

Explaining About "The Mollusc"

By Sheppard Butler.

ONE never does things just right. "Why," asks a gently querulous correspondent, "do you completely ignore the delightful 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 acting 'A Well Remembered Voice,' but I think it a pity not to call the attention of those who love something truly delicious (sic) on the stage to 'The Mollusc.' Can you conveniently mention when and by whom it was played here before?"



Mlle. Tavie Belge

in "Fiddlers Three" Olympic Theater

PHOTO BY CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

About Mr. Stock and Others

By Frederick Donaghey.

MR. STOCK is back in the news, Music, heavenly maid, was young could not keep an organization of the kind at par in the absence of the spirit and influence which worked, and urged, thinking that he should be back on the stage in orchestra hall, as well. When the situation of his lack of citizenship arose, his record of doings and of sayings was gone into with, doubtless utter scrupulousness; and it is known that nothing was turned up to reflect upon his conduct or his attitude in his long residence among us. He had 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 carried himself through the ordeal with tact, with decency and manliness, and with dignity.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The installments of Col. Roosevelt's autobiography printed in The Daily Tribune since last Sunday cover his experiences in the latter part of his career in the New York legislature, his battles for reform measures, and his defeat in the speakership contest in the state assembly. Then follows an account of his ranch life in the west, which is continued in the installment herewith.

tried to run off their horses. The Indians were on the lookout, however, and, running out, they caught the man; but, after retaking their horses and depriving him of his gun, they let him go. "I don't see why they let him go," exclaimed my hostess. "I don't believe in stealing Indians' horses any more than white folks'; so I told 'em they could go along and hang him—I'd never cheep. Anyhow, I won't charge them anything for their dinner," concluded my hostess. She was in advance of the usual morality of the time and place, which drew a sharp line between stealing citizens' horses and stealing horses from the government or the Indians.

stalk, or failing to kill when I fired. Looking back, I am inclined to say that if I had any good quality as a hunter it was that of perseverance. "It is dogged that does it" in hunting as in many other things. Unless in wholly exceptional cases, when we were very hungry, I never killed anything but bucks.

Under these circumstances Snyder ran his best and always did catch the patient. It must not be gathered from this that the lunatic was badly treated. He was well treated. He became greatly attached to both Bill Jones and Snyder, and he objected strongly when, after the frontier theory of treatment of the insane had received a full trial, he was finally sent off to the territorial capital. It was merely that all the relations of life in that place and day were so managed as to give ample opportunity for the expression of individuality, whether in sheriff or ranchman. The local practical joker once attempted to have some fun at the expense of the lunatic, and Bill Jones described the result. "You know Bixby, don't you? Well," with deep disapproval, "Bixby thinks he is funny, he does. He'd come and he'd wake that lunatic up at night, and I'd 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 him. He's most bit Bixby's nose off. I learned Bixby!"

[To be continued tomorrow.]