where it just fitted, the inside pocket of my coat, the one that buttoned just over the heart." "There it shall stay until I see you play La Madeleine again and need it for my tears." "I had to say something, why not this? But it must have sounded strangely, for everybody laughed, including Stern, who had just dropped in to swell the happy family." "I say again, I asked Miss Walsh that very night. But not until this final laugh came, and in a moment of supreme manhood I demanded that Stern clear the room so that I might have a word in confidence with his star. He did it, and the light went out of Blanche Walsh's eyes, the smile left her lips. She looked at her watch. "I must be dressing soon for the

entire satisfaction. General Manager A. L. New, of the company, leaves for San Francisco today. While there he will decide just where the instruments are to be placed. Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles and Avalon, on the Santa Catalina islands, are some of the cities under consideration." "Mrs. McKinley's Pension. Washington, March 29.—Chairman Sulloway, of the house committee on invalid pensions, is preparing a report on the bill granting a pension of \$5,000 annually to the widow of President McKinley and will present it probably next week. The bill has been before a sub-committee for some time and has now by common consent and without division been favorably reported by the full committee." "Job printing at Nugget office."

"Melbourne MacDowell says that you hypnotized him," said I. "No answer." "But he says that he is free of the spell now and would shake you by the hand and wish you good fortune, were you and he to meet." "No answer." "He says that you alone can tell why the spell was broken." "No answer." "He says—" "Excuse me for not caring what he says," she interrupted. "Mr. MacDowell and I were business partners for two years. At the close of the second season we dissolved that partnership, and at the time it was dissolved I had every good wish in the world for Mr. MacDowell. That much on the subject and not a word more." "Not when there is a life at stake?" "Ha-ha!" "He swears to put Stern in jail or else kill him." "Ha-ha-ha-ha!" "And, still ha-ha-ing, she opened the dressing-room door and called Stern. "Come quickly," she said. "Mr. MacDowell says that he will have you in jail or else kill you." "Mr. Stern did not turn pale and say, 'Can this be true?' He might have done that much, but he didn't. He merely said: "Well, if Mac is looking for me he knows the address." "And he says that I hypnotized him," gurgled Miss Walsh. She turned her eyes on me, made a few Svengali passes and said, "Could I hypnotize you?" "I feel," said I, "as though somebody had done that already. This has been the most uncanny day in my whole life. I shan't believe it myself when I see it in print." "Sit down and give me just one word more." Miss Walsh's hand was on my sleeve and I obeyed. "If you print anything in the paper that I have not said I hope I hope—that your wife will put pepper in that new handkerchief." "I have remembered the warning, not only for Miss Walsh, but for Mr. MacDowell.—Examiner."

Gambling Situation. The entering wedge has been inserted. Sports on the streets last night saw a ray of sunshine, or rather the glow of an electric light, and it streamed resplendent from the windows of the second story of the Dawson club, at the corner of Second avenue and Washington street. Excited rumors were afloat. At first it was thought that one gambling house had dared to throw down the gauntlet to the Clancys and brave the wrath of the gambling kings. Crowds of idlers, "rubber necks" and information seekers mounted the stairs and expectantly opened the swinging doors. They were disappointed. The full grown tiger was not in evidence, and but a very small "cub" showed its teeth. The room was strewn with slips of paper variegated in color; the walls were covered with signs; behind a wire netting busy men were taking money and issuing tickets. A full-fledged lottery was in operation. For two weeks a great game has been played below the dead line. It has been a battle of the giants and the ordinary spectator has been denied the privilege of buying checks. The play has been for high stakes and every move of the players has been watched with bated breath by hundreds of interested sports. What means this development? Simultaneously with the closing of the big games, every lottery in Seattle silently tied up its strong box and pulled the blankets over its head. And now, this game of chance alone makes its appearance after the long, weary wait. What does it portend? Is it the first move toward a reconciliation or compromise? Does it mean that the game has been played to a finish and that the Clancys have won their fight, or does it signify that the boss gamblers are willing to pass up such a small proposition as a lottery? These and many other questions agitated the sports last night, and the end is not yet.—Seattle Washingtonian.

Seattle Is in the List. Denver, March 29.—The News today says: "Within the next sixty days citizens of the Pacific coast will be sending wireless telegraph messages via instruments built in Denver, under the personal supervision of Gen. Irving Hale, consulting electrical engineer of the Pacific and Continental Telephone and Telegraph Company. The messages will pass between the first two commercial stations established by the companies. The instruments to be used are the most powerful ever constructed west of Pittsburg, containing improvements over those now in use on the Atlantic coast. They have been tested and worked to

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