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Where'd she put those PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

### An Attic.... Salt-Shaker

CHATTY WEEKLY BUDGET OF STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE

— BY — W. ORTON TEWSON

WHEN Kate Douglas Wiggin produced the stage version of her famous story "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" in London some years ago, it was a failure. From the box which she shared with Mary Anderson ("Our Mary") on the first night she heard the applause lose its spontaneity and become merely polite.

"My play is not 'getting over'" she remarked to a friend between the acts. "What can be wrong?"

AT the close of the play there were the usual curtain calls and cries of "Author! author!" but Kate Douglas Wiggin felt that all was not well with its reception. She was baffled.

"Well, there's one thing certain," she said. "They can't find fault with the children in my play. They are perfect. All the American critics agree on that."

BUT that was just what the London critics did find fault with. They said of Rebecca and her playmates: "You can't fool us; there ain't no such animals." Kate Douglas Wiggin was flabbergasted until an American living in London explained: "Well, it's like this: Here in England only stum children would run wild all over the place, with no supervision, getting into mischief and messes. Now, your children are not stum children. The audience was puzzled. They couldn't place them. They understand Barrie's children (in "Peter Pan"), but not yours."

I HEARD a new Kipling story

the other day about a fancy dress ball where everyone had to wear a costume supposed to represent the title of a book by a well-known living author. One young lady turned up disguised as an automatic lighter—you know, one of those contraptions that never works when you haven't a match. Nobody could guess the answer, so finally, Kipling himself, being present, asked the young lady for a light—on the mystery.

"Why, Mr. Kipling," she purred. "You ought to know it, for it is one of your own books."

Kipling gave it up. "The Light That Failed," cried the girl, triumphantly.

CAN you see under water? and what is it like at the bottom of the ocean? Almost everybody that talks with a diver asks these two questions, declares Tom Eadie, famous diver, in his thrilling book "I Like Diving." On a bright day, and on a sandy or gravelly bottom, you can see all round you at a depth of 120 feet, Tom tells them. You can't see so far on a cloudy day, and on a mud bottom on a cloudy day you can't see anything at all and have to go by feeling.

AND the bottom of the ocean is just like the ground ashore. There are little rises, and little hollows. Perhaps there will be a rock sticking up here and there.

"I have had to climb down one of them for sixty feet, just like finding your way down a ledge on a mountain ashore," pipes Tom. "That time I had gone down sixty feet and

landed on a rock. But when I went to the edge of it, I had to go down sixty feet more, climbing down, as I say."

AS to the view at the bottom, Eadie says: "Of course in a way it is a landscape, yet it lacks the look of what one means by a landscape. It isn't exactly a seascape. Perhaps the only thing you can rightly call it is a 'bottom-scape.' The only incidents in a bottom-scape are the fish God and haddock you may see where there is rocky bottom. On sandy bottom you get flounders and soles of all sizes. I have speared nice ones."

Thank you, Tom!

MANY amusing stories about Field-Marshal Douglas Haig are told by Sergeant T. Secrett in "Twenty-Five Years With Earl Haig"—not to be confused with General Charteris' recent biography of the British World War Commander. Secrett was personal soldier servant to Haig for a quarter of a century and his book gives the lie to the old saying that no man is a hero to his valet, although Secrett was more than a valet. He was an institution.

ON his way one night to attend an entertainment given by some American artists for the troops behind the lines, Haig found himself mixed up in the tent-ropes of a marquee which served as a canteen for the soldiers. At that moment a Tommy came out of the marquee—just a little bit the worse for wear.

"Hey, old cock," he greeted Haig, "can you lend me a bob (24 cents) until Friday?"

Haig looked at him closely—the light was dim—and came to the conclusion that Tommy had made a perfectly genuine mistake. "All right," he said, putting his hand in his pocket and producing a shilling. "See that you send it back on Friday. This is my address, or this envelope."

He put the shilling and the envelope into Tommy's hand.

WHAT Tommy thought when he read the title and address on the envelope is beyond imagination. However, whatever he did think he evidently concluded he had better honor his debt, for on the Friday evening, Haig said to Secrett with a grin:

"I've got my bob back, Secrett!"

HAIG himself drank very little. But he was no bigot, and had not the slightest objection to Tommy having his beer or a drop of whisky—as befitted a member of the Haig and Haig family—at ordinary times. All the same he strongly upheld the hospital authorities in the regulation prohibiting the smuggling of intoxicants into hospitals where Tommy was under treatment. Nevertheless there were all sorts of ways of getting a "wee drapple" into the wards.

ONE day Haig was visiting a hospital at the front and entered a ward unexpectedly. He was just in time to see a brawny Scot replace the cork in a flask and hide it under the bedclothes. Going straight over to the bed, Haig asked the Highlander who the was suffering from and was told "severe gunshot wounds in the legs." Looking around to see that nobody was within earshot, the Field-Marshal leaned over the cot and whispered:

"What have you got in that flask, Jock?"

The quick-witted Scot whistled back: "Just a wee drapple o' the best wine o' Scotland, sir—a drap o' Haig!"

ON the night before the first performance in Paris of Massenet's opera "Sapho," Calve, who was to sing the part of the heroine—it was written for her—arrived ten minutes late for the general rehearsal. The company was waiting and Massenet, excited and nervous, was decidedly out of patience.

"Madame Calve," said he, when the diva appeared, "an artist worthy of the name would never keep her fellow workers waiting."

CALVE extremely angry, walked off the stage. On her way out of the theatre she reflected, and had a change of heart. Retracing her footsteps she apologized to all concerned, and expressed her willingness to continue if permitted to do so.

The chorus and orchestra applauded. Massenet embraced her, but never again, says Calve, (in her memoirs) was she late for even the most unimportant rehearsal.

WHICH recalls a story about Geraldine Farrar told by Henry Russell who for many years controlled the fortunes of the Boston

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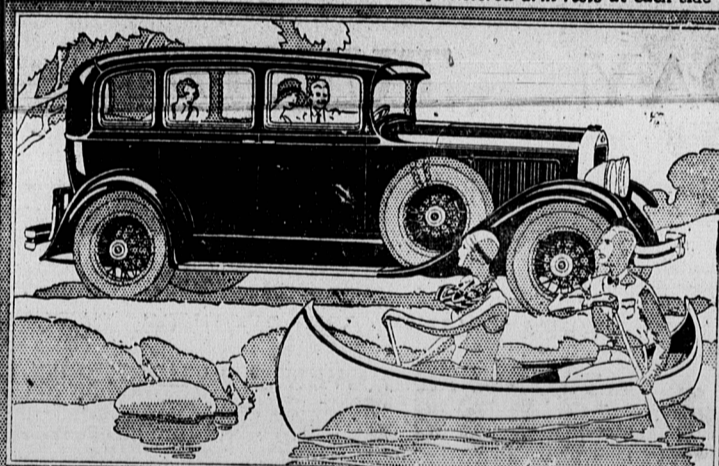
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Opera House. A rehearsal of "La Tosca" was in full swing. Geraldine Farrar was not singing in strict accordance with Puccini's directions. Toscanini at once called attention to her divergency. She was intensely annoyed at the rebuke and losing her temper, called out: "Maestro, please remember I am a star."

"The place for stars is in heaven, Mademoiselle," answered Toscanini, at the top of his voice.

The rehearsal proceeded without any further rebellion, adds Russell (in "The Passing Show.")

AND reminds me of a story Henry T. Finck, the music critic, used to tell. Godowsky, the pianist, was sitting in a box at Carnegie Hall, New York, with several other musicians, including a prominent violinist, at the New York debut of Jascha Heifetz. The audience was getting more and more ardent in its demonstrations and enthusiasm. Suddenly the violinist sitting next to Godowsky turned to him and said: "Don't you think it is very warm here?"

"Not for pianists," wickedly retorted Godowsky.

A TALESMAN claimed exemption from jury duty on the ground that he was completely deaf in the left ear, chuckles Charles Kingston (in "The Judge and the Judged").

"You can go," said witty Judge Darling, gravely. "I can not have anyone in the jury box who can not hear both sides."

ANOTHER of Mr. Kingston's stories is about a certain lawyer named Edwin James, who was being considered for the post of Solicitor-General under Palmerston. James' ignorance of the law was proverbial among his conferees, and some of the latter, alarmed at the prospect of the proposed appointment, delegated Henry Hawkins (later, the famous Judge Hawkins) to make discreet inquiries in the proper quarter.

HAWKINS thereupon approached a prominent statesman.

"Is there any objection to his promotion?" asked the statesman.

"Well, you can judge for yourself when I tell you that at the Bar he is known as Necessity James," said Hawkins.

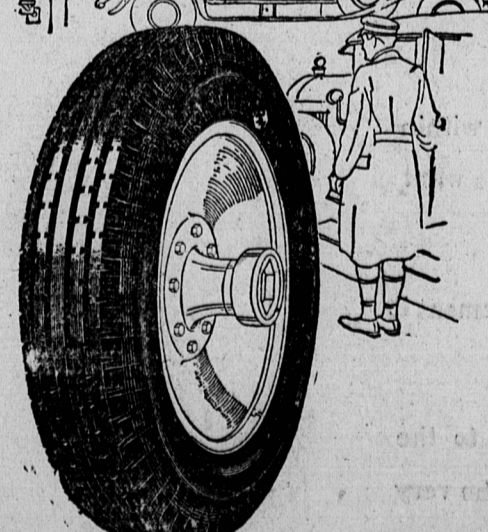
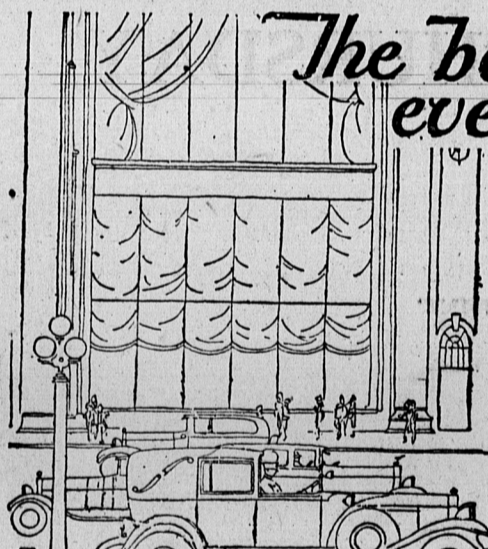
"Why do you call him Necessity?" asked the statesman.

"Because he knows no law," replied Hawkins.

Dinners and other entertainments to distinguished visitors cost the British Government \$56,545 last year, the visit of the King of Egypt calling for an expenditure of \$1,455, and that of King Feisal of Iraq, \$400.

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