

THE Athens Reporter

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BY R. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION

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ADVERTISING

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THE HORROR OF THE HOUR.

As silent as the shade of night

This silent scene is plain

He comes; all carcases in his flight

And, though you desire course your way

Your course leads to a ghastly scene

This fearful creature of dismay

The wobbler on a bicycle

That comes when you loquace

Exhausts his phrases terse

When you have checked your words intense

To think something when you're in a fix

A shock more fierce than all the rest

Your senses sets awild

The wobbler when you thus addressed

Turns out to be a girl

Zimmerman's Advice.

Now I want to say a word to the

wheelman and wheelwoman who ride

solely for the exercise and pleasure

they get with it

This is just between ourselves,

of course, and must go no further

Sit up straight when you're riding

If you are out for a mild little jaunt you

will enjoy it ever so much more if you

sit up straight

There's nothing so attractive about

the road that you should keep your

eyes on it constantly. Study the country

you are riding through, which extends

to a city street keep your shoulders

back and your head well up so you

won't meet with an accident or cause

one.

Give your lungs an opportunity to fill

with fresh air. That's what you are

out for.

To see you stopped over is not a

pleasant sight.

Ladies, I don't care how handsome

your costume is or how pretty your

face may be, you look hideous when you

go by with your head down.

If you are pretty if you cannot see your

face?

If you don't stoop over your wheel

you will not be afflicted with what has

become known as the bicycle face.

There is a form about riding a bicycle,

just as there is a form for the table.

It is just as much bad form for you

to double over when riding the bike as

it is for you to use your knife where

the fork should be used.

Bear it in mind, when you go out

ART OF MANAGEMENT.

BUSINESS METHODS OF THREE FAMOUS THEATRICAL MEN.

How Sir Henry Irving Finds a Play Upon the Stage.

By Augustin Daly's Autobiography.

By Gustave Frohman.

The extent to which the personalities of half a dozen men are reflected in every worthy current phase of dramatic endeavor becomes apparent to the habitual play-goer, as well as to the humblest class of laborers in the theatrical line.

In these days of financial depression when only plays of great merit or strikingly original novelties enjoy pecuniary success, in fact, the art and business methods of three of these men are responsible for every second achievement in their line that is worthy of note.

Others using the same methods have made nearly as great reputations; but that has been through

present. The man referred to is Gustave Frohman, second in years of the three brothers whose combined interests in the amusement line are of greater importance than those of any other dozen managers.

Gustave Frohman was the pioneer distributor of celebrated dramatic attractions throughout the towns and villages of the country.

What others had done in a haphazard way with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he did systematically with "Hazel Kirke," and is now doing with the importations of his brothers, Charles and Daniel Frohman. Many will doubtless be surprised to know that without this cleverly managed and exhaustive "road business," as it is called, the expense of importing the great novelties of Paris and London, such as "Jane," "Bowing the Wind" and the "Fatal Card," would be practically prohibited that enterprise.

But whatever is demanded by the people of New York city and Chicago is in the hands of the Frohman family, and is accepted by the audience of the city.

smallest towns on the map of the country, and it is placing its attractions everywhere on a carefully systematized plan before their novelty has worn off that enables American managers to give their patrons all that can be had in any other country.

While Gustave Frohman's administrative genius showed other managers how this result could be accomplished, and while he still remains chief among road managers, to say that his talents are limited to this field would be far from the truth.

As the lessee of a first-class theatre in Chicago he has demonstrated the possession of sound artistic judgment, and it is well understood in the theatrical profession that no other manager excels him in the knowledge of how to exhibit the talents of the actors in his employ at their best.

CURTIS DUNHAM.

A MARVEL IN RAILROADING.

How Two Trains May Cross One Another on One Track.

A problem in railroad engineering has received considerable attention from a certain class of inventors who have devised a scheme whereby two trains may pass each other, going in the same or opposite directions, upon a single track, and thus save half of the expense now necessary to lay a double track.

Less than a year ago, says the New York World, patent No. 625,225 was granted for a method of accomplishing this result without the usual sanguinary circumstances that accompany it. The proposed plan is to place a long inclined plane car at each end of the line.

Upon these inclined cars are mounted the first train in stationary or moving at a high rate of speed.

A LENTEN SACRIFICE.

She was "out at home" to me; When I bowed, she didn't see, Though I'd bow'd to a schoolmate of old.

To her mother then I went, And told the dear one meant to retire from my society.

A Case of Necessity.

Pat Man—Did you polish 'em up nice? Bootblack—Yes, look for 'em, yer honor.

Pat Man—I'll take your word for it.—Harper's Weekly.

HER BLOOMERS.

When Her Desire Was Attained Something Was Lacking.

She was attired in her new bloomers, and she seemed to be proud of them.

"Well," he said, after he had surveyed the new costume critically, "I suppose you are happy now."

"No-o; not exactly," she replied slowly.

"Why, you must have the freedom of movement for which you have longed all your life," he exclaimed.

"Yes, I have that," she admitted.

"You have always been complaining that a woman was too much hampered by her skirts," he remarked.

"It's true," she asserted.

"Ever since you were a little girl," he went on, "you say you have had a longing to play leap-frog and all such games every time you saw the boys usually been rebuffed."

"I admit it," she said.

"And you always thought it unjust that you should be deprived of such sport because you were a girl?"

"I did seem so."

"Well, now that you have got your bloomers, I suppose there is no reason why you shouldn't play leap-frog, if you want to. Why don't you do it?"

"Because, now that I can, I don't see any fun in it. I—don't think much of bloomers, anyway."—Cincinnati Post.

After the Accident.

Dr. Breaker—It's broken, gentlemen! It's broken!

Prof. Speeler (who has fallen)—What is broken? Der violin?

Dr. Breaker—No, your leg.

Prof. Speeler—Oh, I thought it was der instrument.

MRS. HEVNE-PECQUE.

THE X RAYS REACH THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE NEW WOMAN.

The Learned Dissertation on Roentgen's Discovery That Took the Dear Little Hussy Almost by Surprise—By Fraunce "Another."

"What!" Mrs. Hevne-Pecque exclaimed, indignantly, as she entered the dining room. "What did I hear you say to your father, Isabella? Did your ears deceive me? Did you dare to tell your patient, leaving father that he didn't know enough to go on when it rains?"

"My dear," said Mr. Hevne-Pecque, seeing that Isabella made no reply, "you really must take that girl in hand. She is getting quite beyond me. I am not strong enough to whip her, and she says no attention to anything I say. She has got to the age when she needs a woman's firm control."

"Go into the library, Isabella, and bring me the book which she needs. I am alone, my love, I wish you would explain this scene to me."

"I will do so, my dear," said Isabella, and when she returned she explained some of the pictures in the morning paper, and when I began to tell her about the ten rays?"

"The ten rays? What do you mean, Mr. Hevne-Pecque?"

"Why, my dear, you know, that new discovery—the X rays?—which are being used by which they can photograph the bones in one's hand."

"Yes, X, and X stands for ten, of course."

"My dear little husband, you do say some very remarkable things! Take algebra, for one thing, what does X stand for in an equation?"

"Well, my dear, it always means ten. But really there was no reason why my own child should tell me I was 'stupid' and 'ignorant' by the time I was ten, after the way I have worked to make her happy, to nurse her when she was sick, and to keep her little faults hidden from you. I think she is very ungrateful."

"Most assuredly she is, and I'll give her good reason for it. But, my dear, you would not expose your ignorance of everyday matters to the children, would you? I am sure you are willing to explain things to you, and when you are in doubt upon any subject, you will ask me. I am sure your wife is the person to instruct you."

"Yes, dear, I know it. But this new discovery seemed so simple, I thought I understood it. What is the matter with that plate?"

"Matter, Mr. Hevne-Pecque? Matter of course! It is as solid as a stone, and you ought to have known by the time you have had mutton for dinner the plates must be hot; not warm, but hot."

"You are a little late, dear, and I give the plates cooled white waiting."

"They should have been kept by the fire until I came. You may understand the Roentgen theory, Mr. Hevne-Pecque, but you are not a man of most learned women do, but you do not understand how to serve mutton. No, I can't wait now to have you pass each other, but you know I go to Pittsburgh to-night, and I have several matters to attend to before I start."

"Oh, dear, Mrs. Hevne-Pecque, you are not going away again? I never saw you absent so long. I have only two hours in the week. I might as well not have any wife for all I see of you. What junketing is on foot this time?"

"Unreasonable, as usual, Mr. Hevne-Pecque. You seem to forget that Col. Sherman's funeral is to be held here tomorrow in Pittsburgh, and that I am one of the bear-ers."

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