

TEMPERATURE

VERSAILLES.

nor; where in governed and governo... nominously testify that their... is at an end. Rags, which had... ewed itself in twenty thousand... aris for the last four-and-twenty... urs, has taken fire; Jerome's braine... ppe lies there as live-coal. It is, as... said, the infinite element bursting... wild surging thru all corridors and... adults.

meanwhile, the poor bodyguards have... hunted mostly into the Cell-deur... They may die there at the... threshold; they can do little to... end it. They are heaping tabourets... ools of honor, benches and all moyes... against the door; at which the... of insurrection thunders. But did... ve Mlomanre perish, then, at... queen's outer door? No, he was... etured, slashed, lacerated, left for... id; he has nevertheless, loyal hi... r; and shall live, honored of royal... nce. Remark also, in flat contra... tion to much which has been said... sung, that insurrection did not... st that door he had defended; but... ried elsewhere, seeking new body... ds.

door bodyguards, with their Thys... Opera Repast! well for them, that... rrection has only pikes and axes;... right stings; tools; it shakes and... nders. Must they all perish miser... y and royalty with them? Deshutte... Varigny, massacred at the first in... k; have been beheaded in the mar... court; a sacrifice to Jerome's... nes; Jourdan with the tile-beard did... duty willingly; and asked, if there... e no more? Another captive they... leading round the corpse, with... t-chanting; may not Jourdan in... tuck up his sleeves?

it glance now, for a moment, from... royal windows! A roaring sea of... n heads, inundating both courts... wing against all passages: Mana... women, infuriated men, mad with... with love, with love of mischief, love... der! Rascality has slipped its... el and now bays, three-throated... the dog of Erebus. Fourteen body... ds are wounded; three massacred... as we saw beheaded; Jourdan ask... "Was it worth while to come so... for two?" Hapless Deshutte, and... gny! Their fate surely was sad... ried down so suddenly to the abyss... ren are, suddenly, by the wide thun... of the mountain. Avalanche, awak... not by them, awakened, far off... others! When the chateau clock... struck they two were pacing lan... with pointed musketoon; anxious... ly that the next hour would strike... r trunks lie mangled; their heads... "on pikes twelve feet long,"... the streets of Versailles, and... about noon, reach the barriers... aris—a too ghastly contradiction... e large comfortable placards that... e posted there!

other captive bodyguard is still... ng the corpse of Jerome amid in... war-whooping; bloody Tilbeard... from under half-closed eyelids. Her... breath came in little sobbing gasps;... there was no tinge of color in her... except the bright salve on the lips... D'Arcy looked at her in passionate... sympathy.

"Come, buck up, old girl!" said New... Aubrey. "Why on earth did Foster... let you go? Buck up! I should feel... dicky myself in your place; Phil, would... n't you?"

But D'Arcy was ruffled at the ques... "I really can't imagine myself try... ing to go on at the Rotunda, Ned!"

HER FIRST APPEARANCE

BY MABEL RICHARDSON.

With fumes of tobacco smoke rising... from velvet stalls to crowded gallery... with the continual change of one tune... to another, to the accompaniment of... noisy laughter and applause, the pe... rformance at the Rotunda rattled along... The Rotunda was a second-rate music... hall. Philip D'Arcy, a young man of... the modern actor type, sat in a box... with an expression of supreme disgust... on his dark, handsome face. His look... wandered from the stage to the rows... of upturned, vacant faces, and back... again to his friend, Ned Aubrey, who... was singing, with coarse exaggeration... a favorite Rotunda ditty.

Aubrey tripped over his feet and di... appeared into the wings with a terri... ble crash, a witticism which convulsed... his audience. The leader of the or... chestra wiped the perspiration off his... red face with a large handkerchief. A... couple of attendants in magenta plush... changed the numbers. On the cards... was the simple announcement, "Extra... Turn."

A few sounds of disapproval spurted... from different parts of the house. The... orchestra jingled thru a commonplace... symphony. Then, with a flutter of... rose pink skirts and a step as light as... an autumn leaf skimming before the... wind, a young girl ran on to the stage... D'Arcy suddenly leaped forward in... his box. This was a surprise indeed!

But the house gave the Extra Turn a... greeting of whistles, coughs and ironi... cal applause. She was dainty, delicate... delightful, but utterly unsuited to the... Rotunda.

The first lines of her song—the usual... trash—were a disappointment to D'Arcy... but all the weariness had left his... face. Bending forward, he hung... on every movement of the rose-pink... figure. His heart throbbed as he real... ized that the girl was a dead failure.

A brutal hunting instinct swept thru... the house. One voice after another... joined in the mockery of the Extra... Turn.

tion there was something of King Co... pheta in D'Arcy. As the weeks went... by, one thing troubled Constance. He... never offered to take her to his home... She wondered whether they disapprov... ed of his engagement to a penniless... girl.

"Dearest!" Constance said to him at... last, "I'm ignorant and ordinary, I... know, but—your friends might give me... a trial run!"

Philip, who had often talked vaguely... of the wealth and artistic atmosphere... of the D'Arcy household, could not re... sist the half-defiant, half-pleading... words.

On the following day she was taken... to the D'Arcys' surprisingly small... house. A grimy little girl of fourteen... was waiting on the door-step, holding... a large loaf.

"What are you doing here?" said... D'Arcy, as he opened the door with a... latch-key. "These servants are incor... rigible!" Constance had often heard... her lover complain of "servants"—the... little girl with the loaf was a modern... instance.

The small room they entered was like... a photographer's show case. There... were portraits of Philip in every cos... tume and posture. The furniture was... neither new or old, and faded red... curtains hung by the window.

"Horrid little hole, isn't it, darling?"... said Philip.

"But surely one's home—" Constance... began.

"There's no place like home—thank... Heaven!" he interrupted.

He pressed his way thru the laughing... hurrying throng of people on the ship... to the upper deck. Then, with a sud... den thrill of loneliness, turned his back... on the crowded quay.

"Well, I deserved it," said D'Arcy to... himself, and at the same minute a... hand was gently laid upon his arm.

"Constance!"

D'Arcy's hand closed over hers. If... I was at all ungenerous—I want you... to forgive me, and let us part friends... "Only friends? Connie, why did you... come?"

Unable to bear the painful pleasure... of her voice he leaned his arm on the... rail and hid his face. There was the... loud ringing of the warning bell. D'Arcy... pulled himself together with... something of the old smile.

"There! It's all right, darling! You... must go!"

Their hands were closely locked; but... the look of hard resolve that he had... seen in her eyes when they parted was... there still.

"No! I can't trust you, Philip!... Good-by!"

And then—oh, the inconsistency of... woman!—she impulsively threw her... arms round his neck and whispered... through her lips pressed to his cheek:

"Come back to me soon, dear love!"

PREPOSTEROUS RICHARD.



May Ethel Courtney in "Hearts Adrift" at the Majestic this week

ADVENTURES OF ST. J. STRUJK MISS

Miss Irene O'Bryne Returns Home From a Brief Trip to Gotham.

When a World man called at the home... of Miss Irene O'Bryne, the stage-struck... miss, who, in company with Carrie Out... waite, ran away to New York on New Year's... day, and who returned to her home over... a week ago, he was ushered in by Miss... O'Bryne herself. The first few moments... were spent in a swift survey of the would... be Bernhardt. She is a remarkably pret... ty girl with a face and figure that make... her ambition to appear behind the foot... lights to some extent pardonable.

The reporter introduced himself, and... announced his mission, whereat the young... lady assumed a rosy color, and her eyes... even the floor. For some seconds, it was... sought to get whether she was going to... laugh or weep. Then she laughed—rather... nervously it is true, but genuine laughter.

"Yes, I've been back for some time," she... murmured, still studying the pattern of the... carpet. The interviewer helped her in her... studies till she was ready to proceed.

"We were only in New York for a short... time, and then Mr. Outhwaite found us... I saw all about the search for us in the... New York papers, and I went to the police... An awfully nice detective took us to where... Mr. Outhwaite was staying, and we came... home with him.

"Did I have a good time in New York?... Not very. I spent most of my time wish... ing I was at home. And we did not have... much money at the time. We only had... \$2.50, and you know that does not go far... in New York. It does not go far any... where."

The reporter sympathetically assented... "When we saw her the next day she... said she could get positions in an opera... company. We were to be birds."

lose and soar,
"Twas there he kissed me twenty... times before
Supplies began to equal the demand.
"Twas well worth waiting for—that first... glad swoop—
When, having suffered all restraint to... flee,
I met his eager rush and felt him stoop
And almost lift me from the floor!
Ah, me,
What rain is to the flowers that sadly... droop
Love is to her whose heart beats... longingly.
—S. E. Kiser.

The Advertising Column.
I've been reading Lawson's letters in... the New York daily press;
I've been watching how antagonists... have jumped into the mess;
Have I learned from this how I may... reach old John D? Well, I guess!
Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to tell King Edward that... his beard is out of date;
If you want to tell Miss Roosevelt her... hat is not on straight;
If you want to tell Czar Nicholas for... victories—he must wait—
Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to ask Carnegie for a mil... lion dollar note,
If you want to ask H. Rogers some new... company to float;
If you want to ask Uncle Russell Sage... to buy himself a coat—
Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to order: "Emp'or Bill... don't write another play!"
If you want to make Rud Kipling give... his genius gratis away!
If you'd have J. Pierpont Morgan come... to lunch with you some day—
Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to say to Paderewski... "Get your ringlets cut!"
If you want to say to Sargent, "Sir... your portraits are a smut!"
If you want to say to Irving, "As an... actor—you're a nut!"
Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

NEW PHRASE COINED.

New York American: Everybody knows... the sheep, with his eternal "baa" and th... sheep-man with his eternal "lah." As... you go along the country the mildly... sensitive sheep lift their heads, and each... one—whether he be a young lamb or an old... fighting ram—has always the same remark... to make. You may be walking, riding on... horseback, in an automobile or a flying... machine—the sheep has only one thing to... say. The simple word "baa" expresses all... his emotions and all his interests. That is... the extent of the intellectual excitement of... which he is capable. The sheep-man is... quite as plentiful as his sheep brother in... the fields. And his mind works very much... in the same way. He is the sort of man... who thinks that he knows everything, who... with his contemptuous "baa" rejects a new... idea, because it is new. The sheep, at least... is open-minded. He is not ashamed to... confess mild surprise. If he goes on eat... ing his grass indifferently, it is not from... self-sufficient indifference, but from utter... lack of mind. The sheep-man is a sheep... thru arrogance and self-conceit. So far... as possibilities of intellectual growth are... concerned, he is really a sheep. The first... time he utters his contemptuous "baa" when... a new idea is put before him, his limitations... are set. There is no more development for... him.

PREPOSTEROUS RICHARD.

His Excuse for Being Debarred is Stupid.

Marquis de Montigny: The attempt... made by Richard Croker to describe the... action of the stewards of the Jockey Club... of England in barring his horses from being... trained on Newmarket Heath to his har... ing successfully bid against King Edward... a sale of yearlings held at Newmarket... last September is preposterous to those... who have any knowledge of the conditions... which prevail on the British turf, and... especially in the Jockey Club, while Lord... Durham is the chief of its triumvirate of... stewards. The Jockey Club is the most... independent organization of the kind in the... world, and so absolutely secure from the... influence, either one way or another, on... the part of the reigning monarch that it... has time and again blackballed candidates... he has proposed for membership whom he... was most anxious to get elected, and who... might possibly have got in had it not been... for the fact that they were proposed and... backed by royalty. In racing matters the... King ceases to be a sovereign, and has no... more standing or pull than any other... member of the Jockey Club, and Lord Dur... ham pointed out in his speech at the fam... ous Gimcrack Club dinner the other day... at York, Edward VII. shows the example... which his subjects in England interested... ed in honorable and straightforward racing... should follow of voluntarily submitting... to the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club.

It is ridiculous to suppose that when... King George IV. was all powerful as re... gent of the British empire and his horses... were run in a questionable manner the... Jockey Club did not hesitate after due in... vestigation to bar them from Newmarket... Heath and from all race courses which it... controlled, at the same time depriving... both his trainer and his jockey of their... livelihood, and even saw King Edward... of the Jockey Club, such, for instance, as... Lord Rosebery, Sir Frederick Johnston,... Leopold Rothschild, etc. etc. repeatedly... refused to race against King Edward... and J.-fatted them, subjecting there... by the monarch to heavy financial loss and... to severe disappointment.

It is ridiculous, therefore, to believe that... the stewards of the Jockey Club of Great... Britain would have permitted for one mo... ment the action of Richard Croker in bid... ding for yearlings against King Edward... and his horses against King Edward, at... an open sale, to influence their course with... regard to the former boss of Tammany... Hall. The measure to which the latter has... been subjected by the Earl of Durham and... his two fellow stewards of the Jockey Club... —a measure from which there is no appeal... and which will injuriously affect the... Jockey stable, not only in England, but also... in Ireland, and in all the countries of... continental Europe—must be ascribed to... entirely different reasons. What these re... asons are it is difficult to say, since the... Jockey Club declines to furnish them, and... respects themselves to the statement that... the training grounds at Newmarket are... the club's private property, and that... the club "does not wish" to have Mr. Croker's horses trained there. But... that it gives both to him and to his stable... a terrible black eye cannot for a moment be... denied.

Somewhat Different.
"O. Henry," author of "Cabbages and... Kings," tells a whimsical tale of what... he considers unfair competition in the... short story field. A short time ago he... says he was in the office of a big mag... azine and witnessed the return to a... dejected looking young fellow of a... couple of manuscripts. "I am sorry... for that fellow," said the editor. "He... came to New York from New Orleans... a year ago, and regularly brings some... stories to our office. We can never... use them. He doesn't make a dollar by... his pen, and he is getting shabby and... pale." A month or so later O. Henry... saw the same writer in the same office... and the editor was talking to him... earnestly. "You had better go back to... New Orleans," said that gentleman. "Why?" said the young man. "Some... day I may write a story you may... want." "But you can do that just as... well in New Orleans," said the editor... "and you can save board bills." "Board... bills," ejaculated the young man... "What do I care about board bills? I... had an income of twenty thousand a... year from my father's estate."

In the February Century.
Who organized the Boston Symphony... Orchestra? What is its policy and... what the object of its being? How are... its leader, concert-master and players... secured, and how are they paid? What... does the Boston Symphony Orchestra... mean to America? These are some of... the questions the answers to which in... terest every music-lover in the coun... try. And these points, and many... others, will be covered in the Febru... ary Century in an article on "The Bos... ton Symphony Orchestra," by Richard... Aldrich, musical critic of The New... York Times. Among the illustrations... of the sketch will be a portrait of... Henry Lee Higginson from the paint... ing by John S. Sargeant.

dy, "Running for Office."