

Explaining About "The Mollusc"

By Sheppard Butler.

NE never does things just right. to get you to bring her a book from

comedy so perfectly cast and played by Mr. Arliss and his company? I agree with you most enthusiastically in your feeling about that exquisite bit of act-ing 'A Well Remembered Voice,' but I think it a pity not to call the atten-

here before?"

you will find it diverting to have them has ever succeeded in making a deep enumerated.

toe with eager interest in anything Davies. and everything, really moves in rather

Second—Mr. Arliss' performance in Moeller is the author of "Madame the little Barrie play is a notably Sand," in which Mrs. Fiske appeared beautiful achievement, the like of a year ago. which you will not encounter in many

weeks of playgoing. métier. The play is an engaging com-edy, and in this instance its central Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will ter-

himself, I think, would be the first to when these lines were written. list "The Mollusc" as a passing inident rather than as a milestone in Concerning Mile. Tavie Belge, pichis career.

about bromides.

A mollusc, you know, is one who having been penniless when they en-"uses force to do nothing when it's gaged her for the leading rôle in "Fid-so much easier to do something." She dlers Three," which we shall see at the will use every wile at her command Oiympic this evening.

"Why," asks a gently querulous across the room rather than go over correspondent, "do you com-lazy; on the contrary, she "spends all pletely ignore the delightful her energy and ingenuity in sticking comedy so perfectly cast and played by instead of moving." And you may

tion of those who love something truly presented it at Powers' nine years ago. That was its only Chicago hearing, delicious (sic) on the stage to 'The aside from the present one, but it was Molluse.' Can you conveniently men- played elsewhere in this country at tion when and by whom it was played different times by Joseph Coyne and Miss Alexandra Carlisle; by Miss May Irwin, who interpolated some songs

Well, "The Molluse" was not utter ly ignored in these columns, but there were reasons for its being given little Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. more than passing attention. Perhaps Mr. Arliss' production, therefore, is the fifth in the United States. No one

impression with the comedy on this First-The reportorial mind, popu-larly supposed to be chrenically on tip-toe mill eager interset in earthing

orthodox channels. We recorders of Rehearsals began last week for he day's doings get to be about as Henry Miller's production of the play provincial in our own way as any of by Philip Moeller, entitled "Mollere," bu, and one of the symptoms of this which promises to be one of the notlition is that, no matter how vital able theatrical events of the year. This pic may be, it will be given scant has been finely cast, with Mr. Miller ntion in any newspaper office after in the title role, Miss Blanche Bates has one has made the wet blanket in the part of Madame de Montespan, nark, "That's been printed." "The and Holbrook Blinn appearing as Louis lluse" has been played in Chicago XIV. The scenes of the play are laid ore—played, reviewed and discussed in the Palais Royal and the Louvre in detail—so the newsgatherer's in- as they were in 1670. In addition to stinct was to dismiss it with a word, the principals, many courtiers, ladies Having been a reporter I suppose I'm in waiting, and other decorative char-

veeks of playgoing. Miss Patricia Collinge, it is told, is And third-His performance in due at the Blackstone Feb. 24 with "The Moilusc" is not by any means "Tillie," a play made from Mrs. Helen notable. It is adequate enough, but R. Martin's more or less widely read you could name offhand a dozen actors novel, "Tillie, the Mennonite Maid." who would do better by the rôle of the She will have the assistance of John quizzical Englishman, with his veneer W. Ransome, Miss Maude Granger, of brisk Colorado mannerisms. This Miss Mildred Booth, and many others. sort of thing simply isn't the Arliss Mr. Arliss departs on Feb. 22.

edy, and in this instance its central Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will ter-figure is capitally visualized by Miss minate their engagement at the Woods Viva Birkett, who is largely respon- on March 1. Arrangements are under sible for keeping things moving as way for an entertainment to succeed they do. But as for Mr. Arliss, he them, but they had not been completed

tured on this page, her press agent vouchsafes the information that she

Still and all, as they say, the com- became prima donna of the Royal still and all, as they say, the conder became prima donna of the Royal edy, even now, is well worth this be-Dera house in Antwerp at the age lated half column. Its theory of mol-of 16 and sang there continuously until lusery presents an amusing bit of the day the fortress fell to the Ger-philosophy about folks, much as did mans. After that she toured Canada, Gelett Burgess' droll little monograph giving concerts for the benefit of the which set us all talking, years ago, various Beigian relief organizations. She was, it is said, a genuine refugee,



FEBRUARY 9, 1919.

About Mr. Stock and Others

By Frederick Donaghey.

Market and the should be back on the shone out, some seasons ago, as the stuation of his lack of citizensbip arose, his record of doings and of say world. It was not that when the structure in the source in the source in the source of the s ings was gone into with, doubtless utter founder left it forever, in 1905. Under scrupulousness; and it is known that Stock, it caught up to, it went along nothing was turned up to reflect upon with, and it passed in sheer musical his conduct or his attitude in his efficiency, skill, versatility, and art all long residence among us. He had the older orchestras, including Boston's

ried himself through the ordeal with tact, with decency and manliness, and with dignity The Prokofieffs and the Gabrillo-witsches, the Kneisels and the Weidigs,

The fact persists that Mr. Stock had Stock's citizenship.

done nothing against the United States. done nothing against the Ohited Bases I have not thought of asking him; but it seems, from what I know of the it seems, from what I know of the Campanini, in New York, is being average citizen, a safe bet that none of us, in all the years from his immi-gration to his immolation, ever, even by implication, gave reason for him to think that he ought to be a citizen. It was not our habit to talk so with aliens of any nationality; and those of us who thought nationally about such things knew that we were making too who thought nationally about such things knew that we were making too many citizens with too little caution. I believe, and have ever believed, in the ideal of this United States as the conversion of the states as the conv greatest of nations standing alone, if need be, against the remainder of the world; and never once was I moved for the recipient the reviewers. Doici, a to say to the foreigner among us: for ten weeks without waking up to "Come: put on your hat, go over to the circumstance, did not get a hear "Come: put on your hat, go over to the federal building with me, and be-come an American." Neither did you, nor you: all of us forget that little thing,

Stock's record of residence, fifty proc. time with the Chicago company, they esses of naturalization now would not think. Most of them discovered with be rightful atonement, nor a same rea- in twenty four hours after hearing it son for restoring him to his position. that "Linda" was not so modern as Nor would the signing of peace and the "Pelléas"; and nearly all of them resumption of amiable dealings with have sapiently let their readers in or the foe be a valid argument in his he-their special stock of information that half, although we are turning loose, Mary Garden's is not among the with full pay for time lost, the con-world's great voices. Then, their perscientious objectors whom we fed and sonal recollections of the youth of housed while the conscienceless fared Patti and the girlhood of Sembrich away to fight and die. And, so far as make fine reading, if you can keep esearch has disclosed, Mr. Stock has from laughing: they learned about done nothing.

EANWHILE Chicago has suf- she returned to the United States in fered through the inevitable and 1898. fered through the inevitable and 1898. to-be-expected deterioration of what is, I think, chief among. The eastern orchestras are putting TAT

its known esthetic essets meaning the Wagner back into use; and there are Orchestra. All the deputy-conductors, no ricts. Mrs. Jay, the lady of there and guest-conductors, and visiting-conductors, and composer-conductors since

been made by countless devices, many of which were friendly and well-meant, correctly to assay the position into which he had drifted through neglect in not becoming a citizen; and he car-ried himself through the ordeal with that the full devices in the content of the devices of the content of the content of the devices of the devices of the content of the devices of the device

with dignity. In accepting his resignation on the verge of the season, the executives of the Orchestral Association may be pre-sumed to have bestowed sound thought upon the condition of the general mind at the time; and, though the outcries about the Orchestra's conductor were largely spurious, a sense of the public temper was, in the special conditions largely spurious, a sense of the phone DeLamarter, nothing take I still sus-temper was, in the special conditions of the day, not a bad aspect of the case as the directors pondered it. put in pending the adjustment of Mr.

If there were anything against Mr. The critics have been having a grand Patti on her farewell tour, and first

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ted in The Daily Tribune since last Sunday cover s experiences in the latter part of his career in slature, his battles for reform measares, and his defeat in the speakership contest in he state assembly. Then follows an account of his anch life in the west, which is continued in the installment herewith.

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braves were a menace to outlying and lonely setill more indiscriminate retaliation.

nd had his wound dressed.

anch on the Deadwood trail. It was kept by a an outfit of Missouri bull whackers-that is, freight. which the laws of morality did not apply. ers, driving ox wagons. Under the stimulus of the whisky he picked a quarrel with his wife and attempted to beat her. She knocked him down with Indians Show Treachery. stove lid lifter, and the admiring bull whackers ore him off, leaving the lady in full possession of he ranch. When I visited her she had a man ers ago

The installments of Col. Roosevelt's autobiography tried to run off their horses. The Indians were on be shaken by anything. I at once leaped off him stalk, or failing to kill when I fired. Looking back, Bill Jones was a gun fighter and also a good man Under these circumstances Snyder ran his best the lookout, however, and, running out, they and stood with my rifle ready.

elements. Many of the white men were then selves met a violent death, exemplified this attitude to- as quickly as so many teal ducks. wless and brutal, and prone to commit outrages wards Indians in some remarks I once heard him After this one of them made the peace sign, with the Indians. Unfortunately, each race tended make. He had started a horse ranch, and had quite his blanket first, and then, as he rode toward me, hold all the members of the other race responsi- honestly purchased a number of broken down with his open hand. I halted him at a fair distance e for the misdeeds of a few, so that the crime of horses of different brands, with the view of doctor- and asked him what he wanted. He exclaimed, e miscreant, red or white, who committed the ing them and selling them again. About this time "How! Me good Injun, me good Injun," and tried in it. We met with all kinds of misadventures. riginal outrage too often invited retallation upon there had been much horse stealing and cattle kill- to show me the dirty piece of paper on which his Finally one night, when we were sleeping by a Spent Winter in East. tirely innocent people, and this action would in ing in our territory and in Montana, and under the agency pass was written. I told him with sin- slimy little prairie pool where there was not a stick rn arouse bitter feeling which found vent in direction of some of the big cattle growers a com- cerity that I was glad that he was a good Indian, mittee of vigilautes had been organized to take ac- but that he must not come any closer. He then The first year I was on the Little Missouri some tion against the rustlers, as the horse thieves and asked for sugar and tobacco. I told him I had heads on the saddles. In the middle of the night ioux bucks ran off all the horses of a buffalo hunt- cattle thieves were called. The vigilantes, or none. Another Indian began slowly drifting toward something stampeded the horses, and away they rs' outfit. One of the buffalo hunters tried to get stranglers, as they were locally known, did their me in spite of my calling out to keep back, so I went, with the saddles after them. As we jumped ren by stealing the horses of a Cheyenne hunting work thoroughly; but, as always happens with once more aimed with my rifle, whereupon both to our feet Joe eyed me with an evident suspicion arty, and when pursued made for a cew camp, bodies of the kind, toward the end they grew reck- Indians slipped to the other side of their horses and that I was the Jonah of the party, and said: "O, ith, as a result, a long range skirmish between less in their actions, paid off private grudges, and galloped off, with oaths that did credit to at least Lord! I've never done anything to deserve this. e cowboys and the Cheyennes. One of the latter hung men on slight provocation. Riding into Jap one side of their acquaintance with English. I Did you ever do anything to deserve this?" ras wounded; but this particular wounded man Hunt's ranch, they nearly hung him because he now mounted and pushed over the plateau on to emed to have more sense than the other partici- had so many horses of different brands. He was the open prairie. In those days an Indian, although ints in the chain of wrong doing, and discrim- finally let off. He was much upset by the incident, not as good a shot as a white man, was infinitely nated among the whites. He came into our camp and explained again and again, "The idea of saying better at crawling under and taking advantage of that I was a horse thief! Why, I never stole a cover; and the worst thing a white man could do A year later I was at a desolate little mud road horse in my life-leastways from a white man. I was to get into cover, whereas out in the open if don't count Indians nor the government, of course." he kept his head he had a good chance of stand- for me as a hired hand at the same time that I was very capable and very forceful woman, with sound Jap had been reared among men still in the stage of ing off even half a dozen assailants. The Indians his deputy. His name, or at least the name he went ideas of justice and abundantly well able to hold tribal morality, and while they recognized their accompanied me for a couple of miles. Then I by, was Bill Jones, and as there were in the neighher own. Her husband was a worthless devil, who obligations to one another, both the government reached the open prairie, and resumed my northfinally got drunk on some whisky he obtained from and the Indians seemed alien bodies, in regard to ward ride, not being further molested.

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amed Crow Joe working for her, a slab sided, Such a party was generally composed of young be sure to seize on it as an excuse for general John Burroughs and I visited the Yellowstone park, ifty eyed person who later, as I heard my fore- fellows burning to distinguish themselves. Some slaughter. Getting meat for the ranch usually de- poor Bill Jones, very much down in the world, was an explain, "skipped the country with a bunch one of their number would have obtained a pass volved upon me. I almost always carried a rifle driving a team in Gardiner outside the park. I f horses." The mistress of the ranch made first from the Indian agent allowing him to travel off when I rode, either in a scabbard under my thigh, had looked forward to seeing him, and he was equalass buckskin shirts of great durability. The one the reservation, which pass would be flourished or across the pommel. Often I would pick up, a ly anxious to see me. He kept telling his cronies he made for me, and which I used for years, was whenever their action was questioned by bodies of deer or antelope while about my regular work, of our intimacy and of what we were going to do start he could give him over the prairie and catch ceived us with rather distant courtesy at first, but sed by one of my sons in Arizona a couple of win- whites of equal strength. I once had a trifling en- when visiting a line camp or riding after the cat- together, and then got drinking; and the result was counter with such a band. I was making my way the. At other times I would make a day's trip after that by the time I reached Gardiner he had to be given the lunatic depended upon the amount of the marking, "You see, by your looks I thought you I had ridden down into the country after some along the edge of the bad lands, northward from them. In the fall we sometimes took a wagon and carried out and left in the sage brush. When I bet to which the joshing led up. I asked Bill what were some kind of a tin horn gambling outfit, and ost horses, and visited the ranch to get her to my lower ranch, and was just crossing a plateau made a week's hunt, returning with eight or ten came out of the park, I sent on in advance to tell nake me the buckskin shirt in question. There when five Indians rode up over the further rim. deer carcasses, and perhaps an elk or a mountain them to be sure to keep him sober, and they did lunatic. This was evidently a new idea, and he rether inquired after the capture of "Steve"-with at the moment, three Indians there, Sioux, The instant they saw me they whipped out their sheep as well. I never became more than a fair so. But it was a rather sad interview. The old sponded that Snyder always did catch him. "Well, a little of the air of one sportsman when another behaved and self-respecting, and she explained / guns and raced full speed at me, yelling and flog- hunter, and at times I had most exasperating expe- fellow had gone to pieces, and soon after I left he but suppose he hadn't caught him?" "Well," said has shot a quail that either might have claimede that they had been resting there waiting for ging their horses. I was on a favorite horse, Mani- riences, either failing to see game which I ought got lost in a blizzard and was dead when they found Bill Jones, "if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic, I'd "My bird, I believe?" er, and that a white man had come along and tou, who was a wise old fellow, with nerves not to to have seen, or committing some blunder in the him.

any more than white folks'; so I told 'em they could least take my horse and rifie, and possibly kill me. bucks. wars had just come to an end, but there usual morality of the time and place, which drew a ride in on a man who is cool and means shooting, there, and occasionally bands of marauding young stealing horses from the government or the Indians. side of his horse, and all five had turned and were gars and wolves, and moose, wapiti, and white goat.

upon game for fresh meat. Nobody liked to kill a thorough frontiersman, excellent in all kinds of beef, and although now and then a maverick year- emergencies, and a very game man. I became ling might be killed on the round-up, most of us much attached to him. He was a thoroughly good N the other hand, parties of savage young looked askance at the deed, because if the practice citizen when sober, but he was a little wild when bucks would treat lonely settlers just as bad- of beef-killing was ever allowed to start, the rust- drunk. Unfortunately, toward the end of his life ly, and in addition sometimes murder them. lers-the horse thieves and cattle thieves-would he got to drinking very heavily. When, in 1905,

I am inclined to say that if I had any good quality with his fists. On one occasion there was an elec- and always did eatch the patient. It must not be caught the man; but, after retaking their horses It was possible that the Indians were merely as a hunter it was that of perseverance. "It is tion in town. There had been many threats that gathered from this that the lunatic was badly and depriving him of his gun, they let him go. making a bluff and intended no mischief. But I did dogged that does it " in hunting as in many other the party of disorder would import section hands treated. He was well treated. He became "I don't see why they let him go," exclaimed my not like their actions, and I thought it likely that things. Unless in wholly exceptional cases, when from the neighboring railway stations to down our greatly attached to both Bill Jones and hostess. "I don't believe in stealing Indians' horses if I allowed them to get hold of me they would at we were very hungry, I never killed anything but side. I did not reach Medora, the forlorn little cat- Snyder, and he objected strongly when, after

> on the saddle, with some flour and bacon done up see what was propping him up!" of wood, we had to tie the horses to the horns of our saddles; and then we went to sleep with our

Served as Deputy Sheriff.

"N addition to my private duties, I sometimes served as deputy sheriff for the northern end of L our county. The sheriff and I crisscrossed in our public and private relations. He often worked borhood several Bill Joneses-Three Seven Bill Jones, Texas Bill Jones, and the like-the sheriff In the old days in the ranch country we depended was known as Hell Roaring Bill Jones. He was a

tle town which was our county seat, until the elec- the frontier theory of treatment of the insane go along and hang him-I'd never cheep. Anyhow, So I waited until they were a hundred yards off Occasionally I made long trips away from the tion was well under way. I then asked one of my had received a full trial, he was finally sent off to I won't charge them anything for their dinner," and then drew a bead on the first. Indians-and, ranch and among the Rocky mountains with my friends if there had been any disorder. Bill Jones the territorial capital. It was merely that all the THEN I went west, the last great Indian concluded my hostess. She was in advance of the for the matter of that, white men-do not like to ranch foreman, Merrifield; or in later years with was standing by. "Disorder, hell!" said my friend. relations of life in that place and day were so Tazewell Woody, John Willis, or John Goff. We "Bill Jones just stood there with one hand on ihs managed as to give ample opportunity for the exwere still sporadic outbreaks here and sharp line between stealing citizens' horses and and in a twinkling every man was lying over the hunted bears, both the black and the grizzly, cou- gun and the other pointing over toward the new pression of individuality, whether in sheriff or jail whenever any man who didn't have a right to ranchman. The local practical joker once attempt-A fairly decent citizen, Jap Hunt, who long ago galloping backwards, having altered their course On one of these trips I killed a bison bull, and I vote came near the polls. There was only one of ed to have some fun at the expense of the lunation also killed a bison bull on the Little Missouri some them tried to vote, and Bill knocked him down. and Bill Jones described the result, "You know fifty miles south of my ranch on a trip which Joe Lord!" added my friend, meditatively, "the way Bixby, don't you? Well," with deep disapproval, Ferris and I took together. It was rather a rough that man fell!" "Well," struck in Bill Jones, "if "Bixby thinks he is funny, he does. He'd come trip. Each of us carried only his slicker behind him he hadn't fell I'd have walked round behind him to and he'd wake that lunatic up at night, and I'd

26 R

N the days when I lived on the ranch I usually him. He 'most bit Bixby's nose off. I learned spent most of the winters in the east, and when Bixby!" I returned in the early spring I was always interested in finding out what had happened since tions besides that of sheriff. He once casually menmy departure. On one occasion I was met by Bill tioned to me that he had served on the police force Jones and Sylvane Ferris, and in the course of our of Bismarck, but he had left because he "beat the conversation they mentioned "the lunatic." This mayor over the head with his gun one day." He led to a question on my part, and Sylvane Ferris added: "The mayor, he didn't mind it, but the began the story: "Well, you see, he was on a superintendent of police said he guessed I'd better train and he shot the newsboy. At first they weren't resign." His feeling, obviously, was that the sugoing to do anything to him, for they thought he Derintendent of police was a martinet, unfit to taka just had it in for the newsboy. But then some- large views of life. body said, 'Why, he's plumb crazy, and he's liable It was while with Bill Jones that I first made as to shoot any of us!' and then they threw him off quaintance with Seth Bullock. Seth was at that the train. It was here at Medora, and they asked time sheriff in the Black Hills district, and a man if anybody would take care of him, and Bill Jones he had wanted-a horse thief-I finally got. I besaid he would, because he was the sheriff and the ing at the thne deputy sheriff two or three hundred jail had two rooms, and he was living in one and miles to the north. The man went by a nickname would put the lunatic in the other." Here Bill which I will call "Crazy Steve"; a year or two Jones interrupted: "Yes and more fool me! I afterwards I received a letter asking about him wouldn't take charge of another lunatic if the from his uncle, a thoroughly respectable man in a whole county asked me. Why " (with the air of a western state; and later this uncle and I met in man announcing an astounding discovery), "that Washington when I was president and he a United lunatic didn't have his right senses! He wouldn't States senator. eat, till me and Snyder got him down on the shav- It was some time after "Steve's" capture that I ings and made him eat."

Pennsylvania Dutchman, and was Bill Jones' chief wagon. At a little town, Spearfish, I think, after deputy. Bill continued: "You know, Snyder's soft crossing the last eighty or ninety miles of gumbo hearted, he is. Well, he'd think that lunatic looked prairie, we met Seth Bullock. We had had rather peaked, and he'd take him out for an airing. Then a rough trip, and had lain out for a fortnight, so I the boys would get joshing him as to how much suppose we looked somewhat unkempt. Seth rehim again." Apparently the amount of the start unbent when he found out who we were, rehe would have done if Snyder hadn't caught the that I might have to keep an eye on you!" He have whaled hell out of Snyder!"

have to get up and soothe him. I fixed Bixby all right, though. I fastened a rope on the latch, and next time Bixby came I let the lunatic out on

Bill Jones had been unconventional in other rela-

went down to Deadwood on business, Sylvane Fer-Snyder was a huge, happy go lucky, kind hearted ris and I on horseback, while Bill Jones drove the

[To be continued tomorrow,