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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



Scenery—Lake of the Woods, along line of C. N. R.

er-love. Suddenly Vivian, whose eyes, unnoted by the father absorbed in the stage, had been growing wider and wider, burst into astonished voice:

"Mamma!"  
The shrill, childish cry rang high, clear and distinct. A hundred heads quickly turned, presenting startled, questioning faces. The singer slightly faltered, slurring a note, but proceeded resolutely.

"Mamma! There's mamma!"  
Vivian frantically stretched out his two chubby arms, his eyes ashine and his tones rapt with joy. He had found her.

"Vivian! Be quiet! Let mamma be," whispered his father, enfolding him closer. "Mamma's singing."  
"But I want mamma. Mamma! Come an' take me, mamma! Here I am," cried Vivian, squirming, appealing, his tremolo quiver with eagerness. "You must take that child out of here, sir," commanded an usher, hurrying to them.

But it was too late. Father and Ioy were held there by the throng that was crowding even in the foyer. The singer saw them—distinguished them for the first time—her husband, and his wee burden crowned by the tumbled golden hair. Again she faltered. A stir of apprehension ran through the house. She stopped short; resumed—stammered—choked—and while the orchestra bravely continued, to encourage her, with a little gesture of despair she mutely bowed and fled from the stage. From the spectators, bewildered, yet guessing, welled a tumult of query and comment.

"Mamma!" cried Vivian, weeping, loudly.

"You must get out of here, sir!" ordered the usher, now angrily. "Stand back, there, please, and let this man out."

"But I'm her husband. I'm Mr. Newsome, and this is her boy. We—" attempted the man, not in palliation, but abashed, willing, to go, yet endeavoring to explain.

"I don't care who you are," retorted the usher, pressing him back. "We can't have you raising a disturbance in here. Make room there, please."

Another usher came wedging his way through, back of the seats, and intercepted them.

"Are you Mr. Newsome?" he asked, breathless. "Then your wife wants to

see you. She's in her dressing-room."

He turned, and with Vivian, now wailing with both disappointment and alarm, held aloft, Mr. Newsome followed in his guide's wake; and the crowded theatre, comprehending, clapped and cheered.

"Vivian! My darling!" His wife sprang forward to the threshold and caught the child from him.

She sank into a chair and cuddled the boy convulsively, crushing him against her pink bosom, crooning over him, her lips in his yellow locks.

"Mamma! I've found you, mamma." His arms clasped her about the neck.

"Yes, precious. Mamma'll never leave Vivian again."

"There, there, Mrs. Newsome," soothed the manager, standing near. "You're all right now. You'll be ready to go on again in a minute. The people are waiting. Hear them clap?"

"No, no," denied the woman. She looked up. "Take me home, Harry," she implored. "I don't want to stay here. I want to go home."

"Why, dear—" stammered her husband, astonished, uncertain, touched, but not knowing what to do.

"But you surely want to finish that lullaby, Mrs. Newsome," urged the manager, earnestly. "You want to show your nerve you know. Then you can go home."

"No, no," besought the woman. "Take us home, Harry. Take Vivian and me home."

The manager flashed upon the husband a subtle, quizzical glance.

"Yes; take them home, Mr. Newsome. We're sorry your wife will have it that way—but perhaps it's best. I'll satisfy the house. They'll understand. And to-morrow night we'll make it up, won't we, Mrs. Newsome? You won't let this—ah, discourage you, of course. You have a reputation back of you, remember."

But the woman only shook her head, without saying anything, as she gently laid the child down (he was already asleep, content), and impatiently slipped into the long coat which her husband was holding for her.

"After all, it was a tremendous success—tremendous! Mrs. Newsome," he said soothingly. "You sang charmingly—charmingly—never better. And there really couldn't have been anything more effective than the way the

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