

# ACT WITHOUT WORDS

### Old Art of Pantomime Has Gained in Popularity.

George L. Fox and "Humpty Dumpty" Recalled—London's Regular Annual Revival—is a Novelty in America.

New York.—Gesture—the refinement of action—is perhaps the oldest form of expressing emotion, and just now there seems to be a tendency to revive the old art of pantomime. With the English the pantomime play is an institution, with Americans it is almost a novelty. Our older generation of theater-goers, however, can recall "Humpty Dumpty," in which Goody Two-Shoes, Old One-Two, Tommy Tucker and Humpty Dumpty became famous.

"For tho' true love ne'er did run smooth, I'm told, All will end well where true hearts, like yours, are gold."

What a satisfying couplet to come from a fairy queen after the opening vicissitudes of the wordless play. Ferrer, Arlecchino, Pantaleno and Columbine were characters in Italian masque plays of the middle ages. An incoherent crowd of strung together to embrace acrobatics and ballet dancing. It was 100 years later that the descendants of the Italian quartet appeared before an American audience.

Plots of the older pantomime plays were simple and fantastic. Without speech there must be swiftness of action to sustain interest. The story of "Humpty Dumpty," whose popularity began in the spring of 1868, when George L. Fox played the great clown at the Olympic theater in this city, is a good example of pantomimic plot. Goody and Tommy were rustic lovers and were forced to make love in secret. Old One-Two was the guardian of Goody, and at the beginning of the play comes upon the pair and threatens punishment. Humpty appears to take away the ugly guardian in his wheelbarrow.

Then the good fairy appears to deliver her hopeful couplet about true love and changes the characters into Columbine, Pantaleno, Harlequin and Clown. Tommy Tucker becomes the Harlequin, garbed in scales of yellow, symbolizing jealousy, blue for love, red for passion, black for death. Harlequin is given a magic hat and a mask to make him invincible. Old One-Two, for offense against true love, is put in the power of Humpty's tricks, Humpty becoming the clown of the harlequinade. Such was Humpty, who has gone where.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men Can never put Humpty together again."

Pantomime is a distinctly different art from that of acting. Some of the clowns of the day who are pantomimists are Adams, Ravel, Melville, Marceline, Miacco. A pointed finger most often tells the whole story. The most difficult task in pantomime is to mimic animals. The animal costume does not suffice. A close study of animal movements is necessary.

Without speech an actor is wholly ineffective unless he can express his thought and emotion by facial expression, manner and gesture. The niceties and gradations of feeling until lately have not been considered within the province of pantomimists. Pantomimic acting has been "broad" to the point of bad art. The art, it is said, never gained permanent favor because of the very fact that it lacked the resources of suggestion.

# CITY ON THE NEVA

### Characteristics of St. Petersburg Noted by English Tourist.

Officers Among the Finest Specimens of Their Kind in the World—Furs More Costly Than in United States.

St. Petersburg.—Peter the Great must have been a bold man when, in order that he might have a "window out of which he could look on Europe," he built the city on the Neva. Indeed, judging from the strong simplicity of his face in a celebrated picture, in which he is seen lecturing his feeble looking son, aesthetics could not at any time have influenced his choice of cities or otherwise. It was Lady Craven who regarded a city built amid such surroundings as certain to fall, though, as she admitted, the empress did all she could to "invite politeness, science and comforts to cheer this region of ice." F. G. Aflalo writes in the London Pall Mall Gazette. "All this is very well; yet today, as one walks down the crowded Nevski Prospekt or along the Morskaja, as one drives over the bridges to the islands, or stands within the cathedral or the opera house, it is difficult indeed, to realize that, little more than two centuries ago all this was desolate morass of the kind seen from the Nord express between the city and the frontier.

It is a city of great spaces and deserted squares. Its population must exceed 1,000,000, yet the tourist will find immense emptiness between crowded quarters. Although, moreover, the city straggles along the Neva, it cannot be said to have residential suburbs along the railway, for the train seems to come suddenly on its slums from the open plain. Its vast unused spaces doubtless have owners, but these seem unable or unwilling to turn their property to account, and one is irresistibly reminded of Tolstoy's story of the victim of his own greed, who, having been promised the freehold of as much land as he could walk around in a day, fell dead just as he had completed the circuit.

The officers are among the finest specimens of their kind anywhere in the world, and here let me say that they compare very favorably indeed with those of another continental power for politeness and affability. As a case in point, I was buying some typical photographs of horses, including cavalry, in a large shop, and the man behind the counter was quite unable to tell me the different regiments represented. A tall officer happened to be making purchases at the same counter, and he most kindly came to the rescue, speaking excellent French, and gave me all the information I required. In the other country he would have clanked his sword and given me a look that froze, or tried to.

Up to Christmas the snow does not take itself seriously. In November I saw it thick in the streets one day and gone the next. The canals are useful rather than ornamental. They are said to smell when the ice is breaking up, and I can bear witness that they do so when it is not; so they are active all the year round. The best shops are about as expensive as those in Bond street and the window dressing is artistic, but any one expecting to get furs for a song out here will be disappointed. At any rate, the song would have to be sung by Melba or Caruso. Indeed, they are dearer than elsewhere, for the simple reason that furs here have not the art of dressing the skins in Russia, which means that these must be reimported after paying duty. This is but a tourist's glimpse of the streets of this curiously attractive city, the farthest north of my rambles for pleasure. Indeed, any holiday more hyperborean would exceed my wildest ambitions.

TALKED IN SLEEP; PRISON  
Escaped Robber Betrayed His Identity Unconsciously While Under Arrest for Drunkenness.

Columbus, O.—Because he talked in his sleep, Andrew J. McCorrell of Findlay will enter the penitentiary here to serve six years for robbery.

PLAN NEW MILITIA RESERVE  
New York State Officials Will Organize Corps of Men Experienced in Drills.

# ORLEANS LOSES HOPE

### "Pretender" Changes Plans in Attempt to Form Monarchy.

Royalist Leader Attempts to Reconcile Few Warring Followers—Populace Care Nothing for Restoration of Throne.

Paris.—The royalists, who are always fervent in France, although their political influence ceased to be important long ago, were surprised and rather dismayed to receive from the Duke of Orleans an order that he will have no direct representative in France hereafter.

The Duke of Orleans, the royalist pretender to the French throne, of course, who is an exile in England, writes an open letter in which he expressly says that any one assuming to be his personal representative will do so without authority.

In this way the duke hopes to end the discord which began several months ago after he changed his representative here. On the one side is the newspaper known as Action Francaise, of which Leon Daudet is head; on the other are individuals who oppose the militant methods of this newspaper.

In his letter the Duke of Orleans says he has undertaken to reorganize his followers in an effort to decentralize the royalist movement, as he has always been opposed to centralization. The political bureau is suppressed, but delegates will be appointed who, by means of committees, will carry on the royalist campaign.

As a matter of fact the cause of the Orleansists, the most important branch of royalism in France, has shrunk to a mere shadow. Tourists, particularly Americans, visiting France, are prone to discuss the possibility of the monarchy some day replacing the present republic. But these discussions spring more from romantic speculation than from any knowledge of the situation.

The French republic was never stronger, more solidly placed on its foundations than at this moment. The royalists proclaim themselves openly in the senate and chamber of deputies, but their number is insignificant; they fall to hold even the balance of power when the other parties are closely divided.

Among the working classes no desire for the restoration of the monarchy is apparent. The last stronghold of those who still retain loyalty to a king of France is found among the aristocracy, but even there the sentiment is not nearly as strong as it was a decade or even five years ago. The Catholic church has always been royalist in its tendencies, but since the separation of church and state this influence is not as far-reaching as it was.

Many officers in the French army and perhaps the majority of those holding highest rank in the navy belong to the old nobility or aristocracy, but the new generation is quickly crowding these representatives of the ancient life of France into the background. In spite of the Socialists' efforts to decry militarism, the army is intensely loyal to the republic.

# WARSHIP AS MAIL CARRIER

### James L. Cowles, Secretary of Postal Progress League, Believes the Idea is Plausible.

Washington.—Why should not warships be used to carry the mails? Here is a brand new question injected into the postal discussion by the tireless secretary of the Postal Progress league, James L. Cowles. That gentleman is probably the most active worker for postal reform in this country, and many of his ideas are so far ahead of the profession that it takes the congress several years to catch up with them, but Mr. Cowles, although he brings this startling suggestion to Washington, can show that he has some practical basis for it.

In fact, the South African government has just passed a law authorizing the construction of several cruisers which are to be used on the regular mail route. They will take the place of a private line to which the government has been paying a subsidy of \$750,000 a year, and in time of war they will be as ready for a fight as if they had just schemed from a navy yard.

This idea, whimsical as it at first appears, is making a hit wherever Mr. Cowles tries it. The navy department is not overwhelmingly popular with the congress just now, but in view of the probable expenditure of \$45,000,000 a year more for soldiers' pensions, and the ever increasing demand of the navy for more money for battleships, the suggestion that the warships might be made useful as well as ornamental is being well received. Under the present system the ships are kept moving more or less to prevent depreciation of material and discipline, but they spend days, weeks and months in idleness, often at almost the full expense of sailing equipment, when if they could be employed on business errands for the government they might effect a large saving for the postoffice department.

At least, this is the kind of talk one hears from members of the congress on whom Mr. Cowles springs his scheme. Mr. Cowles would have cruisers carry mail from the Atlantic to the Pacific by way of the Panama canal.

NEW USE FOR HOUSE CATS  
Kansas Woman Submits Samples of Milk to Tabby for Expert Judgment on Richness.

Cottonwood Falls, Kan.—An enterprising Cottonwood Falls housewife has found a new use for the common house cat. As the purchaser of provisions for a large family, so the story goes, this wide-awake woman finds it necessary to buy considerable fresh milk, and this is where the family cat—a sedate, ladylike tabby—comes in.

To decide which of her milk dealers sells the richest milk is not always an easy task when there is no means at hand to test the amount of butterfat, so the business is turned over to tabby, who is the judge.

Two small saucers of fresh milk from different dealers are set before the cat. She tries one and then the other. The saucer which pleases her taste best, which is the richest milk, is eagerly lapped up, while the other saucers comes last or goes begging altogether.

# WOULD CLASSIFY ALL PEOPLE

### W. M. Hays Says International Census Would Solve an Important Problem—Passing of the Tramp Joke.

Washington.—The classification of all the peoples of the world in a great international census, giving each person a number in a single world series, to the end that the human race may be improved by scientific marriage, was the plan advocated by Assistant Secretary of Agriculture W. M. Hays in an address here before the American Breeders' association, one of the organizations making up the American Association for the Advancement of Science. As a means of improving the heredity of the human family Mr. Hays proposed a classification of all human beings, both as to mental aptitude and genetic efficiency.

Based on such knowledge as this census would give, he said, a "racial religion" would develop requiring the more efficient to produce families larger than the average, and those less efficient to produce families smaller than the average.

The world numbers, said Mr. Hays, would serve to join genealogies into one numerical system, so that all relationships could be traced. Each person would have a number or percentage that could easily be averaged so as to give the genetic or family values of each person. "Modern science and charity works against the law of the survival of the fittest," he declared, "by keeping alive many persons who inherit weaknesses such as feeble-mindedness or insanity. By paying attention to genetic efficiency a race may make itself stronger for the economic contests among the races of the world."

BISHOP IS BITTEN BY DOG  
Churchman Tries to Separate Fighting Animals and Suffers Injuries from His Own Pet.

London.—The Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Russell Wakefield, was badly bitten while trying to separate two dogs which had started a furious fight.

His lordship was walking in the neighborhood of his residence, Bishopscroft, Edgbaston, when his favorite dog, which always accompanies him on his early morning walks, quarreled and fought with another dog. The bishop caught hold of his own dog by the collar when the animal furiously attacked him and bit him several times on the right hand, causing deep wounds. The bishop returned home, and sent for a doctor, who cauterized and dressed the wounds.

In the afternoon the bishop attended the prize distribution at the Church of England college with his right arm in a sling and his hand bandaged. Sir Walter Fisher, the chairman of the meeting, announced that the bishop's injuries were said by the doctor to be going on quite satisfactorily.

UNDERTAKERS IN ODD FIGHT  
Burler Using Auto in Conducting Funerals in Louisville, Ky., Hales Others Into Court.

Louisville, Ky.—The court's most desolate weather an undertaker who was one of them can retain the standing which with his brother undertakers he enjoyed when the "honk honk" vehicles were luxuries rather than necessities. L. D. Bax, member of the Falls Cities Funeral Directors' association, recently obtained a temporary injunction directing that the association refrain from dropping him from membership. This act of the association is based on a resolution passed several years ago and providing that no member of the organization should use an automobile in his business without gaining the consent of the other members. Mr. Bax, thrice refused such permission, bought a motor undertaker's wagon anyway, and is seeking to compel the association, which sought by mutual agreement to keep down the use of expensive equipment, to indorse his departure from the rules.

# SECRETS ARE TOLD

### English Translation of Records Kept by a Physician.

Light on Historic Events—Marie Antoinette on Her Way to the Guillotine—Glimpses of the Great Bonaparte.

New York.—There was a celebrated Parisian doctor named Poullet de la Siboutie, who died in 1863 after being the professional attendant of most of the great men of his day and an active participant in most of the great events that happened between the French revolution and the second empire. He was an energetic diarist and dearly loved a good story. Toward the end of his life he began whipping his diaries and memoranda into a book of recollections.

He died before the work was completed, but his daughters wove the unfinished book and the remaining diaries together, and the result is now published in an English translation made by Lady Theodora Davidson and just now issued in America. The title is "Recollections of a Parisian Under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions and a Republic, 1789-1863."

At first it seems rather surprising that the doctor should be able to give reminiscences of 1789, for he was born in that year. But there is no mystery about it. In early life he made the acquaintance of the surviving figures in the great events that were enacted during his babyhood, attended some of them professionally and heard from their lips their versions of those events.

One of the persons whose acquaintance he made was a spectator of the execution of Marie Antoinette, and gave him this account of it.

"The queen sat quite alone in a market cart between Sanson (the executioner) and his assistant. Her hands were tied behind her back. She wore a white camisole, and a cap on her head, which had been tied on crooked.

"She was as white as a sheet and trembled so that she had to be helped out of the cart. She was lifted rather than assisted on to the scaffold. Sanson tore off her cap and in a moment all was over.

Of Napoleon he says: "He had a pleasant face with refined features and a kindly, benevolent expression. None of the many portraits known to me, even by the greatest of artists, give more than a faint idea of his noble countenance."

M. Dunod, who was three years gentleman usher of the bedchamber, told the doctor that Napoleon "was very fussy; the least thing set him grumbling and complaining. Throughout his whole military career he was not once wounded, though he never spared himself. The wound at Ratisbon, of which so much has been made, was a mere bruise from the blow of a spent ball.