

Anecdotes and Incidents

The Player's Story

"I was playing once with the elder Sothorn when he was doing the hero in a romantic play which required his leaping from a window in a tall tower to the stage below, where he alighted on a mattress behind a wooden rock, and immediately made off rapidly into a forest," said an old actor who was telling some theatrical anecdotes to a party of friends recently, says the Washington Star. "One night, in performing this bit of acrobatic business, he hurt his ankle and vowed he would leap no more. Accordingly the next day the manager hired a professional circus performer to do the actual leap, while the actor had to slip back under one part of the tower wall and descend by a safe but unromantic ladder to his dressing room. The manager provided the circus man with a costume precisely like Sothorn's to the end that the illusion might be kept up with the audience, and sent him to the theater to practice. The man made the jump and set up a loud complaint.

"What's the row?" inquired a young member of the company who happened to be at the theater.

"Why, see here," explained the professional acrobat, "this 'ere drop is dead easy. A man with a wooden leg and two glass eyes could do it. Now, if they let me turn a somerset in the air I wouldn't make any fus."

"Capital!" said the young actor. "Do it."

"You think Mr. Sothorn wouldn't mind?" said the athlete, doubtfully.

"Mind!" returned the young player, "why, he'd be tickled to death and probably have your salary raised as well. Besides, it would bring down the house. Do it, by all means."

"That evening, when the part of the performance was reached wherein the hero took leave of the heroine Sothorn was gratified to see his substitute crouching in the shadow of the easement ready to leap.

"Love, good-night—good-night!" cried Sothorn.

"Stay!" pleaded the heroine, clinging round his neck; 'stay! that leap is—death!"

"Nay, my sweet; 'tis honor. I leap,



"THE APPLAUSE CAME IN THUNDERS."

'tis true, but what in my heart doth bear me up? Thine image, love! Good-night—good-night!"

"He kissed her frantically on the forehead, tore himself from her embrace and rushed across the open space in the shadow.

"Jump!" he hissed between his teeth. Out into the air shot the circus man, whirled around like the fly wheel of a steam engine, and lit like a bird on the highest part of the rock. The applause came in thunders. The man bowed stiffly, and walked off proudly into the wings with his arms folded.

"I cannot remember just what Sothorn said, but his remarks were of a rather profane and very uncomplimentary nature, and you can rest assured that the circus man was not allowed to repeat his high art jump at the next performance."

Old-Time Indian Hunt

Charles Gipson relates the following interesting account of an old time Indian hunt in the Creek Nation, says the Dallas News.

"Some fifty-five years ago the Creek Indians would go on camp hunts that lasted from November until May. On these hunts it was common for them to go as far as the Rocky mountains. They tell of seeing people who traveled on their hands and feet, and in this way ran very fast. The young men tried to overtake them, but were always left far behind in the race. They tell of seeing a species of wild chicken, the little roosters being a size smaller than the little bantam of today. The

only time to see them was very early in the morning. They crowded nearly like any other chicken, and were very wild and very hard to discover after daylight, but the best hunters found and killed them sometimes. They found in the hanging rocks a species of honey bee that built their comb and filled them with a honey that looked like lard, and was very palatable, but was always candied. They brought this honey home for their families to eat in deerskins, that are now termed case hides. After filling up the hides with honey they were basted with the tendons of a deer's back and were handily brought home on a broncho. After the return of the hunters there was a grand powwow.

"The Creek squaw can make a bread



WHILE ON A CAMP HUNT, that will remain sweet and sound for six months. This is how it is made: They take ordinary corn, pound it in the ordinary way. Instead of sprinkling the corn with water they sprinkle it with lye; after being pounded into fine meal it is mixed with wood ashes instead of baking powder. This is baked in a skillet in little rings, each weighing four ounces. When it will stand any amount of rough handling and the inclemency of the weather has no effect on this bread, cold or hot. This bread after six months can be put into a camp kettle, and a little water added, and when it becomes soaked makes a very good and wholesome bread. The lye seems to preserve the bread through any and all kinds of weather, and it is this kind of bread that the Indians take along when they go on a long journey or take a long hunt."

Mistaken for Letter-Carrier.

The drivers of a well known local laundry are equipped with uniforms very much like that of letter carriers. Strangers in the city often mistake these hustling laundrymen for government employees. The other afternoon, says the Chattanooga News, a lady hailed one of the drivers, and, without asking any questions, gave him a letter, which she intended that he should mail. The letter was returned to the lady, with the remark that "I haven't time to take this to the postoffice for you."

"Well," she replied, "I shall report you to Mr. Sharp. He is a personal



"WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?" friend of mine, and he'll discharge you."

"What do you take me for?" the bogus letter carrier inquired.

"An idiot!" was the heated reply.

"Stunt for you!" replied the man. "I'm a laundryman. Say, where does your husband have his laundry work done?"

Then the irate lady sneaked off down the street, endeavoring to conceal her blushes. She discovered her mistake and was "just dying to laugh."

Tale of Maryland Railroad.

"One of the most unique railroads in the country," said a traveling salesman to a Baltimore Sun man, "was encountered by me on a recent trip through southern Maryland.

"The road is twenty miles long and runs from Brandywine, on the Pope's Creek branch of the Baltimore & Potomac railroad, in Charles county, to Mechanicsville, in St. Mary's county. Its corporate name is the Washington & Potomac railroad company. The single train which runs each way daily is made up of the engine, one freight car and one combination baggage and passenger car. The schedule seems to be a very liberal one and no hurry is manifested in train movements.

"The conductor of the train, who also acts as baggagemaster upon occasion, is general manager of the road. He issues orders as general manager and obeys them as conductor. When, as conductor, he thinks the schedule should be changed, he notifies the general manager (himself), who, if he thinks it advisable, makes up a new schedule, and issues running orders accordingly to the conductor (also himself) and the latter obeys. There are no ticket agents along the route that I could learn of, and the conductor collects fares as on a street railway here, punching a hole for each fare in a slip of cardboard. Then he goes into the baggage car, sees that the trunks are properly delivered and looks after express and mail packages.

"I was obliged to take a long drive in the country from one of the stations and was anxious to get back in time to catch the train on its return trip. I told my driver of my wish.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, "if we are pushed for time we will stop the train four or five miles up the track."

"But, will it stop? There is no station there."

"That makes no difference," the driver replied. "All you have to do is to appear on the track at any road crossing and hail the engineer."

"Although the road cannot boast the accommodation of trunk lines," continued the speaker, "it is really a great



"HAIL THE ENGINEER."

convenience to the country through which it passes. People down there tell me it has been kept going several years almost entirely through the efforts of the young manager-conductor, who is hard-working, untiring and very popular. He has been busy improving the roadbed recently."

How the Alligator Was Named.

When the Spanish discoverers first saw the American crocodile, now known as the alligator, they were so astounded and impressed by its size that they called it "el lagarto." "Lagarto" means lizard and "el" means "the." The Spaniards laid especial stress upon the first word to signify that it was the king of its kind—"the" lizard. When Sir Walter Raleigh sailed up the Orinoco river the natives still called the reptile "lagarto" and he used the word in his book, "Discovery of New Guiana." His English sailors caught the name, and never having seen it written, they soon began to transform it by mispronunciation. "El" became "al," and when Ben Jonson had occasion to write of the creature he used "algarta." "Gator" is a much readier word for English tongues, and it was not long before the transforming process worked out "alligator." Then the dictionary makers pounced upon the word and put it away in their books, where it is likely to keep a permanent place, even though "el lagarto" itself become extinct.

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J. H. M., Boston, Mass., Sept. 30, 1900.

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