

MARCH 1912

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A L B U M



"WANTED - A SUCCESSFUL PLAY - NAZIMOVA" by ARCHIE BELL

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# THE GREEN BOOK ALBUM

A MAGAZINE OF THE PASSING SHOW

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PORTRAIT COVER, MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA. Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

MME. JENNIE DUFAU. Portrait Frontispiece, March, 1912, issue, THE GREEN BOOK ALBUM. Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

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THE GREEN BOOK ALBUM is issued on the twelfth of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all newsdealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands, or on railway trains, a notification to the Publishers will be appreciated. Advertising forms close three weeks prior to the time of issue. Advertising rates on application.

THE STORY-PRESS CORPORATION, Publishers, Heyworth Bldg., CHICAGO

LOUIS ECKSTEIN President CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager

RALPH K. STRASSMAN, Advertising Manager, 1172 Fifth Avenue Bldg., New York

R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 201 Devonshire St., Boston LONDON OFFICES, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter December 7, 1908, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



BYRON BEASLEY, as Heinrich Schultz, in "Kindling." See page 633 of this issue.  
*Photograph by Matzene, Los Angeles, Calif.*



MARGARET ILLINGTON, as Maggie Schultz, in "Kindling." See page 633 of this issue.  
*Photograph by Matzene, Los Angeles, Calif.*



GEORGE PROBERT, as Steve Bates, and MARGARET ILLINGTON, as Maggie Schultz, in "Kindling." Maggie:  
"Do you think I don't know nothin' about the Ten Commandments?" See page 633 of this issue.  
*Photograph by White, New York.*





MAUD LAMBERT, as Mrs. Madison Parke; EDDIE FOY, as Madison Parke; WILLIAM SELLERY, as Timothy Cook; and MELVILLE STEWART, as Hudson Rivers, in "Over the River." See pages 566 and 638 of this issue. Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.



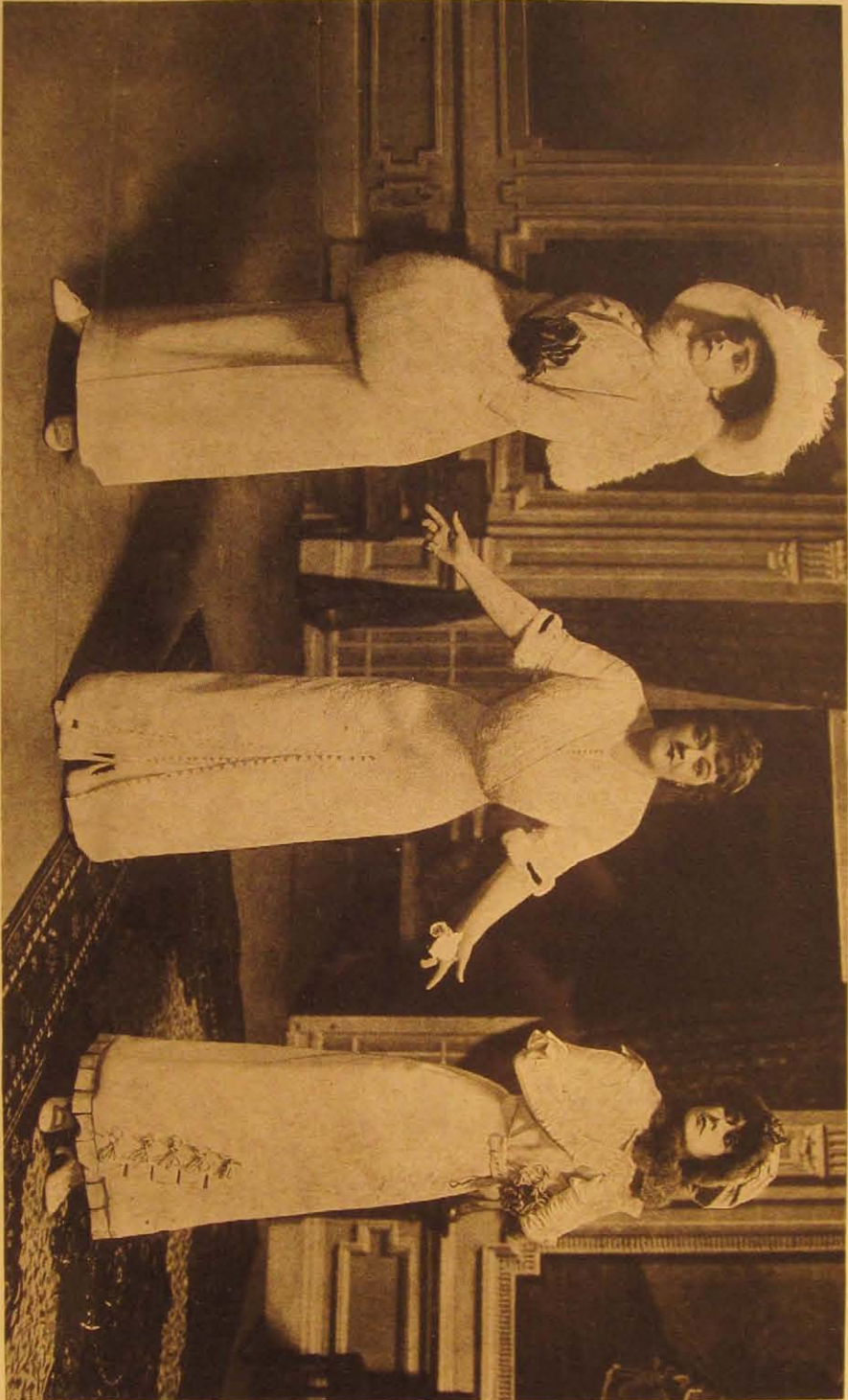
This and the other half of the same picture on the opposite page show a scene from "Over the River," the



play in which EDDIE FOY is starring. See pages 566 and 638 of this issue. *Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.*



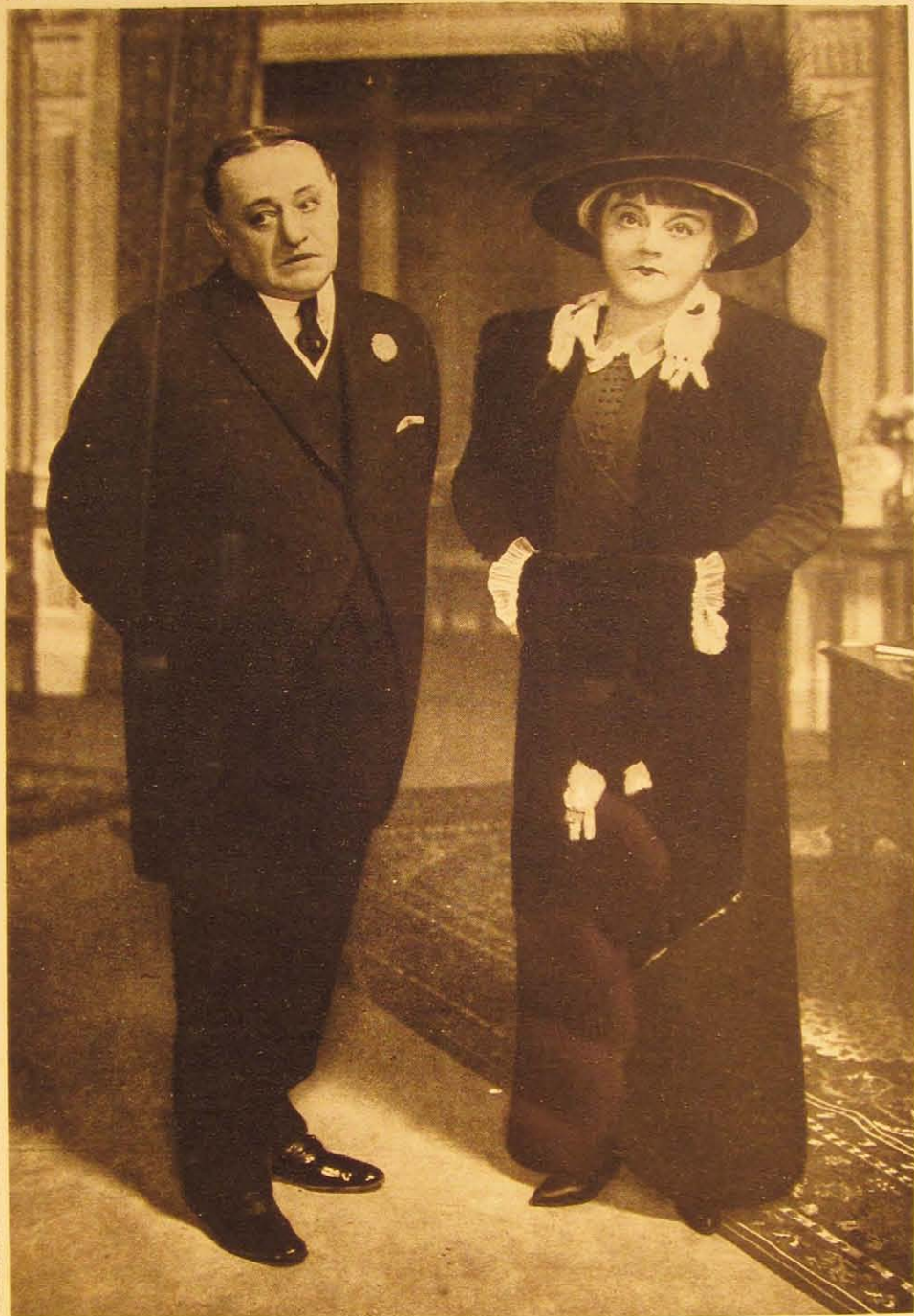
EDDIE FOY, as Madison Parke, and MAUD LAMBERT, as Mrs. Madison Parke, in "Over the River."  
See pages 566 and 638 of this issue. *Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.*



ALICE GENTLE, as Marguerite; MARIE CAHILL, as Celeste Deremy; and ANN TASKER, as Ansele, in "The Opera Ball."  
See page 637 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



A scene from MARIE CAHILL'S new musical comedy, "The Opera Ball." See page 637 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



MARIE CAHILL, as Celeste Deremy, and HARRY CONOR, as Theophilus Beaubisson, in "The Opera Ball."  
See page 637 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



This and the other half of the same picture on the opposite page show a scene from "Birthright." From left to right the players and the characters are: EILEEN O'DOHERTY, as Maura Morrissey;





SYDNEY J. MORGAN, as Bat Morrissey; FRED O'DONOVAN, as Hugh; and J. M. KERRIGAN, as Shane.  
See page 635 of this issue. Photograph by Champlain Farrar, Boston.



LILLIAN ALBERTSON, as Kate Lenox, and TULLY MARSHAL, as Harry Lenox, in "The Talker."  
See page 562 of this issue. *Photograph by White, New York.*



TULLY MARSHALL, as Harry Lenox; WILSON DAY, as Mr. Fells; and ISABELLE FENTON, as Jessie Smith, in "The Talker."  
See page 562 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



A scene from "The Wedding Trip." See pages 567 and 634 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



CHRISTINE NIELSEN, as Fritzi, in "The Wedding Trip." See pages 567 and 634 of this issue.  
*Photograph by White, New York.*



DOROTHY JARDON, as Aza, and EDWARD MARTINDEL, as Mafta, in "The Wedding Trip."  
See pages 567 and 634 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



RITA JOLIVET, as Marsinah, in "Kismet." See pages 560 and 632 of this issue. *Photograph by White, New York.*



OTIS SKINNER, as Hajj, in "Kismet." See pages 560 and 632 of this issue. *Photograph by White, New York.*





HAMILTON REVELLE, as The Caliph, in "Kismet." See pages 560 and 632 of this issue.  
*Photograph by White, New York.*



"Kismet:" RITA JOLIVET, as Marsinah, and OTIS SKINNER, as Haji. See pages 560 and 632 of this issue.  
*Photograph by White, New York.*



VICTOR MOORE, as Shorty, and MAIDEL TURNER, as Sadie, in "Shorty McCabe." See page 637 of this issue.  
*Photograph by White, New York.*



ALLINE MORRISON, as Jill; KATHERINE LA SALLE, as Mary Dexter; and BERTRAND BURTON, as Jack, in "Shorty McCabe."  
See page 638 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



EMMA LITTLEFIELD, as Miriam Rainey, and VICTOR MOORE, as Shorty, in "Shorty McCabe."  
See page 637 of this issue. Photograph by White, New York.



A scene from "Shorty McCabe." JEAN GALBRAITH, as Gertrude Drake; MAIDEL TURNER, as Sadie; VICTOR MOORE, as Shorty McCabe; EMMA LITTLEFIELD, as Minnie Rainey; and HARRY L. FRANKLIN, as Pinckney. Photograph by White, New York. See page 637 of this issue.



JAMES K. HACKETT, as Frederick Norman, in "The Grain of Dust." See page 630 of this issue.  
*Photograph by Muffett, Chicago.*



PAULINE NEFF, as Josephine Burroughs, in "The Grain of Dust." See page 630 of this issue.





IZETTA JEWEL, as Dorothy Hallowell, and E. M. HOLLAND, as William Tetlow, in "The Grain of Dust."  
See page 630 of this issue. Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.



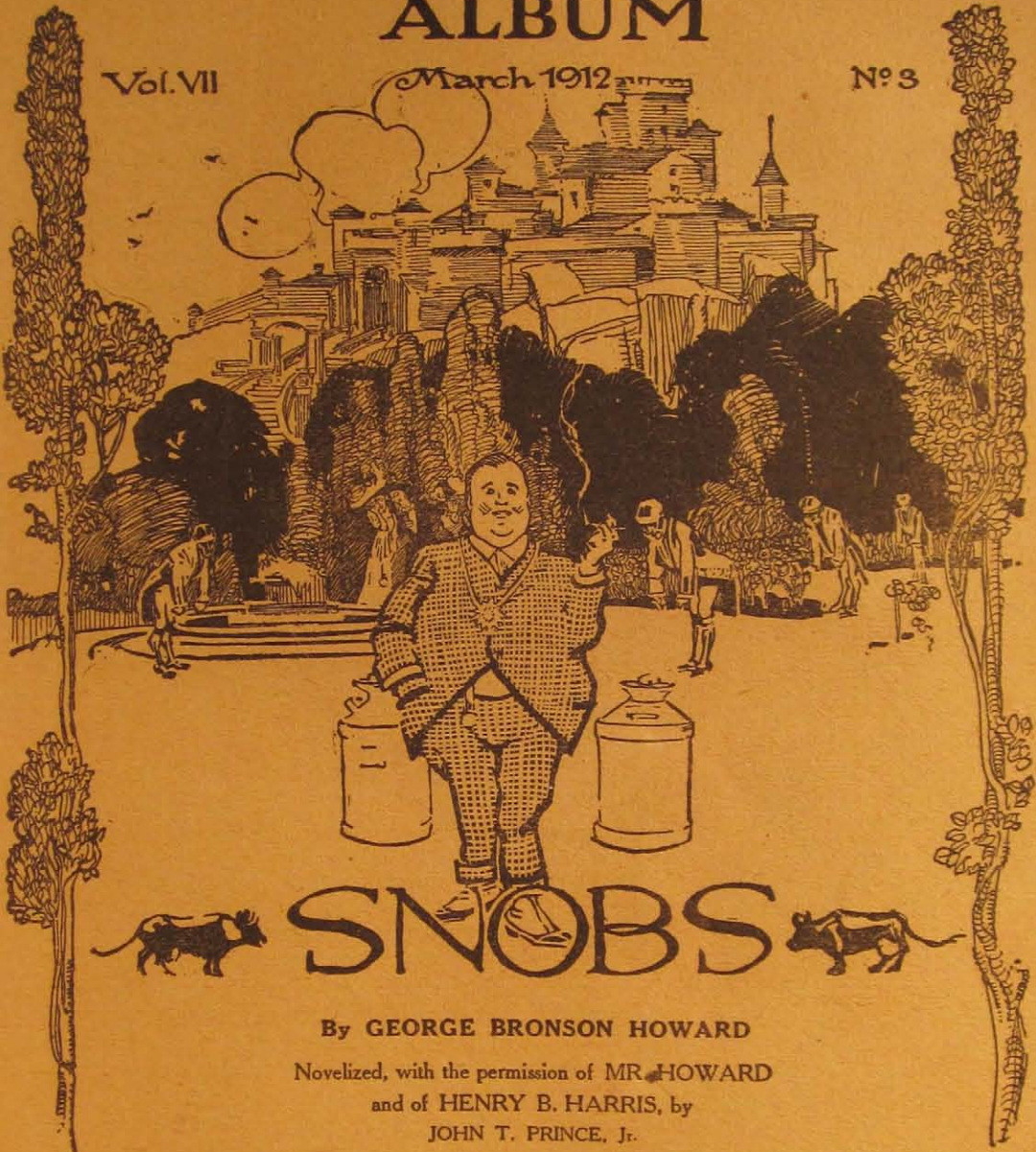
OLIVE HARPER THORNE, as Mrs. Clayton Fitzhugh; JAMES K. HACKETT, as Frederick Norman; and VAUGHAN TREVOR, as Clayton Fitzhugh, in "The Grain of Dust." See page 630 of this issue. Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.

# THE GREEN BOOK ALBUM

Vol. VII

March 1912

No. 3



## SNOBS

By GEORGE BRONSON HOWARD

Novelized, with the permission of MR. HOWARD  
and of HENRY B. HARRIS, by  
JOHN T. PRINCE, Jr.

FOR the first time in his twenty-two years of existence, Henry Disney was really perplexed, and as he sat at the rickety table in his dollar-and-a-half-a-week room, he scratched his head, and gave vent to smothered ejaculations, as he glanced over papers

and photographs which had reposed in his old bag for years.

Disney was what might be termed a mighty good-natured chap, in spite of the fact that the world had not showered its financial blessings on him heretofore. He was but a milk-wagon driv-

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er—one of that ilk whose misfortune it is to have to arise with the sun during the summer, and several hours before Old Sol when the weather is most cheerless. He was a large, fat, freckled-faced youth, with a smile which "wouldn't come off," and a determination to look on the better side of things, if that side was ever turned his way. But here he was, confronted with a proposition to which he could find no solution. A knock came on the door; Buck Reade entered, attired in a garb which raised Disney's eyebrows.

Under ordinary circumstances Reade was rather a fine-looking young chap, slight, pale, with slim feet and hands, but with a manner of self-consciousness; his speech was ever studied, as he was continually endeavoring to be correct in both construction and pronunciation. Buck's misfortune in life was that he was born to the menial sphere, and at present held a position in shops where his daily attire consisted of overalls and jumper, with the necessary adjuncts underneath. What was Disney's surprise then, to see him clothed in evening dress of rather unfashionable type—although Disney was all unconscious of this—with a large white tie clumsily arranged about his throat, and shod in new and squeaky patent-leather shoes.

"Jumping Jehosaphat!" ejaculated Disney, leaping to his feet and taking Reade by the lapel of his coat; "been a fire-sale somewhere?" Reade wore a dignity which did not exactly become him, as he replied, much to the amusement of his friend:

"In good society, Henry, it is not considered proper to comment on a friend's clothing."

"Aw, g'wan! You know you just beat it in here so's I could get a peek at you." Then, with another survey of the exhibition: "All you need is a gold-tipped cigaret, and you'll be a ringer for the villain in 'Wedded But No Wife.'"

Reade drew himself up slightly, glancing in a resigned manner at Disney, as he returned: "In good society, Henry, these suits are always donned after six P. M."

"Honest? Every night?" Reade nodded. "How do they keep 'em clean?" and he pointed to Reade's shirt front and tie.

"In good society—" Reade started again, when Disney broke in:

"Don't make a song of it, Buck," and the latter concluded:

"They change them every night." Disney glanced at his friend skeptically, and he turned slightly away.

"Huh! I guess they don't have to pay the laundry any eight cents a-piece for shirts, like I do. They must get a reduction for quantity. Honest, Buck; have you got a job as waiter? 'Cause I can't see any other reason for your havin' that front."

Reade was inclined to feel offended, but Disney soothed him, so he confided the fact that he was going to "be a gentleman for one night, if he died for it." Then he hesitated a moment, as though afraid that Disney would laugh at him, and continued:

"Miss Lanvale's having a theatre-party at the Opera House to-morrow night. You remember me telling you about her? The lady I showed through the shops? She's only seen me in overalls; she wont recognize me in these, and I've a seat in the orchestra right near her box."

Disney expressed dismay at the thought of "two bucks" being thrown away in this manner, but finally realized that when a man is in love, whatever his station in life, money cuts a small figure, if he can be close to the object of his affection. Reade then confided that he was even going to the Anglemere after the performance, to get something to eat, that he might still be near her, while she was dining. This proved the last straw for Disney, and he turned away disgustedly.

"Aw, say, Buck! Don't be a goat! What's the use o' bein' daffy over a swell dame like that? You're tony in your notions, but you aint there with the long green, and by the time you are, men your age'll be callin' her 'Mommer.' Forget it!"

Reade immediately became despondent at this lack of sympathy with his love affairs, while Disney turned again

to the survey of his papers and photographs, looking up to add: "It's up to you to stop her runaway autahmobeel. That's the way them magazine fellers gets over-weight." Then, seeing Reade's despair: "There, there, Buck! don't mind me! The suit looks nifty, all right!"

Reade started for his room to discard the clothes, when Disney suggested they go over to Mike's for a game of pool later in the evening, following the expected visit of a lawyer. This caused Reade to make a wondering inquiry, and Disney thrust out a letter for his perusal. He glanced over it, down to the signature, when he exclaimed:

"Why, this is signed 'Phipps Maynard!'"

"Lawyer's monicker, evidently," returned Disney. Reade opened his eyes in glad surprise.

"Why, he's the secretary of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club—the most exclusive social organization in town!"

"Well, I aint tryin' to horn myself in there; but you see what he says," and he took the letter back, pointing out a portion of it: "for me to get out my mother's marriage certificate and my birth certificate, and photographs of my father and mother." He handed the photographs to Reade. "I never saw Pop, that I can remember; he was a Britisher. Ma said he used to hit the booze sumpin' fierce. Good-lookin' guy, wasn't he?" Reade was gasping in astonishment as he looked on the features in the photograph.

"Why, Henry! He was—a gentleman!"

"Sure he was," returned his friend. "Just 'cause he gurgled the grape aint no reason for thinkin' he wasn't!" Reade turned to him a bit impatiently.

"Oh, I don't mean what you mean," and he pointed to the uniform displayed in the photograph. "Your father was an English army officer!" and a glance of admiration overspread his countenance, as he looked at Disney. The latter took another look at the picture, and then up at Reade.

"I'll say this for you, Buck; you've picked up a lot, readin' those books o' yours. Comes in mighty handy, some-

times." Then he puffed up a bit. "So Pop was a swell, was he?" and he walked away with an amusing stride.

"I wish to God mine had been," soliloquized Reade, disconsolately. "I wouldn't be a furnace-tender in the Mount Clare shops." Disney turned quickly to his chum.

"That's got it all over drivin' a milk-wagon—like me. What was your father, Buck?" He went over to the younger man, placing his hand consolingly on his shoulder. Reade looked straight ahead, as though trying to pierce through the gloom which he saw in his future.

"He used to play the piano in saloons—and other places. Played by ear—could hardly read his own name." Disney patted him on the shoulder again, as he turned away slightly.

"Looks like we ought to swap fathers, Buck," and stopped as a knock came at the door. "Guess that's the lawyer. Come in!"

The door opened, disclosing a youthful, slender blonde and very well-dressed girl. She wore a black-and-white tailored suit, with a small velvet toque trimmed with aigrettes, black lynx furs, and carried a variety of gold jingles on a chain. As Disney saw her, he dived for his coat, and Reade was noticeably ill at ease. The young lady gave a look of surprise at Reade's get-up, but smiled as she turned to him.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. Disney?" Reade was stupefied, but Disney came forward with an air of gallantry.

"That's me, Miss. Can I do anything for you?" and he glanced at her politely but admiringly.

"I've been visiting my old nurse upstairs, and stayed longer than I expected to. It's dark, and raining now, so I shall want a cab to get home. Will you fetch me one?" Disney laughed good-naturedly at the thought of such a thing, explaining that she couldn't get a cab in this district with a search-warrant.

"They don't have any use for them things down this way, 'cept for weddin's and funerals." Reade suggested the cab-stand at a distant corner, and Disney asked if she would await his re-

turn until he could 'phone to this place. It would only take about ten minutes to have the cab there. Reade questioned the propriety of her waiting there alone with him, but Disney chipped in with: "A lot she cares what people down this way think."

"Oh, you're wrong, Mr. Disney—" when he broke in on her almost roughly.

"Don't throw a bluff, little lady. I drive a milk-wagon, and my friend, here, is a furnace-tender. We can say all we want to about bein' as good as you are, but the louder we say it, the more we know it aint so," and he stalked out on his errand.

## II

There was a moment's embarrassing pause, and then the feminine instinct asserted itself, as she turned to Reade, asking him what his position meant, to which he replied rather shortly that the name explained itself. Her expression exhibited her doubt of his being a furnace-tender, and she asked to see his hands, after an examination of which she expressed her disbelief openly, but he explained that soap and pumice-stone had virtues of their own. On her questioning his attire, he explained:

"They're the first I ever had." She had unconsciously touched his vanity in a soothing manner, and had reached his heart. "I bought them ready made. Are they all right?" She looked him over critically.

"All except the tie. Shall I show you?" and as he moved towards her, she untied the mess, and then, as she tied it neatly, explained carefully to him how she did it, that he might do likewise in future, adding that she always tied her father's for him. "Poor old Dad didn't wear dress ties until he was nearly forty." Reade's wide-open eyes at this announcement, caused her to add: "You see, he began life as an oyster-shucker, and *they* don't really need to know anything about dress clothes. He's Peter Parkyn; ever hear of him?" Reade's eyes were opening wider all the time.

"The Parkyn Pickling Co.?" Reade's

tone was that of open admiration, and Miss Parkyn smiled knowingly.

"That's what they always say when Mamma tries to get me an invitation to the Bachelors' Cotillions; only *they* turn up their noses, and *you* say it with respect." The young man expressed surprise that there should be any question as to her eligibility to such events. "You see," she continued, "they can't forget that Dad was an *oyster-shucker*. That's why rich American girls generally marry foreigners. *They've* been gentlemen so long that they know nothing matters but money. Over here, where it's a question of only two or three generations, they're finicky." Reade groaned in despair at this. He was getting his first real lesson in the requirements of a society man.

"You mean to say that when a man has made *money*, he can't get into society even *then*?" Her smile was somewhat cynical.

"Well, you see, Papa's only made two or three millions. If it were twenty or thirty, we might get into *New York* society, by way of London, Paris and Monte Carlo. But in a town like this—well, it's big, but awfully little in these things." The conversation drifted on in this channel, until finally Reade was struck with an inspiration, and asked if she knew a Miss Lanvale, and if so, if she was like the society people Miss Parkyn had pictured.

"She spells 'Society' with a double 'S,' and a hiss like a snake." Reade was on the defensive in a second.

"I showed her through the shops once, and she was very nice to me." Miss Parkyn approached him with the air of a philosopher, prepared to give him the first drop of real advice, which should act as wormwood, but so prepare him for the inevitable, should he ever have the opportunity to approach the sacred portals of the Society World—of which she had grave doubts.

"It's always easy to be nice to a man in a ditch, when you're sitting on a wall. But when that same man gets a ladder, and wants a seat alongside you, there's going to be some coldness."

Again Reade sought to defend the social position of the woman he ad-

mired, but Miss Parkyn had an argument for his every statement, and they were in the heat of the discussion, when Disney returned, and apologized, very much out of breath, to announce that no livery stable would send a cab to the house, as it savored too much of the practical joke. However, at that moment, a cab was heard to stop before the house, and the two men rushed to the window, where they saw a man stepping to the sidewalk.

"Phipps Maynadier, I'll bet," said Reade, turning to Disney for confirmation—on which announcement Miss Parkyn swung about to them, with an air of reproach, asking what it meant, and if they had been putting up a game on her. Before they could answer or explain, there was a knock, and Disney admitted Mr. Maynadier, who gave a pronounced start as he saw the young lady, in the presence of these working men.

He was not a bad-looking man, this Phipps Maynadier—somewhat lean, but exceedingly well-groomed, wearing clothes of the latest cut, and carrying a gold-headed cane; he was inclined to be dandified, and having an air of superciliousness which spoiled the otherwise good impression one might have had of him on first acquaintance. He bit his small moustache in nervousness, and then apologized for his seeming intrusion.

"Couldn't have come at a better time," said Disney, enthusiastically. "The break's just right." He then explained Miss Parkyn's presence, and the dire need of a cab in which to send her home, requesting the loan of Maynadier's, who expressed a slightly indifferent delight at the idea. Miss Parkyn wore a slight smile during the preliminary explanations, but now walked over to Maynadier, eyeing him coolly.

"I hate to be a bother, but it's raining, and the street cars are five blocks off." Maynadier returned her glance with a somewhat puzzled expression.

"I've seen you somewhere, surely; haven't I?" She bowed with a little smile.

"Yes—I live next door to you." He started to apologize, on which Disney

turned away to conceal his amusement at Miss Parkyn's remark, and she went on: "Yes, Mr. Maynadier; but we don't suffer from the same handicap that you do. You've got a 'damned canner' living next door to you—we haven't."

The slight inflection she gave the quoted remark seemed to chill the air, and the man hastened to offer another confused apology, but she went on wearily, brushing his remark aside: "Oh, don't tell me you didn't say it. Be bold in your snobbishness, Mr. Maynadier. Tell me that you'll do all you can to keep the newly-rich out of the Bachelors' Cotillions; explain that you've your own kind of people to consider. Be a snob, if you will—but be a brave one."

Disney's admiration for the little woman rose a thousand per cent at this display of nerve on her part, but he maintained silence for a moment. Maynadier made a brave display of apology for having called her father a "qualified canner," and offered his cab.

"Oh, I've no false pride," she returned. "I don't want to get muddy. I'll take your cab, but I won't forgive you, because you're not brave. Good-night, Mr. Disney—and Mr. Reade; and thank you both." She started for the door. Disney, hat in hand, started after her. "No, no. Don't come down. Good-night," and she was gone.

### III

Disney looked after her admiringly, sighed deeply, and then turned to the others.

"Aint she a peachamaroot!" Then he turned to Maynadier. "Did you catch onto her eyes, Chief? But what were you and her scrappin' about?" Maynadier was obviously uncomfortable.

"Really, Mr. Disney—"

"Don't 'Mister' me," said that gentleman. "I'm not used to it. Reminds me of the installment collector on a chip-diamond I bought a girl once. What's the argument?" At this Reade broke in bitterly.

"Her father started life as an oyster-shucker, so she's not good enough for

the secretary of the Bachelors' Cotillion to know." Disney was astounded, and his fighting blood was aroused at the thought of this little woman not being good enough for anyone.

"Come on, now, Chief! Get it off your chest! What did you come down here for? If that little girl lives next door to you, and she aint good enough for you, what did you blow down this way for? I'm common, I am; dead common; and I don't care who knows it! See?" Maynadier, seeing he had got himself in wrong to start, endeavored to smooth matters by announcing that Disney was far from being common, at the same time asking for the papers and photographs about which he had written. Disney swept the lot over to Maynadier with a gesture of disgust. "There's the junk! What's doing?" The lawyer examined everything very carefully, and holding them in one hand, extended the other to Disney.

"Your Grace, I congratulate you!" Disney withheld his hand, looking at Maynadier as though the latter had taken leave of his senses, and eyeing the papers closely.

"Who gave you leave to take my papers? Come through with them; come on!" But Maynadier only held them the closer, bowing to Disney.

"I shall have to take them with me. They are necessary to prove your identity as the Right Honorable Henry Lancaster Morpeth Orth, Knight Commander of the Bath, Baron Glenroy, Knight of the Garter, Earl of Flint and Duke of Walshire." Disney listened to this rigmarole with an expression of disgust and disbelief, and then shouted:

"Say, Chief! You don't know me well enough to pull any of that kind of stuff!" Maynadier replaced the pictures and papers on the table, at the same time taking a photograph from his pocket, and pointed to it, explaining that the original was the third son of the Duke of Walshire; that he had been lost track of since he left England, after having got into trouble; that his eldest brother had broken his neck while fox-hunting; his second brother was killed in Afghanistan, and the two sons of the eldest

brother had been drowned while yachting. Taking up Disney's photograph of his father, he showed that the two were of the same party. Reade had become intensely interested during this, and was now glancing over Maynadier's shoulder.

"Henry! He's not kidding! It's so! It's so!" he said excitedly. Disney looked from one to the other, not knowing what to do or say, and hardly believing his own ears. Maynadier then settled all doubts in his mind by informing him that the New York lawyers, of whom he was the representative, had learned that his father had assumed the name of Disney and had married Celia Beggars, and that after their death, he, Henry Disney, had come here to live with his uncle, of whom he had learned this address, concluding the explanation with the remark:

"You go to England as the greatest man in the United Kingdom—next to the royal family—the Duke of Walshire." Disney opened his capacious mouth widely at this, gave a choking gasp, and sat heavily in a conveniently adjacent chair.

"Good — Gawd! — *Me!* — a — a — Dook!"

He thought for a second, and then turned fiercely on Maynadier: "This'd better be on the level, or somebody'll get killed!" Maynadier only smiled at this threat, and bowed again to his lordship.

"You have five residences: Flint House, Cadogan Square; Beaulieu Abbey, Berks; Castle Gwynnwydd, on the Marches; Richmond Castle—" but Disney checked him in furious resentment, rising to his feet, and glancing about his poor quarters, feeling that all this was some cruel, practical joke, which the innocent Maynadier was playing on him. He couldn't realize that such fortune could be his, nor that Maynadier, never even having heard of him before, could have any possible motive for playing a trick of this kind. He was only fighting mad through and through, and looked much as though he would heave the lawyer through the door, closed as it was.



## IV

"It's funny, aint it!" said Disney catching the smile on the face of the sycophantic lawyer, who was seated by this time. Disney towered over him in his wrath. "You sit there and tell me how great I'm goin' to be, an' all the time you're sayin' to yourself: 'If it was only me what's gettin' what this cheap skate's gettin'!' Yes! An' you know you're better'n me all the time you're pretendin' respect," and he tore on in his rage, informing Maynadier how he had come to be a milk-wagon driver, starting in to earn his living when only twelve years old, pointing to his big, coarse hands, as evidence of the fact that he was nothing but a workman. He didn't thank anyone for dying and making him a "Dook," deliberately accusing Maynadier of acting as though he thought Disney was trying to butt in where he didn't belong.

"But Your Grace—" Maynadier started. Disney choked him off.

"Nix on that! Call me Disney!" and he turned disgustedly away. Reade tried to mend matters somewhat, and hesitatingly suggested:

"But, if you're a duke, Henry, you can't go on driving a milk-wagon." Disney turned on Reade, as though he had expected him to stand up for his rights as an American citizen, and was disappointed on seeing him go over to the enemy.

"Listen, Buck! I aint got any affection for that milk-wagon. It aint goin' to give me any pain not to get up at five g. m., but if you think I'm gunna England an' make a holy show outa myself before all them Dooks an' people, you got another think comin'." Then he turned to Maynadier with a remark and look which was meant to settle the matter once and for all. "You can't make no Dook outa me, just by tellin' me I am one," and to Maynadier's query as to what Disney suggested as a way out of the situation, he continued: "You're gunna teach me what I'm gunna do. Teach me, see? I don't talk right; I don't dress right, an' I don't eat right—I don't do a lot o' things right that a Dook oughta do, so I'm gunna have you

take me into society in this town. When I get a sort o' crust on, I'll hit the pike for England."

Maynadier expressed delight at this proposition, and then, Disney, learning that the former was none too well off in respect to worldly goods, and realizing that he would have to pay some one handsomely to go through with this idea, made a good financial proposition to Maynadier, only making it a condition that it should not become known that he was a "Dook."

To this, however, Maynadier was not inclined to agree, as, being a lawyer with small practice, and lawyers having little chance to get any legitimate advertising, he had figured on the notoriety it would bring him if it were announced that he, Phipps Maynadier, had located the missing Duke of Walsure, and especially had found him working in the humble capacity of milk-wagon driver. He showed Disney a copy of one of the dailies, to prove that the publicity had already been started. The "Dook" gave a sigh of relief, after glancing it over, when he saw that his name was not mentioned. Maynadier was then for taking Disney to New York, where he would have a better opportunity to remain incognito, but the latter wouldn't hear of it.

"Member that girl that was here just now?" he asked, in the most serious manner. "Miss Parkyn?" Maynadier nodded, and wondered what she might have to do with the situation. "Well, she made a hit with me. I'm for her strong! When she walked out, I didn't ever expect to see her again, 'cause I was a milk-wagon driver, and she was a real swell lady; but there's been a fresh deal since then, and she can play in my ancestral castles, if she takes a notion. See?" Maynadier smiled in his supercilious manner, and his nose elevated just a trifle as he remarked:

"You wont have to ask her but once!" Disney was inclined to become angry at the interference of Maynadier, and questioned the possibility of Miss Parkyn's liking him, or even thinking of him a second time, after having seen him but once, but Maynadier called his attention to the fact that

any girl would jump at the chance of being Duchess of Walshire. Disney, with the thought in mind that all publicity, in so far as his name was concerned, was to be checked, remarked that she would never know, when Maynadier stuck the newspaper before him.

"After that?" and Disney was disgusted again.

"Aaaw!—Hell!" Then turning to Reade, as a sudden thought struck him, he informed that young man that he was to accompany him to England, which Reade seemed very pleased to agree upon. "All right; now this newspaper didn't give any name for the Dook. If Maynadier introduces us at the same time, they'll likely think you're it! Why! It's great!" Turning to Maynadier with the first broad smile he had worn for half an hour, he asked: "Would you take me for a Dook when he's around?" Maynadier was disappointed at this suggestion on the part of Disney, and became almost angry as he asked Disney if he was insane. The latter laughed heartily.

"No! I'm a Wisenheimer from Wiseville-on-the-Weiser, Maynadier," and he pointed to Reade's hands and general appearance. "Look at his lily-white hands; observe his intellectyoo-al brow. Does he step all over himself when he talks? He don't! Does he crooly massacre the English grammar? He don't! All his life he's bin trainin' to be a Dook, an' now his time's come! Buck! You're unanimously elected to all those barons and knights and earls and things that Maynadier says I am," and he bowed low before Reade, who gazed at him with a puzzled expression, which had both a question as to Disney's sanity in it, and a refusal of the position thus thrust on him. Disney saw it not, however, and turned to Maynadier, as he bowed again.

"Why don't you salaam? Aint you got any respect for that great man, the Dook of Walshire?"

## V

Maynadier had his hands full for the next few hours, endeavoring to smooth

matters for the entrance of the newly-discovered Duke to the heretofore forbidden realms of society, but by the following afternoon, Disney had attired himself in what to him was gorgeous raiment, and was ready for any fray which might occur. Reade, having acquainted himself, through his novels, with the dress demands of society, presented a less striking appearance than his friend.

Mrs. Pendleton Beauregard was generally considered the personification of the acme of perfection in manners in the exclusive set, and thus we find her one of the most important members of the Country Club, and a person from whose decision on points of etiquette, etc., there was little or no chance of appeal. For many years (her years now numbered about half a century) she had striven to reach the point from which she now looked down upon the younger fry, and she was of that breed of femininity which never releases its social status without a good, stiff argument.

Her pet among the younger set was her niece, Laura Lanvale, the young lady of whom Reade presumed to dream. Of course, the *débutante* was utterly unaware of this *grande passion*. Mrs. Pendleton Beauregard and her lovely charge were seated on the afternoon following the discovery of the Duke of Walshire, before the fireplace in the general reception hall of the Country Club, engaged in the small talk of such people. A man passed through the room carrying his bag of golf-sticks, and the elder lady turned to see who it was, raising her usually high-pointed nose a trifle more than ordinary as he turned back to her niece.

"There goes that Bickens person. Surely he isn't a member of the club?"

"My dear Aunt Phœbe" said the younger one, with a resigned expression, "anybody can belong to a Country Club; and everybody who can afford the price." Mrs. Beauregard sighed in despair, as the thought of other and earlier years of her club life recurred to her.

"But why? It didn't use to be like that. Formerly, one only saw the people

one knew." Laura turned slightly to her aunt, and remarked rather satirically:

"Yes; and that's about all one did see! One didn't see any cricket-house or bowling-alleys or swimming-pool; and the dining-room was a disgrace! We've two thousand members now." Mrs. Beauregard was inclined to be scornful at this vulgarly bragging remark.

"Yes; and what kind of members?"

"All kinds; but one doesn't have to know them all."

The argument was ended by the entrance of Miss Parkyn, which called for a scarcely subdued sniff from the matron. Miss Parkyn was very attractively gowned in a golfing outfit, with a white stock collar, fastened with a gold horn; her skirt was quite short and neatly pleated, and the white Tam-o'-Shanter, which she removed shortly after she entered, seemed a fitting finish for her girlish attractiveness. She gave the two women a glance of recognition as she went directly to the mirror to arrange her tossed tresses. She was a care-free little woman, sufficiently independent, so that the apparent coolness of the others affected her not at all; in fact, it rather amused her.

"Hulloa, Laura," she chirped. "Seen Phipps Maynadier to-day?"

"I have not seen Mr. Maynadier," said Laura, and the very slight inflection she placed on the "Mr." caused a smile on the lips of the questioner, but she passed it by as not worthy of note. She invited the others to tea with her, but they declined, so she ordered some for herself, to be served there, and then proceeded to inform Laura regarding her trip of the previous night, of having met Maynadier there, and that she had learned on her return home, that he "dug up a Duke."

"Do you know, I've an idea that I met him." Here was occasion for Laura to unbend, which she did, to the obvious enjoyment of the other, who read her like a book, and her amusement was even greater to see Mrs. Beauregard relax a bit of her habitual stiffness and frigidity at the mention of royalty. To Miss Lanvale's query as to what his lordship looked like, she continued:

"Well, on one hand, he was slender, romantic and very much in love with you."

She spoke off-handedly, as though the process of falling in with royalty were an every-day occurrence with her. But Laura, at the mention of the young man being in love with her, was more than ever interested, and Mrs. Beauregard gave her chair an extra hitch, the better to hear the conversation. Miss Parkyn lost not one jot of all this, and having started things well, was prepared to go on.

"In love with me? What are you talking about, Nondas?" The boy entered with the sandwiches and tea, setting the tray before Miss Parkyn, and the Lanvales, aunt and niece, maintained their patience until he had left. Nondas started with her little lunch very calmly, allowing the others to start the ball rolling again, and then she talked very indifferently about her experience, all the while enjoying Laura's nervous anxiety as to how the Duke could know anything of her. With a mouth-full of sandwich, she looked up, and went on:

"He showed you through the Mount Clare shops once, he told me." Laura clasped her hands ecstatically, as the romance of the situation dawned upon her, and turned to her aunt.

"I remember. He was very good-looking, and had beautiful manners," and then she turned back to Nondas, as though to coax more information. "And that was the Duke of Walshire?—Only fancy," and again her mind flew off to castles in the air. Already she was planning how she could meet the Duke; whether, now that he was a Duke, he would still care for her, and what she should do when she was in reality a Duchess. These dreams are so beautiful—for women of American society. Miss Parkyn ate on, with a perfectly bland expression, but an unobserved twinkle in her eye; she seemed to be chewing the cud of reflection, as though she had something to "put over" on Miss Lanvale, and was figuring on how best to accomplish this. She looked up, with a far-away expression, which was somewhat akin to Laura's previous one, as she added:

"On the other hand, he was freckled, broad-shouldered, and drove a milk-wagon." There was no smile on her face now, for she was back in the room again, and looking at the big, good-natured fellow who had run the errand for her; it mattered little to her whether he was a Duke, if circumstances could only be brought about—

"What are you doing, Nondas?" Laura's tone of annoyance brought her back to her repast in one bound. "Describing two entirely different persons as the Duke of Walshire?"

"Well, there were two of them," and again the mischievous look came. "One was named Reade; the other, Disney. Disney had freckles—and a sense of humor. Reade had been educating himself on ten-cent novels, bound in dollar-and-a-half covers; current literature, in fact; free library stuff." Laura listened, and then hesitated, as she figured how to ask the question uppermost in her mind, but Nondas anticipated her. "In love with you? Why, Reade was. He's been reading 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' and he's got you cast for the metamorphosed male lead." Laura tried to be dignified, as she withdrew a step, and asked, with an air of almost incredulity:

"How could he be in love with me?" Nondas stopped in the act of biting a sandwich, glancing at Laura critically from head to foot.

"I'm blessed if I know. No sense of humor, probably." Laura's anger was aroused by this, but Nondas diplomatically smoothed the ruffled waters, and Laura again asked if she really thought Reade was the Duke.

"Well, he's nearer the popular conception of a nobleman than the man who drove the milk-wagon. Oh, I forgot to ask you, Laura," and she turned from her cup of tea again: "Is a Duke eligible to marry into the Lanvale family?" She noted Laura's look of surprise and query, but went on very innocently: "You see, if it should turn out that Mr. Reade were the Duke, I was just wondering if his family would be good enough to permit you to be his wife?" Laura was inclined to be sarcastic, as she endeavored to

give Nondas a lesson in the rights of royalty.

"The Duke of Walshire is the greatest nobleman in England, Nondas. He can keep his hat on in the King's presence."

"Does the family have a chronic cold, or do they get bald early?" Nondas' expression was an absolutely bland one, and this annoyed Laura.

"Nondas! Is nothing sacred to you?"

"Money is. Speaking of that, the Duke of Walshire has fourteen million pounds sterling. I thought from that, that his grandfather might be a retired brewer." Laura became frigidly upright in her carriage.

"It's one of the oldest titles in England!"

"Oh, then the money must have come in a perfectly gentlemanly manner—like marrying some woman who had it." She turned to see a boy entering with the afternoon papers, and taking one from him, opened it, to learn the latest news of the Duke. "This will tell us which is the Duke—Reade or Disney." She looked it over very carefully, Laura standing by her side, and even Mrs. Beauregard, after a second's hesitation, went over to the young ladies, and Laura introduced her to Nondas, after her query as to whether she "knew the young lady?" Mrs. Beauregard inclined her head at the introduction, as though in great pain, thus acknowledging Nondas' necessary, but undesirable, presence. Nondas' acknowledgment was almost equally cool, and then she turned slightly, with a smile, as she remarked quietly:

"I always like to know who's looking over my shoulder." The elder lady accepted the thrust by turning with an air of great dignity, and going to her chair, where she sat again. Nondas watched her, and then reopened the paper, looking it over until she gave a little cry of pleasure as she found the article she wished. A second later she was disappointed. "We're done, Laura. The mystery of the missing Duke is not explained in this instalment," but Laura didn't grasp it. "Thimble, thimble; who's got the thimble? Phipps Maynadier refuses to give any informa-

tion. He says the Duke is found; that he is in an humble situation, and that he knew nothing of his good fortune," and she again looked at the article, reading aloud: "The Duke does not desire his identity to become known at the present time, for reasons he does not care to explain." She handed Laura the paper, and looked at her. "Now's the time," said she, glancing quickly at Laura, "to use your knowledge of blood and breeding. Surely a Lanvale ought to be able to smell out a Duke," and with this Parthian shot, she left to change from her golf-clothes.

Mrs. Beauregard looked after her, and then snorted: "An odious thing; ill-bred, and utterly common." Laura was down-cast for a moment, and then the idea of the Duke took hold of her again, and she switched around to her aunt.

"Do you suppose she was telling the truth about the Duke?"

"Why should she," snapped that lady. "Other men have been in love with you. Phipps Maynadier, for instance." Laura gave her head a slight toss at the mention of the lawyer's name.

"Yes; but a Duke! How romantic it would be! Think of meeting him, as a laborer. And I hardly noticed him, except that he was a very respectable person." Then she aviated again to her air-castles, until her aunt brought her back to earth by asking what she was day-dreaming about. "Think of being the wife of the premier peer—the first lady of England! Why, I should walk into Court directly after the royal family. The first lady of England! And he's a multi-millionaire, besides!"

Then followed an argument between the two as to the social standing of the Lanvale family, of which both of them were members. There seemed to be some question in the mind of her aunt as to whether Laura would really be eligible as the wife of the Duke of Walshire, for was he not as far above her as she had been above him, when he was a furnace-tender? Then also arose the question as to whether or not there were not some definite understanding between Laura and Maynadier, at

which Miss Laura was virtuously indignant. How dare anyone question her about Maynadier, when she had the opportunity to land a Duke?

"It's likely I'd bother about Phipps, if I could have the Duke of Walshire!"

"You haven't snared your ducal bird out of the bush yet," returned her aunt, with a sweetness of tone which foreboded further trouble, if the young lady persisted against her wishes. "And you have got Phipps in the palm of your hand."

"Well, if I marry him, it means the same kind of poverty I've had all my life; and poverty on ten thousand a year is the worst kind of poverty there is; you know that, Aunt Phœbe,"—and the elder woman signified her knowledge of the fact by an expressive nod of her head. "Besides, the moment I go to New York, London and Paris—any big city—I'm a nonentity. I want to be somebody in the big world, not in this small one." Her aunt gave her a sympathizing glance, as of one who had passed through the mill years ago, and knew whereof she was speaking.

"My dear, it's pretty nice to be somebody anywhere. But I sympathize with you," and she reached out her hands to her niece; "we're all nonentities, living on our families' past greatness. That's why we're such great ancestor worshipers." She started for the door, and Laura dragged herself after her aunt, and peered through the lattice.

"Here comes Bradley Fairfax!" Her aunt also looked in that direction, and almost sank back on the floor as she gasped:

"And who's that he has with him?"

"He must be quite all right, or Bradley wouldn't be seen with him. Bradley is, if anything, just a trifle too correct," and they returned to their chairs to await Fairfax's arrival, turning their high-backed chairs so that the newcomers could not see them as they entered.

## VI

"Get one flash" of Disney, as he himself would say, as he came into the reception room with the more than highly

respectable Bradley Fairfax. He was a sight for the gods, and the environments of the Country Club, used as they were to strange sights, must have trembled on their foundations when he appeared. Why is it that large men, even those whose knowledge of dress should be correct, will invariably array themselves in something loud? Do they think their bulk wont attract sufficient attention? Possibly. However that may be, Disney could have been both seen and heard half a mile before he entered the portals of the exclusive precincts.

Black and white check suit, pink necktie, gray spats, which were almost of a blue turn of mind, flannel waistcoat, surmounted with broad black and white stripes! All of them cost good money, for he had been lavish, but all of which fitted him semi-occasionally, having been ready-made, and Disney's manly bulk was not of a sort to permit the ready-made type of clothes to hang just right. He had large, dog's-head cuff-buttons on his sleeve extremities, and carried a stick, with the same emblem on the head of it; these were all of solid gold, with ruby eyes for the canines, and the stick created a louder report than the wearer himself. He was a picture!

In sharp contrast was Bradley Fairfax, faultlessly dressed in the fashion of the day; very quiet and unassuming in all respects; they were as day and night, set side by side, and had the feminine portion of the Lanvale family had any sense of humor whatever, they would have enjoyed a hearty laugh when first their eyes fell upon the pair. Fairfax was obviously uncomfortable in the presence of Disney, and was not slow to make known his feelings.

"I say, you know," he remarked, as he turned to that person, on entering the room; "I don't like to say it; but this is a club, you know; a club! And only members are allowed in it!" Disney beamed on him his supreme wealth of smile.

"Well; aint you a member?" Fairfax had to acknowledge that he was. "Well, can't you take me into your club?" Fairfax twisted nervously for the space of a second, and then had a brilliant idea.

"Only with a party of six. And, besides," as an afterthought, which he believed would clinch the situation; "I don't know you!"

"You knew me well enough to take a ride in my autahmobeel, didn't you?" The dispositions of the two men were becoming more and more apparent every moment; the chill, society manner of the one, and the genial, open-heartedness of the other's democracy. Fairfax grasped unavailingly at a straw.

"Well; you asked me."

"Certainly I asked you," and Disney patted the other on the shoulder. "I try to act the gentleman, even if I aint one. An' when I see you with your autahmobeel all on the fritz, I says: 'Leave your man to take care of it, and send a hurry-call for the repair shop;' didn't I? But I'm looking for Miss Parkyn," he continued, as he grasped the other by the coat lapel, Fairfax trying to evade him and go to the 'phone. "Miss Nondas Parkyn; they said at her house that she was out here." Fairfax stiffened perceptibly.

"I don't know the person you speak of." Had Disney been better acquainted with the manners and habits of society people, he might have resented this more, but he simply questioned:

"Aint you a member of this club? Well; so is she." Fairfax denied all knowledge of her, anyway. "Well, this aint my style of a club, then, so I don't think I'll join. Why, in our little club we had over a delicatessen store down on Pratt street, we was all 'Buck' and 'Hen' and 'Bill' to one another."

The situation was becoming painful to Fairfax, who was afraid some one would enter and discover him with this fearful person, and again he endeavored to break away, but Disney's hold on him was sure, and he asked him to be friendly enough to give his opinion on his apparel. Fairfax hesitated, and hemmed a bit. Disney only held to him the harder, and tried to pin him down to facts, explaining that he had "flitted from store to store" all by himself, buying the best he could find. He was becoming very much interested in his account, when Nondas entered, having

made a change to an afternoon walking dress, carrying her Russian sable coat over her arm. Disney saw her the moment she entered, and turned to her, still holding onto Fairfax.

"Oh, there you are. I called on you, but they said you were out here, so I hired a big pink autahmobeel, to match my pink tie—and here I am," and he smiled blandly at her. Her amusement at his dress was great, but she managed to cover it sufficiently to avoid hurting his feelings, and gave her attention to the fact that his grip on Fairfax was hurting that gentleman's dignity, if not his feelings.

"I'm afraid you're hurting your young friend, Mr. Disney." Fairfax begged to be released, now that Disney had found Miss Parkyn, but Disney refused until he had introduced the two club members. He gave Miss Parkyn's name, and then hesitated, as he remembered he didn't know the name of the man he was holding.

"What's your name, Chief?"

"My name can be of no use to you, sir," snapped Fairfax. "I repeat emphatically, I don't know you!" Disney began to appreciate more thoroughly the situation, and resolved to make the most of the funny side of it.

"Oh, is that all? Well, my name's Disney. Now you know me." Nondas' appreciation of the situation was intense, but she concealed her satisfaction of it, and added her drop of sarcasm to the rapidly rising flood.

"I am afraid I must agree with your young friend, Mr. Disney. Your method of introduction is a bit primitive. Before introducing people, you ought to find out if they desire it, and as your young friend is seemingly ashamed of his name, I should prefer not to meet him." This was a staggerer to Fairfax. That he, one of the very élite of the city's aristocracy, should be snubbed by a young woman whom nearly every member of the exclusive set had in turn snubbed! He spluttered angrily:

"Ashamed of my name? Prefer not to meet me?" Disney looked from one to the other, not quite getting this, but feeling an apology due Miss Parkyn.

"Gee! I ought to be more careful!"

Then on second thought: "But he's a member of the club, so he must be all right. Or, maybe," as another thought broke in, "he just said he was a member," and he took a firmer grip on Fairfax, as though to administer chastisement, if such proved the case. "Go see if he's on the square with that talk, Miss Parkyn. I don't want to get in wrong the first day I come out here." Fairfax was fairly boiling with impotent wrath by this time and endeavored to shake himself free, but he might as well have tried to free himself from the grip of an enraged bull-dog.

"You! Why, confound you!" But Disney only turned his sunny smile on him, which aggravated Fairfax the more.

"Don't get peeved, Archibald. Remember; anything you say will be used against you. It's my fault; I brought you here." On this, Nondas, who had managed to keep her face straight throughout, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, while Fairfax turned and twisted unavailingly, Disney looking from one to the other, as though to learn from Nondas what he should do next with his victim. Then Mrs. Beauregard arose in all her matronly dignity and might, to freeze both Nondas and Disney with a look and a word, but Disney only wondered where she blew in from, and Nondas cared little for the matronly interference.

"This has gone far enough," she uttered, as she swept majestically into the view of the others. Laura followed her, with a reproving look at Nondas, whom she addressed.

"Nondas, you should be ashamed; you know very well this is Mr. Fairfax." Nondas turned coolly to Laura, smiling very innocently.

"He doesn't know me; how could I be expected to know him?" Fairfax took fresh courage at the intervention of the feminine squad, and threatened to complain to the club authorities. He turned to Disney.

"You, sir, shall be—" but Disney gave him an extra shake at this threat.

"Shall be!" And again Fairfax felt his courage oozing, and turned piteously to Mrs. Beauregard for assistance.

"Mrs. Pen, I appeal to you. I am neither an athlete nor a pugilist, and this—this person is very strong." Summoning all her dignity, the lady appealed to, addressed Disney, though much against her better judgment, as he had not yet been introduced to her, thus putting her in the way of breaking the conventional rules of society.

"Young man, release that gentleman!" Disney looked at Mrs. Beauregard, and then turned to Nondas for permission to put this command into execution. That young lady, endeavoring to assume a dignified manner, which she was far from feeling, told Disney, that as Fairfax seemed to know the other ladies, he must come from a respectable family, and requested, for his family's sake, that he be released, and he was freed. When far enough away from Disney, Fairfax again spoke of complaint to the board of governors, and Mrs. Pen remarked about the inadvisability of admitting anyone and everyone to the sacred precincts, whereupon Nondas applied her little whip again, pointing to Fairfax.

"This young man should have thought of that before he brought his friend in."

"Madam!" exclaimed Fairfax in protest, but Nondas cut in again.

"Don't call me 'Madam.' I only allow the butcher and baker to do that," and both she and Disney smiled aside. Fairfax finished his sentence in a perfect fury.

"He is not my friend—he is not my friend!—not, not, not my friend!" Nondas looked almost as though she would like to set this speech to music, but turned calmly to Disney for another thrust at Fairfax.

"The young man is very much hurt by your coldness, Mr. Disney. *Be* his friend!" Disney crossed over to Fairfax, offering his hand, which Fairfax, in surprise, did not deign to accept.

"All right, Chief. I don't hold any hard feelings," but Fairfax was altogether speechless at this turn of affairs, so Disney grasped his limp hand, and shook it warmly, turning to Nondas then, to see if everything was all right. Laura then deemed it advisable to take

a hand in the proceedings, and scolded Nondas for Disney's presence, stating that if the latter didn't leave immediately, she and her aunt would make a complaint, and Disney would be *put* out. That was sufficient for the ex-milk-wagon driver, and he promptly turned back his cuffs, turning to Laura.

"Lady, if you've got a bouncer that wants some exercise, trot him out! I'll oblige him!"

## VII

Phipps Maynadier's entrance on the scene prevented what might have happened, and he was horror-stricken to find Disney present. The latter turned to him as to an old friend, explaining that he had arrived just in time to witness a nice little scrap, as "this lady," and he indicated Miss Laura, "is going to have me put out of the club." On Disney speaking in this friendly manner to Maynadier, Mrs. Pen looked as though she would have need of smelling salts, asking him faintly if he "knew this person,"—which question Laura almost simultaneously chirruped. Fairfax started again with his protest against the outrageous conduct, etc., when Maynadier, seeing the futility of any other explanation, said, with a forced smile:

"He's a great practical joker, Disney is. So you've all made his acquaintance, have you?" Fairfax denied that this pleasure had been his.

"Why, didn't you just shake me by the hand, and say you wanted to be my friend?" and Disney started as though to grasp Fairfax by the hand again, but the latter sought refuge behind the lawyer.

"Phipps, if that person lays a hand on me again—" but Mrs. Beauregard was starting for the door, afraid that an introduction to her would come next, and called for Laura to follow suit. Maynadier detained Laura for a few words, and Mrs. Pen commissioned Fairfax to escort her to the Turkish room for a liquor brandy, as she felt faint, and thus they made their escape from the detested presence. Maynadier turned to



Laura, and Nondas and Disney immediately became engaged in a conversation on the merits of his outfit.

"You've the courage of your conviction, Mr. Disney, but your necktie is shocking," and she laughed happily; "it's almost a cravat." Disney looked into his neck, as well as the fatness of his chin would permit, and said ruefully:

"I thought it was a pretty shade." Nondas took him sympathetically by the arm, as she half turned him toward the door.

"Then I'd advise you to give up thinking altogether." She looked him over from head to foot, as she added: "You know you wouldn't look half bad if you were dressed properly." Laura and Phipps had become interested in this discussion by this time, and Laura started to reprove Nondas for speaking to Disney about his clothes thus. But this had no more effect on the independent young Miss than to cause her to defend her stand.

"Which is best? To snub a person because they don't dress and act as you do, or to explain to them why other people snub them." Then she turned to the lawyer, with a cynical smile. "For shame, Mr. Maynadier, to let a protégé at large in such a comic kit." Disney was standing open-mouthed at all this discussion about him, and glancing over his clothes in an earnest endeavor to locate the exact difficulty with them. To him they seemed the acme of correctness. Maynadier's denial that he had anything to do with the purchase of the raiment, brought the question from Disney as to whether Maynadier also thought them bad, upon which Nondas broke in again, as though she had decided to take complete charge of the misguided ex-laborer.

"Bad! It's a sartorial crime! I've a golf necktie in my locker that I'll let you have; sorry I haven't shoes and waistcoat, too. Come along." Disney looked at her trim little figure, and then at his corpulency, and a smile covered his face at the thought of his being able to pour himself into anything of hers.

"That's the way to talk," he said. "Put me right. I was a bonehead to blow myself before asking somebody."

Then he caught sight of the canehead and the cuff-links, and asked: "But the bow-wows are pretty, aint they? Look here, and here, and here," and he pointed proudly to the trio of dog's-heads, which looked as though he were endeavoring to advertise a brand of ale. Nondas heaved a sigh as she saw them, and resignedly remarked, as she escorted the big fellow off to the locker-room:

"Oh, I dare say they'll take them back."

### VIII

Left alone with Maynadier, Laura gave a sniff, tossed her head, and walked to the door through which the others had gone, giving a final look at the retreating form of Disney, as his huge bulk moved down the hall; then she turned to Maynadier with a smile of compassion for Nondas.

"I wonder if she thinks he's the Duke?" Phipps raised his eyebrows slightly, and questioned what Laura thought about it. "That odious person!—a Duke!"

"I didn't say he was," returned Maynadier. "I merely asked you what you thought."

"Well, that person is no Duke; on that you may depend," and Laura disposed of Disney's chances for royalty with another toss of her head. Then she turned to Maynadier, and with a pronounced change in tone and manner, asked: "What sort of a person is Mr. Reade?" The lawyer's answer was not such as to inspire Laura with a terrific love for the furnace-tender, but there was the thought of the millions which went with him, and millions are very attractive to an American society woman; there is always the haven of the divorce court, if the bringer of the fortune becomes unbearable for any reason whatever; beside which, there's alimony, and—but Maynadier was describing Reade to her, so she awoke to this.

"Reade's a boy with his head crammed full of nonsense he's got out of society novels, written by men who call cotillions '*soirées*,' and think we still use dance cards. His language is so cor-

rect, one thinks he's going to apply for a position as butler." The lady questioned as to whether Reade was the Duke, but was told that the promise had been made that that gentleman was to remain entirely incognito for a time. She pleaded, but in vain, for was Maynadier going to throw away the chance of his twenty-five thousand a year for acting as mentor and cicerone, which was to be paid only on the condition that the incognito was to be absolute? "And that's what I wanted to tell you," he went on. Then with an enthusiasm which no one would have accused him of, but which in a real man would have appeared blasé, he added: "We can afford to marry now."

"Oh, can we?" There was such a total lack of any kind of expression in her answer that any other than Phipps Maynadier would have been stunned but to him it was like so much water on a duck's back, so he continued:

"We'll live in London, and I can double my salary by favoring the tradesmen and contractors who supply the Walshire estates. He won't be able to do anything without me, and you can jolly well believe I'll be the real Duke," and he advised her to have her mother announce their wedding for the following month; but Miss Laura was in no hurry for it. Again she was in her air-castles, with the real Duke, odious as he might possibly be, for she hadn't the slightest doubt that Reade would search her out, now that he had money, and she would certainly make him think he was the only man in the world for her. No; Phipps Maynadier, in her estimation had been all right until she had the present opportunity thrust before her.

"You don't seem terribly keen about our marriage, somehow. What's the matter? You know I care a whole lot for you; but you can hardly expect me to do the romantic thing, can you? I've known you too long. However,"—and he bent over and kissed her very graciously and considerately—"there." She was startled out of herself by this action of his. He raised his hands, as though not knowing how else to account for this unwonted action on his part. "Well, you seemed to want it. Personally, it's an

awful bother to be sentimental. I'm not up to it. I like you because you've got sense." Had the little god of love been present, he would have doubled up at this remark. "You know how to preside at a dinner table; you look pretty, and you're not the kind that gets talked about."

God love the lovers among the snobs! surely no one else does, and they need sympathy, for they can't see themselves as others see them. Laura was again far away from her present surroundings, but he went on.

"But sentiment! That's the sort of thing would make me marry a chorus girl!" He patted her shoulder, which, in itself, was a great concession on his part, considering he expected to make her his wife. Then he told her to run along to her aunt, as he wanted to arrange visitors' cards for the Duke and his friend. The mention of the Duke brought her back again, and with all the ingenuousness at her command, she inquired when she should meet that party, but he evaded the question cleverly, and strolled off to the office. Laura stood a moment in thought, and was starting off on another of her trips in the clouds, as she moved in the direction whence her aunt had gone, when she was confronted by Reade.

## IX

That gentleman, with his knowledge of the dress of society people, gleaned from his studious perusal of novels, had borrowed a riding-suit, and thus was not a half-bad looking proposition. At least, so thought Laura, as she gave a little start upon seeing him, realizing that she would have him all to herself for a moment at least. Reade's surprise at thus coming upon the object of his adoration, was even greater than hers, for his love was real. He stood for a moment, unable to speak, and then collected himself enough to ejaculate:

"Miss Lanvale—Miss Lanvale!—Do you remember me?" She endeavored to control her feelings, but only half succeeded, a fact which was not at all apparent to him, however.

"Yes—I—do—remember—you! But it can't be! It—can't—be!" By the time she had completed the sentence, she had regained control of herself, and was playing her part admirably. He fairly gasped with joy.

"After all these months—and you remember a poor workman? Oh, it is hard to believe!" The assurance with which she accepted his statement, set him on his feet in a cloud of fancy.

"Oh, I've often thought of you, and those pleasant hours I spent in the shops." He caught her up quickly on the time.

"It was just an hour and twelve minutes." He was fairly beside himself, and hardly knew how to proceed, and Laura was not giving him any too much assistance. She was thinking—thinking hard; how to land him surely before anyone else came along. Finally he continued in an agitated tone: "I've been thinking of you for six months, Miss Lanvale; dreaming of you, but you were Miss Lanvale, and I was only a poor mechanic in the shops." Laura became virtuous in an instant; almost indignantly so.

"You think I am like that?" and the reproof in her tone cut him like a knife. "That a paltry thing like social position should make any difference to me?" Reade was confused, and naturally put his foot in it at once.

"But she—a lady I met last night—" and he became doleful at the thought of what Nondas had said to him, "said you spelled Society with a double 'S'." Mrs. Beauregard entered on the stairway, and taking the situation in at a glance, remained quietly out of sight of the twain, on the lower step. For a second Laura was nonplused by his remark, and then brightly turned to him.

"It is not my fault if I am in what other people term 'society.' It is the man and the woman themselves, which one must look to." Now assured that she had guessed the situation correctly, Mrs. Beauregard discreetly left the room, smiling calmly. She could trust her niece's future in her hands, from what she had seen and overheard.

"Then you care nothing for what a man's father might have been?" Reade

asked excitedly, and she shook her head with all the assurance in the world that such a trifling thing as ancestry should have any effect whatever on her. Whereupon he proceeded to enlighten her about his father's very humble existence, and of his own low beginning and slow rise, with long hours and hard work, arguing that he must have been mad to have thought of her as he had done. Laura had begun to purr softly to herself by this time, as she felt things were drawing rapidly to the proper climax, and the smooth query of hers as to why he should term it madness, elicited his statement that even now he was in another man's clothes—a riding suit, which he was not even able to use properly, as he could not sit astride a horse, so he had been obliged to walk to the club.

"Why, this is the first time I have ever been in a decent house. I've lived in the slums all my life." Then he turned to her suddenly, as even now his presence needed an explanation. "And do you think I'd have dared to come into this club if I were what I was when you met me? No! I'm going to England! I've had some good fortune." Then suddenly he turned again towards her, as his love swelled higher. "If I had money enough to—" But he terminated his speech shortly, with a rueful expression. "But, no! It's madness." Laura spoke most encouragingly to him, for she was supported by the thought of the millions of pounds sterling, and that's enough to make any society woman courageous, and he turned again, noting the expression in her eyes.

"Are you mad, too?"

She beamed on him with all the beauty at her command, and fairly dazzled him into a lover's unconsciousness. "I love everything that is beautiful—even madness."

He started again to tell her of his love, but caught himself, much to her disappointment. Then grasping her hands in the height of his ardor, he asked if he might see her again that day.

"I've a box party to-night at the opera house. If you come to my box between the acts—Box D—" It was all

Reade could do to control himself, but he managed to make a mental note of the letter, and releasing her hands, asked where Maynadier might be found, confiding to her that these were Maynadier's clothes he was wearing. She made him promise not to say a word to Maynadier about her, which raised a question in his mind, but she stilled that very easily, and then she pointed the way to the office, where he might find the lawyer.

He bent over her hand as he took it in his, and repeated the box letter. Laura became slightly emotional, as she repeated his statement.

"Box D. Between the acts!" and Reade left to find Maynadier. Laura, standing with a very self-satisfied smile, congratulated herself on her triumph, for she felt it was inevitable now that she should become the Duchess of Walshire.

## X

In the midst of Laura's reveries her aunt entered, going hurriedly to her side.

"So that was the ducal bird, eh? He's really very presentable, although he talks like the hero of 'Junie's Love Test.'" Laura turned on her aunt severely.

"You've been listening!"

"Yes, dear, I have; and I congratulate you; you've got brains!" Laura was pleased at that and answered:

"Then you shall be my chaperon through a whole London season, and I will pay for all your frocks." What a joy it is to anticipate all the pleasures of life, and to be able to spend millions, even before they are yours. How many have lived on that very exhilaration."

"You're as sure of him as all that?" Her aunt's tone made Laura slightly anxious.

"You say you listened. What do you think?" Mrs. Pen thought a second, and then suggested the possibility that if Reade wasn't a born fool, he would know she had read the dailies, and would naturally suspect his identity. Laura was trembling from excitement by this time, and pleaded with her aunt

to secure a marriage license at once. "Use my first name—make it Mary Lanvale. And his name—now—is Reade."

"And his first name?" Laura gazed at her aunt blankly.

"I don't know."

"Well, you'll have to know, to get a marriage license," and there wasn't much consolation in the elder woman's tone. She had strolled to the door, and now saw Disney talking to Nondas Parkyn in one of the other rooms. Turning to Laura, she asked her to be nice to them for a minute or so, and find out Reade's first name, calling Nondas in. Nondas came, followed by Disney, now wearing Nondas' black knit tie, of which he seemed very proud. Laura fairly beamed with joy, and Nondas expressed surprise at this unwonted change in the Lanvale family.

"I've been thinking," said Laura, "how silly it is for us to be cross with one another." Nondas had a flash of thought of something underlying this speech of Laura's, but passed it over, as she remarked, complainingly:

"But you wont laugh at my jokes!" Here was Disney's chance, so he thought, so he entered the conversation.

"Oh, go on, Miss Nondas; be friends. You're both nice girls, and you oughta get along with one another." Laura drew herself up perceptibly, but did her level best to unbend, so as to follow her aunt's instructions. Nondas, meantime, had turned to Disney in wonderment, but smiled.

"How did you learn my first name, young man?" Disney nodded his head in the direction of the office.

"It's on a typewritten list over there." Nondas turned to Laura with a laugh.

"And he calmly informs me that I'm posted for non-payment. That's gratitude for you. And look at the tie I gave him! Look at it!" Disney threatened to become a contortionist that he might carry out this instruction, and Laura gave a slight glance, in order to please Nondas. "It's made a different man of him. I'm going to take him into town now, and buy him some ready-made dress clothes." Disney's coun-

tenance beamed even more than ever at this statement, and he shook all over as she said: "He's coming to the theatre with me to-night."

"Am I?" he asked.

"Are you? Well, rather. I wouldn't miss seeing you in a box in dress clothes for the first time—no!—not for something! Besides, you may be a Duke! Who knows?" Disney was almost caught off his guard, but he assembled himself, as he fairly chortled:

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Me! A Dook!" Then he turned to Mrs. Beauregard, appealingly. "Now, you look like you oughta know something about Dooks." That lady felt flattered by this compliment, even though it had come from a person with whom she couldn't bring herself to associate, and she answered, though with pretended humility:

"Why, how should I know anything about Dukes?" Disney looked at her a second.

"Because you've got that 'Did-God-Make-You-Too' expression about you—" Mrs. Beauregard almost fainted at this, but managed to hold herself together for the good of Laura's cause, and Disney went on: "So I leave it to you. Do I look like a Dook?" The answer being rather long in coming, for Mrs. Beauregard hardly knew what to say when cornered this way, Nondas took up the reply.

"Most Dukes don't look like a Duke. They don't have to, being Dukes." Disney turned to her a moment, until he could fairly grasp the meaning of her sentence, and then repeated his question, pointing to the chaperon.

"I leave it to the lady there," but the "lady" was apparently not at all at ease.

"I don't know enough about them to say." Disney gave her another glance.

"Well, you wait till you see my friend; then you'll know." He pouted almost like a spoiled child, and smiled inwardly, as he added: "I think it's all foolishness not saying which one of us is the Duke. It's no fun for me, I can tell you," and he listened to see how they would accept his remarks. Miss Parkyn came to the front with a little tit-bit—namely:

"Mr. Disney has heard that Dukes aren't respectable," but she was interrupted in the course of her remarks by the hurried entrance of Bradley Fairfax, who was in a fever of excitement, and rushed to Mrs. Beauregard, almost taking that usually calm lady off her feet.

"Have you seen him? I just saw him with Phipps Maynadier. Blood will tell, Mrs. Pen," and he almost jumped in his glee in having seen the "Duke." Mrs. Beauregard almost committed a *faux pas* in a query to Fairfax, but Laura stepped conveniently on her aunt's feet, and she turned to the younger one:

"Eh, my dear?" Then realizing the near-blunder, added: "Oh, yes," and subsided. But Fairfax was all impatience that his announcement hadn't aroused more enthusiasm.

"It's the young Duke. He's with Phipps now. Haven't you seen him?" Boldly Laura stepped to the front, and commandingly told a white lie, tinged with gray.

"No. What's he like?" Fairfax gave her a look almost of scorn, that she should be so weak as to ask a question of that nature.

"Like a gentleman, of course. How could he help it, with such blood behind him?" Nondas, ever ready to turn a remark with a quip, opined:

"He might have let it remain behind him. Most of them do." Disney, anxious that the deception, innocently started by Fairfax, should not be corrected, went directly to Laura and Mrs. Beauregard.

"No! But Buck looks the part. What did I tell you? Oh, what a shock!"

"Buck!" exclaimed the sensitive Laura, and visions of "Buck Reade" on her marriage license flitted before her eyes.

"Sure! That's his name," returned Disney, as much as to ask what was the matter with it. Mrs. Beauregard endeavored to console her niece for this sad blow.

"Never mind, dear. It's probably short for 'Buckingham'." Then turning to Fairfax, having learned what she had desired, she asked if he were going

back to town, and invited him to go with them. As Laura passed, Nondas smiled and volunteered the information that she and Disney might see them at the theatre. Laura's expression hardly indicated that she was overwhelmed with delight at the prospect.

"Don't look so pleased," added Nondas. Disney held out his hand to Fairfax, in token of absolute friendship and that the hatchet was buried, but that gentleman resisted the offer for a second; then Disney grabbed his slim hand, shaking it heartily, much to Fairfax's discomfiture.

"S'long, Chief. Don't forget we're pals," and he allowed him to go. Fairfax joined his women friends, and they passed out without so much as turning again to say good-by to Nondas and Disney. He stood watching them a moment. Then suddenly to Nondas, pointing after the retreating trio, he said:

"They can't see me with field-glasses." There was a slight pause as he thought over the events which had just transpired, and then he blurted out: "Oh, I'm not such a fool as I look," and the tinge of bitterness in his voice made Nondas raise her eyes with an expression which had more than sympathy in it, but he was looking the other way and missed it. He looked after the others a moment, and then turned to her.

"Say, why do you bother with me, Miss Nondas?"

She looked up at him, this time with another expression, and then glanced past him, down the hall-way, where Fairfax and the ladies were just going out to their car. Then her gaze came back to him, and she looked him squarely in the eye.

"Because, I know what it is to be an outsider, too!"

## XI

It was the opening performance of "Man and Superman," coming direct from its long New York run, and it had the very best credentials in the world to the local society leaders. It had been rumored that it was "fright-

fully immoral." Consequently the opera house manager and the company manager were reaping a golden harvest, and lolling back in their office chairs, smiling serenely, while *The World*—that *Society World* and *His Wife*—thronged the boxes and overflowed into the orchestra chairs, all agog for the awful immoralities with which Mr. Shaw was reputed to have crowded his scenes.

No member of the exclusive set was better qualified to lend dignity to a box party on an opening night than Bradley Fairfax, and here he was, with his little friend, Miss Milly Chasserton, anxious to shock her young mind; but Milly, having been very properly brought up in the midst of the social set, had a mind which refused to be shocked by any such mildly immoral play as this of the Irish wit's. At the same time, she gave Mr. Fairfax to understand that she was very nervous about it. Naturally, he was pleased. They were standing in the passageway, back of the boxes, waiting for Laura and the others, and Fairfax was beginning to get impatient, for neither he nor innocent Milly wished to miss any of the performance. In the midst of their worries, who should come along but teasing little Nondas Parkyn. Now, Milly was one of the society people with whom Nondas was acquainted, and of course she was greatly shocked to think that such an innocent little thing should be in the company of such a wild young rake as Bradley Fairfax.

"Are they allowing you out with this Mr. Carfax?" she asked. That gentleman, irritated enough at seeing Nondas again so soon, was made doubly so at the evident twist she had given his name.

"You know my name is Fairfax!" Nondas gave him the most surprised look in the world, and really appeared injured.

"Indeed, I know nothing of the kind. How can I? I don't know you, do I?" The gentleman was getting angry, and Nondas was secretly enjoying his keen humiliation before Milly.

"You know my name is Fairfax!" but Nondas waved him off with a pretty gesture.

"Oh, don't introduce yourself; it's shocking bad form. And, besides, a man with your reputation needs a responsible sponsor." Then she turned to Milly. "You should see some of his friends," and her hands went up, as though in horror. "One of them wore a bright pink tie and sky-blue spats. Oh, he's no sort of a person for you to know, this Mr. Fairfax, here." Milly was at a loss how much of Nondas' nonsense to take seriously, but her face was absolutely expressionless, as was her voice.

"Rilly? How shocking! Are you one of the party, Nondas?"

"Yes—a party of two. Mr. Fairfield's friend and I,"—and she looked again at Fairfax—"the one with the spats." She brought out the final word with a bit of spite which blended well with the word. Fairfax, given as he had been during the afternoon, to boiling with rage, came very near excelling all his previous efforts, for he was in the presence of ladies, and felt that to give way would attract disagreeable attention in such a public place. However, he managed to deny to Nondas, for the severalth time, that Disney was a friend of his, as that individual rolled into their presence.

Nondas never did anything by halves, and when she had made the threat in the afternoon that she was going to have Disney attired in evening dress, she knew whereof she spoke. He was now a sartorial dream, and his full shirt front made him look like a sloop running before the wind. The outfit was fairly correct—the best Nondas could do, anyway, without being actually present at the trying-on proceedings. Disney saw Fairfax the moment he had edged himself into the space, and rushed for him with outstretched hand, grasping Fairfax's unwilling one firmly, as usual.

"Why, there you are, old pal." As soon as Fairfax could release himself, he started Milly upstairs for their box, Fairfax whispering to her, in an indignant tone, and endeavoring to explain why this rude man should have had the temerity to even speak to him.

Nondas and Disney, left to them-

selves for a moment, she looked him over, and was about to express her satisfaction at the metamorphosis, when she discovered the dog's-head cane, and that killed it.

"What's that for?" He looked at it, and then at her; there was a half smile as he gazed at the stick rather affectionately, and then he looked sheepish as he caught the glance in her eye. The poor fellow was doing his best to make good with her, and he seemed to be getting in wrong with every move.

"I dunno." He turned the cane-head about, so as to get a glance at all sides, and gain time to think. "Not much good, 'cept to knock dust out of your trousers," and he proceeded to put it to that use. Nondas grasped his hand to put a stop to this, as she feared some one might be looking.

"Dress trousers aren't supposed to be dusty. Anyhow, the head annoys me." A brilliant idea occurred to him, and he hoped to save himself again.

"It matches my cuff-buttons; see?" and again he displayed the smaller objects.

"Then get some new cuff-links," she said calmly and almost coldly. His disappointment was keen at this.

"You don't care for the design?" More to make him feel a trifle more at ease than from real interest, she examined both the head of the stick and the buttons, and then smiled up at him.

"Well, you can't discard the cuff-links just now, but you'll have to choose between that stick and me." Disney gave her a close look to see if she really meant it, and caught sight of Fairfax descending the stairs from the upper box, to learn whether the other members of his party were coming, so he grabbed him again.

"Here, pal; wait a minute." Fairfax tried to get away, but Disney had already proved himself the stronger one of the two. I'm going to make you a present. Here!" and he held the stick out. "Have it!" The sight of the thing horrified Fairfax, and Nondas suppressed a smile as she saw his face, and observed him try to pull away from Disney and the stick. "Oh! It's a nice cane! Have it!" and he made the man

take it. Fairfax held it gingerly, as though the thing were some dangerous explosive.

"One doesn't carry a stick with evening dress, you know."

"Why not?" returned Disney. "You might be rude to a newsboy, and you gotta have something to protect yourself with. Take it along,"—as Fairfax endeavored to return it. Seeing his efforts of no use, the latter started off, taking the object with him, and Disney and Nondas turned their backs to laugh at him. The moment they had done so, Fairfax propped the stick against the wall of the corridor, and then disappeared. When their laughter had ceased, Disney found himself getting sentimental.

"That'll always be the way when you ask me to choose between you and anything else." She looked at him with a smile about the corners of her mouth.

"That's a pretty thought. Set it to slow music." He was taken back for a moment, but returned bravely to the fray. He had started now, and was not going to be stopped by any frivolous speeches of the young woman upon whom he had set his heart. If she was content to accept him, not knowing his real station, all the better for both of them in the future.

"It wouldn't make any difference to me what you asked me to give up—I'd give it up!" and his eyes expressed a longing sentiment, which she saw quickly.

"Then give up trying to be sentimental."

"There's no use tryin' to dodge it, Miss Nondas. I'm gone on you—clean daffy." She looked at him with the air of a physician giving serious advice to a patient.

"When did this malady first make its appearance?"

"When you blew in last night. I said to myself: 'Henry,' I said, 'That's the girl,'" but she broke in on him before he could go any further.

"You mustn't talk about me to people I hardly know." She paused a moment, and her eyes grew more serious in a genuine manner, and he watched them to see if there was any hope indicated

for him. "Look here, my boy," she said and she talked as though he were much younger than she—so he was, in the experience of the life they were encircled by. "You're an oddity, a rarity, and I *do* like you, but if you'll give me some reason for joining you in this vein, I'll be obliged." He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and felt foolish.

"Oh, I'm nothin' to write home about, I know. But I've got a chance to be somebody in the world now—and I'm going to be." Then he looked at her again. "I'm not pin-head enough to think a girl like you is goin' to fall for me as I am now. All I want to know,"—and he paused the fraction of a second to gain courage—"are you strong for anyone else?" She was amused at his method of inquiry, and gave him a quizzical look.

"Evidently an old Greek phrase, meaning: has anyone seized upon my young and tender affections—that it?" But Disney had gotten almost to the popping point, and was dead serious.

"Don't josh me, Miss Nondas. Be serious for a minute. I'm in love. There!" It was out, and the surprising part of it was that Nondas was not taken off her feet at the abruptness of the declaration; she was really interested in the fellow, and knew him well enough, even though their acquaintance had been but of twenty-four hours' duration, to know that he would say what came into his mind at the moment. This was one feature about him which she admired. There was none of the smug society manner about him. Instead of being all on the surface, he was "all over," to use an old expression of hers. She answered him coolly and easily.

"Well, being in love's happened to everybody. Don't act as though yours were a special case." But he was more than ever anxious about it now.

"You're not crazy about anybody, are you?" From anyone else, such questioning would have been resented, but she seemed to enjoy it from him. Strange how different men affect the same woman!

"That's the one subject on which I'm thoroughly sane," and she looked him squarely in the eye as she said it.



"Then, listen," and he settled himself to propound a fact to her; he was becoming thoroughly easy in her presence. "I'm gunna make a man outa myself that'll be good enough for you. You might think I can't do it, but I got something I call a brain, and from now on, I'm gunna give it a job."

"Even so," she rejoined, "why should I marry anybody? I've all the money I want, and I can do almost anything I like. Wouldn't I be a silly fool?"

He admitted her argument, but qualified it. "Unless you cared for some one—and I'm gunna make you care for some one." She didn't pretend that she didn't understand, but came right to the point at once, as was her custom.

"You can't do that by parroting these snobs you see about you."

"Well, how can I make you love me?" She was highly amused at this unusual form of love-talk from a man of his caliber.

"I don't know myself well enough to say, but as a general rule, love for a man comes from some thrill which wakes up a part of a woman that she didn't know existed. Some thrill!" He looked at her in doubt of what this might mean.

"You suggest I make the Statue of Liberty do a skirt-dance, but you don't tell me how."

"If I knew how it could be done, that wouldn't be the way. A thrill needs the element of surprise—come along into the box; the curtain's up by now," and she opened the door to the box. Then he noticed his cane standing near him.

"Wait a minute. He didn't take his cane," and he reached for it as Maynadier entered the passageway, followed by Laura, Mrs. Beauregard, and Fairfax.

"Oh, you're here, Disney," said Maynadier. "Reade's been looking all over town for you." Then seeing Nondas: "How d'you do, Miss Parkyn?"

"Oh, I've done much better since we got acquainted, thank you. It's such a relief to be sure of one's neighbors," and she bowed to Laura and the others, and entered the box. Disney started to follow her, but Maynadier detained him.

"Just a minute, Disney," and he closed the box door. Mrs. Beauregard was on her way to the upper tier of boxes, followed by Laura and Fairfax, where they joined Milly, who was watching the rise of the curtain. "Reade seemed anxious to see you about something. Where've you been since this afternoon?"

"At a tailor's, gettin' a new front," and he displayed himself more fully in his dress suit. "They were made for another feller, but he fixed it over for me. Kinda nice, aint it?" Then he thought of what Maynadier had said regarding Reade. "What's the matter with Buck?"

"I don't know. Shall I tell him where you are when he comes?"

"Sure! Sure!" and he turned the knob on the box door. "See you later."

"Lots of people here to-night I want you to meet, Disney," said Maynadier, but he cut him off in the middle of his speech.

"Can't do it, Chief! Got no open time."

"I'm afraid I'm not earning my salary. Can't I do anything for you?"

"Nope!"—with a grin. "Yes, you can—some time—when you've a spare minute," and he smiled again. "You might wise me up on how to give a woman a thrill," and he disappeared into the box, leaving Maynadier in blank amazement.

## XII

At the close of the first act of "Man and Superman" the spaces back of the boxes were filled by their occupants and friends of theirs who came from various sections of the house to gossip and comment on the play. Fairfax was clearly displeased that no more of immorality had developed in the first act, but lived in hope that the second and third acts would develop something really devilish.

Mrs. Beauregard and Laura, left alone in their second tier box, were looking vainly about the house for some sign of Reade, for he had not as yet honored them with his presence, and both the ladies were beginning to fear

that some other siren had captured the prize. Reade, however, having learned that Disney was in Box B, was at that moment knocking on the door, and Disney opened it to his friend, still holding the dog's head cane in his hand.

"Hulloa, Buck! Come in!" Then he turned to Nondas, asking her if she didn't remember his friend, which she admitted. Reade bowed to her, and then turned to his chum, his voice hoarse with excitement.

"Can I speak to you a minute, Henry—in private?"

"Sure! If Miss Nondas doesn't mind," and she, signifying her willingness that the conference should take place, the friends went out into the corridor, where Reade grasped Disney's hand as though he were going to lose him for all time, and in husky voice started in.

"Look here, Henry; last night you promised me five thousand a year as your secretary. Does that still stand?" He was trembling from nervous excitement and worry.

"You bet it does, Buck," and the big fellow slapped his chum on the back. "And if you need more, all you gotta do is to ask for it. You're the only friend I ever had, and I'll go to soak for you any time you say the word." Reade was touched by this bit of sentiment, and almost broke down.

"Henry, you're—"

"Can all that, Buck! Is that all you wanted to see me about?" Reade nodded, as he was too full of gratitude to say anything. Disney slapped him on the back again. "Well, then, between you and me, you needn't come into the box. You know how I feel about that young lady—and she likes me! ME! Common old Hen Disney! Just the same Hen Disney that drove the milk-wagon. She thinks you're the Dook, of course; but she's goin' to be Mrs. Dook, all right, all right. Say, Buck; how do I look in the soup and fish?" and he twisted about, that his chum might have a look at him in the evening raiment.

"Fine!" ejaculated Reade, in honest admiration of his friend's appearance. Disney looked at himself admiringly a moment, for he himself thought he

looked pretty well, but just then he got a glance at his hands.

"My hands seem to interfere, somehow. Well, run along, Buck; I'm busy," and he started to open the box door again, when he remembered the cane in his hand. He looked at Buck, as though whether he ought to inflict the cane on his chum, and then remembered his promise to Nondas. "I'm going to give you a present," and he handed Reade the stick. "There! That's *some* cane! Have it!" and before Reade could utter a word of protest at this generosity, Disney had ducked into the box and closed the door on the privacy of Nondas and himself.

### XIII

Reade gave a final look at the box door, heaving a sigh as he thought of the big-heartedness of his old-time friend, and then wended his way to the upper boxes, looked along at the letters, and knocked at Box D. The door opened, and Laura came out.

"You're here—at last?" she sighed.

"You've been anxious, too?" he queried. "Oh, you don't know how hard it is for me to realize. Yesterday I was a mechanic, with no hope of being anything else—and now—" and he looked at himself. "This is the first time I ever wore evening clothes. Do you know how I happened to have them for tonight?" and he explained to her the incident of the preceding night, and his determination to sit where he could look at her, even though he might not speak. "And now, everything is changed," he went on. "This is my night of glory," and he lapsed into his society novel style. "I don't know whether you understood what I wanted to say this afternoon—but I've enough money to support a wife now, and I can offer her some kind of a position—so it's no insult to tell you I love you." Laura acted her part very well, simulating the necessary surprise at this avowal. Then he felt desperate. "Oh, I knew it was madness," and as she saw he was being scared away again, she took him up quickly.

"Maybe I'm a little mad, too." Then she positively beamed triumphant upon him, and took him off his feet. "And it's a beautiful madness." Reade kissed her hands in his delight, but was seen by Mrs. Beauregard, who emerged from Box E. He stepped back into the shadow, as though he had been caught in a guilty act, and Laura rushed to hide her head in sudden diffidence on her aunt's shoulder.

"Aunt Phœbe, will you forgive me," she cried plaintively. Aunt Phœbe gave her an expressive pressure which Reade couldn't see, and very calmly asked what the matter was—who this gentleman was. Laura, in her most ingenuous manner told auntie that he had asked her to marry him, and—and—she wanted to. Then came the introduction of her fiancé to her aunt.

"And who is Mr. Reade," asks Mrs. Pendleton Beauregard, with all that dignity so required of the better and most exclusive set.

"I was a mechanic last night," said he, getting down to facts at once. "I showed Miss Lanvale through our shops six months ago, and I have loved her ever since, and she—" Coy little Laura hung her head. "And now I have an income, and I have asked her to become my wife." Mrs. Beauregard was diplomat enough to take in the situation at a glance, so she patted Laura's cheek.

"Silly, romantic children! And what are you going to tell Phipps Maynardier?" Reade's curiosity was aroused in an instant.

"What has he got to do with it?" Mrs. Beauregard smiled blandly at his ignorance, as she quietly remarked:

"Nothing, except that he's been engaged to Laura for the past two years." Reade was plunged into the depths of despair in an instant.

"Oh, if I had only known!" and Laura became her old self on the instant, before she had time to think, asking testily:

"What difference does it make to you?"

"He's my friend," said Reade. "I should have told him I loved you, so that all would have been fair and square." Mrs. Beauregard gave him a

look which would have done credit to the regulation stage mother-in-law.

"Young man, that speech belongs between the covers of a book—and paper covers at that. There is no fair and square in love-making." Fairfax entered from the stairs leading to the lower boxes; the former at once noted Reade, coming up to him beamingly, very apparently looking for an introduction.

"Oh—er—I don't believe I've had the honor," he began, when Mrs. Beauregard very ungraciously turned to the men—for she had seen the approach of Fairfax, and deliberately turned her back, so as to avoid the necessity of introducing him.

"Mr. Reade—Mr. Fairfax." Fairfax thought he was exceptionally clever when he realized that the other was introduced as "Mr. Reade," because he wished to remain incognito, and after acknowledging the introduction, remarked, with a smile and a rising inflection, accompanied by a slight raising of the eyebrows to let the others know he knew the circumstances: "Quite so," and shook hands with whom he supposed was a member of royalty. He hung about for a moment, endeavoring to enter the conversation, Mrs. Beauregard getting more nervous until she could stand it no longer. Her lips tightened perceptibly, as she turned to the intruder.

"Please get my fan in Box D, Bradley," she ordered, and when he had left on that mission, she devoted her attention to Milly, who had been hovering about expectantly. After a moment's thought, during which she could find no reason for sending the little minx off on an errand, she snappingly said:

"Miss Chasserton—Mr. Reade," and Milly was in the seventh heaven of delight, for this was the first member of royalty she had ever seen. But Milly was a very knowing young Miss, also.

"Mr. Reade?—Oh, yes," with a suggestive smile, which was far from being lost on either Laura or Mrs. Beauregard, and she continued, as though to monopolize the conversation: "And how do you like the United States, Mr. Reade?" Laura was becoming pro-

voked, and had been thinking of some excuse to rid them of Milly.

"Milly, I think Elsie wants to speak to you." Miss Milly, however, was a far wiser bird than Fairfax, and would not be lured; so she started on the conversation with Reade again. The other women were about to give up the situation in despair, when Fairfax returned with the information that Mrs. Beauregard's fan was nowhere to be found in the box. Then he saw it in her hand. Milly giggled at this, and turned to Fairfax, to let him know that she had been wiser than he.

"Laura told me that Elsie wanted to speak to me, but I knew that she was only pulling my leg." Mrs. Beauregard held up her hands in horror.

"Really, Milly, you are giving me a great shock." But Milly turned to Reade knowingly.

"Oh, Mr. Reade knows what I mean," and the conversation drifted into dangerous channels, which led them to close the topic of who was the real Duke, with Reade trying to hide his confusion.

"There's no use trying to hide it, Mr. Reade. We know that person with Nondas Parkyn isn't any Duke."

"Why, of course we do," chirped Fairfax. "We can tell a gentleman from a—a—a—"

"Bounder," said Milly, supplying the word which Reade was afraid to utter. Reade, beginning to take in the situation, became almost tragic about it, as he asked if they really believed he was the Duke, and turning to Laura, asked if that was the reason why she had expressed love for him. Laura, thinking he was only covering the real situation, so as to deceive the others, pushed Milly into one of the boxes, while Mrs. Beauregard took Fairfax away from the scene, and Reade uttered a cry of despair, as he began to realize that Laura cared nothing for the man—only the title. Laura fully to convince herself, asked him point-blank:

"Are you the Duke?"

As Reade saw his chances of claiming the woman to whom he had unreservedly given his love, slipping from his grasp, he became almost frantic.

"No! No! No!" he answered, in response to her direct question. "And if that is why you are willing to marry me—" Laura broke in again, still fearful that she might commit some horrible blunder, if he really were the Duke, and were testing her; yet she was also fearful that he was telling the truth. Her position was a desperate one—for her.

"How can you insult me so—Oh—Oh!" and she was on the point of weeping real tears this time, but reserved them for later on.

"You—you *didn't* think I was?" he pleaded. Again the simulated pleading on her part.

"I—I—how can you? How can you?"

"And you love me for myself?—Oh, Laura! Laura!" and he took her in his arms, holding her tightly, while Miss Laura heaved her whole frame in a splendid imitation of a paroxysm of emotion, that he might know the depth of her grief and love, he soothing her the while. Bernard Shaw never wrote a neater lying comedy than Laura was exemplifying behind the doors of the boxes. As they stood in their embrace, Maynadier came upon them.

#### XIV

For a moment Maynadier stood transfixed, absolutely unable to understand why the woman to whom he had been engaged for two years should be in the arms of another man, and particularly this one. He drew closer then, with clenched teeth, and spoke in a cold rage.

"Laura!" Reade released her quietly, as he heard her name called, but the tone told him that something was about to happen, and he turned to see the newcomer.

"Maynadier!—I'm—I'm sorry! I'm truly sorry! But you had to know some time!" The lawyer gave him an icy stare, as he questioned what the something might be which he would have to know; and Reade told him.

"Please don't make me laugh," he replied, but his face gave no indication that he was inclined to that pastime, except for a cynical expression on it.

"Laura Lanvale love you! A mechanic out of a shop! Love you!" Reade's fists clenched almost imperceptibly at this implied insult, but Maynadier paid no attention to that fact, and went on, with a harsh laugh. "Why, you utter ass, she's done just what Disney expected! She thinks you're the Duke. Love? You fool! Get out of the way," and then he turned to Laura, as having paid enough attention to Reade. But that young man was on his dignity in a moment, resenting the tone in which Maynadier addressed Miss Lanvale.

"Don't come any of your cheap, 'Ajax - defying - the - Lightning' poses around here," said Maynadier turning back to him. "Miss Lanvale is engaged to *me*—and you're not wanted! Get out!" He whirled Reade out of the way, and took the surprised Laura by the arm. Even now she was not sure but that the whole thing was a test for her sincerity, and yet she couldn't understand how Maynadier could know anything of it, and if so, how he could lend himself to the trick. "Now, Laura, don't make a silly chump of yourself, and have the whole town laughing at you. The other fellow is the Duke." Then he wheeled about at Reade again. "You've got a cheek, pretending you're a Duke!"

This was too much for Reade, for had he not, in every way he possibly could, without breaking faith with his chum, led people to believe that Disney was the titled one. At all events, his conscience was clear, and if others had made the error, it was through no fault of his, so he turned on Maynadier in white heat.

"Oh, you snob! You cad! Do you think the whole world is as base as you? Don't you believe there is one decent motive, one pure thought, one unselfish love in the world?" Maynadier smiled grimly at what he was pleased to call Reade's fine heroics.

"Don't be an ass, my boy! Do you sincerely believe Miss Lanvale prefers you to me—'for yourself alone,'" and he gave emphasis to the phrase, "as the lady novelists have it?" Reade's honest mind could conceive of nothing else than her love for him, for he had so idolized her in his dreams and thoughts,

that he couldn't believe it was only his supposed title she had been angling for.

"She loves me," he almost wailed. "She loved me when I was—" and in a second of hesitation his voice became bitter with anguish, "a mechanic in a shop." Maynadier laughed at him, and he felt like thrashing the man on the spot. Only Miss Lanvale's presence, and the knowledge that she would be dragged into undesirable publicity prevented him, but his temper was fast getting beyond his control, and he realized it. He swore to Maynadier that Laura was not of the world he believed in; that she was true and faithful to him for himself, and dared Maynadier to test her; to tell her he was not the Duke; even to get Disney to tell her; to use any method necessary to disabuse her mind of the idea, and ended by declaring flatly that he was not the Duke, and that Disney was. He turned to Laura.

"I believe in you. I'm only doing this to satisfy him,"—pointing to Maynadier. "Wait! Disney is downstairs. I'll bring him here," and he was off to get his friend. Immediately he was gone, Laura turned on her fiancé, accusing him of trying to fool her for the purpose of seeing how she would act if she thought Reade was not the Duke. Thus do drowning men cling to a straw. Maynadier smiled at this idea of hers, which he termed "very ingenious, but a trifle shopworn," and was about to attempt to convince her beyond all doubt, when Reade started up the stairs with Disney. As he heard them coming, he said quickly:

"It was a big temptation to you, Laura, and I wouldn't stand in your way, if he was the Duke. You could marry him like a shot; it would be velvet for me." Then the two friends were on the scene, Reade excitedly hurrying Disney.

"Now, tell them, Henry; tell them which one of us is the Duke!" Disney showed unmistakable annoyance at being thus dragged from the side of the woman he loved, and called upon to confess to a secret which he was most desirous of keeping, and accused Maynadier of being responsible for the sit-

uation, all of which the latter denied, going on to explain how he found Laura and Reade, and that the lady had expressed her love for Reade, simply because she believed him to be the real Duke.

"Of course you wouldn't blame anyone for preferring the Duke of Walshire," he added, as a final shot, the which made all three of them wince, but Disney was inclined to be pugnacious, and his fighting spirit was several degrees nearer the surface than when he stepped on the landing. It began to look like a storm, with Maynadier in the very center of it.

"You say you wouldn't blame anyone for preferring the Dook of Walshire." Disney looked straight at Maynadier. "D'ye think it's very nice for me to know that, being what I am?" and he diplomatically tried to cover his position. "I've got to look out for my own affairs." He turned to Laura in an off-hand manner. "It wont hurt *you* to do a little guessing." She looked at him in confusion of mind.

"But you—you can't be the Duke!" Disney was inclined to emit a guffaw of laughter at this, but wisely refrained.

"That's a good way for you to look at it. That's the way I want *all* of you to look at it." Maynadier was entirely disgusted with the whole affair by this time, and strode directly to Disney, with fire in his eyes.

"Well, I resign! Get somebody else for your five thousand pounds a year!" Disney was surprised at this, but Maynadier kept on. "I'm not going to see Miss Lanvale deceived into a marriage with a fellow she doesn't care a rap about. I've photographs—*signed* photographs, to prove who's the Duke," and he turned to Laura as he added: "You wait until to-morrow; I'll show them to you!" At this threat Disney was in dismay, for he wanted above all things, to keep his position a secret until he should be convinced of Nondas' love for himself, the man; until he should have an opportunity to work up that *thrill*. He pleaded with the lawyer to maintain the secrecy agreed upon, stating that he would tell Miss Lanvale if she would promise not to repeat it, but that he was

in love himself, and didn't want a girl to marry him simply because he was a "Dook." Maynadier told him to go ahead, and he would answer for her silence.

## XV

"Well, then; I'm the Honorable Henry Lancaster Morpeth Orth, Knight Commander of the Bath, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Thistle, Baron Fitz-Cairn, Earl of Flint and Dook of Walshire. That's me!" She caught Disney's arm in a frenzy.

"You're not lying! You're not playing a game? You're not trying to test me?" Disney gave her a look of disgust, as he said sullenly:

"Think I'd memorize all that for nothing!" Reade, watching Laura as she caught Disney's arm, and the varied expressions which had come over her countenance, awoke from his stupor, as she turned to him, and asked if this were true.

"Of course it is; I never said I was a Duke; and I'm not! I don't want you, if you think I'm the Duke!" He hadn't long to wait for his answer.

"Well, that's fortunate," returned the young lady, as he staggered under the blow, but Disney was at his side, and patted him affectionately to alleviate the suffering. Cruel as Laura could be, when thwarted in any purpose, she was immediately sorry in her own, narrow little way for what she had said, and added, impulsively: "Oh, I'm truly sorry for the part I've played. But it was such a temptation—the first lady in England! That means an awful lot to a woman. I'm—sorry!"

"Good God! Sorry!" Reade's head was in his hands, and his frame was shaking with his broken feelings.

She turned apologetically to Maynadier, asking his forgiveness, but that gentleman cared little for what had happened, so long as he was still to have her, and eased her mind in a moment. This brought Reade out of his stupor again, and he sprang at Maynadier like a panther, shouting that if he couldn't have her, no one else would, and especially not Maynadier. Disney caught

Reade, and pulled him off the other, telling him to steady himself, but Reade was beyond control of his passion now, and again threw himself on the lawyer, who was ready for him this time, and threw him to one side easily.

"Don't come trying any of your mechanic muscle on me, my boy. I can box. Don't forget that! Handle a couple like you!" and he smoothed out his coat where Reade had mussed it up, turning to Laura to explain more of the past events. Reade was positively a maniac by this time; he had lost all reason; the only thing he knew was that he had been deprived of the woman he loved by the man he hated, and he was eager for vengeance in whatever form it came handiest. As he recovered his balance where Maynadier had thrown him, he shouted:

"You devil! You rotten, sneering devil! Handle that! Handle that!" Hardly realizing it, he had grabbed the dog's-head cane which Disney had given him shortly before, and as he spoke, brought it down on Maynadier's head. The latter staggered under the crushing effect of the blow, and fell backwards towards the stairs, leading to the lower boxes. Laura and Disney rushed to his aid at once, the latter doing some tall thinking at the same time, while Reade, awakened from his madness by the act, stared dully into vacancy, and dropped the stick where he stood. Then he looked to see what the result was of the blow he had given. Laura was hysterical by this time, and screaming loudly, but Disney took her in his arms, and carried her from Maynadier's side to the first tier of boxes, assuring her that her fiancé was only stunned, and that his heart was all right.

The occupants of the other boxes, aroused by the disturbance, came rushing into the corridor, and Disney immediately commanded the situation to the best of his ability, assuring everyone that Maynadier would soon regain consciousness, but telling no one what had occurred. Nondas strove to comfort Laura, but that was an impossibility. In the midst of the excitement Reade appeared, endeavoring to get out, but Laura saw and stopped him.

"You sha'n't get away! If he dies, I'll make them hang you!" she shouted. Disney was thoroughly disgusted by this time. In his varied career he had seen so many knocked out, and had had such good experience telling whether a man had a chance for his life or not, that he could not conceive why such a disturbance should be made.

"You're like a lot of damn-fool kids," he shouted. "He's not going to die. Keep still about how it happened, Miss Lantvale, or Maynadier'll lose his job with me—twenty-five thousand a year; don't forget that!" That statement quieted her. Disney turned to Reade, as people began to flock in from the orchestra chair. "Get out, Buck! Quick!" but the advice came too late, for his escape was blocked, and he could only cower in the corner. Fairfax was of course on hand to see what the matter was, and had picked up the walking-stick, recognized it as being that which Disney had tried to force on him earlier in the evening, and took it downstairs to where the others were grouped.

Laura, having been quieted by Disney, Nondas turned to him, and in a whisper, asked him if he had done it. Laura now started to explain to Nondas about the Dukeship, and Disney peremptorily shut her up, reminding her of her promise. Laura then bethought her of Maynadier, and rushed up the stairs to him, while Nondas turned to Reade, who had slunk back in a corner.

"Well, you've made a pretty mess of it, my boy," she whispered to him, "for one day of ducal splendor." The fact that he was Disney's friend made her endeavor to protect him by whispering, though she couldn't refrain from letting him know how she felt about it. "Brace up now! It's your time to be heroic and noble!"

She turned from him to see Fairfax rushing in with the blood-stained stick, and shake it at Disney, as he shouted:

"It's murder! Murder!" This assertion threw all the onlookers in a panic, but the timely arrival of Sergeant McNutt in his policeman's uniform quelled it, as he asked what the trouble was.

"Murder's the matter," shouted the trembling Fairfax, still holding the

stick. "Look here," and he pointed out the prostrate form of Maynadier, to which McNutt rushed. Disney turned roughly to Reade.

"You fat-head! Get out!" but Reade only stared at him stupidly. McNutt returned and immediately seized Fairfax, asking for the truth, whereupon that gentleman showed him the stick, and McNutt saw the blood upon it. Fairfax pointed to Disney.

"That's the man! It's his stick!"

"Oh, damn that stick!" grunted Disney.

## XVI

Reade groaned in despair, as he saw the turn affairs were taking, and started to explain, but Disney grabbed him, hustled him through the crowd, and shouted to him to get a doctor. McNutt seized Disney, to prevent him following Reade, who made good his escape this time. He held the stick up to Disney, asking if it were his.

"It was. But I don't want it any more. You can have it!"

"You wont need it where you're going," said McNutt. "Come along with me!" Disney questioned McNutt's reason for this move, and the Sergeant stated assault and battery, with intent to kill, was the charge. Then, turning to Fairfax, he asked that gentleman if he had seen the act. Laura, having returned from Maynadier's side, started to explain, but Disney again reminded her of her promise, and McNutt informed him that he was intimidating a witness, and asked Laura for her name.

"Oh, you make me weary! The man's only stunned. He'll come to in half an hour, and he wont want it to get in the newspapers. Drop it, will you?" But McNutt had made up his mind that he would get Disney, so he turned to Fairfax, note-book in hand.

"You prefer charges against this man?" Fairfax nodded. His time had come to avenge the insults which he believed Disney had heaped on him at the club house that afternoon, and he was not slow to take advantage of them. "Name, please."

"Bradley Fairfax, 1089 Charles

Street," he responded. "And I hope you hang him!"

"Naughty! Naughty!" returned Disney, smiling at the fellow. "Mamma'll have to wash your mouth out with soap. Don't be rude to your little playmate." McNutt turned savagely on Disney; he was not accustomed to such flippancy from prisoners—especially those who frequented opera boxes, and he couldn't quite fathom Disney's indifference.

"Your name," said the officer, seizing him, "had better be straight, too!"

"Well, it's not McNutt, thank God!" McNutt gave him a rough shake at this implied slur on his name.

"You give me your name!" Disney was nettled at the shaking McNutt gave him.

"I'll give you a swift punch in the eye, if you do that again!" Everyone was aghast at this speech, including the redoubtable McNutt. He gasped a second.

"Resisting an officer, hey? I'll soon settle you, Bo; what's your name?" He gave Disney a still harder shake, upon which that gentleman promptly knocked Mr. McNutt to the floor. McNutt was up in a second, and the others cleared away to let the two athletes have it to themselves, and from fear that some one of them might be hurt by mistake. As McNutt arose, he drew his billy, and started at Disney savagely, but the latter wrenched it from the officer's grasp, and threw it on the floor, laughing at him.

"I didn't drive a milk-wagon for nothing. Now, shake me again, you big Irish stiff," and Disney drew back into a pugilistic attitude, waiting for the onslaught of his opponent.

Now it wasn't so much the fact that Disney had resisted him as an officer, insulted his uniform, and the entire police department of the city, as that he had cast reflections on the land of his birth, and that no Irishman can or will stand for, without losing his temper. Thus, seeing that he had more than his match on his hands, and seeing no one in the crowd who was worthy to call on for assistance, McNutt drew his revolver.

"Now, you come with me!"



"Nix on the gun-play! You put that back where it belongs," said Disney coolly, as he heard some of the women scream. It had gone a little further than he had bargained for, and he didn't want to be the cause of any theatre panic. "You're frightening the women! Soak that gun, or I'll take it away from you!" Here was another insult to the police force! Who ever heard of a man deliberately taking a revolver from an officer, especially when the man was unarmed? McNutt advanced on his man, sure now that he had him where he wanted him, but keeping the gun before him, and leveled at Disney. There was a moment's pause, as the men glared at one another, but Disney was much the cooler of the two, and there was an amusingly-serious glint in his eyes as he looked at McNutt, and at the same time thought quickly. Suddenly he sprang at his opponent, and the scene developed into a rapid-fire wrestling match, during which process Disney twisted McNutt's gun arm behind him, and the weapon dropped to the floor. As he heard the revolver strike, he quickly reversed McNutt's arm, and before the latter was aware of what was happening Disney had run him across the corridor and out, shouting after him:

"Better call the reserves, copper!"

Nondas had bravely stood the excitement all this time, hoping against hope that Disney would come out victor, and now that he had given her her wish, she staggered and almost fainted. Disney, seeing this, rushed to her side, and caught her in time, holding her close to him.

"Why—why, what's the matter?"

"The revolver," she faintly replied. Disney picked it up.

"Let me make you a present of it, Miss Nondas." She smiled at this, recovering her senses, and turned to him.

"You—you'll have to forgive me," and she smiled again. "I've just remembered I'm a woman—and not an epigram machine.—I—I—I had—a thrill!"

"A thrill?—A thrill!" Disney was doing some tall thinking. "But you said that—" He paused a moment again. "But it wasn't *that* kind of a thrill, was

it?" She turned to him with decision in her face and voice.

"Yes, it was!—You're a man—a real man, with red blood!—Yes, it was!" He gasped, as he almost lost his balance at this statement.

"My good Lord!—you mean you—you—you—care for me?" His conversation was coming in bunches, but he was getting to the point rapidly, so he concluded: "You'll marry me?" She looked up at him with an inviting smile.

"Try asking me—and see."

## XVII

Disney was about to follow this suggestion, and take her in his arms, when McNutt burst in again, followed by four of his fraternity, all with drawn clubs. Nondas and Disney saw the quintette at the same time, and she held tightly to his arm. McNutt seemed even more furious than when he went sailing out.

"That's the guy," and he pointed to Disney, but the latter was busy patting Nondas' hand, and not worrying about what the coppers thought. However, as a matter of form, he queried:

"Goin' to run me in, copper?" The officers surrounded Disney in a threatening manner, as though he were the very lowest form of a criminal. McNutt drew out a pair of hand-cuffs, holding them towards Disney.

"Hold out your hands," said that representative of the law.

"Not even to oblige a man named McNutt," and Disney smiled his prettiest at him. "Not in a million years! Go find the nearest river and jump in, copper!" What this additional insult might have led to, is a question, but Phipps Maynadier staggered down the stairs, his head bandaged, and looking very squeamish. The crowd looked pityingly at him, as he leaned on the shoulders of the two men. Disney saw him.

"Hello, Phipps! Glad it's no worse," he called. "These coppers think I slashed you, and they want to know my name." But Maynadier was thinking only of getting hold of Reade. "Now, let it drop, Phipps. I'll make it worth your while. And let me introduce my

future wife, Phipps," and he presented Nondas, who was all smiles; in fact, in the few seconds since she had given herself to Disney, she seemed to have assimilated some of his method of smiling all over. "Guess she'd like to know my name, too, so you'd better tell everybody—in full! This copper especially," indicating McNutt, "would like it." But Maynadier's head was in no condition to remember the full list of Disney's titles, so he "renigged." McNutt, however, misunderstood Maynadier's meaning, and argued:

"Oh, I knew it! A regular crook!" However, Maynadier wasn't so far gone

that he couldn't deny this, so he spoke up like a little man.

"No! A regular Duke, officer. That gentleman is the Duke of Walshire!" Everyone was amazed at this, and none more than Nondas Parkyn.

Disney turned to her, taking her in his arms.

"Not bad for Thrill Number Two, eh?" he asked, joyously. "I just didn't want it to be Thrill Number One, that's all," and he sealed the bargain in the customary, old-fashioned manner, caring nothing for what the onlookers might think; as a matter of fact, neither did Nondas.



### THE COMB'S TEETH

ONE of Eddie Foy's youngster's is given to "cute" remarks. Recently his mother, who had been looking everywhere for a comb, found it in a basin of water. "Now," she said to Foy, junior, "what do you suppose that comb was doing in that basin of water?" The youngster ignored the insinuated suspicion. "It was probably washin' its teeth," he replied.

### ONE OF THE BEST

THE new proprietor of a western village theatre remarked proudly to an advance man who was making his first call: "We've had some right good shows in this house. We've had Belasco twice. He's great." "You don't say so?" was the reply. "Ever had Lillian Russell here?" "No. What's that?" "Great show," the other gravely assured him. "I wrote it."

# MAX REINHARDT

*The Greatest Producer in  
the world to-day*

BY  
LUCY FRANCE PIERCE

MAX REINHARDT, the German genius of the stage, is reported to be planning a visit to America. Soon, it is hoped, we will have an opportunity of witnessing some of the strange and stupendous spectacles which this Titan of the theatre is producing.

MAX REINHARDT, the great German producer, stood one day in the center of that vast coliseum in London called the Olympia. An international horse-show had just closed. The arena was covered with tan bark, strewn with confetti and cambric flags and gaudy paper flowers. It was like a great ballroom which lay in a superfoetation of debris the morning after a riotous masquerade.

"To-day it is a tawdry circus," Reinhardt said, turning to a friend. "To-morrow it will be a—cathedral!"

"What—this whole structure?" the other gasped.

"This whole structure!" The producer laughed as he dug his hands

into his pockets and let his eye roam from beam to beam. He shook his long black curly mane and laughed again as a boy would—as a boy who was bragging that he could change all the animals in the arena into kings and queens or a heavenly choir by the merest touch of his wand.

Reinhardt kept his word. It was not as swift a transformation as one would expect from "the artist of a thousand tricks," as Berliners adoringly call him, but under his wizard touch the cathedral rose—the most amazingly impressive mock cathedral in all the world, and on its movable stage in the center is being enacted a pantomimic spectacle called "The Miracle" which has set all England



agog, just as a few seasons ago all Germany gasped over Reinhardt's wonderful production of "Cedipus Rex" in a circus ring.

As the cathedral grew out of the tan bark of yesterday, Reinhardt sat at the end of the mighty structure on a dais, giving his directions through a megaphone like a general on the field of battle. Two thousand performers had been gathered together and drilled to enact the stirring pictures of Volmoeller's big drama—five hundred choir singers, two hundred musicians, to give Humperdinck's exquisite interludes.

The great stage in the center literally rose and fell as the settings of the massive scenes were changed and the generalissimo stood at the end, shouting his commands, and the concourse swayed and moved and danced to the magic of his words as if that great assemblage of artists were a single unit pulled by a single string! Volmoeller, the author, sprang to his feet thrilled by the genius of the man beside him.

#### REINHARDT, THE MAN

ONE would scarcely have picked him out in a crowd as a leader of men. Dreamer though he is, a man of the artistic laboratory, Reinhardt is gifted with the executive skill of one born to command. His black eyes flash fire under stress of excitement when the brain begins to teem with inspiration. Yet his sturdy frame, his bold Bismarckian features, betray no hysteria—only the poise and balance of a man who never loses himself. He has the gift of Teutonic reserve, united with the idealism of a master-artist—such a one as unfolds great canvases to the world—heroic in size, bewildering in color, spiritualized in meaning.

"Ah!" Volmoeller sighed. "He is wonderful!" As the author spoke, he seemed to be walking on air. He could scarcely comprehend it was his own work. The thing of his fancy had been touched by the wizard, vitalized, given the breath of life, with a setting as awe-inspiring as the silent, everlasting hills themselves.

And then the première came. The massive doors of the cathedral were flung open. The public crowded into seats arranged on three sides of the altar as in the naves of a real temple, and as the action of "The Miracle" unfolded itself at that altar—disclosing the spectacular adventures of a romantic nun—it seemed to them as if they were silent witnesses of a tragedy in real life and that the mimes with their painted faces, the Russian dancers, the endless musicians, were but a part of the congregation itself. Thus Reinhardt seeks to deceive his public momentarily into the belief that each one is a unit in a moving event in life, and each one comes away lifted out of himself, dazed by the wonder of it.

## "I SHALL GO TO AMERICA"

"AMERICA!" Reinhardt ejaculated in perfect English when the topic was casually broached. "I shall go there some day." And his eyes grew dreamy over the prospect. "It is the country where one may produce spectacles on a larger scale than in Europe, and in a natural setting. No subterfuge—no tricks will be necessary!

"Any intelligent man may put a small play on a small stage," he went on. "It is very simple. But a classic—that requires the setting of the sky itself, the background of the virgin forest, the open arena where real deeds have moved—and most of all it requires one who is able to grasp the details of a big deed in the palm of his hand."

### HE STARTED A NEW SCHOOL

ALREADY the rumor has gained credence that Reinhardt will shortly resign his position as director of the Deutches Theatre in Berlin to accept a permanent position in the United States. A large sum has been subscribed by a committee of German-Americans to bring Reinhardt to this country for the purpose of promoting what is known as "arena" drama.

This does not mean that the German public has been lax in appreciating Reinhardt's genius. In fact the "arena" idea had its inception in Berlin itself, after the director's thrilling production of Sophocles' "Ædipus Rex" awakened Germany to the powerful impetus which he was giving to new romanticism. From that hour there sprang a school of transcendental realists with Reinhardt as leader, known as the "Secessionists."

These new romanticists decry all problematical and literary plays and so-called "idea" drama as tiresome and bewildering twaddle, having no place in the theatre at all. They have broken away from all genre plays with so-called moral, social or historical purposes. They preach the doctrine of dramatic art for art's sake only. They maintain that art should be unhampered by literary demands and that the manner of presentation is of vastly more importance than the subject matter. They maintain also that the power of the stage lies not in its attitude toward the problems of life, but in the artistic form with which those problems are clothed.

The purpose, then, of secessionism is primarily to give delight and amusement, to stir the emotions, to appeal to the senses, and to ignore the perplexities of existence. The theatre should, according to the new creed, become an arena for the fascinating spectacle of the passions. The followers of this movement assert that in the past the classics—especially Shakespeare's plays—were never en-





joyed because of the careless, indifferent manner of presentation, and that a masterly presentment of masterpieces is all that is necessary to revive the dormant taste for romanticism.

### PLAN TWO BIG ARENAS

THUS when it became evident that there was no theatre or auditorium in Germany large enough to house classics on the scale which Reinhardt desired, the wizard was driven to give his first great production in the ring of a circus. Then there arose the ambition among the romanticists to establish a fund for the building of an "arena" theatre. Reinhardt glowed with delight over such a project. And to that end a movement is on foot for the building of two huge stadia, one in Berlin, another in Munich, patterned after the great Greek amphitheatres, where the spectators will be permitted to sit on four sides of the enclosure and the action of the drama will transpire on a stage in the center of the arena.

Meantime, the college stadia at Harvard, Berkeley and Syracuse, and the classic productions being given in them from time to time, have attracted the attention of Reinhardt. To be able to give a series of huge performances in these arenas is the director's ambition.

"The classic and romantic drama is being fostered by American universities in a way which puts Europe to the blush," he observed. "Americans have never allowed romanticism to be shoved into a decline. It is strange and wonderful, that the new country should foster the highest ideals of expression—with a return to the greatest classic art."

If the proper avenue is opened, very little persuasion will be necessary to bring Reinhardt to this country. His advent will mean much for American drama. The wizard has spread his power over Austria, Russia, Scandinavia, and England already. Only France has turned a cold shoulder to him, chiefly for the reason that the taste of the Parisian public seemed to tend solely toward uncompromising realism.

There is something so sweeping and vital about his work that descriptive and critical writers have turned away from their task, awed by the bigness of what they beheld. These seven great productions are Sophocles' "Œpidus Rex," Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Hamlet" produced in Berlin, "Sumurun," a bewildering Oriental pantomime set to music produced in the Savoy Theatre in London, "The Miracle" produced at the Olympia in London, Strauss' "Rosenkavalier" produced in Dresden, and Offenbach's "Die Schöne Helena" produced in Munich.

"Sumurun," the choreographic drama by Frederick Freska

now running in London and destined to be brought to the United States, is a production on a somewhat smaller scale than the director favors. Yet what it lacks in size and scope, it makes up in wonder of detail, for it overflows from curtain to curtain with perpetual mysterious charm, faithfully Oriental, voluptuous, magnificent, and artistic to the last degree. It was this over-abundance of correct and exquisite detail combined with the histrionic and scenic scope of a classic, which made Berlin condemn Reinhardt's production of "Mid-summer Night's Dream" as over-baked. They thought it too elaborate, too extreme. But the wizard is full of surprises. He gave them "Hamlet," with simplicity so exaggerated that the very chilling hardness, the emphasized drabness of the tragedy stirred them to wonder, just as the high lights of the fantastic comedy had blinded them with their color.

### HIS GREATEST

"CEDIPUS REX" marked the high-water line of Reinhardt's power. To have beheld that tragedy was to have been transported to early Greece, to have become for the moment a Theban, non-combative as it were, but nevertheless part and parcel of the great moving spectacle itself. There were neither curtain nor foot-lights to disturb reality. On the exposed stage rose a massive palace, with steps which descended into the circus-ring itself. Bereft of the trappings of an ordinary stage, it became a spectacle in which the public outside the arena seemed to acquire a personal interest. Surprise after surprise stirred them as they sat watching. They were cast first in Stygian darkness. Out of the gloom altar fires suddenly flamed up, burning splendidly on either side of the palace, kindled by naked youths who seemed to emerge from among the audience itself. When the plague-ridden mob flowed into the arena from behind the benches of the public, those who looked on were thrilled by the magnificence of their attack as if they, too, were Theban citizens plunged headlong into a cauldron of passion.

And all the while, if one looked sharply, one might have observed the god of the machine, a middle-aged, broad-shouldered man, baton in hand, standing at the main entrance, conducting the shrieking mob as if it were an orchestra, and releasing it in divisions as if it were an army—and the little man with the baton was Reinhardt, commander-in-chief!

### AS A DIRECTOR

AS A director he is strenuous and indefatigable. Every day he attends rehearsals of a constantly changing répertoire in two Berlin theatres, rehearsals of a theatre chorus,





of understudies, consultations with the assistants in his dramatic school, appointments with playwrights and scene painters. Yet nothing is neglected. Every phase of his work receives his personal attention.

In preparing a text he takes great liberties, casts aside precedent and tradition, unless it suits his purpose. But he blends the largeness of conception of the ancient and classic drama with the fineness and correctness of modern dramatic stagecraft—producing an effect at once stupendous and convincing.

### “THE CATHEDRAL”

THE success of “The Miracle” in London—called the greatest spectacle ever seen in the metropolis—inspires crowds daily to invade the “cathedral” and examine the construction and working of Reinhardt’s stage. The vast platform of the stage itself rises and falls into a subterranean trap from which forty thousand tons of earth were removed in its construction and half a million bricks built in.

There are no wings, so-called, or stage-doors. “Behind the scenes” is a vast cave reached by means of underground passages lofty enough to permit the entrance of horses. There are dressing-room accommodations for two thousand actors and a storage room large enough to hang seven thousand costumes. One of the most thrilling moments in the action occurs when the vast Gothic cathedral housing the audience is cast into complete darkness and out of the trap wherein rests the stage a pine-clad mountain rises in full view.

“Presto! The audience cannot go to the mountain but the mountain will come to them—on wheels!” Volmoeller exclaimed laughingly, as he described it. “An extraordinary idea, you say? Yes—and believe me, it is wonderfully carried out.” And he smiled absently as his mind drifted to the wizard who had touched the arena with his wand and brought from out of the earth a miracle of stage craftsmanship.







# The DANCER

by Cecil Lean

A SHORT STORY OF STAGE LIFE BY A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR

ALMOST through, Bill?" said I, slipping on my coat, which Bill had allowed me to hang up in his property-room (the museum, he called it), while the show was on.

"Pretty near," said Bill. "Got to straighten up for to-morrow."

The curtain was down. It had been raised and lowered at least a dozen times in response to the thunders of applause that had come from the packed auditorium.

The glittering assemblage of fashionably dressed men and women was filing slowly out of the theatre. Taxicabs and

motors were rushing up and away to take the laughing theatre-goers to the cafés where, in a few moments, the new dancer's name would be on every tongue.

It had been a wonderful, feverish night of triumph for the little Russian dancer, for there was no question in the minds of anyone but that her art was a revelation.

The hardened first-nighters had split their gloves in their frantic applause; the "Death-Watch" had "sat up and noticed" (as the house policeman had put it), and even the rival managers assem-

bled in the lobby—and who had come prepared to tolerate the newest importation—were forced to acknowledge, in an undertone to each other, "I'm afraid she's a hit."

Back on the stage, the change from the moment-before brilliantly lighted palace of the play to the dark walls where the palace set was now leaning, was very marked, and it offered a striking contrast to the noisy lobby in front.

The glare of the lights changed to the black gloom of the unlighted stage—unlit, save for a single incandescent lamp shining just outside the property-room.

The members of the company were all swallowed up in their dressing rooms, changing for the street.

Just outside of the *Madame's* dressing room a little group of reporters were patiently waiting in the dark to have a word with the dancer.

The door opened, throwing a glare of light on the group of newspaper men, and the dancer's secretary—a little Frenchwoman, appeared to tell them that, "*Madame* begs to be excuse. She very tired to-day. To-morrow she see you all at the hotel."

"In the morning?" ventured the *Globe* man.

"No! No!" said the little Frenchwoman. "Not in the morning. *Madame* will see no one in the morning, but to-morrow in the afternoon *Madame* bid you all a very good evening."

The door closed gently, and the reporters, each of whom was eager to get a good story for his paper, filed quietly by the property-room door and out into the night.

"Who was that bunch?" asked Bill, as he saw the shadowy forms pass the "Museum" door.

"Reporters on the different papers looking for a story from the dancer," said I.

"Judging from the quiet sneak they made, I guess they didn't get it," he muttered.

"No, I guess not," I replied.

"That's where you've got the bulge on 'em," said Bill. "I read your column every day, and you sure have got some interesting stuff in it. It's a funny thing that none of 'em ever hit upon this

idea of yours—takin' off your coat and hangin' around the stage and pickin' up ideas for stories in your paper."

"They don't all have the good fortune to run across a generous property-man like you, Bill," said I.

"Pass that," replied Bill. "It's a swell idea all right, as I was sayin' when you started to hand out the salve; only don't let these traveling stage managers get on, or you'll get fired out some night."

"How are they going to get on?" I asked. "I'm in my shirt-sleeves. That was our agreement, you know, so that I would be taken for a 'grip' or a 'light-man.'"

"That was the agreement all right," Bill said, "but I should 'a' stipulated that your shirt and collar should 'a' been dirty and your hair combed more careless like. You look more like a 'John,' with them patent leather kicks, than you do a 'grip.' Anyway, did you get any ideas for a story to-night?"

"Not an idea," said I, "but I never figure that it is all off until I am home and in bed. Have you any theme you could suggest?" said I eagerly.

"No," he replied slowly. "I aint; but you set down there on that box till I get these flower baskets filled. I feel kind of happy to-night—and now that the opening is all over, I kind o' feel like talkin' to somebody. Did the show get over?"

"I understand it is a tremendous hit," said I, "and the Dancer is a sensation!"

"I'm glad to hear it," murmured Bill, as he slowly filled the baskets that the chorus girls carried on during the "Ballet of Roses." "Yes, I'm glad to hear it."

"I slipped out front," I went on, "after the first act, and some of the critics were trying to coin some new expressions to properly express the poetry of her grace and charm. They are crazy over her."

"You don't say!" the old property-man replied.

"Didn't you see any of her dances?"

"Not a one," said Bill. "Aint had a chance to see her at all. I been diggin' up props all day. They've got the longest prop-list with this show that we've had this season. They tell me, though, that she's pretty good."

"Yes," said I.

"Well, it's hard work," said he, "and when there's any of the cream comin' to 'em, after all the years of hard work, why, I say let 'em enjoy it; they've got it comin'."

"Is it hard work?" I asked in surprise. "It all looks so easy."

"This is the easy part," he replied, as he stopped filling the basket for a moment,—"what you just got through seein' to-night. The big, swell audience, the beautiful theatre, the critics, the grand orchestra and music, and all the beautiful things that go with it. But it's the hours and hours and days and days of standin' out there on that bare, cold, dark stage—bein' turned out."

"Turned out?" I questioned.

"Turned out, yes," reiterated Bill. "That's what they do with girls that want to be ballet dancers. The ballet-master stands them up and makes them lift their feet this way," he demonstrated stiffly, "then this way, then this way," (another movement) "then over again, and then again and again—hundreds of times—over and over and over. I've seen 'em so stiff they couldn't move; then over again he'd take 'em 'till I've seen 'em almost faint away. After a while they'd go over it all again—then a short rest for lunch and over again he'd take 'em. No one knows who hasn't been through it, or seen it, just what them little women have to go through."

"That must be tough," I ventured.

"Tough!" exclaimed the old man. "Tough aint no name for it. Why, I'll never forget a little girl we had here some years back. She was the daughter of our house carpenter, Ed. Young. Her mother, Ed's wife—'Mother,' we all called her—she handled all the wardrobe for the big spectacles that old Gilderson used to put on, you remember? I guess that was before your time though, wasn't it?"

"No," said I, "I was a kid then, but I can remember seeing those wonderful productions.

"Weren't they wonders?" said Bill proudly. "Don't see anything like 'em nowadays. Well, 'Mother' was some ballet dancer in her day; but she began

gettin' wider'n she was tall, and her toes gave out tryin' to hold up the extra weight. Instead of bein' a toe dancer she became a heel dancer—that's where that gag originated—and so she cut it all out and took the wardrobe so that she could be in here in the theatre with Ed. You never see such a spoony couple. Crazy in love with each other, and both of 'em all wrapped up in this little kid of theirs. Well, that little tot—as soon as she could walk, they brought her down to the theatre."

"Put her on the stage?" I asked.

"Yep," said Bill proudly. "Broke her in when she was a baby. Old man Gilderson put her in the transformation scene dressed like a Cupid. Made her entrance in the heart of a big lily, and say, maybe she didn't look cute!" He stopped to view the picture in his mind's eye.

"Did they keep her on?" I interrupted.

"Did they!" The old man came down to earth again. "That settled it for Ed. and Mother. As soon as she was big enough, old Marchesi—he was the ballet-master with Gilderson in those days—he took hold of her and turned her out."

"Very interesting," I said.

"Is it?" asked Bill. "Talk about work! Well, they never let up on her. When it wasn't Marchesi, why, her mother was workin' with her, and I've even seen old Ed. Young himself tryin' to show her how to point her toes—and he was stiffer'n I am." He laughed at the recollection of it all. I laughed with him.

"Well, they kept on workin' on her until she got good enough to get in the back row of the ballet. Marchesi kept his eye on her, and so did her father and her mother, and finally Old Gilderson picked her out and gave her a bit to dance alone in the 'Ballet of Spring' that we had in one of the shows. We were all in love with her, and Marchesi picked her for a winner. 'Keep your eye on her,' he said, 'and some day she will surprise you.'"

"What became of her?" I asked, eagerly.

"Well," said Bill, "to show you how empty things are in this life and how

you never can tell about the way the Lord is shapin' things, old Gilderson went broke, Marchesi has gone where they don't need any ballet dancing, because everyone there is flyin', and old Ed. Young, my pal, and his wife—her that we called 'Mother'—are restin' out here in a little plot of ground where the rush and hustle of this life don't trouble 'em any more. All gone! I'm the only one of that old crew that still sticks to the old show-shop."

"What became of the little girl?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" said the property-man, coming back to the present. "What became of her? Well, after we buried her father and her mother, and the poor little thing almost lost her reason and her health grievin' for 'em, I finally got her to go away with a road show. I hated to see her go out in the world, but it was best for her to have a change."

"Does she ever come back here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Bill. "For several years she played here every season, and every time she came, her and I would go out, the day after the opening night here, and carry along some flowers to the place where her father and her mother slept. She never forgot."

"Beautiful," said I.

"Aint it?" said the old man. "But that was some years ago. She aint been here in some time. She went away from this country, and I'm afraid maybe by now she's forgot." His eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, maybe not," I suggested.

"Well, you can't tell," he went on. "These girls change when they get away from home and all the excitement of this artificial life makes 'em forget. After she became famous—"

"Oh! Then she did succeed?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes," he replied—then stopped. I followed his eyes to the doorway.

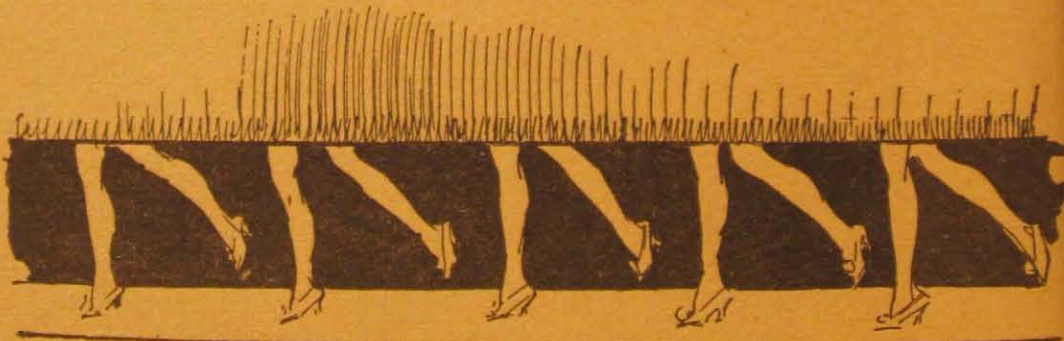
"Billy," said a low, soft voice. The Russian dancer stood in the doorway. "I'll wait for you out here on the stage. I am very tired to-night, and when you are through I wish you would take me home to the hotel. In the morning I want to go with you out to the—you know, Billy."

She moved away from the property-room out on the dark stage.

"She aint forgot," said the old property-man. There was a sob in his voice.

I closed the stage door softly as I went out into the night.

*Acil Leau*





# Eyes

by  
Archie  
Bell -

WHEN the gentle Irish poet sang  
of

The light that lies  
In woman's eyes—

he doubtless had not the slightest thought or conception of the "commercialization" of that light, what it would bring, had brought in fact, when offered for sale along with other luxuries "of which men reckon not the price." Moore may have thought of the light in a woman's eye that caused Mark Antony to forsake a mighty empire, the light in the eyes of a Helen, Beatrice, or any of the terrifying, soothing, or tempting women of poets' fancies. That a glance from a woman might cause thrones to totter, heroes to perform their most valiant deeds or to sink impotent in the dust, was a commonplace when the Lesbian sang of love and beauty on her azure island, knowing full well the diabolical witchery of an eye.

But none of the poets who have sung

rapturously of that light eternal seem to have realized that standing alone, without the other charms deemed imperative for conquest, woman with the sparkling eye, has been able to turn that flash and light into a colossal commodity, the means of her own elevation to fame and riches, and in many cases, by means of it to achieve immortality. Poets do not sing of what things cost nor of how they sell in the markets of the world. If they did and if they had the assistance of the tabulator of figures too large for the human mind to grasp, they might well tune their songs to a poem on the value of the lifted eye-brow, "the curtain that exposes the soul," and the vital dart that beams from beneath, as well as to chant the monotonous, century-old stanza of its beauty.

"What Do Thine Eyes Wink At?"

THE eye of woman is commercialized to-day. It has been sold for a long time, in fact, but the price was low in



the olden day and people paid little attention. They knew the effect, but thought nothing of the cause. They saw the flash, but thought more of the fact that the king or prince saw it and was pleased, than to attempt to fathom the psychology of seeing and being seen.

Over thirty centuries ago the great law-giver asked, "What do thine eyes wink at?" (Job xv:12) and the people of the world have been repeating his question ever since, particularly in modern times when the world and his wife look at the theatre and the people of the stage for much of their amusement.

Several years ago when Flo' Ziegfeld, husband of and manager for Anna Held, saw the necessity of an additional song to be interpolated in one of her productions, he sent a hurry call by telephone to Gus Edwards, the song writer and a scribbler of "lyrics," to come to their home immediately for a conference. Without a moment's thought, when the matter was under discussion and Miss Held was asked if she had any idea what sort of song would be acceptable, she gave words to a historic thought. It was old as the proverbial hills, something that everyone who had observed actresses upon the stage knew perfectly, but no person had previously given the truth such a terse and adequate expression. "Write something about my eyes," replied Miss Held, showing rare business acumen that reflected the wisdom of the ages, "something about the way my eyes act, for you know I just can't make my eyes behave."

"That's it! shouted Edwards. "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave," is a ripping title for a song."

This it became and the world knows the result. The American public, at least, had been waiting for that admission from an actress. The people responded to the ditty, sang it, whistled it and believed it. Miss Held—she of the coquettish and seductive eyes—had already achieved a popularity in America and everyone knew that her eyes played a dominant part in her triumph, but to have her sing a song about them was just the thing and it came at precisely the psychological moment, having a deeper significance than Miss Held or the composer of her song possibly realized.

### Eyes of the Stars

WITH one of the most financially successful of international stars admitting that her eyes were her fortune, it was natural to turn a thought to some of the others. There was Maxine Elliott, for instance, with her Oriental features and eyes that held all the dreamy beauties of an Egyptian night. No question that Maxine's eyes charmed thousands of theatre-goers, holding them in admiration and causing them to overlook many of her dramatic shortcomings. She knew this power of the eyes; early in her career, she decided to commercialize that light, and she has succeeded in doing it throughout a prosperous career in the American theatre.

Olga Nethersole was slowly pursuing her way to stardom and was winning admirers each season, when with pardonable vanity she looked into a mirror and decided that as so many other actresses had done before her, she would capitalize the "light" that flashed from her eyes. The critics had looked upon her and had written that she had the eyes of a Spanish beauty. This pleased her because she had Spanish blood in her veins, and she realized how theatre-goers dote upon the exotic, particularly that which exudes the fragrance of orange blossoms and the gardens of the South. At this time she chanced to re-read Prosper Merimée's "Carmen," a story that had been one of the favorites of her life. In the author's description of his heroine, she read that Carmen's eyes were magnificent and large—"the

eyes of a young cat watching a bird." The actress read the passage again and again, studied her own eyes carefully, and then seized upon a happy thought, commissioned a writer to prepare for her use a dramatic version of the novel, and before long she, too, came to a full realization of the power of the eye of woman, and likewise of its commercial value. Reutlinger, of Paris, assisted her in her campaign for publicity by sending photographs of the Nethersole eyes to all corners of the world. Reproductions of them appeared in the leading magazines from Vienna to San Francisco and Melbourne. The world fancies the eyes that enticed, trapped and ruined the dashing young *Don Jose*, the soldier who was fearless in battle and brave enough to withstand any allurements except the glances from *Carmen*. Nethersole's eyes, more than any single physical force, carried her to fame and fortune in the theatre. Although little weight may be attached to popular superstitions, however ancient their origin, it is nevertheless interesting to note that the Nethersole eyes are a dark gray in color and, according to the Arabs, gray eyes are synonymous with sin. In the Koran, XX, we find "on that day the trumpet shall be sounded and we will gather the wicked together, even those having gray eyes." Ibsen knew this, when he said that *Hedda Gabler* had "steel gray eyes that express a cold, unruffled repose." He described no other character in his plays in just this language, for none of the others had the keen, calculating desire for sin that was *Hedda's*. Like *Carmen* she wanted to test her power over men. It was her chief delight in life.

### Ibsen's Heroines

IBSEN, however, fully realizing what Shakespeare termed "the wonder of the mortal eye" and likewise having a full appreciation of the fact that "love hath twenty pairs of eyes," was studiously mindful of the eyes of his women, and in an illuminating paragraph of description, usually told not only the color, but gave an additional word concerning character as reflected in the



"beacons of the soul." For example, *Asta* in "Little Eyolf" had deep, earnest eyes—a photographic index to her personality. *Maia Rubek* in "When We Dead Awaken" had "lively, mocking eyes, yet with an expression of fatigue." *Mrs. Elvsted*, the foil to *Hedda* and distinct from her in all physical as well as mental characteristics, had "light blue eyes, large, round and somewhat prominent, with a startling, inquiring expression."

Julia Marlowe has beautiful, expressive eyes, which she knows well how to turn to account. The rôles in which she has achieved her greatest success have not called for the seductive fascinations of a Nethersole, however, and she has carefully studied and finally evolved a tender sweetness of ocular expression that makes her *Juliet* seem to be more virginal and trusting than the others, her *Katherine* better reward for the troubles of *Petruchio*, and her *Ophelia*, *Rosalind* and *Viola* the most bewitchingly lovely of our generation. Marlowe knows the cunning snaps of the eyes for comedic effect as Rejane knows them, and even in the terrific and repellant episodes wherein *Lady Macbeth* drags her husband to ruin, the latest celebrated delineator of the part makes it plain that the light that lies in *Lady Macbeth's* eyes, to paraphrase Moore's verses, has a witching power more influential in what transpires than her words or actual participation in the deeds that mark her ambitious progress. It is Marlowe's eyes that sweep the *Thane* from his feet, blind his senses and impel him to horrible deeds.



More than any of the stars of the opera to-day, Mary Garden knows this secret of the eyes and has utilized her knowledge in the promotion of her career. For a considerable time she was known in this country principally for her sensuous, passionate appeals in *Thais* and similar rôles, until she arrived at a climax in "Salome." This latter interpretation was assisted by the erratic Strauss and his haunting music, which was singularly adapted to the declamatory, sometimes rasping voice of Miss Garden. As *Salome*, however, the Scotch lassie's eyes shot the fire that gleams from a tiger's face in the jungle. At times they seem to be yellow, red, black, green—none of which they really are—and changed with her moods, giving adequate expression to the varying passions that raged within her. Little short of a marvel, said the critics, that one who could so correctly convey the furies in the breast of *Salome*, was able a few nights later to reveal the trusting simplicity and homely grace of *Marguerite*. Had they but thought to observe her eyes and the almost uncanny intelligence that controlled them—the knowledge of their power and what was possible by the shifting of their kaleidoscopic hues! The lids were permitted to fall over the flaming *Salome* orbs and softly gleamed from beneath the blue of a waveless sea, the symbol of maidenly purity and of all things sweet and gentle.

The younger actresses are more keenly aware of these things than their elders appear to have been, although it

is a matter of record too frequently overlooked that some of the most famous women of history, particularly the women of the stage, have owed much of their success to the fact that nature not only endowed them with beautiful eyes, but also taught them the secrets of eye-magic, which seem to have been something like the secrets of masonry among women, for no man has ever yet been able to wholly understand the language of a woman's eyes, and yet all other women seem to comprehend at a glance.

### Sarah Bernhardt

ALONE among the great actresses of world history, Sarah Bernhardt had no beautiful eyes when she began her career, and was an exception to the rule, feeling her loss keenly, because Madam Sarah knew what greater power she might have had over audiences if the luster from her eye had been less dim. There was a dreamy languor in her eyes, however, which she perhaps recognized before others did, and in photographs, on the stage, at home and on the street, she accentuated this detail of facial expression so that her eyes have played not a small part in her phenomenal career.

Her superb predecessor, Rachel, is credited by contemporaries with being able to flash darts of passion from her eyes that audiences felt keenly and deeply. The still older Adrienne Lecouvreur—whose life was a series of desperate love affairs, the greatest of which perhaps was with Maurice of Saxony, although Voltaire and other great men admired her and begged for her favors—Adrienne, the siren of the French stage, was never called beautiful in form or face. She was plump, without being stout, but her face was not pretty and she lacked many of the prime requisites to success on the stage in her day, but she reigned supreme and her admirers speak in terms of rapture of her eyes. "They speak as much as her mouth and often supply the place of her voice," wrote one. Jules Janin said that Rachel always appeared to be small and ugly; "but when her eyes



brighten," he added, "she treads like a sovereign."

Sarah Siddons, who held a place in public esteem that has perhaps not been equaled by any later artist of the stage, was at first a failure because she was considered ungainly, even awkward; and then there was nothing about her face except her eyes that appeared to be beautiful. "Her eye," says Boaden in describing her tremendous hold upon audiences, "is brilliant and varying, like the diamond—it is singularly well placed and has every aid from brows flexible beyond all female parallel, contracting to disdain, or dilating with the emotions of sympathy, or pity, or anguish."

### Noted Eyes of Georgian Days

MARGARET WOFFINGTON, the "Pretty Peggy" of romantic drama, who captivated David Garrick and wore his engagement ring, although she was not destined to reach the altar at his side, may have been a beautiful woman and appears to have been a talented actress. One thing is certain: she had wonderful eyes, unless her contemporaries were blind to all her faults and saw only beauty when she was with them. A "dazzling creature," she appeared to one writer, who adds that her symmetrical brow and black eyes full of fire and tenderness gave her the marvelous faculty of imparting beauty alike to love or scorn, sneer or smile. Her eyebrows, he tells us, were arched like a rainbow and jet black, making the other actors on the stage look sleepy by comparison.

Charlotte Corday, who never played at mock heroics, but herself became an assassin and thus in time inspired the dramatists to re-enact her tragedy upon the stage of the theatre, had, according to an official passport, the fated "great, gray eyes that spoke eloquently of courage" to her adherents, and recalled the Arab superstition to her enemies.

Anne Oldfield, a favorite of the Georgian Era, had "large, speaking eyes which she artfully kept half shut just before flashing out a glance to give ef-



fect to some gay or brilliant utterance," according to her biographer. Reading this, one is again reminded of Miss Held's topical song and the expression by her of a feminine characteristic that seems to have been common knowledge when Anne Bracegirdle was the toast of London. "It is the fashion to have a taste or *tendre* for Mrs. Bracegirdle," wrote Colley Cibber, but he admits that she was not beautiful. "She had no greater claim to beauty than what most desirable brunettes might pretend to." Her eyes, however, were beautifully black and sparkling, and she had dark brown eyebrows that were the envy of all women and helped to win her a final resting place in Westminster Abbey.

### The Windows of the Thespian Soul

HANNAH PRITCHARD, who is best remembered because she played *Lady Macbeth* with David Garrick, was another actress who had no claim to physical beauty. "But she had very expressive eyes," remarks her biographer in accounting for the chief characteristics that won her fame.

Mary Ann Yates, according to Romney's picture, was "all eyes." Sir Joshua Reynolds says that she made Garrick weep when he saw her as *Electra* in Voltaire's "Orestes," and it is certain that she was at one time London's favorite actress, yet her critics were not at all sparing of her lack of physical beauty. It is recorded that her voice was weak and that her figure was "so encumbered with corpulence" that Thomas Sheridan was willing to pay her salary in advance if she would con-

sent to break her contract and leave his theatre at once. Yet the writers have much to say of her eyes, and that posterity might see them, the artist has painted great balls of fire in her brow that seem to convey the message of a mighty intellect.

Eliza O'Neill, the actress who became the original of Thackeray's *Frotheringay* in "Pendennis" much as Charles Reade re-constructed a Peg Woffington to suit his caprice, is said to have had few physical charms. Yet, says Thackeray, "her eyes, when she lifted them up to gaze on you and ere she dropped their purple, deep-fringed lids, shone with tenderness and mystery unfathomable. Love and genius seemed to look out from them and then to retire coyly as if ashamed to have been seen at the lattice."

#### The Pivot of an Actress' Power

KNOWLEDGE of the power of the eyes is about all that survives from the past upon the stage to-day. Everything else has changed—costumes, lights, properties, entrances, exits, even the plays themselves and the manner of reading lines. The grand tragic manner has been forgotten, and sometimes it seems that the comedic sense has entirely disappeared. The tricks by which Rachel and Siddons moved audiences to tears would doubtless cause theatre-goers to laugh outright. We of the present who are trained to witness the realities of life upon the stage, cannot tolerate the eloquence of the poetic and

its grandiose delivery. Consequently, there are not a dozen actors on our stage, men and women combined, who know how to give to classical blank verse the intonation and rhythm that it suggests and demands. Despite the few lingering voices raised now and then to prove to the contrary, there is little demand for poetry on our stage, and the poetic in the life of the present does not find verbal expression in contemporary drama.

From their predecessors, however, the young stars of the present have inherited the secrets of eye-magic, as the rug weavers and perfume makers of Persia are indebted to their grandsires for the secrets of their arts.

Billie Burke, Elsie Janis, Marie Doro and many others owe their popularity of the moment to their flashing eyes. Perhaps they are not aware that this is true and ascribe their success with audiences to vastly different causes; so, too, audiences may fail to recognize the irresistible charm of the eyes, as such, and if they attempt to analyze feminine charm at all, as revealed to them from the stage, give a preference to the voice. There has never been a blind actress who achieved success, however, while there are dozens of women enrolled on the tablets of fame, among them living examples such as Pavlova the Russian, and Genée the Dane, who rarely spoke a word from the stage, but by action and the message from an eye told bewitching stories that were more forcibly dramatic than the spoken word of the actress or the *aria* of the *diva*.





# At Home with Frances Starr by Ada Patterson

**E**VEN though Fate should permit me to see Frances Starr as a white-haired, benign grandmother, though a procession of portrayals of vital characters should obscure impressions of her as the awakened coquette, *Juanita*, in "The Rose of the Rancho," or as the frail-willed, unmoral *Laura Murdock* in "The Easiest Way," one early picture of her will persist. It is the picture of her, slim, girlish, smiling, standing beside a small table placed as close as possible to a bow window.

She let me enjoy the view of the

Hudson at one side and of Central Park on the other; then she said, with the gurgling little note of happy childhood in her throat:

"We always have dinner at half-past five. We sit at this table in the window here and play we are crossing the ocean. Sometimes there is a storm and our ship lurches about dreadfully, and we get terribly seasick. The Hudson is so near and when there is a storm we seem still closer to it so that it doesn't strain the imagination to fancy we're on the sea."

"Have you ever crossed the ocean?" I asked.

"Not yet. But I shall." The answer was accompanied by a determined little wag of the head that is characteristic of her. The childish wag of the head was prophetic. A year afterward, she made her first crossing of the Atlantic and a little later I received from her a bubbling little letter filled with the exuberance of youth and the first glimpse of Europe. She had expressed her partisanship of Shakespeare by standing at the gate of Anne Hathaway's cottage, where had lived his elderly and active-tongued wife, and shaking her fist at the dwelling that had housed the tormentor of her idol!

### The New York Drawing-Room

BUT to return to Miss Starr in her New York dwelling. It was an apartment that aimed at stateliness and achieved girlishness. The little drawing-room with the bow window, overlooking the Hudson, displayed the delicate, gilded outlines and pale, elegant colors of Louis Quinze furnishings. It had a grand piano, but because of the limited space, the grand piano was a baby grand. And because the mistress of the room and its adjacent chambers was so young, the quiet elegance of the apartment received here and there an individual touch whose sum was girlishness. The piano was draped with a once brilliant hue, now somewhat faded Spanish shawl, the fringe of which the girl with the auspicious name braided in preoccupied moments and combed in gayly perverse ones. On the piano lay a guitar, the counterpart of the one which she played while she sang "The Careless Heart," in the California drama.

On a chair in a dark corner of the room, as though a bit ashamed of itself, yet remaining there by some unquestioned authority, was something at which visitors looked curiously, then laughed. It was a family of dolls. They were Rooseveltian in number—a somewhat battered looking mother and four children of divers sex and sizes.

"People give them to me and I must

keep them, you know," she pouted, yet I fancied then and am convinced now that a ruthless chambermaid who tried to displace the family would have been most unmistakably rebuked.

### "Sister"

ANOTHER girlish appurtenance, one lovelier than the Spanish shawl, more welcome than the doll family in the corner, was the chaperon. If chance would give to all girls such a chaperon as Frances Starr's sister! So gentle is beautiful Mrs. Gladwell, so young, and so generous in affection to the girl star's friends, that she is known not only to Miss Starr but to all those friends as "Sister."

"Sister" goes to the theatre with Miss Starr, sits in the dressing-room with her, comes home with her, drives with her, walks with her, shares with her the apartment on Broadway where the famous street bends close to the river—is a tender, unfailing shadow. She is even an excuse—as for instance when Miss Starr wavered on the brink of an extravagance. It was at a change of season and gown buying time, and gowns were bewilderingly beautiful. True, her wardrobe for the season was complete. She had all the gowns she needed and to buy more than one needs, she had heard—and in the saying had concurred in a half-hearted way—is extravagance. She intended to be loyal to that sartorial motto but—

"I had seen a Paquin gown in a show window as I drove down town," she said. "It was the loveliest new shade of green and I do love green. It was a dream of loveliness and a nightmare of expensiveness. For two days I thought about that gown. Then I did what no one should do—dallied with temptation. I walked past the window again. There it was, in the window, still tempting me. I, as our property man says, 'put it up to' Sister. She said: 'If you want it very much you must have it, but it is a luxury, not a necessity.' I tried to persuade her to say I needed the gown, but she wouldn't. I tried to forget the green dress but it haunted me. One night Sister had left my dress-

ing room to get something for me, and the vision of the green dress returned and tormented me. 'I must have it,' I said to myself. 'At least, well—I will send after Sister. If they overtake her, Fate wills that I am to have the dress. If not, I'm to do without it.' Sister had met some one on the stage and stopped to speak to her. The maid overtook her—and I am to have the dress."

Presently, into the girlish drawing-room was injected, at my earnest request, the green gown secured by such subtle juggling with Fate. There ensued the usual feminine hysteria at sight of a triumphant creation. Then the mistress of the drawing-room with the Spanish shawl over the piano and the Rooseveltian family in the corner gave evidence of possessing what many women sorely lack—definite standards of gowning.

"I like the dress, for one reason, because it has a good back. So many dressmakers, and their patrons, concentrate on the front of the dress and neglect the back. I have always thought that a slim, straight, graceful back gives elegance to the figure. The dressmaker can help nature out in this. The back should be every bit as well fitted as the front, better if there is any difference. And just as much thought should be given to its trimming."

### The Managerial Judgment

A FEW weeks before, David Belasco had said of her: "She has youth, beauty, health, talent and a temperament that will enable her to achieve great results. I never make a mistake in picking out people for big things. I have found that she has the power of patience and industry, of the whole soul in the work, which is the means of success."

Miss Starr seemed so fragile of physique, so young, with so keen an appetite for the juvenile things of life, that one could easily wonder, in this room where the anxious face of the doll mother stared out of the corner, whether David Belasco, great dramatic astronomer as he is, had not made a mistake. But five minutes

later, with a graver expression on the delicate face that by its half-transparency suggests a Sèvres vase, she talked of such topics, and in such a way, that Mr. Belasco's judgment was confirmed.

### In More Serious Mood

MISS STARR talked of growth, and I recall that she said with great earnestness:

"I think the greatest lesson I have learned this year is a comprehension of the word 'depth.' I have heard persons talk of a deep feeling and of depth of emotion, but the words were almost empty to me. This year I have learned what it means. For instance, in the last act of 'The Rose of the Rancho,' when I go out on the roof to talk with Mr. Kearney, the fact that an awful night of watching and waiting had passed meant nothing to me. A few hours had passed and it was morning. That was all I realized when I began playing *Juanita*. I never even thought of whether she had slept or not, but now I know that with death or separation facing her, she lay awake all night agonizing, and that when light began to break, she crept, a wretched, despairing little woman—no longer a child—up to the roof to bid a last farewell to the man she loved. I know now that, as she climbed those stairs, her feet felt like lead and her heart like a stone. I think I owe that comprehension to seeing Julia Marlowe play *Juliet*. She didn't declaim the lines. She talked them. That day I had a revelation of the meaning of 'depth.'"

With a fervor that was unchildish, she aligned herself with the unconscious disciples of Pope, for what interested her more than anything else in the world was the study of character.

"I try to study character as Mr. Belasco does, by talking with people," she said. "I persuade them to talk to me and while they talk I watch them and think about them and try to understand them. It is the most fascinating study in the world. It is so interesting and such a relief from thinking of one's poor little self.

"And I think I learn a great deal

about human nature by reading the newspapers. Our maid threatens to leave because I litter things up so, but when I ask her what is littered she points to the clippings I have made from newspapers. I pin them on the cushions, on the walls, on the dressing-table, on any object that happens to be near while I am reading.

"And the maid says she 'haint got nothing against Miss Frances except that she is jes' nachelly careless about newspaper scraps.'"

#### A Student of Human Nature

"ALL this week, I have been thinking of a girl I read about in the police court news. The girl was a chambermaid at a hotel. She had stolen a stick-pin. The judge asked her why she had taken it, and what do you suppose was her answer? She said: 'There were so many around I didn't think one would matter.' The man from whose room she had stolen the pin was anxious to have the girl punished. The judge wanted to discharge her. The judge said: 'Have you never done anything for which you could have been arrested yourself?' The man answered, 'Never.' And the Judge said:

"Then you are a very remarkable man. The prisoner is discharged."

We talked of the art of "handling people," the arts of adaptability and of bending wills to our purpose.

"I think I have learned something about handling people from Mr. Belasco," said Miss Starr. "He manages people by making an atmosphere of peace and kindness."

"Suppose, for instance, you had to solve the problem of an obstreperous wardrobe woman?"

"I can hardly imagine such a thing. I am sure she wouldn't be there. Mr. Belasco insists upon an atmosphere of peace. But the truth is, we have a most delightful wardrobe woman. She calls me 'The Child.' From my dressing-room I can hear her say: 'Don't bother me now. I must mend the Child's dress.' Or 'Let those slippers alone. They belong to the Child.' She is a dear, and couldn't be obstreperous. But if she

were I should try to make her like me. If people like you, they wont be disagreeable to you."

#### Visiting an All-Night Court

THE young person for whom the Wizard bespoke so great a future had gone from the theatre the night before, to visit the Night Court for Women. She had watched the wretched review of degraded womanhood and had heard the Judge's warning to a sixteen-year-old girl hovering on the verge of infamy:

"It will be with you as with all the rest—first, Sixth Avenue, then the Bowery, then Chinatown, then Potter's Field."

She had sat there large-eyed, silent, her active brain tabulating its impressions; and when the Judge who had begun the session florid-faced and bright of eye, had grown pallid and weary with gazing at the muddy stream that swirled about his little island of justice, Miss Starr watched the last derelict being led away to a cell, then turned to the probation officer and with eyes filling and fingers opening her gold meshed purse, asked: "What can I do? Everyone should do something. What can I do?"

The purse was emptied for a temporary home for rescued girls and Frances Starr's name was placed opposite a generous regular contribution on the home's subscription list. Unlike most impulsive charities, this one has been sustained. In Denver last winter, she visited the homes opened for the redemption of erring girls through the work of Judge Lindsay, and again she was profoundly moved and largely generous.

Once I found her in a sentimental mood. The large, candid gray eyes were tear-filled. "I've been attending the obsequies of *Juanita*, the 'Rose of the Rancho,'" she said. "I've laid her away with her trunk of Spanish finery. The play will be released for stock, but to me *Juanita* is dead. I loved her and always will love her.

"This new part means a great deal more. It gives me the chance I have

wanted to play tragedy. I will be deeply interested in her and will pity her, but I won't love her as I loved poetic little Juanita."

### Studying Her Latest Rôle

AFTER ten years on the stage, half of them as a star, and with two far different rôles carried to success since the stellar part of her career began, still midway in her twenties, she this summer began the study of her third star part, one which is different from either of its predecessors, but clean, whereas its immediate predecessor had been foul. With Spartan-maid heroism, she turns her back upon the alluring prospect of another tour of Europe.

"It seems as though everyone is going to the coronation but me," she said, "but I must stay at home and study."

Home was in this instance a bungalow in the Adirondacks, and, always accompanied by "Sister," she got into the skin of the new character by degrees—studying in the shingled bungalow itself, or on long walks through the forests, or in a long afternoon's reflection beneath the shade of a hoary forest monarch.

When concentration exacted its toll in pale cheeks, listless manner, and lack-luster eyes, Sister, gentle still but amazingly firm, locked the ragged "part" in her own trunk, insisted upon a change of the short skirt and sweater and Alpine hat for one of the girlish mulls in which Frances Starr looks her betwitching best, and took her to one of the mountain hotels for gossip and laughter that lighten a spirit heavy with the pressure of work. Then Frances Starr was no longer the young woman whose slight shoulders bore the burden of the success of a new play that is expected to surpass its predecessors. She is a girl who can chatter as fast as any *débutante* at the hotel about the topics that engross *débutantes*—beaux, dresses, dances, and the merits of various sorts of chocolate creams. One of the mountain hotels arranged for an amateur theatrical night. Miss Starr by her professional experience was barred

from participation, but she showed her willingness to aid by posting bills.

### The Début in Albany

IF the young star desires to forget shop on these excursions away from The New Part, she is disappointed; for in the whirl of *débutante* conversation some girl grows suddenly thoughtful. Miss Starr knows the symptoms and turns smiling to meet her inevitable fate. The eyes of the young lady reveal her question before her lips frame it.

"Miss Starr, how did you happen to go on the stage?"

And she answers always, telling the oft-told tale in the same way. "Well, you see, I had to do something. I didn't think I had any talent for business. The stage was all that appealed to me. I went to the theatre in Albany and asked to see Mr. Frederic Bond, who was directing a stock company there. He was very nice. He gave me a little play called 'A Cup of Tea' and told me to come back to him when I knew the smallest part in it. But you may be very sure, girls, I learned it. He gave me a chance to play it."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Yes, so scared that I was in a kind of hysteria when I went on the stage, but the audience let it pass for acting. What was more important, was that Mr. Bond let me remain with the company. I played with it all that season."

"And what then? Do go on. It's so interesting."

"Then I had to begin all over as though I had never played before. I came to New York and looked for an engagement. I had read of Charles Frohman and ventured to his office. I got to the door and was so frightened I ran away. The same thing happened at Daniel Frohman's door. Then I took to haunting the door of the manager of the Murray Hill Theatre, where there was a stock company that played twice a day. Mr. Henry Donnelly, the manager, looked at me as he went into his office and waited for me to speak. I couldn't say a word."

"Why?"

"Stage fright, my dear. You'll find

out when you go on in 'School' next Thursday. Do you know that the first time I was interviewed, a man came from a newspaper to see me and I couldn't utter a sound? I just nodded to Mr. Belasco and he understood and gave the interview for me. The next time a woman came to see me and I got on a little better. By the third time I had actually found my voice."

### Broadway and Belasco

"WHAT did the manager do while you were waiting at the door and couldn't speak?" inquired the *débutante*.

"After he had seen me waiting there for three days," explained Miss Starr, "I suppose he was curious. He wanted to know whether I was deaf and dumb. He asked me what I wanted. I managed to articulate, 'An engagement.' He told me to come back to the theatre that night at ten o'clock. I promised, but when ten o'clock came I was afraid to go out alone and went to bed instead.

The next morning I was at my post outside the door of his office. When he came to his office he said, 'I expected you last night. Why didn't you come to the theatre?' I told him I was afraid to go out alone. He laughed and said: 'You ought to move nearer the theatre.'

"He gave me a chance to play many parts. I worked hard. It was an excellent school. That was the way I got on the stage. When girls ask me how to get on the stage, I say I don't know. I don't. I only know how I got on."

"Do you think a girl ought to go on the stage?"

"If she has to earn a living and if she has talent for the stage and if—this is very important for you, my dears—if your mother is willing."

"Please tell us how you became a star."

"I had been playing in stock companies in California. Then I came East and joined Proctor's Fifth Avenue stock company. While I was there Mr. Belasco came to the theatre. He saw me and he is good enough to say he always remembered me. Then he saw me again

in a play called 'Gallops' at the Garrick Theatre. At that time he was in search of a very feminine type of girl to play a particular rôle. In the first act of 'Gallops,' I wore a riding habit with a hard hat, a dickey and a mannish tie. He said, so I have heard: 'I'm afraid she won't do. She doesn't look the part.' But he waited and I wore in the second act a soft mull dress and looked different. He sent for me and after several talks in which we discussed almost everything—I found out afterwards that was his method of taking one's mental measure—he engaged me for 'The Music Master.' While I was playing in that piece with Mr. Warfield, Mr. Belasco sent for me and the talks on nearly every subject went on. One day Mr. Warfield said to me, 'The Governor has something big in view for you.' I was wild with delight. When it came, it was 'The Rose of the Rancho.'"

### The Castle in Spain

MOST interesting and most permanent of Frances Starr's homes is that for which she is making her plans. She has told me of it with the joy of future possession shining in her eyes.

"I comfort myself with thinking of it while falling asleep or trying to fall asleep in one-night stand hotels, or traveling between those stands," she said. "It will be a country house two or three hours from New York. It will be low and of old English style. I've got far enough to know that. I want the dining-room to open upon a garden and I intend that it—the dining-room—shall have French windows. Friends have told me that burglars would come in by those French windows and steal all my silver, but I say 'Let them come.' I don't dwell upon anything so unpleasant. What I do like to think is how I shall enjoy strolling out of those windows after breakfast, into the garden. My drawing-room shall be nearly all yellow—a pale shade. My own room shall be in pink and blue with white French cane furniture. There shall be a great deal of sunshine and air in my house."





# The THRALDOM of STAGE TRADITION by E.H. Sothern

E. H. SOTHERN is probably the most eminent of the few surviving actors who are thoroughly acquainted with theatrical tradition—that curious body of stage usages, sanctioned by immemorial custom, by which the actor of classical rôles is governed. Mr. Sothern writes most entertainingly of this legendary lore.

**W**HEN an actor comes forth in a classic rôle, he finds, to his horror, that he is caught between two raging fires—either of which is almost certain to destroy him. One of these is called “Stage Tradition,” and the other “Baneful Innovation.”

If the actor—appearing as “Hamlet,” for example—should make use of certain “business” that some former actor had employed, he is pretty sure to be told that he is wanting in originality, and called a conventional bore; while on the other hand, should he

follow his own inclinations in the matter, he is certain to be informed that he is a dangerous iconoclast.

The fact is, actors go on from century to century digging pitfalls for each other! Any actor with a spark of intelligence is certain to find some original way of enacting a scene. To him, slavish imitation is irksome. He considers that it is best to do it his own way—as he feels it—rather than follow the plan of some actor who has gone before. When enacting a classic rôle, his way—at first—is never considered the best way, the right way, even though it may happen to be the one that ordinary intelligence would dictate! After a while, the public gets used to his method: it becomes a "tradition." Then another actor comes along: he feels the character differently, discards the "business"—and is soundly berated. So it goes on from age to age.



After observing this condition of affairs for many years, Max Beerbohm proposed an admirable and practicable plan to kill off—once for all—this tradition bugbear. It is his notion that the classics, like the seal-fisheries, should have a "closed season." He said: "'Hamlet,' 'Romeo,' and 'Macbeth,' will never 'live again,' unless all managers, metropolitan, suburban, and provincial, enter into a solemn compact not to revive any of the classics for a period of thirty years!"

After such a time had passed, all the "traditions" would be forgotten, and the actor left to his own invention. The performance of a classic rôle would then be judged on its merits, and not by plaster-cast tradition. For it is, as the same writer says, a lamentable fact that, "when a play becomes a classic in drama, it ceases to be a play; it becomes a

mere pretext for comparative criticism. The play is dead. The stage is crowded with ghosts; every head in the auditorium is a heavy casket of reminiscences. Play they never so wisely, the players cannot lay these circumambient ghosts, nor charm those well packed caskets to emptiness!"



It may as well be admitted that the tradition incubus has never embarrassed me—for I have never allowed it to sway me a jot from my design. The method that Miss Marlowe and myself have employed seems entirely feasible; we have found it to fit our purpose most admirably. When making a Shakespearean revival, we have purposely cast tradition overboard. We have first made a thorough study of the drama and its characters—have made our own version, eliminating this and then that, till we have, with an honest devotion for the author, arrived at what we consider a good, workable scheme. We have not bothered our heads with what this actor or that actress did in certain scenes, but have, in every case, invented our own business. We are equally responsible for what may be considered good—or bad—in the plays as we present them. To say, as one writer has, that our version of "Macbeth" was a mosaic, made up from the best traditions, culled from other plays, is far from the mark: it is a bald misstatement of fact, a brainless heresy.



There is a certain free-masonry of the stage which the theatre-going public knows nothing of: certain inside information, known only to actors. The auditor will often discover that certain speeches, which seemed to him valuable, have been elimi-

nated. It is more than probable that, from time immemorial, the actor has found that these speeches obstruct the action, that they put a halt to the onrush of the scene. It was found in the wisdom of the old actors—the wisdom, be it said, of experience—to cut them out. But because some old actor cut certain lines or passages, has never colored our judgment, for we have, in each case, followed our own dictates in the matter. We have never been lured into accepting stage business simply because some one else did it; yet I can state with absolute truth and honesty, we have never, in making a revival, kept one line in our prompt book which was not Shakespeare!



This devotion to the Bard has led to singular results. Some seasons ago, we had "Much Ado About Nothing" in our repertoire. When playing in Washington, we were soundly berated for having made "an unwise and senseless cut at the end of the third act." Well, it happened that what the writer complained about, did not belong to the text; it was an interpolation of some old actor. Even though effective, I would not have used it; but, as it happened, Miss Marlowe and myself were thoroughly of the opinion that Shakespeare had completed the scene in a masterly manner. The scene as the Bard ended it, is as follows:

Beatrice: Yes, as sure as I have thought or a soul.

Benedick: Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

The old stage version ends the act as follows:

Beatrice: Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul!

Benedick: Enough, I am engaged. (Puts on his hat.) I will challenge him.

Beatrice: Will you?

Benedick: Upon my soul I will. I'll kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.

Beatrice: You'll be sure to challenge him?

Benedick: By those bright eyes, I will.

Beatrice: My dear friend, kiss my hand again.

Benedick: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Beatrice: Benedick, kill him, kill him—if you can.

Benedick: As sure as he is alive, I will.

All the talk of Beatrice: "Will you?"—"you'll be sure to challenge him?" and "Benedick, kill him, kill him if you can," and Benedick's "As sure as he is alive, I will," is the invention of Kean, Kemble or Wallack—and we would have none of it.



When we made our production of "The Merchant of Venice," I was stood up against the wall and pelted for violating a beloved tradition; or, as it was charged, for "desecrating the text." It has long been a stage "tradition" that the elopement scene should end with Shylock crying out: "My daughter! Oh my ducats! Oh my daughter!" This speech belongs to Salarino, and is so allowed him in our version. A like tradition long held sway in the case of Shylock. In former times he was enacted by a low comedian who appeared with a red wig! Macklin was the first actor to abolish this monstrosity. Such traditions as these die hard!

When a critic desires to crush an actor appearing in a classic rôle, he plumps this at him: "He doesn't impersonate the rôle at all as Burbage did!" This is a smasher! Yet there is not a line—not the vestige of a tradition—as to how Burbage, a fellow actor with Shakespeare, read a line

or impersonated a rôle. But this Burbage bugaboo, which has been hurled at my luckless head, is not half so disconcerting as to be compared to a living actor. When I first appeared as Hamlet, one of the critics soundly berated me, saying, finally, that "Richard Mansfield's rendition of the Melancholy Dane, was a much more satisfying impersonation." It did not matter to this "policeman of the drama," that Mr. Mansfield had never appeared as Hamlet! But, had the writer stuck to Burbage—of whom nothing is known—he would have been on safe—and classic—ground.



It is not at all unlikely that very much of the stage business of the plays which has become a tradition, came down to us from the days of Shakespeare. William D' Avenant—the reputed son of Shakespeare—and who knew the Bard as a boy, was devoted to his memory. He was a close associate of Thomas Betterton, the great actor. D' Avenant coached Betterton in the rôles of Hamlet and Henry VIII, and basing his knowledge of the plays on instructions which he had derived from Taylor and Lowin, who gained their knowledge from Shakespeare himself. Taylor and Lowin, were two important players in the Bard's company, and it is naturally to be inferred that they imparted to D' Avenant, Shakespeare's own characterizations, and that other actors, who followed Betterton, passed on these traditions from age to age.



It is hardly possible, however, that Shakespeare could have countenanced some of the "business" which was in use on the English stage during the past two hundred years or more. One

of the strangest bits of this—in force up to the time of Garrick—was that an actor appearing in an heroic rôle, should appear before the audience with two enormous plumed feathers. It was strangely thought that these plumes imparted dignity! Another strange tradition was, that an actor, when presenting such rôles, should wear buskins—the inference being evidently, that these coverings for the feet "affected the motions of the heart." The occasion for this thought is difficult, at this time, to imagine.

"Hamlet," above all plays, is the one which has been most hedged about with strange traditions. Garrick, for instance, used two miniatures in the scene with the Queen, in which Hamlet says, "look upon this picture, and on this." The use of these two miniatures became stumbling blocks for the actors who followed Garrick. Henderson, his immediate successor, ventured to improve the business of the scene, by throwing away the portrait of Hamlet's uncle, whereupon Garrick's admirers fell foul of him. They argued that as the great Garrick had not done so, he should not have desecrated traditions.



Desirous of pleasing his patrons when he next appeared, Henderson retained the miniatures in his hand, and was then ridiculed by the Garrick faction, on the ground that if he was right at first, he was necessarily wrong, the second time. Henderson was also chastised for not using his hat as did Garrick, when seeing the ghost, and was also grilled for omitting to upset a chair in his agitation—the legs bent inwards so that it toppled over at the slightest touch. If Garrick upset a chair, Henderson should have done so!

Garrick, himself, had violated many of the traditions, but saw fit to ad-

here to the old custom of drawing his sword when Horatio wished to detain him from following the ghost. But when the latter said, "I am thy father's spirit," he made a respectful bow and put up his weapon.



One of the most stubborn traditions known to "Hamlet," was the tomfoolery engaged in by the Grave-digger. These rôles were formerly enacted by clowns who absurdly burlesqued the scene. For ages the First Grave-digger obtained his greatest effects by divesting himself of a half dozen waistcoats. When this waistcoat business was abolished in 1831, Leigh Hunt expressed his approval; and seven years later, when Compton appeared in the rôle to Charles Kean's Melancholy Dane, at Drury Lane, his refusal to revive this foolish buffoonery, was commended by Alfred Bunn.

It is rather surprising to learn that the business of ridding the Grave-digger of his waistcoat, was a reform that had many opponents. One of these set up the claim that the practice had been observed since Shakespeare's day; that it was more than likely that Shakespeare approved of it!

Another absurdity of "Hamlet," which required much courage to kill off, was the cock-crowing which was introduced in order that the ghost might have reason for starting "like a guilty thing before a fearful summons."



"Macbeth," like "Hamlet," is encrusted with traditions. For centuries it was a custom for the face of the first murderer to be chalked white, contrasting with heavy black wig and whiskers for the purpose of making him appear ghastly. This tradition held sway long after Garrick's day.

As another instance of the perversity of tradition, one may cite "Richard III." It was only up to a short time ago that an actor dared appear in any version, except that made by Colley Cibber. Indeed, the theatre-goer had come to imagine that this Cibber version, was merely a re-arrangement of a text. This was far from being the case. Whole scenes were introduced by Cibber, which came to be recognized as from the brain of the Bard. Consequently, when actors of later time restored the original text they were severely criticised for eliminating certain passages, which were not Shakespeare's.

It is strangely the case that the actor or actress who is condemned in one age for his portrayal of a Shakespearean rôle, is looked upon by the next as having given an ideal impersonation. In this particular, it may be said that many consider that which is old is ever golden, and that which is new, is gilt!



I recall a peculiar instance of this kind. Years ago Adelaide Neilson appeared in Rochester, New York, in her lovely impersonation of Viola. Years after, another actress appeared in the same city in the same rôle. This new actress was soundly berated for her rendition. One of the critics stated, that with the memory of Adelaide Neilson in mind, her impersonation of the rôle seemed insignificant—that Adelaide Neilson would be considered for all time as the ideal Viola. A rival critic turned to the files of the newspaper in which this criticism appeared, and sought out what had been said of Adelaide Neilson the morning after her appearance there years before. He read, to his horror, that the critic had written that "Adelaide Neilson, the ideal Viola," gave so wretched an imper-

sonation of Viola, that he could not stand it, beyond the second act, and was compelled to leave the theatre in disgust!



Every once in a while I am informed that one of the plays of our repertoire is not a good play. The theatre-goer fights shy of it. Again tradition! The reason for this belief is owing, almost entirely, to the fact that the drama he had seen was a botched version and badly acted. This is a tradition that we must overcome; but it is stubborn and does not easily yield to correction.



Excepting "Hamlet," no play has been held tighter in the clutches of tradition, than "Romeo and Juliet." It was only up to a short time ago that the grotesque figure of the apothecary was quite got rid of. In former times, he was made up like a clown in a pantomime. Then, too, the nurse in the play who omits the business of the fan, would be considered as "woefully lacking in technique."

In my own case, I have been much scolded for impersonating Romeo according to Shakespeare! How may any man believe that Romeo, who so resembles Hamlet in love, is, until he meets Juliet, the light-hearted creature we should like to have him? His very first speech denies such a conception. "Is the day so young?" he sighs in answer to Mercutio's "Good-morrow, cousin!" "Ah, me! sad hours seem long." Even to Juliet's ball this young man goes with melancholy speeches of:

My mind misgives;  
Some consequence yet hanging in the  
stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night revel.

How may one conclude, from Shakespeare's lines, that Romeo was a light-hearted Veronese blade out for a revel in the garden of the palace of the Capulets?

*E. H. Sturman*



# Evadne and the New Director -



By  
Epes Winthrop Sargent

## A SHORT STORY OF THE MOVING-PICTURE STAGE

IT WOULD be fine, if we could get the kiddies, but we should need at least fifty."

Griswold, editor of scenarios for the Chelton Film Company, looked sharply at the new director and Clyde Daunt flushed. He knew that Griswold did not like him and he knew, too, that his fate hung in the balance. Most of Griswold's directors were veterans of the motion picture studios and Griswold was intolerant of this newcomer from the high priced shows, who betrayed such an ignorance of the little tricks of the trade.

"When you've been around here long enough—if you stay—you may learn a few things," he condescended. "Out on the old Reddington turnpike is an orphan asylum with mighty pretty grounds. A donation to the asylum of fifty dollars will get you permission to

photograph the kiddies, and a box of candy will fix the children themselves. Send your assistant out this afternoon or fix it over the wire. I've twisted the 'script to play up the child end. You can have Evadne the rest of this week. Make the rest of the cast to suit yourself. Better make the outside stuff first, while this weather lasts."

He swung around to his desk in sign of dismissal and Daunt went back to the studio.

Interviews with Griswold always left him hot and cold. He was new to picture work and like many others, he found it more difficult than it looked; but he was willing to learn, could he find a teacher, and meanwhile, he was willing to admit his ignorance.

The old men seemed to resent his presence in the studio and they laughed at his mistakes without seeking to help

him correct them. Had it not been for Betty Mason he would have fared very badly indeed. She helped him when she could, without seeming to offer suggestions, but to offset her advice, he had Mrs. Childress, mother of the baby star of the Cheltenham company, and others of the old timers who were loud in their contempt for the new man.

Cheltenham, unwisely enough, had told the others that he was bringing over a man who would teach them, confirmed in their old-fashioned ways, how a picture should be put on, and Daunt was paying the price of that unfortunate speech. He had come to his work all enthusiasm, only to find that much of his effort went for naught. It was too late to get a company for the season and so he held on, hoping for a turn for the better and fighting his battles as best he could. It was unequal warfare, but up to now he had at least held his ground, though retreat seemed imminent.

But he soon forgot his anger in his engrossment in the tale of the little waif, taken from an asylum only to find that it was better to be there than the adopted child of a careless society woman who had forgotten her enthusiasm almost before the papers were signed. Griswold knew a good story, and the more Daunt read the 'script the better he liked it. It was the best chance he had yet been given and his only regret was that Evadne was to play the part of the orphaned waif. He felt, rather than knew, that his story was to be his last chance, and his shoulders squared and his face grew grim as he told himself that it would take more than the much petted child and her meddlesome mother to spoil the story.

His assistant quickly arranged with the asylum over the telephone, for it was not the first time that the children had posed for the pictures, and early the next morning they set out in one of the studio automobiles for the home of the homeless. In addition to Evadne and her mother, there were only Betty Mason and Denton, the camera operator. They were the only ones needed for the scenes at the asylum, the rest

of the cast being employed in the studio scenes.

Evadne was pertly pretty, with the prettiness of the typical stage child. She had been badly spoiled by all the players, and the little twelve-year-old felt her importance. It was the first time she had worked for Daunt, but he had seen her in the studio under the other directors and he had frowned at her artificial airs and graces and the affected imitation of the mannerisms of the other and older players. It seemed a pity to spoil the clever story with an unreal little heroine, but even Cheltenham himself thought her wonderful, and Daunt had not dared ask for another child. He recalled the pitying looks some of the others had favored him with and wondered if it meant trouble.

The arrival at the orphanage broke his chain of thought and he looked down with a friendly smile at the rows of chubby children drawn up in prim files upon the lawn.

"You've a splendid lot of youngsters," Daunt told the matron, as his sharp eyes glanced up and down the double line of gingham uniformed children.

The matron beamed her delight at the praise. "We try to keep them looking well," she explained with pride. "People like to adopt chubby children and, if I do say it, there isn't a place in the whole country that has more children adopted. Only last week a lady came from the other end of the state. She said everyone told her that the Reddington children were the best anywhere and she thought so, too."

"But that little one on the end of the second line," he asked, indicating a child whose little face was not lighted with a smile as she languidly watched Denton setting up the heavy tripod and adjusting the camera box.

Even in blue and white gingham she had an air of distinction and the big brown eyes were eloquent of longing. It was an attractive little face, despite its sadness, and Betty Mason showed that she shared Daunt's interest by devoting herself to the child while she waited the call to rehearse.

"They don't like the thin ones," the



matron repeated, her eye on the child. "She doesn't belong in an asylum. Mostly that kind has friends, but her mother died a long time ago and her father was an artist and didn't leave no kin. I guess she'll stay here until she gets too old, because we just can't get her fat, and they like them fat and healthy."

Daunt shuddered at the thought of the dainty, *spirituelle* child being fattened for adoption like a porker for market, but he had little time to reflect on the subject, for Denton called that the camera was ready and the children were marched over to the spot he had selected.

The first scene was simple enough, the children at play on the lawn, all save the one little girl. Mrs. Childress, as the matron, escorted Betty into the picture; the lonesome little girl caught her eye and she decided upon adoption with the same impulsiveness that she might have shown in purchasing a puppy. Later scenes showed the child creeping back to the asylum that was a better home than the palace of the wealthy faddist.

Rapidly Daunt explained the action he wanted and stepped back to watch the result. He was genuinely interested in the story, and when Evadne, now in a gingham apron that was an offense to her finery-loving little soul, detached herself from the others to mince toward the camera in what would have been a laughable imitation of Gwen Olcott, the emotional star of the Cheltenham forces, Daunt groaned.

Twice he sent her back with a plea for more naturalness and each time she became more affected in her manner.

"Don't act this, be it," urged Daunt. "Don't you see, Evadne, that you're too happy? You've got no papa or mama and you're all alone in a strange place. You're so miserable that you can't play with the others and you wonder away to be alone with your grief. Act like a lonesome little girl and don't come down stage as though you were planning to do a song and dance. Be natural."

Little Miss Childress drew herself up to her full height—which was not so

very great—and she eyed the director with cold disdain. She had heard the studio gossip, the covert sneers and half-concealed ridicule.

"Mr. Daunt," she said in her shrill tones, "I have had many more years of experience in pictures than you have, and I guess I know better than you how this part should be played."

She glanced toward her beaming mother and found fresh courage in the maternal glance. Her self-satisfied smirk made Betty Mason long to shake her. Betty liked the new director, green though he was, and she did not like the forward child who lorded it over the studio. Daunt could not see her face, but he heard Denton chuckle and he knew that his test had come.

"Of course you haven't been with us very long, and you don't know much about directing," the child continued, "but if you would leave us alone instead of being so bossy, we might teach you a few things you don't know."

Daunt did not know that she was reciting a part of a speech she had heard Ben Gassman make the day before, but Betty did and she half started forward, then paused to see what Daunt would do.

For a moment he hesitated. He must make the picture and he must make it now. If he accepted the impertinence from the child he would lose the respect of the studio, for word would be passed when they returned that Evadne had "called" the director and that he had stood for it. After that he could expect only insubordination. On the other hand, it was useless to expect the child to do as he wished her and there was no time to telephone into town for another, even if Griswold would permit him to drop Evadne from the cast. For an instant he wavered; then he caught Betty's glance of sympathy and he moved over to the camera.

"Got plenty of film, Jack?" he asked, trying to make his voice sound natural.

"Lots," came the comforting answer. "You said six hundred but I loaded three boxes. Twelve hundred feet all told. These kids waste a lot of film."

Daunt nodded and turned to the child.

"We're going to 'turn' this time," he announced, "and I want you to act the part the way I tell you and not the way you think it should be played. If you can't, you'll not be in the picture at all. I've told you exactly what I want you to do and I want to see you do it my way. Be pathetic and appealing and don't try to act like the soubrette in a melodrama."

He spoke to the child but he watched the mother, and he stood for a minute as Evadne moved back to the little group of children. Mrs. Childress, with a toss of her head, moved over to her point of entrance, but Betty paused a moment.

"It does no good to talk," she murmured. "Shake the little beast and perhaps she'll mind."

"There's a proverb about enough rope to hang with," he reminded, but his smile was grateful.

With a glance at Denton to make sure that everything was ready, he gave a nod, and as the action started, Denton began to turn the crank that operated the camera. With a defiant smile Evadne tripped down toward the camera, where her mother and Betty came upon her. Mrs. Childress shared something of her daughter's spirit of revolt and only Betty played her part. To Daunt it seemed hours before the action passed and the players moved across the lawn out of the field of the lens.

"One hundred and ten feet," announced Denton, as he glanced at the indicator. "Want to try it again, Mr. Daunt?"

"In a moment," answered Daunt, moving over to where the matron stood.

"I want to borrow that wistful little girl," he said. "We will pay well. There will be a couple of days at the studio for the inside scenes, but Miss Mason will take good care of her."

For a moment the matron hesitated and Daunt's heart sank, but she gave a nod of assent and Daunt went back to the players.

"Did I do any better?" asked Evadne defiantly.

"You might have made it a little livelier with a cartwheel and a couple of flip-flaps."

"I don't see any use trying to please you," she pouted.

"There isn't any use," conceded Daunt. "Go and sit in the car where you will be out of the way. Your mother will keep you company."

For a moment Mrs. Childress gazed defiantly into the steady brown eyes, then her glance fell and with the mental explanation that she was "calling his bluff," she moved toward the car, holding Evadne's hand.

Daunt called the child to him and rapidly explained what he wanted. She caught his ideas quickly and almost before Mrs. Childress realized what was happening, the first scene had been turned and the camera was being moved to the point for the next scene. Then she broke forth into a tirade in which threat and prophecy were equally blended and in which all manner of evil was promised the apparently unconscious Daunt.

Betty Mason was only on in the first scene, but she stayed with Daunt, helping him to manage the child and allay her nervousness. Some of the scenes called for acting ability, but Daunt was a good judge of players and he smiled as the child justified his belief in her. In half the time Evadne would have taken, the scenes were made and once more they were in the car rolling back to town.

At the studio, Evadne hurried into the building to spread her story of her wrongs, but plump Mrs. Childress waddled across the yard to the executive offices, where she knew she could find Chelton or Griswold.

"I'd like to tell your side for you," whispered Betty as they stood in the studio doorway and watched the angry woman across the lawn.

"Better keep out of it," advised Daunt. "The fight had to come and I'm glad it will soon be over with. There comes the boy for me now, I guess."

Unconsciously Betty gripped Daunt's arm as though she feared to have him go, but she dropped it a moment later as the boy passed on to the gate and Daunt followed her inside the great glass-roofed room.

The call quickly came, though, while

Betty was still in her dressing room, washing up, and Daunt was glad she was not there to see him go.

Griswold and Chelten were in solemn conclave, but Mrs. Childress had vanished. They regarded Daunt with cold displeasure as he entered and stood quietly before them. Chelten spoke first.

"I can't have any trouble makers about here, Mr. Daunt," he began. "Mrs. Childress tells me you threw her and the baby out of the picture."

"I couldn't use the child and so the mother became valueless. They were the trouble makers. The child was careless and then impertinent. I warned her, but she would not obey and her mother encouraged her insubordination."

"She explains that you had the wrong idea of the part. The kid has had a lot of experience in pictures, Daunt. She played her first part in long clothes. You've got a lot to learn and she could teach it to you, she's been around the studio so long."

"I prefer an older teacher," explained Daunt. "Mrs. Childress bragged she would have me thrown out of the studio and I suppose that she can make good, but when I have charge of a production I shall not accept the tuition of a twelve-year-old child or her doting mother."

The three men turned in surprise as Betty Mason came into the room, a miniature whirlwind, and stood panting before Chelten.

"That Childress brat has been bragging about the studio that you've sent for Mr. Daunt to dismiss him. Is that true?" she demanded.

"I have been explaining to Mr. Daunt that we cannot have a trouble breeder in the company," began Chelten blandly.

"Then throw out Mrs. Childress and Evadne," suggested Betty. "They're at the bottom of about all the trouble that starts around here. Evadne was impossible in the part and her mother just stood there and egged her on."

"We can manage our concerns without the assistance of the members of the stock company," began Chelten smoothly, but Betty interrupted.

"Then why let Mrs. Childress run

things? If you let Mr. Daunt out, I may as well get out too, for she has it in for me because I sided with him."

"But you're in that 'Clara and her Conquests' series," protested Griswold in alarm.

"And what if I am? If Mr. Daunt can't beat her, I know I can't and I'm through."

Chelten squirmed in his chair and mentally cursed Mrs. Childress. Betty was making a hit in the "Clara" series and she could not well be spared. For a moment he was at a loss. It was Daunt who saved him.

"I don't want to become an issue," he suggested, "though I am very grateful to Miss Mason for her interest. I acted, as I still believe, for the best interests of the company. If I am in the wrong I am quite ready to go. But Jack has two negatives of one of the scenes—one with Evadne and one with the little orphan. Perhaps the contrast will settle the matter. I purposely turned the scene with Evadne in for the sake of comparison."

Chelten clutched at a straw and the desk telephone.

"Give me the negative department," he ordered, and when connection had been made, he instructed the foreman to have prints of the negatives ready in the morning.

"Come around about ten," he suggested as he hung the receiver on its hook. "We'll have the stuff then and let it speak for itself."

The speech suggested dismissal and Daunt and Betty retreated. In the hall Daunt turned.

"I'm sorry I've gotten you into trouble," he said gently, "but I am very much obliged for your championship."

"It's just that I love a scrap—and hate that small child," she explained in pretty confusion as she turned to hide her crimsoning face from his level glance. Daunt raised his hat and hurried down the hall. If he replied, he must tell what was in his heart, and the hall was no place for that.

He went out the side door to the street and they did not see him again until he came into the projection room the next morning, where Chelten and

Griswold were watching other bits. Mrs. Childress had returned to the attack as soon as Daunt had gone and Chelten and Griswold were barely civil in their greeting.

Betty, uninvited, slipped into the room behind the boy from the printing room with the positives, and dropped into a seat beside the projection machine.

The lights went out as the arc spluttered and Griswold grimly turned out the shaded light over the director's table as a sign that this was a special run. Nothing was said as the short length was run, but when the end of the print snapped through the machine, Chelten looked at Griswold in the light reflected from the screen.

"Looks pretty good," he said coldly. "I suppose she might have been a little more quiet, but a kid like that's a favorite and whatever she does goes."

"That has been the trouble," suggested Daunt quietly; then he settled back, for the second version of the scene was on the screen.

Griswold shifted his position slightly as the wistful-eyed little girl came slowly toward the spectator. He knew the story and could feel the appeal of this isolated scene. There was something winning about the child. She looked the part and she made her points without an effort because she was simply playing herself. Chelten leaned forward slightly and cleared his

throat, but he did not speak until the scene was gone.

"I thought you said you were using one of the children in the home," he commented dryly. Betty noiselessly clapped her hands.

"I did," was Daunt's simple explanation. No more was said. Billy worked quickly in response to Betty's whispered "Hurry!" and the room was quiet until the last of the four bits had been run. Then Griswold turned to the operator.

"Billy," he ordered, and his voice was husky, "keep that stuff down here. I'm going to send Mrs. Childress and Evadne over here for a lesson in acting."

"And Mr. Daunt?" Betty asked.

Griswold smiled at the new director. "I guess Daunt's intelligent enough to know that we don't need more than a ton of rock to fall on us," he said.

"We win," cried Betty in delight as the door swung to. "I'm going to adopt that kiddie."

"I was thinking of that myself, if I could find anyone to care for her."

"I'd love to have her," Betty pleaded.

"Would a half do, loyal little girl?" pleaded Daunt.

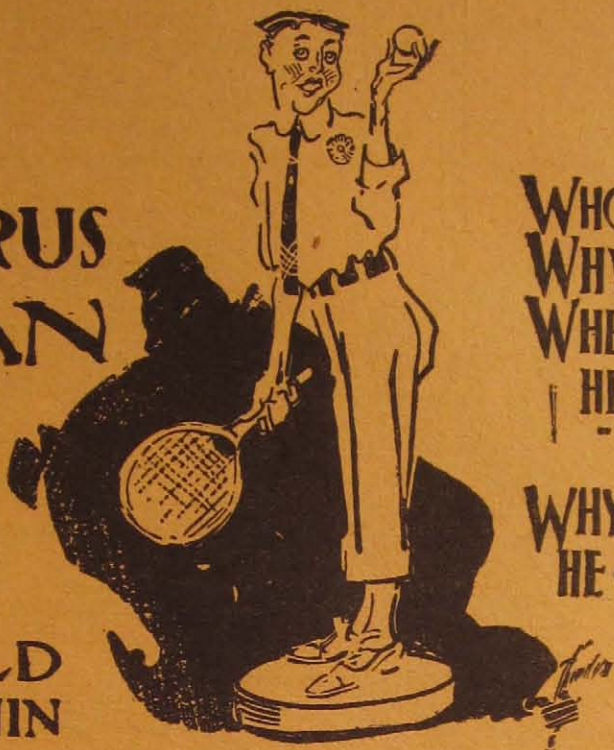
For a moment Betty searched his face and read his story there.

"You needn't mind Billy; he's a particular friend of mine," she explained as she put up her lips for the betrothal kiss.



# THE CHORUS MAN

by  
HAROLD  
BENJAMIN



WHO IS HE  
WHY IS HE  
WHERE DOES  
HE COME  
FROM  
WHY DOES  
HE COME

THE CHORUS MAN is the Eternal Mystery of Theatrical Life.

Ask the men who have worked around the theatres all their lives specific questions about the Chorus Man and the majority of them will be unable to give any satisfactory answers. Those who do give answers will often contradict themselves and each other.

The fact is that the Chorus Man belongs to no special species of the human race, except his own. He is a development and a composite. He is an enigma. He may truly sing, "We're here because we're here because we're here!"

The Chorus Man is not only enigmatic but prevalent. The scarcity of chorus women, no matter how many thousands of "girls" of all ages, shapes, and sizes are registered at the offices in New York, is a perennial story which blossoms out every autumn, when the big companies are being organized for the season. This story, moreover, has an element of truth, as the managers are genuinely anxious to get the best looking and cleverest girls. There are

plenty of chorus women but by no means enough of the right kind.

But did anybody ever read a story complaining of the scarcity of Chorus Men?

Wherever the Chorus Man comes from, he is obviously part of an unlimited supply. Of course most productions have two or three chorus "girls" for every Chorus Man, but nevertheless his name is legion and when wanted no advertising is necessary. The least undercurrent of gossip in the theatrical world suffices to bring him, well dressed and smiling, to the stage door of the theatre where rehearsals are to be conducted.

## On the Stage and Off

THERE is no need to waste time describing the Chorus Man on the stage, as he is seen by thousands and thousands of musical comedy play-goers every season. Put on the regulation make-up, and the only thing that seems to differ about him is his costume.



Whether he happens to be one of a group of young millionaires, clad in flannels and dancing strange un-millionaire-like dances with a "bevy of genuine American beauties" on the pier at Newport, whether he is posing as one of a picturesque gang of Cuban conspirators, or whether he finds himself down as one of the participants in a court ball of some mythical kingdom, he is really all the same. He may be down on the program among the "bull fighters," "young noblemen," "American tourists" and half a dozen other things, but the alterations are no deeper than the clothes he wears. The Chorus Man must *not* be a distinct individuality.

On the program of a big musical production, after the list of principals, one finds first the "show girls," then the "mediums" and then the "dancers," "broilers," or whatever the manager chooses to call the more energetic but least imposing section of his feminine ensemble. Last of all come the Chorus Men.

This is as it should be, from a practical point of view. The Chorus Man is merely an adjunct to the entertainment. He is necessary because male voices are required and because the Chorus Girl must have something to dance with and cling to. He is there merely to help display *her* charms.

### The Uniform Type

SPEAKING in general terms, the Chorus Man is of a singularly uniform type off the stage as well as on it. The sylph-like blonde who embraces him on the stage and in whose arms she is cradled for a romantic song, may pass him by on the street with a haughty stare of superior disdain. But just as surely as you can spot the Chorus Girl descending from her taxicab, you can identify the Chorus Man as he stands on the nearest Broadway corner and smokes the cigaret that never fails.

Chorus girls earn varying wages. Mere show girls, who are known to "draw money to the box office" have been paid as much as \$30 or \$35 a week in a big summer entertainment. Of course this price is far above the average, but is quoted for contrast. The Chorus Man has no such individual value. His price is uniform. It is almost invariably \$18 per week, and when a production is having a long New York run, he sometimes gets two or three dollars less, on the theory that it costs him less to live when he can board by the week and has no traveling expense.

Eighteen dollars a week for a full-grown young man, with some voice, with average "good looks," with a "pleasing personality!" That's all he is worth and all he gets!

How, then, does he manage to dress so well, look so well-fed and have many outward evidences of prosperity?

The fact is, that though the Chorus Man is famous for his ability to make small economies, a great many of the "boys" are not entirely dependent on what they earn in the theatre. This does not mean that most of them have any other occupation, for such is not the case. But there is often a mother or a sister at home who does not forget them and many a Chorus Man has some "allowance" or some friend from whom he "borrows" with no sincere expectation of ever "paying up."

### Better than the Chorus Girl

AS A matter of record, there is no question but what the Chorus Men, generally speaking, come from a better class of homes than the chorus women. Though college graduates in the chorus are rare, they are by no means unknown. Most of the Chorus Men have some fair education, some breeding. A pretty girl may be of the very humblest tenement origin and yet good material for the stage manager. But the male animal of the same grade is less adaptable. He may become a millionaire in business, yet he will still bear the traces of his birth and the labor of his early life. Millionaire he may become, but Chorus Man scarcely ever!

There are college men in the chorus and men whose education has never extended beyond the grammar school, but by far the great majority are from the lower middle class. In other walks of life these same men would have become clerks or salesmen. They are not of the stuff that enters mechanical pursuits or the professions.

There are Chorus Men from all over the world—men born in New York, San Francisco, London, and all the large cities. The foreign Chorus Man, though he may occasionally be found, is far less common than the French chorus girl. But the greater part of the Chorus Men come from the small cities or the more prosperous industrial towns. In the environment of those places the stage has a glamour which is mingled with the glamour of a roving life and the Big City which is as yet unknown. It is the small-city boy at the "gents' fur-



nishing" counter of the local department store, who reads some New York theatrical paper of the professional type and dreams of the day when he shall be "before the footlights." More than likely he is the star of the "Apollo Dramatic Association"—the name is of no significance—and the editor of the local paper speaks of him as "our talented young fellow townsman, whose histrionic ability might well put to shame the efforts of many of the most distinguished metropolitan stars who are to be seen at our palatial Opera House."

### The Lad with the Lovely Voice

MORE than likely, this same small-city boy sings in the church choir and everyone tells him that his voice is "simply lovely." The only trouble is, that if he is the kind of boy who eventually finds his way into a Broadway musical comedy chorus, he is more than willing to believe all that is told him.



He comes to New York and he expects great things. He finds that there is no place for the beginner and he has not the means to study and wait. So he joins the chorus.

It is true that a large percentage of the Chorus Men seem as utterly devoid of any real ambition as the majority of chorus girls. This is not because the ambition did not exist in the beginning, in

most cases, but because it has evaporated with the realization of what conditions actually are and with the general laxity of the rather indolent life he leads.

The type of Chorus Man just described is of the better sort. Of course there is another type, more commonly from the larger cities. These are the black sheep who have a natural aversion to any kind of concentrated labor, but who have the good looks and half-talents of many such ne'er-do-weels. They drift into the chorus because they have had trouble with their patient families, because their money is exhausted, and because they think it will be a "lark." They are just naturally born loafers with the "show-off instinct." This man is the one who brings discredit on the Chorus Man in general, even though he is by no means as large a proportion as the outside public has been led to imagine.

#### How the Chorus Man Spends His Time

THE difficulty which confronts the Chorus Man, if he really wants to earn anything substantial in addition to his weekly stipend of \$18, is that he is not generally long enough in one city to make any regular connection. The number of productions that have runs of six months or more, even in New York city, seldom exceeds half a dozen during a season. In any other city six weeks or two months is ordinarily the maximum, and the exceptions only go to prove the rule. Moreover, the chance of obtaining regular employment is lessened by the fact that there are two matinees a week and that rehearsals may be called at any hour of the day or night.

The honest chorus girl, who really wants to work, can sometimes make money by posing for artists or photographers or by being a model at a fashionable dress-making establishment, for such labor is not necessarily confined to strict hours. But such avenues are not open to the Chorus Man.

I personally remember one determined Chorus Man who came from a



small city in Vermont. He stubbornly refused to go on tour, but as he had some voice and was a big, fine appearing fellow, he often was able to find chorus work in New York. In addition to being a Chorus Man he was a book agent, he addressed envelopes, he canvassed for all sorts of things and he never seemed to have an idle moment. I have never seen another like him. It is almost needless to say that he was too good a business man to stay in the chorus when he once made up his mind that he was not destined to become a great actor. He is now prosperously engaged in the Life Insurance business.

This man was a seven days' wonder from Vermont. He would have made a practical success of selling papers or carpet-tacks or kitchen ranges or anything else on earth. He was born that way and just got into the chorus by mistake.

The manner in which the three or four or five more energetic and less supercilious chorus men to be met with in any large company make a little extra money is either by being "dresser" for the star or one of the other male principals or by helping load the scenery when the company is on tour. I have known Chorus Men who did both of these things and were comparatively comfortable. It is a fortunate thing for the Chorus Man that as soon as a principal gets to earning about \$75 per week he discovers a sudden inability to brush and put on his own clothes!

### How He Spends His Money

I HAVE already cited the mystery of how the Chorus Man manages to appear so well-dressed and prosperous on the \$18 per week he earns and the indefinite additional sum which he borrows, gets from his family at home, or, being of the industrious class, earns in some way about the theatre. In this connection, it is to be remembered that, from his training on the stage, the Chorus Man will take better care of a suit of clothes than almost any other being alive and will do more to make a \$12 ready-made look like a \$45 tailor-made than one can readily imagine. It



may also be mentioned that as he does little or no work outside the theatre, his apparel, which is part of his stock in trade, has little wear.

When playing a long engagement in any city, the Chorus Man is generally to be found from four o'clock in the morning until noon or one o'clock in the afternoon in the hall bed-room of a theatrical boarding house. Often a couple of them live together and get better accommodations. In the afternoon he is wasting time (except on matinee days) in whatever way he can waste it most agreeably, often on the main theatrical street of the city where he is playing. This is after he has had his breakfast, which has also served him for lunch, and which is frequently

taken on the sly at a "dairy lunch" or some **equally** frugal establishment. About six o'clock he gets his real meal of the day, "sponging" it if he can and going to a table d'hôte if he can't. Then comes the evening performance and, after the performance, his "supper," which is apt to be mainly liquid refreshment at one of the cheaper side-street "bohemian" restaurants too common to require description. It is here that he gets together with others of his kind, and those people who think they have heard scandal and have never been a member of such an after-the-theatre party may be assured that they have yet to learn the rudiments of genial slander. It is in these places that the Chorus Man undertakes to be a theatrical person and spends his money.

#### Theatrical Life at \$18 a Week

HERE, again, no rules fit all cases. I have known Chorus Men who were honestly married to Chorus Girls and brought up families! The "dresser" of one well-known comedian is a Chorus Man himself and has a wife who is a Chorus Girl. Neither of them are ever apt to rise above their present level, but they have two children and seem to be fairly contented. When the children can be used in a company, they are taken along with the parents.

It is by no means an impossible thing for a single man to live, with a place to sleep and enough to eat and warm clothes to wear, on even \$18 per week. I know it from experience. But then I was not a Chorus Man and did not have to spend money late at night.

#### What Becomes of the Chorus Man

TWENTY years ago—even fifteen years ago—the Chorus Man often grew old in the chorus. He was more of a fixture, like the Grand Opera Chorus Man or Chorus Woman of to-day. He got into the business because he had some voice and he stayed because he had become something of an artist in his own small way. The Chorus Man fifty years of age was not a phenomenon.

To-day, thirty-five years seems to be about the maximum age limit. The cry is for youth and youthful appearance and youthful activity. What, then, becomes of the Chorus Man?

The best and most comprehensive answer to this question came from an old company manager who has grown gray in the business and has spent much of his working life in charge of musical organizations.

"They go back to where they came from," he said.

I doubt if any Chorus Man to-day spends more than five, or at the most, ten years in the chorus. If he is ever to rise above the chorus, he has done that before the first five years are over; and then he is started on a career which may amount to very little or may even end in having his name in big letters on the bill-boards and in electric lights on the signs of fashionable playhouses. Genius, like murder, will out.

Perhaps one Chorus Man out of four finally graduates from the chorus and does sufficiently well to remain permanently on the stage. Of the same four, perhaps one, on the average, will end up as a complete wreck and derelict, drifting down into the underworld to die, or hanging around theatres until he finally can no longer stay in the chorus and falls hopelessly into the ranks of the "extra people." The other two out of the same four constituted the mystery which I did not understand until the old manager said, "They go back to where they came from."

#### When He Goes Back Home

BY THIS the manager did not mean that the man who dropped out of the chorus and out of theatrical life altogether all returned to their home towns, though many of them do. He meant rather, that they go back into more or less the same walk of life which they left to go on the stage.

Ex-Chorus-Men, who may admit guardedly that they were "once on the stage for a while" without specifying in what capacity, are to be found, many of them fairly prosperous, in a wide range of occupations right in New York

City. They obtain work in hotels, restaurants, dry-goods stores, brokers' offices, automobile concerns, tailors' shops, fashionable dress-making establishments, cosmetic and hair concerns, and in innumerable other fields. Their chorus experience is a real asset, for, if they are at all intelligent, it will have taught them something of deportment, bearing, adaptability, and neatness that they would not otherwise have acquired.

The same boy who left the local department store and the Apollo Dramatic Association in the small city, often goes back again and appears in the light of a far superior creature. He has the metropolitan atmosphere and clings to it for dear life. He is the delight of the girls in the dramatic society, which he rejoins in a condescending manner and where he exercises all the prerogatives of star and stage director. He explains that the stage turned out to be unworthy of uplifting, that he could not endure the roving and unsettled life, that his family could not spare him, and that he discovered it was impossible for anybody to get ahead without some sort of "pull." Some of these boys marry women who would have been completely out of their sphere if they had never seen something of the world.

### Climbing Out of the Chorus

THOUGH the system of selection may be crude and sometimes prejudiced, it is nevertheless true that the Chorus Men who rise to the distinction of obtaining "parts" are those best suited for professional advancement. The first step is that of "understudy" to one of the principals. Even if the principal is disgustingly healthy, the "understudy" always gets a chance to do the rôle at some rehearsals and comes under the direct instruction of the company stage manager, not as one of a crowd but as an individual who must be ready in case of emergency. Even if the "understudy" never has a chance to appear in New York, patience and industry will eventually bring opportunity in the chance to do a "bit" with some company on tour. This, in turn, leads to a small part with some

secondary company in the smaller cities, and then, if the man has ambition and some real ability, he is started on the road to success, especially if it develops that he has a voice.

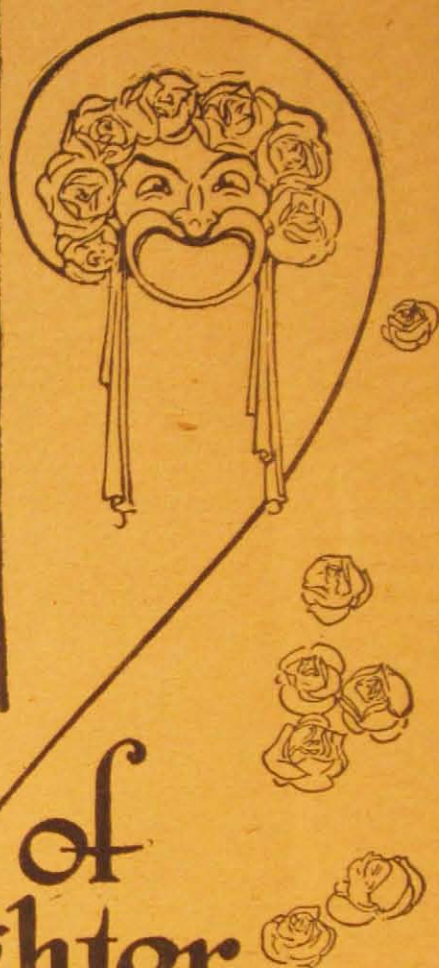
### The Chance of Success

THEATRICAL success is strangely uncertain. I know to-day one Chorus Man who graduated from a leading American university some five years ago. He was the idol of the students, owing to what seemed to be his startling ability as a dancer, which won him the post of "leading lady" for the fraternity performances. Somehow, he has failed to arrive. He has been a "picked dancer" in the chorus and an "understudy"—but nothing more. He is a perfectly decent chap of good family, too proud to admit defeat. On the other hand, a young fellow who was a chorus man not six months ago is to-day an important principal in one big musical company on tour. He has taken the place of the very principal whom the first Chorus Man understudied a year ago, and failed to succeed.

Of another class, is the son of a well-to-do New York manufacturer. Two years ago he entered the chorus. He had fair education, a fine appearance and some voice. He got a "bit" and became assistant stage manager of a good company, only to prove himself so untrustworthy that he had to be put back in the ranks. The sooner his father gets this boy into some office, the better.

Theatrical people are not unkindly or ungenerous. I know of another Chorus Man, who came from the lowest class, from which I have said Chorus Men are seldom drafted. He had voice, and the principals of the company furnished the money for him to have a necessary operation of the nose and throat. He has a long, hard road still before him, for he is awkward and not good to look upon, but the miracle of his success is some day sure to happen.

To give the Chorus Man his due, he is not nearly so bad as he is painted. Many of them are very decent young chaps indeed, who will eventually go to work and become respected citizens.



# The Luxury of Laughter

by GEORGE W. MONROE

**B**LESSED, indeed, and lucky beyond compare, is the comedian who has the innate ability to get laughs and make people forget their troubles. The woods are full of comedians, some grave, some gay, some melancholy. Comedians are men of method.

One gets his laughs because he is six feet tall and has the face of an

undertaker; one wins approval because he has a voice with an absurd tremolo; another is successful because his figure is plump and his face round; still another because he is funny, not because of the lines he has to speak and the situations he has to enact, but rather in spite of those aids.

The true comedian, to the writer's

mind, is the man who can read a line intended to be serious, in such a way that it becomes funny. Anyone with intelligence can read a genuinely funny line and extract a laugh; but not everyone, and this includes many pseudo comedy men, can be funny when they do not have the lines and situations that bring laughter of themselves.

William Collier undoubtedly is one of the most clever and finished of comedians. He is a shining example of a comedian with a method. He has a face that is positively somber. He rarely smiles. He is alert mentally, and has a dry, matter-of-fact delivery that is irresistibly funny.

Of another type is Eddie Foy. Foy is droll in the extreme. He has a funny, expressive face, and is a master in the art of grotesque make-up.

These two men represent two schools of modern stage comedy. They are both eminently successful and yet as different in their styles as can be imagined.

Some comedians depend upon character types for their forte. Undoubtedly the leading exponent of character comedy work, in its lighter vein, is Lew Fields. Mr. Fields is a close student of comedy. He weighs the possibilities of a line or a scene down to the finest possible point. He gets the utmost out of every syllable he utters on the stage.

Of the same general school is Sam Bernard, a German dialectician, who gives to his every impersonation a study and understanding that is reflected in the character as he plays it.

These men we have mentioned are only a drop in the bucket of comedy. One might mention such men as Raymond Hitchcock, Frank Lawlor, G. P. Huntley, Jess Dandy, Frank Moulán, James T. Powers, Richard Carle, Tom Lewis, Frank McIntyre, and a score or more of other leading lights in the comedy firmament. I have at-



tempted to mention only a few, who occur to me. Each of these men has a different method. All of them have developed a line of laughter production that stamps them not only as genial entertainers, but as men with intelligence, who have developed their innate comedy ability to a high degree of perfection and finish.

The writer has been in the business of furnishing antidotes for attacks of seriousness for over twenty-five years. Nature has gifted me with a personality that insists upon laughing. My serious and depressed moods have been few and far between.

During a quarter of a century a comedian learns a great deal. If he is observant he soon places his mental finger on the sort of comedy the public likes best. He discovers, for instance, that the salacious or indecent dialogue or scene does not appeal to any great number of people. Clean fun, presented intelligently, is what establishes a comedian in a status and enables him to build up a clientele or following. Low, or character, comedy of a broad type is the sort of work I have personally found to be best suited to my abilities.

A good many years ago I was appearing in what was then known as the Varieties. I had a partner by the name of McCarthy. We were presenting an Irish act, "Grogan's Chinese Laundry," a rough sketch, with more or less slapstick in it.

The late George Knight, a famous comedian of the German school, was



producing a piece entitled "Over The Garden Wall." In the piece there was the part of an Irish woman, called Bridget. Mr. Knight happened in at the theatre where my partner and I were appearing. In our sketch I played two parts, one of a man, the other of an Irish woman, with broad accent and robust physique. Mr. Knight met me after the performance and asked me who was the third person in the act. I said there were only two people, but he remarked that he was referring to the woman. I told him I was playing the woman.

Mr. Knight offered me the part of the Irish servant in his play. I accepted, as it meant a decided step in advance for me in a professional way. The playing of this Bridget part is how I came to originate my character of Aunt Bridget, which has since become more or less well known to theatre-goers.

Aunt Bridget was a hit. The broad humor of the part, the wholesome, clean, if sometimes rough, manners of the Celtic dame, appealed to audiences. My part was made bigger and bigger, until it became of almost equal importance to that of the star. I remained with Mr. Knight for several seasons. Meantime I became acquainted with a young fellow in the company, John C. Rice, whom you probably recognize as one of the most popular of present-day vaudeville artists. Rice and I decided that we would have a play written for ourselves, utilizing and elaborating the

same character of Aunt Bridget which had been so successful.

The play was written and it was called "Our Aunt Bridget." It was a success. Then followed a series of "Aunt Bridget" pieces. Two of them were "Aunt Bridget's Baby" and "Our Happy Little Home." These plays lasted for a good many seasons and firmly established me as a delineator of broadly burlesqued feminine types.

It would seem that I might rightfully claim to have been one of the first successful female impersonators, but, unlike the present-day performers in that line, there never was any mystery as to whether or not I was man or woman. My voice is not what you would call soprano. It is pitched in low baritone. But the fact that I played my parts in a spirit of broad farce seemingly made them all successful.

After the series of "Bridget" comedies, I appeared in another Irish farce, with a woman as the central character. This piece was "Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, Wash Lady." Then came "The Widow Dooley's Dream," another broad farce with the familiar Irish woman, with engaging smile and generous figure.

After Widow Dooley, I took a flying tour in vaudeville, playing the Aunt Bridget character in a monologue. Then I went back again to Aunt Bridget as a revival. After a season or so, in which I flitted in and out of vaudeville, I finally appeared for Klaw & Erlanger as a headliner in advanced vaudeville at the New York Theatre. I played about thirty weeks for K. & E. and then went with a piece called "The Top o' th' World." This was a very successful production and continued as a popular attraction for a number of seasons. After this venture, I was engaged for a principal part in "The Mimic World."

It was at this time that I became identified for the first time with Lew Fields, with whom I have remained ever since. After "The Mimic World," I was engaged by Mr. Fields to play one of the principal parts in "The Jolly Bachelors," one of those tremendously big musical mélanges. I remained with this piece for two years, and this season I became the possessor of another big part in Mr. Fields' present successful production, "The Never Homes."

But, in every production with which I have been associated, whether under my own or some one else's management, I have always appeared as a woman—and a nice, large, fat, good natured woman, in the bargain.

Therefore, in more senses than one, I may truthfully say that I have played nothing but fat parts. In the parlance of the theatre, a fat part is usually understood to be a good part, one that enables the actor to show his ability off to the best possible advantage. Such fat parts as come under this head are eagerly sought after by actors in general.

The other variety of fat parts are those having to do with *avoir du poids*. It is all a matter of heft and brawn with me. Nature has cast me in a mould, which if not exactly heroic, is at least solid and substantial. My parts have never worried me. It never has been necessary for me to fly to the pad and the pillow to supply any physical deficiency when offered a fat rôle.

A young man hailed me as I was leaving the theatre, after a *matinée*, a few weeks back.

"Mr. Monroe, I want to thank you for curing me," said he.

"Curing you, young man? What are you talking about?"

"Well, I went in to see your show, feeling away down in the dumps and blue as a bottle of ink. I've been out of a job for so long that I was beginning to think there was nothing left



for me but a dive off some dock. But you gave me the best laugh I've had in ten years. Why, you looked just like our old cook, and I clean forgot my troubles, watching you. I'm cured."

And with that he left me, wondering whether I had cured him because I looked like their cook or because I had made him laugh.

Talking about playing to appreciative audiences calls to my mind an occasion, when I was appearing in "Our Aunt Bridget." We were touring in the middle west, and Christmas week, usually a very unsatisfactory and home-sick one for the actor, I was asked if I would be Santa Claus for an Orphan Asylum. It was in Columbus, I readily agreed. I decided, however, I would give the kiddies a new kind of Santa Claus.

So, when the time arrived for me to appear in the dining-room of the Asylum, where about three hundred poor youngsters were gathered for their Christmas dinner, I introduced myself as Mrs. Santa Claus, using the same make-up as I had used in my piece.

At first the children were somewhat dubious. They had never been informed that Old Man Christmas had a wife. But I told them stories, distributed presents, sang to them, danced a little, and finally brought in several of the smaller members of my company, dressed as Santa Claus's children. Never have I seen such delighted youngsters. Here was a novel-

ty for them. The rich children, and those other kiddies who spent their Christmas with their fathers and mothers, had only Mr. Santa himself to help them out, while these children had his wife, who had never before appeared before any little children. It was the most appreciative audience I have ever faced. How those kids did laugh and applaud and press forward to shake Mrs. Santa's hand. I think that was the fattest part I have ever played.

I would rather be known as the man who makes people laugh than anything else. When you walk out on the stage, if you are a comedian, your audience expects to laugh. Give them half a chance and they will laugh as heartily as any comedian could wish. The same audience will sit interested enough in watching what the other people in the company do. They will appreciate the beauty of a singer's voice, the loveliness of some comely woman, the dexterity of some agile dancer, or the acting ability of some

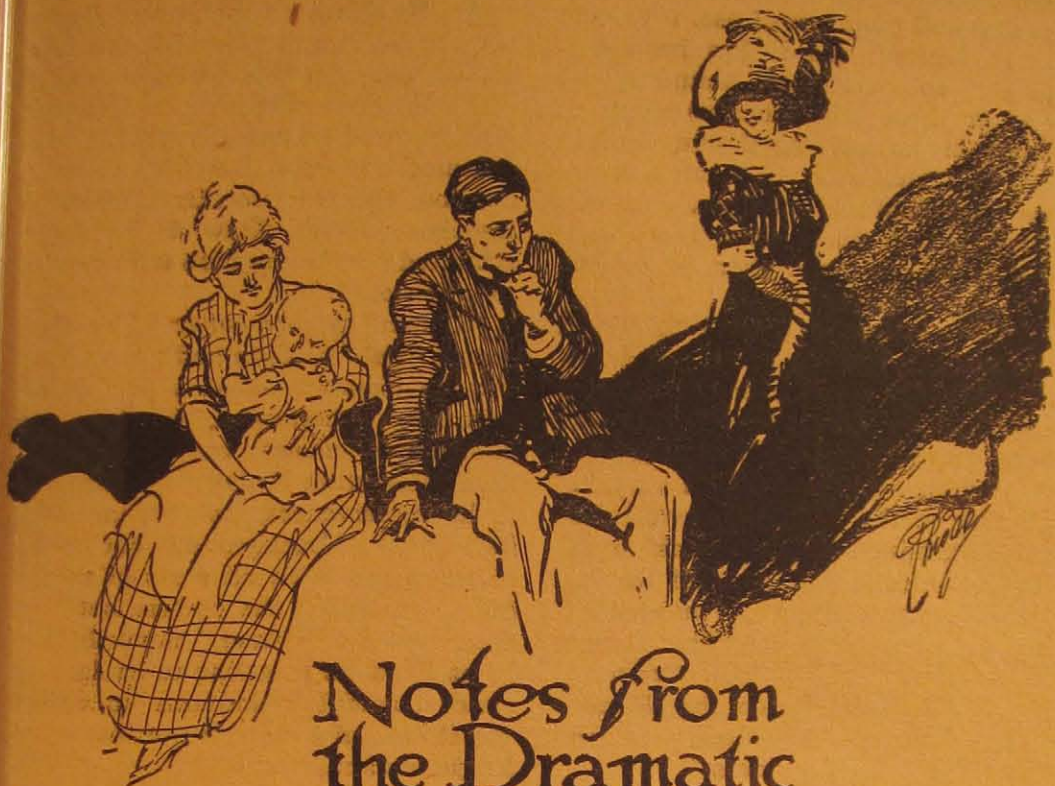
talented actor. And they will enjoy and applaud all of these. But the comedian has the best of all of them. They will laugh with him, and they will forget their own troubles and join in with the funny man in finding out that life holds something else besides work and worry.

Comedians do not grow old. They may add a year to their age every twelve-month; their hair may thin out or become gray, and deep lines may appear about their eyes and around their mouths; even their knees may become shaky, but their hearts are always young, because they have led luxurious lives. They have made people laugh and added something to the sum total of human happiness. They are the luckiest men in the world—and they know it.

*George B. Morroe*







## Notes from the Dramatic Triangle by Channing Pollock

THIS month Mr. Pollock discusses "Kismet," "The Talker," "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "The Return from Jerusalem," "Just to Get Married," "The Bird of Paradise," "Over the River," and a number of other plays.

LAST month the theatrical mountain labored, as usual, bringing forth one lion and several mice.

The mice were of various sizes; some of them almost succeeded in looking like lions. There was Maurice Donnay's "The Return from Jerusalem," adapted from the French for Madame Simone, which roared so hard one was almost convinced, and there were Marion Fairfax's interest-

ing comedy, "The Talker," and a pretty good parlor melodrama, entitled "A Butterfly on the Wheel." In the last zoölogical analysis, however, there was only one lion, and his name was "Kismet."

A curious thing about the mice was their recourse to that almost obsolete instrument, the dramatic triangle. ("Very curious!" I can hear you say, but I'm obliged to choose

between mixing metaphors and putting my rodents into vaudeville.) One fancied that the triangle had pretty well gone out of use. Its range is so limited, and it has been employed so constantly, sounding its two or three inharmonious notes in farce, in comedy, in drama, and in tragedy. Husband, wife, and lover; wife, husband and mistress, until one grew certain there were more soul mates on the stage than in all the rest of the whole world.

This winter the theatre has been more than ordinarily prolific of dramatized family rows; every kind, color and shape of domestic difficulty has been dragged to and fro behind the footlights. And now, in the very beginning of the new year, two-thirds of our productions hark back to the familiar music, and we find the old three-cornered situation masquerading as a problem in "The Return from Jerusalem," "The Grain of Dust," "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "The Talker," "The Stranger," and "The Right to Happiness."

#### "KISMET"

THE exception to the rule has been the one big success of the month, Edward Knoblauch's Oriental drama, "Kismet," in which Otis Skinner is appearing at the Knickerbocker.

Mr. Knoblauch is a young Bostonian, graduated from Harvard, who has entered the local field of things theatrical by way of London. Six years ago Lena Ashwell, who had produced the piece abroad, brought to America Mr. Knoblauch's first play, "The Shulamite," which, in spite of rather unusual power, failed utterly at the Lyric. The New Theatre presented his second work, "The Cottage in the Air," a milk-and-water mixture that came to nothing, and then William Faversham acted at

Daly's in another disappointing effort from his pen, entitled "The Faun."

Mr. Knoblauch's stock was beginning to fall when Oscar Asche, best known here for his brilliant acting with Virginia Harned in Pinero's "Iris," scored an unequivocal hit with "Kismet" at the Garrick Theatre, London, and Harrison Grey Fiske, in association with Klaw & Erlanger, exhibited the drama here with results already noted.

"Kismet" proves what "The Garden of Allah" already had gone a long way to disprove—that a production primarily spectacular, divided into numberless scenes, may claim and hold interest as a play. Hippodromic in its massiveness, its gorgeousness, its variety of background; cut up into ten parts, with all sorts of things going on before the curtain between those parts, "Kismet," nevertheless, grips from its first line to its last—a vivid, colorful melodrama in which the thread of events is not lost for a single instant.

Nor is this sway due wholly to the physical quality of the drama, to the plenitude of what my friend, Hassan Ben Ali, calls "polite slaying." One preserves the keenest possible interest in the characters and the philosophy of the story, even while one's senses are ravished by the opulence and splendor of its environment.

The program describes "Kismet" as an "Arabian Night." It is just that; witnessing the performance is like reading the volume of "Arabian Nights," illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. "Kismet" is Oriental, not only in its trappings, but in its spirit; in its fatalism, its unbridled exercise of primitive passion, its reliance upon coincidence, and its great wealth of incident. Many of the phrases used in the dialogue actually are from Sir Richard Burton. The perfect union of drama and spectacle recalls the only

two other productions known to me in which gaud has been an auxiliary of narrative force—"If I were King" and "The Darling of the Gods."

The action of "Kismet" is supposed to take place in twenty-four hours, during which the play's hero, Hajj, the beggar, murders two gentlemen and makes the round trip from mendicancy to magnificence. It was the editor's busy day, in fact—that day which began with dawn before the Mosque of the Carpenters, in old Baghdad, and Hajj on the steps crying out for "Alms, in the name of Allah! In the name of Allah, alms!" Hajj's ancient enemy, Jawan, who stole his wife and murdered his child, comes to the Mosque, a Sheik, bestowing bounty and searching for his own son, who was taken from him by the last Caliph.

Hajj, ignorant of the man's identity, blesses his foe, and receives a bag of gold, thrown at his feet with shrieks of jeering laughter. He dedicates the gold to revenge, and, bequeathing his ancestral throne, the stone by the steps of the mosque, to another beggar, Kasim, he goes forth to square accounts with the despoiler.

The second scene, showing the bazaar at Baghdad, is a wonderful picture—a graphic, moving, colorful grouping, quite worthy of a Belasco or a Beerbohm Tree, which continues to unfold as a picture, without a line of dialogue, for five minutes after the curtain lifts. Here we meet the Caliph Abdallah, commander of the faithful, and the Wazir Mansur, favorite of the old Caliph, who is followed by the striking ebon figure of his sworder, Kafur.

Here, too, Hajj, unable to free himself so quickly of habit, though plentifully supplied with money, steals gorgeous raiment and, with it, makes off to his well beloved daughter, Marsinah, where he is arrested and dragged before Mansur.

The Wazir, no longer a favorite at court, has been commanded to appear before Abdallah and render an accounting of public funds that he has squandered. In despair he has listened to the suggestion of the sinister sworder that he arrange the assassination of the Caliph. There is no one to commit the crime. "Fear not!" says Kafur. "Fate hath written the deed in the lines of some man's forehead, and when the hour comes he will be at hand."

The hour has come, and the city guards bring in Hajj. The scimitar lifted to cut off his right hand, forfeit to justice, Hajj is reprieved to murder Abdallah. To this murder he consents, promised that his daughter shall become the wife of Mansur, and ignorant of the fact that the Caliph, climbing the wall into her courtyard, already has won the heart of Marsinah.

So we proceed to the Diwan, or audience hall, of Abdallah, before whom the guards bring Jawan, accused of ancient crimes. The Shiek's beneficences speak for him, however, and he is sent to prison only until the account of his charities can be investigated. Hajj, posing as a juggler, attempts the life of the Caliph, fails, betrays the instigator of the deed, and is thrust into the very cell occupied by his foe.

There he breaks his chains, strangles Jawan, exchanges apparel with him, and, leaving the dead body lying in his place, is freed by the edict of the Caliph, liberating the absolved Sheik. Returning home, he learns that Mansur has sent for Marsinah, to wreak his vengeance upon her; gains access to the harem of the Wazir, stabs him in the back and holds his head beneath the waters of a bathing pool, while the bubbles breaking on the surface indicate the last gasps of the dying villain.

Abdallah arrives an instant after

the murder, and, learning that Hajj is the father of the woman he loves, sentences him to nothing worse than exile from Baghdad. The play ends, as it began, before the Mosque of the carpenters, where Marsinah, arrayed in the finery put on her by order of Mansur, when he designed her to be his bride of a night, is carried past in the wedding procession of the Caliph. Hajj, who, on the morrow, is to begin a pilgrimage to Mecca, demands his stone of Kasim.

"Thou didst give it to me at dawn," protests the beggar. "And at night I take it away," replies Hajj. "That is Fate." Kasim drags himself off, while Hajj, strutting majestically to the throne from which he has been absent but a day, proclaims: "To the Caliph I may be dirt, but to dirt I am the Caliph." In an instant he is sleeping peacefully, and, while his snores rend the silence of the tropic night, the curtain slowly falls.

This story, which, picturesque and swiftly moving as it is, might be more or less commonplace in any other setting, appeals powerfully to the imagination in the opulent environment of the medieval Orient. The play is never dull—not even between acts, when there is jugglery and dancing before the curtain and when a man and woman render a song cycle that, in a way, symbolizes the meaning of the drama. Truth to tell, these two lovers are not overly melodious; The Lady Who Goes to the Theatre With Me prayed they might be married without delay, so that there might be no more chanting. Indeed, all the incidental music lacks distinction; one wishes it might have been composed by William Furst, whose accompaniment was so striking an advantage to "The Darling of the Gods."

Mr. Skinner is essentially a romantic actor—in fact, he is almost the last of the romantic actors. Put him

in trousers and his art suffers a total eclipse. As Hajj, the most picturesque figure he has been called upon to realize since his production of "The Harvester," he is at his best, giving the full value of his sonorous voice and of his skillful reading.

Mr. Asche may have done more with Hajj's moments of ferocity, but the insincerity and the suavity of the beggar are peerlessly shown by Mr. Skinner. After the star, the most vividly impressive person in "Kismet" is George Relph, who came from England to play the Sworder. No one who sees the piece will forget Kafur; his appearance is so eloquent that one regrets his having lines to speak.

Fred Eric, as the Caliph, and Hamilton Revelle, as the Wazir, are the weakest spots in an excellent company, special praise being due Sheridan Block for his Jawan, Rita Jolivet for her Marsinah, and Georgia Woodthorpe for her performance of a nurse.

"Kismet" is the biggest two dollars' worth in New York.

### "THE TALKER"

MARION FAIRFAX, who wrote "The Talker," current at the Harris Theatre, and Maurice Donnay, who wrote "The Return from Jerusalem," are agreed that a woman's last step, before looking for an affinity, is to figure up how many meals she has eaten with her husband. Miss Fairfax's heroine, Kate Lenox, made the total 1,725 breakfasts; Henriette de Chouze had counted 1,460 luncheons, and neither of them seemed to be pleased about it.

If a man had written "The Talker" he must have stood convicted of ungallantry, for a more severe arraignment of the modern woman, that self-satisfied failure of our century, has not been spoken from our stage.

Harry Lenox puts his case and the case of mankind in a nutshell, when, returning from his work to soiled linen, an ill-prepared dinner, and infinite argument regarding the subjection of the sex, he inquires:

"How many women would pile out every morning, hustle into town, grind all day, and hustle back again during the rush hours—and all for the sake of the dismal reception, the grouchy breakfast with Mrs. Wife in a kimono with one eye shut, and fussing about having to get a meal that would put an East-side boarding house on the blink in less than a week? And what little she does do handed out as a favor—not as something she wants and loves to do as her part toward making the home. No wonder so many fellows get sick of it and want to quit in a year or two. But they can't—the lady's got all the law on her side. He promised to love and cherish, and love and cherish he must or she'll soon know the reason why. She promised a few things, too, but that seems to be a very different matter!"

"The Talker" has an exceedingly good idea at its bottom—an idea, unfortunately, lost, to a great extent, in lengthy conversation and in family bickerings. Mrs. Lenox, an affectionate and honest woman at heart, has become the disciple of a dozen half-baked philosophies, which she voices at the slightest provocation. These philosophies do her no real harm, because she is too sensible to act upon them, but they exert a tremendous influence upon her husband's young sister, Ruth, who does act upon them to the extent of eloping with a married man.

When he discovers the ruin that has been brought to his home, Lenox turns on his wife and tells her a great many simple truths. Afterward, there is estrangement that lasts until Ruth, broken and ill, drags herself back to

her people, to be taken into the arms of her big brother and to procure for his wife a share of his forgiveness.

As has been said already, this theme, revealing the danger of irresponsible theorizing, is capital, and one regrets that Marion Fairfax, who proved herself, through "The Builders," to be one of our most promising playwrights, does not stick to it more closely. The real issue is fogged frequently in Lenox's mistaken notion that it is his wife who has encouraged the married man aforesaid. The piece doesn't move swiftly; its progress is halting and frequently roundabout. There is too much dialogue, though it is very good dialogue, indeed, so that I found myself agreeing with *The Lady Who Goes to the Theatre With Me* when she declared that the title should have been plural.

Photographic in its representation of every-day, middle-class life, searching in its revelation of widespread domestic conditions, accurate in character drawing and wholly modern in theme and treatment, the play doesn't focus to the point of complete effectiveness. When the big scene comes it is a very human, very honest scene, but sometimes one feels that it is a long time coming.

Tully Marshall, who did such excellent work as Joe Brooks in "Paid in Full" and as the degenerate Haddock in "The City," again proves himself to be one of the most skillful, one of the best actors in this country. Constantly resisting the temptation to overplay, he makes Lenox so real, so prosaic, so every-day that one wholly forgets his art in its result.

The remainder of the company, and especially Pauline Lord and Malcolm Duncan, two sincere young people who are seen respectively as the sister and as her fiancé, deserve praise that, for Lillian Albertson, who portrays the wife, begins only in the last act. Miss Albertson, in her first two

acts, frequently suggests the amateur, so awkward are her movements and so untrue her readings. Her diction, too, is regrettably careless, her most conspicuous sacrifice to her art being an occasional syllable that has every right to be pronounced.

"The Talker" probably is not big enough to prove a big hit in New York, but, with all its faults, it is a most interesting little play.

### "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

AT THE hour of going to press the fate of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," produced under direction of Lewis Waller at the Thirty-ninth Street, still hung in the balance. Opposed to the success of the play is the fact that its story clings even more closely than usual to the lines of the triangle. On the other hand, the piece is simple, direct and, throughout its first three acts, exceedingly effective melodrama, played exceptionally well. Moreover, it has a realistic divorce court scene, well stocked with the delectable details that make divorce courts so alluring to thrill-seekers in general, and to women in particular.

The authors of this offering, Edward G. Hemmerde, K. C., and Francis Neilson, M. P., have displayed rather remarkable skill at play-making. Through two acts that never are uninteresting, they build up a structure of small happenings that becomes an impassable, indestructible wall of evidence at the proper moment. The proper moment, of course, occurs in the divorce court already mentioned, where, as in "The Thief," an entire act is divided between two people—in this case, the defendant and the counsel for that lady's husband.

Peggy Admaston has been indiscreet, even for a butterfly. Starting

off with three other persons, on a trip to Switzerland, she arrives, unsuspecting and uncomplaining, at an hotel in Paris, alone with a gentleman who is not the least inclined to diffidence. An anonymous letter, sent by a lady who is desirous of winning the butterfly's husband for herself, arouses Admaston's suspicion. And these events lead quite naturally to the trial already described, and, not quite so naturally, to the ultimate forgiveness of the foolish wife.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" never gets to be much more than a cleverly constructed play. One sees every step from the rather unconvincing ingenuousness of the heroine to her spotlighted misery. Nevertheless, as has been said, the piece carries one along irresistibly, without dull moments and with occasional climbings to lofty dramatic heights.

Madge Titheradge, an actress new to America, in appearance a miniature Constance Collier, proves herself possessed of considerable talent, some skill, and a good deal of emotional force, all marred by constant affectation. Evelyn Beerbohm, who, so far as I know, also is new to America, establishes himself as one of the best comedians seen here in many seasons, and Sidney Valentine, who, as the attorney for the prosecution, shares the second act with Miss Titheradge, plays with authority, force and intelligence. Eille Norwood, as the husband, and Charles Quartermaine, as the would-be lover, are the chief persons in the remainder of a wonderfully efficient company.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" was presented originally in London, and brought to this country for the use of Marie Doro. Charles Frohman withdrew the piece, after a short road tour, and it was then that Mr. Waller, who is playing in "The Garden of Allah," arranged for its production in New York.

### "THE RETURN FROM JERUSALEM"

"THE RETURN FROM JERUSALEM," written and offered in Paris as a contribution to the literature of the Dreyfus case, probably is a convincing argument for or against something, but three hours spent in the Hudson Theatre failed to leave me quite clear as to the nature of that something. Eighteen characters talk at length, in polished and high-sounding phrases, about world peace, Semitism, and other broad topics, without establishing anything or arriving anywhere. In the end, my only conviction was that I had been bored by a discursive drama that had little or no relation to contemporary life in America.

Stripped of its debates, "The Return from Jerusalem" is a conventional treatment of the "problem" presented by this same old triangle. Michel Aubier loves Henriette De Chouze. They are married, but not to each other. Michel announces his intention of remaining faithful to his wife, but that lady, finding a letter he has written to Henriette, declines to believe in his protestations, and leaves him free to join his innamorata. Having done so, Michel finds himself unable to forget Madame Aubier. Moreover, he and Henriette suffer from considerable incompatibility of temper, said incompatibility being increased, not unnaturally, by Henriette's fondness for salons in which persons quite unrelated to the play enter into the tedious discussions already described. Finally, Michel goes back home.

Madame Simone, whose return to town is accomplished through the medium of this play, displays little of the genius that was so manifest in her performance of "The Whirlwind." Her chief tour de force is an exhibition of hysteria in the third act

that is almost purely physical, and that recalls nothing else so much as the convulsions of the Sicilian Players, who created a small sensation some years ago at the Broadway Theatre. Despite occasional attacks of temperament, Arnold Daly gives a fine, steady, sincere performance of the rôle of Michel. Selene Johnson is surprisingly good as the deserted wife.

"The Return from Jerusalem" sounds like a meeting of the Sunrise Club.

### "JUST TO GET MARRIED"

CICELY HAMILTON describes "Just to Get Married," in which Grace George made a short stop at Maxine Elliott's, as a "caustic comedy." It proved to be nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the play is most mild and homeopathic, rather comparable to that patent medicine which you are urged to use "and forget it."

Emmeline Vicary, like the inventive spinster in "Green Stockings," has been left at the post in the matrimonial race. Lady Catherine Grayle, who has had the responsibility of her upbringing, throws her at the head of Adam Lankester. Lankester proposes, Emmeline accepts, and the rest of the evening is devoted to her troubles with her conscience. Shortly after ten o'clock, Emmeline confides in Lankester that she does not love him, and prepares to go alone to London. At ten forty-five she concludes that she does love him, and the original arrangements are carried out. Thus, after two hours of conversation, we arrive just where we were in the beginning. The whole thing is a sort of dramatic April Fool.

Miss George has little or no opportunity for the employment of that archness and drollery that is her chief charm. The whole performance, in-

deed, is best described as unimportant.

### "THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

IT IS most unfortunate that Richard Walton Tully, in his second play, "The Bird of Paradise," which, after having been revealed at Daly's, succeeded Miss George at Maxine Elliott's, could not have profited by the expert revision and production that served him so well in "The Rose of the Rancho."

Mr. Tully has invented an interesting and significant story, he has discovered for its environment what is theatrically a new world, he has contrived two or three excellent situations, and yet his work comes to nothing because of an unevenness, a sketchiness, a lack of compression that is almost amateurish. "The Bird of Paradise," as it stands, is more an exhibition than a play; an excursion to Coney Island, a dramatized guide book to the Hawaiian Islands.

Primarily, "The Bird of Paradise" is an exposition of the self-evident fact that a noble love ennobles, while a base passion degrades and debases. Incidentally, it is a document regarding the enervating effect of life in the tropics.

"Ten Thousand Dollar" Dean is an outcast, a derelict, a beach-comber, living near the huts of some natives on the Puna Coast. Paul Wilson, a young scientist, full of hope and ambition, visits the spot with a party in which is his betrothed, Diana Larned. A Hawaiian girl, Luana, appeals to Wilson's senses, and induces him to stay. Miss Larned appeals to Dean's manhood, and induces him to go.

Two years later the men have changed places; Wilson is a drunken wastrel, Dean has won fame through discovering the scientific fact that was sought by Wilson. Luana, who

really loves the weakling she has helped drag down, in despair at his indifference, blaming herself for his fate, throws herself into the crater of a volcano.

In the rôle of the Hawaiian, Laurette Taylor, who surprised her most ardent admirers last year by the cleverness of her work in "Seven Sisters," wins a personal triumph. Theodore Roberts, Guy Bates Post, Lewis Stone, and other notable actors are wasted on parts ill drawn. "The Bird of Paradise" is a dramatic might-have-been.

### "OVER THE RIVER"

F. ZIEGFELD, JR., is as much a Broadway institution as are our electric signs. His productions are as brilliant, as hard, and as empty as the bulbs that make up those signs. Mr. Ziegfeld's name almost describes a performance, and so it is necessary to say but little of "Over the River," a musical comedy that George V. Hobart and H. A. DuSouchet fashioned from Mr. DuSouchet's "The Man from Mexico," and that, with Eddie Foy in the cast and music by John L. Golden, is presented by Mr. Ziegfeld and Charles B. Dillingham at the Globe.

It would be necessary to say even less, but for the fact that the entertainment is not all Ziegfeld. Its first and last acts are vaudeville in a spectacular setting, with girls and gaiety uppermost, but its second act is almost entirely the prison scene from "The Man from Mexico."

The mixing has not been well accomplished, so that "Over the River" really is two distinct performances. Moreover, little of value has been added in the joining. Mr. DuSouchet's situations still are funny, and Mr. Ziegfeld's girls, gowns and tout ensemble are surpassingly lovely, but the new lines lack wit, the



whole book lacks continuity, and the music is so reminiscent that, taking an especially glaring example, when Maud Lambert was singing "My Irish Señorita," the audience was humming Al Jolson's Winter Garden song, "Rum Tum Tiddle."

Eddie Foy is Eddie Foy, as usual, and most of the company contribute specialties of an entertaining nature. "Over the River" is a vaudeville show magnificently put on and including one act of excellent farce.

### SOME OTHERS

REGINALD DE KOVEN'S "The Wedding Trip," at the Broadway, is old-fashioned comic opera, with a dull and rather complicated book by Fred De Gresac and Harry B. Smith.

The score, pretentious but uninspired, is wonderfully well sung.

"Modest Suzanne," a musical version of "The Girl in the Taxi," failed utterly at the Liberty, and Louis Evan Shipman's dramatization of David Graham Phillips' novel, "The Grain of Dust," served James K. Hackett only two weeks at the Criterion. During the month, Wilton Lackaye offered two plays, "The Stranger" and "The Right to Happiness," both based on the eternal triangle, at the Bijou, neither of the two proving important. "Ben Hur," revived at the New Amsterdam, acted as a reminder that "the world do move." New York certainly has moved beyond religious melodrama, even when it includes so thrilling a spectacle as the famous chariot race.





# Crimmins, at Liberty

The Story of an American  
Invasion that Failed.

By Frank X. Finney

I WAS sure it was the other fellow's fault when we jumped into one another's arms while trying to escape the same murderous motor-bus in Piccadilly Circus. Still locked in a fond embrace, we caromed against a taxi and were finally hauled to safety on the island around the fountain by the undemonstrative bobby who is kept on that spot by a careful British government to prevent the massacre of American visitors. As we broke holds we looked at each other and I let out a yell that made even the life-saving bobby look around.

"Crimmins!" I shouted, and we promptly clinched again, both on the broad grin. Then Crimmins took a swift look around the noisy, roaring circus where half a dozen streams of traffic were converging, mingling and separating, and his first remark was typical.

"Where'll we go?" he asked promptly.

On one side of the great open space, the Criterion Restaurant hung its high-class banners on the outer walls but we turned away from them instinctively. Opposite, the red coated funkeys of the Café Monico were waiting to usher us to a table softly lighted with shaded candles, but I knew that wasn't just the thing we were looking for and we continued to sweep the circus with inquiring gaze until our glances fell simultaneously on a perpendicular green sign decorated with shamrocks and extending from the roof to the ground floor which read:

"Mooney's Irish House."

"I guess that's about the best in sight," said Crimmins briefly and thereupon we took our lives in our hands again and crossed the road to Mooney's.

When I last saw Crimmins before he was flung into my arms on the tide of London's traffic, he was doing two shows a day in a Chicago vaudeville theatre, for which he drew a hundred dollars a week, and life was going very well with him. He was a comedian—a monologist, singer, dancer—everything that goes to equip the modern vaudeville artist to delight a crowded house was his gift. He had served his time as a sawdust clown in a a three-ring show and had valiantly won his way upward to the point where the managers were glad to set "Crimmins" in incandescent lights above their portals when he played their houses. But now as he threaded his way under the noses of the horses and around the hooting taxies a few paces ahead of me, I observed that he was not the spruce and well-groomed Crimmins of two years before. His clothes had that indefinable look of having been brushed too often and too hard, as though they knew no respite from daily use; his shoes had seen long service on flinty pavements and the hat, which he still wore with the old rakish air over one ear, had all too plainly passed through more than one drenching rain.

We went through the private bar into the lounge, where half a dozen little tables were set before plush-covered seats around the wall; and Crimmins climbed, before he took time to shake hands with me and look me over, behind the farthest of these.

"Well, old man, it's a small world, isn't it?" he began. "To think of me bumping into you here, where I've got no business to be and where you ought to be ashamed to be caught, if your friends got onto you. What's keeping you here—did you miss your steamer?"

They have only one sort of whisky at Mooney's—the sort that smells and tastes of the peat-smoke of Irish hearths and is doubtless very fine for anyone that ever gets to like it. I suspected that Crimmins had been in London long enough to have passed through the preliminary stages and had taught himself to stand for it, so I instructed the bar-maid to bring a flagon of the smoky and set it near him.

"Never mind why I'm here," I countered. "I'm liable to turn up almost anywhere and, besides, I like it here. I want to know about you. I judge from your overture that you have a grouch on this charming little city and that you yearn somewhat for the pleasing vistas of Times Square. If that is the case, what are you doing in London and how did you happen to get kidnaped and shanghai'd over here?"

"Times Square!" he repeated. "Holy mackerel, brother, don't talk about it or I'm likely to do a Steve Brodie out through that window and land under one of those crazy motor-busses out there! It seems like ten years since I saw Times Square and it's only six months! If I ever get back there again, believe me, it will take more than a line of dulcet conversation to pry me loose from the United States! I fell for that once and I've got it figured out that once is more than plenty."

"That's right," I said encouragingly. "Go on and get it off your chest. Who dragged you away from the forty weeks solid booking you used to ornament and tossed you into this inhospitable maelstrom? Speak up, my lad—you have nothing to fear from me."

"Well, I suppose I might as well begin right back where it started," he said, fondling the whisky decanter as though he suspected the bar-maid might come back and claim it before he was quite ready to surrender possession of it, "and that was within shouting distance of that same Times Square. I was working all around New York last winter—never had to go more than a trolley ride from Broadway for three or four months—and then I got in bad with the Big Noise. All of a sudden the booking office made up its imitation of a mind to switch all my dates and ship me out on the kerosene circuit some place west of the Ohio River for five or six months, after me being promised steady time in the sirloin-steak belt along the Hudson. I bucked and jumped around for a while and finally I had to lie down and roll to get 'em off me; when the battle was over, I was off the reservation. You understand—ditched in the middle of the season with a long black

mark under my name all along the line. Why, I couldn't get a job as announcer in a nickel moving picture show—that's how bad the Big Noise has got all the show people buffaloed!"

"I have heard something to that effect," I admitted, while Crimmins was pouring another one. "I should think it would have been wiser for you to—er—er—"

"Oh, you're one of those hindsight thinkers, too, are you?" said the comedian gloomily. "Well, I don't need any advice out of that box. I've had mine ever since the blow-off came—and I'm still getting it. But that was only leading up to how I come to be over here. The last month or so that I worked around in Jersey there was a big Englishman named Roberts on the bill with me nearly every week. He had a little company—his wife and two young fellows he had brought over from here—and they put on a sketch that was supposed to be a scream. I wouldn't be surprised if it did go good on this side. From what I've seen of the natives in their music halls I should think it was just about dead enough and slow enough to tickle 'em—it was like one of these cricket games that they spend two or three days playing, with time out for all hands to drink tea every few hours. But Roberts had a contract and he got the coin, all right, while it lasted, and he was just wise enough to salt it away about as fast as it came in. He seemed to take a shine to me for some reason and when I got my bumps from the Amalgamated Association of Big Blacklisters, he bobbed up with a happy little thought.

"I tell you what you ought to do, old chap," he says to me one night when I was buying him a chop and a mug of musty ale. "Why don't you have a try at the other side?"

"What do you mean—Canada?" I asked him. "Not for mine! I did three months there once with Williams & Brandsbys' Nickel Plate Shows and it took me two weeks to remember how to laugh when I got back to the States."

"No, no," he says. "I mean the halls in England. Look here," he says, "you ought to do well over there. You've got

an original sort of style, don't you see, and you can give 'em something they're not used to and that's what the English managers are looking for."

Crimmins looked at me sadly over the rim of his glass as he unleashed this grand old platitude—so sadly that I didn't have the heart to laugh.

"You don't mean to tell me you fell for that stuff!" I said sternly. "Why, that used to be one of your big laughs—about the managers that were looking for novelties and kept six husky doortenders in their outer offices to keep out anybody that threatened to bring a novelty into the building!"

He grinned reflectively, but the grin faded away into a sigh.

"No, it wasn't that altogether," he admitted, "but I will say that this Britisher's chatter listened pretty good, especially when I took a mental flash at the long list of show shops all over the country that had a yellow flag out at the door for me. I had to eat every now and then, you know, and it seemed to me if this fellow Roberts could get by with the stuff he was lading out, I ought to be able to win out a meal ticket with my dope. He put it up to me so strong every time I saw him for a week or two, that I finally weakened and began looking up rates to England and trying to figure out some way of beating the steamship companies' game. Another thing that made me hark to the voice of the tempter was that Roberts was coming back here with his company and he promised to introduce me around and show me the ropes for getting on at the music halls. It looked like a life-saving station to me and I finally made a running jump for it and came over with Roberts and his wife and the two hopeful chaps that had been ambling around all season thinking they were comedians.

"I'll say this for Roberts—he had no trouble about making good in getting me booked. Of course, I didn't expect to break into London right off the reel and make all the old favorites jealous, and I grabbed at a chance to get on at a music hall in Manchester. That place was a scream, too, but nobody knew it. The fellows that sat in the pit were let

in about half-past six every evening to scrap for the seats and they used to bring their suppers with 'em and eat all over the place—cheese and sausage sandwiches and bottles of beer—and when some gent down in front thought some other gent had grabbed off the seat he wanted, it was the pleasing custom to bounce an empty beer bottle off the knob of the intruder and have him removed for patching up in a hospital.

"You remember that bum suit of clothes I used to wear for my act—an old Prince Albert coat and a pair of baggy trousers that I picked up in a second-hand store because they looked funny, and a spotted vest—I had the whole lay-out for years. The first night I went on at this Manchester shack the manager came behind and looked me over.

"'I say, old man,' he says, 'I don't like to appear to interfere in your personal matters but, really, don't you think your clothes are a bit—eh? You understand, don't you?'

"'What do you mean?' I says, looking him right in the eye.

"'Why, don't you think they're just a bit worn and shabby for a first-class hall like mine?' he says, 'Couldn't you—er—borrow a better coat for a night or two, old chap?'

"'What do you know about that for a wise scout to be running a vaudeville show? I jabbed my hook into his ear and led him around behind one of the flats where the scene-shifters couldn't hear us—I didn't want to show him up in front of his help. Then I said: 'Say, this make-up is part of my act, understand? I've worn this suit on the stage for the last five years and it nearly always gets a hand in the States before I open my head. But if it isn't the proper thing over here, why I'll pack it away and dress up like one of these dukes you've got on the matrimonial bargain counters.'

"He looked at me quite a little while and I suppose what I said was sort of oozing through his block in the meantime. Then he seemed to brighten up a bit as though it was getting to him.

"'Oh, I see!' he says. 'You wear

those eccentric clothes to make your turn funnier! Quite an idea, too! But our monologists usually dress very fashionably—*boutonnieres* and all that sort of thing.'

"Well, I went on that night—my first crack at the enemy—and the turn didn't go very good. I got a laugh now and then but I guess it was one left over from the show of the week before, where some guy had just figured out the joke. I took a long think after the show and decided maybe his nobs was right about the make-up—that they didn't fall for my stuff because they thought I was a shabby-genteel trying to out something over on 'em; so the next day I beat it to a big store and got dolled out like one of them pictures in the Sunday newspapers—patent leathers, choker collar and everything I could think of that would make me look as though I had just stepped out of a motor car for a minute to entertain 'em. Sure enough, I went a little better that night and after I came off the manager was right on the job with the glad hand stuff.

"'Your turn went so much better to-night, didn't it?' he says. 'And I think your new costume is ever so much funnier than the other, too!'

Crimmins paused and thoughtfully poured himself another drink. When it was gone he drummed idly on the table a few moments.

"'Oh, yes,' he said, finally. 'I was going to tell you about Roberts.'

"'No, you were going to tell me how you happened to get ditched in London,' I corrected.

"'Well, it's the same thing,' he went on. 'It all comes back to Roberts, whichever way you put it. It didn't take me long to see that I was a horrible frost in the music halls and I guess the managers got next sooner than I did. Things got worse and worse every night of my trial week in Manchester and along toward the end of it the crowd used to come earlier than ever to try and get the front seats so they could have little chats with me while I was trying to make 'em laugh. Most of 'em advised me to go back to America—and that was the wisest tip I got all the time

I've been here. When I ducked out of Manchester with my little old five pound note in my inside pocket, I think that wise guy of a manager must have sent out a telephone message to all his pals in the association to look out for me, because it was three weeks before I got a sign of a job and that was in a back street in London where I thought they would call in the police to get me out of the building on my feet. I escaped after one performance and then Roberts intruded himself on the scene again. I had a room in a little out-of-the-way lodging house where he and his wife and the other two members of his troupe lived and, of course, he knew all about my troubles. So when the blow-off came and I saw it was no go for me in the halls, he suggested that I take the place of one of his helpers, who was going to quit, and go on in the act with the 'company.' That was an awful bump for me, after working alone all my life and putting it over every place I went, but the meals were getting rather far apart by that time and I joined out with Roberts—five pounds a week and two shows a day. I figured it would take me about two years to save up steamer fare to New York at that rate, but nobody else was shoving any money at me and the nights are too cold here to sleep in the parks.

"We went along pretty good after I got the hang of the language and quit talking American—it's as much of a trick to talk English dialect as it is Dutch or Swede, believe me—but I began to find out a whole lot of things about Brother Roberts that I didn't know when we hooked up. Living right in the house with him and the wife, I couldn't help it very well and she let things slip every little while that wised me up. She was a slight little doll—one of these regulation thin little English women you see all around you here. I don't know why they don't get any more flesh on 'em, but every time I walked in Regent street and saw a mob of them hanging around the shop windows, they looked to me like a lot of 'before taking' 'ads' for some cod liver oil dope. Anyhow, to get right down to it, I got next that Roberts wasn't just

what you might call a model husband—used to get loaded to the guards every so often and come home and jaw his wife half the night—I even believe he used to take a punch at her now and then when he was drunk enough. I never was sure about that or I would have beaten him to a pulp—she was careful to keep quiet about the worst of it. But I hadn't been in the troupe more than two weeks when she let me in on one of their secrets: they had a kid away at boarding school some place, a daughter about fourteen or fifteen years old. Mrs. Roberts must have been only about that old herself when she got married—she looked it to me, anyway. We got pretty chummy as time went on and she told me all about the girl and how smart she was and how she was getting along in school and all that stuff, but I wasn't ever to peep to Roberts that I knew anything about her, and you can bet I didn't. The more I saw of him the worse my grouch got on him. In the first place he had dragged me over here—well, maybe he thought he was doing me a good turn—let that go.

"But he kept on drinking more and more until a couple of months ago he began to show up even worse in the act than he used to be—came on with a little package once in awhile and got called by the manager. I could see the finish and anyhow I was salting away all the coin I could spare getting ready for the big jump back to Broadway. Every little while I'd be able to slip a sovereign into my inside pocket and button it up where nobody could get at it, but they piled up pretty slow. Roberts kept his eye on the friendship between the little lady and me and finally I noticed he was getting sore on me. He would growl at me in the theatre if he had to speak at all and in the hotel he didn't have a word to say. And he took it out on her, I guess, because I noticed about a month ago that she began sidestepping when she saw me coming.

"But I wasn't worrying much about the finish of the Roberts troupe, except that I was sorry for the wife, of course, because I counted up my little old stack

of gold pieces one night and found they had piled up to the mark—fourteen of 'em I had set myself to cop out when I found I could get to Hoboken for seventy dollars, and I had sixteen shiners in my kick and a week's salary coming. Roberts could drink himself to death then for all I cared—it was me for the ocean blue and all that stuff. And then came a shift in the program!"

Crimmins looked at me curiously to judge whether I was listening with a sympathetic ear or not.

"I suppose you found your way in some place by tapping a certain number of times, "I suggested," and put the stack on a green oilcloth table, one at a time."

"No, not quite," he said slowly. "But two weeks ago the big smash came. Roberts had been hitting it up pretty hard for quite a while and finally the manager of the show shop we were playing closed the act—told Roberts it was all off and he needn't try to come back. They have a pretty close combination on this side of the water, too, and that meant bad business for Roberts & Co. I ducked from under, the first rattle out of the box—it wasn't necessary for me to resign because he told me I was a hoodoo and had queered the act. I broke three finger-nails getting packed up to go home and Roberts went out to finish up loading in the cargo he was carrying. The next morning Mrs. Roberts tapped at my door. She looked all in—as though she hadn't slept all night but had put in the time crying. I expected something like that—she could

see a hard row ahead with the act ditched and her husband on a spree—but she told me the worst was yet to come.

"It's no use trying to tell it the way she told me. You understand how a woman is when she's all broken up. But I managed to make out that Roberts was going to take the daughter out of school and fix up a new act and put the kid in it. What do you know about that? He had it all framed up and was going down to this country-place, wherever the school is, the next day, to get her out and bring her here to London. Well, Mrs. Roberts couldn't see that for a minute—she pulled that old stuff about rather seeing her dead in her coffin than on the stage, and all that, and the big thing was that she was going to jump the whole business, go down and get the girl herself and go to America with her and leave Roberts to drink his head off. The only hitch was that she was shy about sixty dollars of what she needed to make the big get-away and I was the only one she could turn to in London—and all that."

Again Crimmins paused, drumming on the table while he gazed into the bar-room with a far-away look.

"Funny how things turn out, isn't it?" he went on after a few moments. "Now, if I hadn't salted away that coin, the little woman never could have put it over in time to keep her kid off the stage! It don't make any difference about me—I'll make it somehow before long. Say, aint you drinking anything at all?"



# WANTED, A SUCCESSFUL PLAY - NAZIMOVA



By ARCHIE BELL

JUST a little more than six years ago, the light of the flaming talent of Alla Nazimoff first streaked our theatrical sky. She came to this country in the autumn of 1905, with a company of her own people, Russians all, and she spoke in a tongue strange to American play-goers; but her personality was so striking and propulsive, her exotic beauty so rich, and her command of the expedients of her art apparently so complete, that she aroused the keenest interest among practiced play-goers, who accepted her as the most interesting, as she was the most unique, newcomer in the theatre of this land.

One year after she arrived in this country, with less than a dozen English words at her command, Alla Nazimoff, then become Alla Nazimova, made her *début* as an English-speaking actress in Henrik Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." This was in November, 1906. Since then, she has been almost con-

tinually active in the American theatre. She has displayed astonishing energy, but so much of this energy has been misdirected that she stands to-day in a position much less important than she is entitled to by every claim of native genius. Her activities during the four and a half seasons she has acted in English have won her something resembling fame, to be sure; but though her name be recognized from land's end to land's end, the celebrity of it rests only partly upon a foundation of high artistic achievement.

## The Play is the Thing

THE thing Mme. Nazimova has most needed to translate her celebrity into glowing fame is a play. It is understood she largely has controlled the arrangement of her *répertoire*. She has acted in a large number of new plays; none of them has contained more than



a streak of interest. One does not care to engage here in a discussion of the American theatre-goer's interest in the plays of Ibsen. They have wonderful values, but Mme. Nazimova has found, what every observing professional play-goer long ago detected—that the interest in Ibsen is a declining interest, and that before another generation of play-goers comes on, the statement, so often proved untrue, that Shakespeare spells ruin, may be made exactly to fit the case by substituting the name of Ibsen for that of The Bard.

Mme. Nazimova's fancy for drama runs to the bizarre. Back of that fancy there is, of course, a sort of judgment. Her selection of plays has indicated that she realizes as fully as anyone that her strikingly foreign appearance and the numerous imperfections of her speech prohibit her choice of normal, native American drama in which she would be called upon to attempt the impersonation of a normal American type. So her fancy has alighted upon unreal plays exhibiting peculiar abnormalities of female character, and while she has treated many of these characters with a great deal of artistic consideration, few people have cared to see them, for if the commanding character in a play be unreal, the play itself will be no more real. And after all, as bad as is our judgment of things in the theatre, yet the public has a protecting intuition that warns it away from the drama that does not draw its life-force from life itself.

It is to the great credit of Mme. Nazimova that she is able to realize her own limitations. It is not to her discredit that she is unable to analyze accurately the American dramatic taste. She is only a little while out of a country that is vastly different from this; she is only a little while away from a people who are very unlike the people for whom she acts. It is only natural, therefore, that she is unable to determine whether a play having in it a character suiting her, is otherwise essentially conditioned to interest her audience. One principal need of this actress would appear to be stage advice; another is wise management. The two



must go together. She knows probably better than anyone else what she can act; but that knowledge should be fortified with experience in choosing drama for American audiences. Lacking that experience, Nazimova should lean upon one who has had it.



It is not at all likely, for instance, that any American actress who might take up her residence in Russia would be able to determine what she should

act before a Russian audience. Habits of mind, standards of conduct, social, political, economic, religious and artistic interests, differ in different countries. It may be said with fair certainty that, despite her ill selection of plays, her misjudgment of the temper of American audiences, and her erroneous evaluation of some of our artistic standards, Mme. Nazimova's career in this country has equaled in brilliancy that of any of our actresses who might attempt to do in Moscow or Odessa what she has undertaken to do here. And there is every reason for believing that when she and the right play meet we shall see acting we shall not soon forget. Then too, we shall have no further cause to refer to the imperfections of speech that cover a multitude of imperfections of art, for the imperfections detected heretofore in her acting have been due in no small degree to the little Russian dynamo's desire to appear to be acting even where her playwrights have given her nothing to act.

Imperfections she shows often enough; restraint she too often casts to the winds; over-elaboration is one of her artistic sins—but how often has she proven she knows how to avoid all these faults! How eloquent are her occasional silences, all know who have seen her. No one who lacks control over temperament, who is without an intuitive understanding of character, or does not command the technique of the art of acting, ever could play the closing acts of "A Doll's House" and "Little Eyolf" as they are played by this Russian *tragedienne*. Mme. Nazimova has been known to act brilliantly, mostly by flashes, in plays of no importance. Although she is remarkably energetic and industrious, she often hinders her success through carelessness. This carelessness would appear to be a matter of recent growth, for it is detected most often in the plays with which she has become associated since her acquirement of what passes well enough for English speech. This leads one to believe that though she is a little less industrious than she was in the early years of her career, she must be a little less jealous of her artistic reputation.

## Nazimova in Russia

THIS actress has spent most of her life in the theatre. She was born in Yalta, Crimea, May 22, 1879. Her father was a chemist and botanist, and had a deep and earnest interest in the education of his daughter. She was taken to Geneva for her early training, and there she became a proficient player of the violin. She returned to Yalta when she was twelve years old and there made her first public appearance, playing a violin solo at a Christmas entertainment. At that time she could not speak her father's language, Russian, but had a fluent command of German and French. She studied her native tongue for a year and then entered the Conservatoire at Odessa to complete her study of the violin. She took the dramatic course instead, acquired some experience as a "super" under the great Stanisloffsky at the Artistic Theatre in Odessa, and at the end of three years won the gold medal at the Conservatoire. A year later she began her career in earnest by becoming the managing actress of a company playing in the north of Russia, at Kostroma. There she acted a long list of parts in a *répertoire* that included everything from tragedy to musical comedy. She returned to the south of Russia in 1901 to act with a resident company at Kerson. She spent the next season at Vilna, and then went to St. Petersburg, where she acted many important rôles, including *Camille*, *Paula Tanqueray*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Trilby*, *Magda*, *Zaza*, and many more, in a wide variety of Russian plays.

Mme. Nazimova, or Nazimoff, as she was then called, was not the commanding genius of the company of Russian players with whom she first acted in this country; she came merely as the leading associate of Paul N. Orleneff, an actor who had enjoyed high reputation in a country where the art of acting is held in high esteem. She considered herself Orleneff's pupil, and it was an honor to her that she did. Upon all who were capable of responding to the thrilling appeal of that man's acting, he exercised an unforgettable



spell. He commanded his company like a general; he flooded his plays with a wonderful personality. She who acted *vis-à-vis* with him in the important scenes of interesting plays seemed not only to reflect the power of the master of the company, but to reveal a splendid power of her own. She was strangely and wonderfully attractive. The less knowing section of the small audience which greeted the Russians gave most of its interest to the leading woman. She was snuggling, squirrel-like, sometimes elfin, and often a pathetic figure; and these things, conditioning her acting, attracted a special interest, for they gave a bizarre touch to many things she did, and, coupled with her skill, they set her apart from her associates.

## Invading America

THE Russian visitors had rather a bitter time of it in that season of 1905-

06. They came here unknown to all save a few who had heard of their experiences in Berlin and London, where they had gone from St. Petersburg in 1904 to act Eugene Tchirikoff's three-act play of Jewish life in Russia, "The Chosen People." The play had been prohibited by the Imperial government because of its racial aspect, and Orleneff felt that that prohibition would serve to awaken the interest of Russian Jews throughout the world. He proposed making the play the chief feature of the *répertoire* arranged for his American tour. On this tour Mme. Nazimova acted as *Leah*, the daughter of the watchmaker, in "The Chosen People," as *Regina* in Ibsen's "Ghosts," *Lena Lyadinsker*, the actress, in Hermann Bahr's comedy, "The Star;" the *Tsaritsa* in Alexis Tolstoy's "Tzar Feodor;" *Zaza* in Paul Berton's play of that name; *Hilda Wangel* in Ibsen's "The Master Builder;" the landlord's daughter in Anton Tchekhoff's "The Sea Gull," and the daughter of the chief of police in Gogol's "The Revisor," or "The Inspector," as it generally is called in this country. The acting of Mme. Nazimova in all these parts won her the greatest favor. She had great talent, but it was evident also, that she had had great instruction. Indeed, she was Orleneff's pupil! That actor is now reported to have returned to this country. He does not speak the English language, but he does speak in the universal language of his art, and it would appear that the time is at hand when Mme. Nazimova would do well to become again the pupil of her former master—perhaps not to act with him, but to act as he would have her act.

#### The Smoke and the Flame

IN THE beginning of this article, Mme. Nazimova's talent was designated as flaming. If it has fire in it, also it has smoke, for while unwatched it has

taken on luridness. She is not to be blamed for all the manifestations of luridness in her acting, for her American plays perhaps, without exception, have been lurid almost beyond belief. Her acting in the "The Master Builder" always has remained fine and true; in it she still is under the Orleneff influence. But her *Hedda Gabler* and her newer interpretation of *Nora Helmer* in the first act of "A Doll's House" do not represent the actress at anything like her best. The writer of these paragraphs never saw Mme. Nazimova's performance of "The Passion Flower," a play written for her by her leading man, Brandon Tynan; but he knows how great a burden the actress carried in assuming Owen Johnson's "The Comet," or Arthur Schnitzler's pallidly wicked comedy, "The Fairy Tale," or Algernon Boyesen's wordy composition, "The Other Mary," or Roberto Bracco's thin little comedy, called in Italian "Infidele," and in English "Comtesse Coquette."

In her most recent endeavor to find a vehicle worthy of her, the actress has taken up a translation of Pierre Wolff's French comedy, "Les Marionnettes." Her acting in this play has received unstinted praise from the critics—many of whom, however, found little to admire in the play. The latest word respecting her is that she considers a revival of Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a play she knew in its Russian translation. If she acts it we shall see a new *Paula* indeed, but whether this or any other be her next play, she should be reminded that excesses are destructive to illusion, that draping one self over the parlor furniture is not the assumption of natural attitude, and that even imperfect speech may be made to seem nearly perfect if the speaker guard against fleet utterance. Mme. Nazimova knows these things full well, of course; she needs only to act as she knows how.



# From JULIET to the NURSE by Helen Tracy

AS AN actress ages, the inexorable fact becomes more poignant and more poignant, that no matter how vital her art remains, how tireless her ambition, her hour of leadership is galloping to its end. By some inexplicable, unfair argument, the public continues to accept a man in youthful characters until his teeth are gone and his face is wrinkled into folds as marked as the dusty draper-

ies that hung for years, traditionally and sacredly untouched, about the proscenium arch of Wallack's Theatre. Joseph Jefferson continued to play the youthful Rip and Acres until his lamented death, in his seventy-eighth year: Lawrence Barrett was fifty-three when, just before he passed away, he selected from his repertoire, for what proved to be his last engagement in New York, such

actually boyish characters as Romeo, Bassanio and Adrian de Mauprat; and, just the other day, Charles Wyndham, born in 1837, showed himself once more in his delightful impersonation of the reckless, ardent David Garrick.

But if the player is a woman! Henry Irving, expiring in the sixty-eighth year of his distinguished life, had not felt a need to modify his *répertoire*; yet before Ellen Terry was quite sixty, she laid all her lovely heroines of Shakespeare to eternal rest. Only echoes of them, when she reads snatches from a platform, waft their music back across the realistic and severe atmosphere of the contemporary stage. Mary Anderson retired in her girlhood; Julia Arthur was under thirty when she brought her dignified adventures with the classics to a close; and Ada Rehan was at the maturity of her art, yet still by no means matronly, when she left the stage forever. The careers of these three actresses still glow in the memory because the flames were voluntarily snuffed out at their brightest. But Helena Modjeska continued in the work she loved so long as to be treated latterly as an antique. Clara Morris and Kate Claxton hung on tenaciously enough to suffer the humiliation of finding themselves welcome only in the minor theatres; and Fanny Janauschek, after even swallowing her tremendous pride and "dipping into vaudeville," spent her final years in poverty and oblivion.

An actress' career might be symbolized as a sad descent from Juliet to the Nurse. It has been said frequently—and, never, I should think, denied—that no actress can play Juliet until she is too old to look the part. How possibly could a girl young enough to appear even a little over fourteen have had experience enough to handle such a great rôle?

When a new Hamlet is revealed, the best praise to be hoped for, and properly the best, is that his performance will be very fine, or even may develop into greatness. Take a concrete case. E. H. Sothern is generally regarded as the foremost Hamlet of America, at this time. He undertook the character in the autumn of 1900; and with each year his performance has improved steadily toward a more complete expression of his original conception. Perhaps only actors experienced in Shakespeare can fully comprehend the number of repetitions of one of his bigger characters that are needed completely to round out and express them at their fullest. Very well, then: Mr. Sothern had passed forty when he first played Hamlet and it is reasonable to suppose his reading of the rôle would not have been as admirable had he not already passed through twenty years of thoughtful study, practice and endeavor. But what if the adventurer had been a woman, cautiously devoting two decades to gathering sufficient training and experience for the consequential undertaking?

I have lived long enough to see many actresses make the dark descent from Juliet to the Nurse. Sometimes the way is made less precipitate by a pause at the semi-youthful Lady Capulet. Ellen Terry, Marie Wainwright, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Minna Gale, Effie Ellsler, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Marie Burroughs, Viola Allen, Victory Bateman, Kathryn Kidder, Jessie Millward, and Maud Milton are memorable Juliets of fifteen years ago—or less than twenty-five, in any case—who could not hope, should they reappear in the tragedy of love, to be cast for a younger rôle than the girlish Juliet's mother—a step beneath the shadows taken actually, and gracefully, by Eleanor Carey, who, like Miss Gale, Miss Milton, Miss Wainwright, and

myself, enjoyed performances of the leading Shakespeare heroines with Edwin Booth. I say "enjoyed," but in my case, anyway, the expression must be qualified. One of the first characters I played with Booth was Ophelia. I was a very young girl and, naturally, was nervous over so daring and, to me, important an undertaking. Imagine my agitation when, having "screwed my courage to the sticking place" for the mad scene, I became conscious of Booth's keen, black, piercing eyes riveted on me from the wings. Nor did he move from there throughout the scene. Indeed, he continued to scrutinize my work closely and enigmatically, in one rôle and another, until I finally had to ask him not to.

The first time I ever essayed Ophelia was to the Hamlet of Edwin Booth's lifelong friend and subsequent manager and co-star, Lawrence Barrett. I recall my determination to dress the girl, after her father's death, in black. Why not? Polonius was not yet cold in his grave? Laertes was subsequently to don "the inky cloak" for his sister? I thought my black gown most effective; but when I appeared in it Mr. Barrett objected and, indeed, ordered me immediately to discard it for a white dress. Only the other day I was speaking of this incident to a friend, who thereupon introduced me to a passage I had never read in Ellen Terry's delightful "Story of my Life." It was during the rehearsals of the London Lyceum production of "Hamlet;" and, speaking of her costumes for Ophelia, Irving was surprised to learn they were all ready—and without consulting him, or his stage-manager, or his art-director.

"Finished! That's very interesting!" said Sir Henry. "Very interesting. And what—er—what colors are they?"

Miss Terry told him that in the first

scene she would wear pink. With Ophelia, at that time, everything was rose-color. "Her father and her brother love her. The Prince loves her—and so she wears pink. For the nunnery scene I have a pale, gold, amber dress—the most beautiful color. The material is a church brocade. It will tone down the color of my hair. In the last scene I wear a transparent, black dress."

With characteristic verve Miss Terry suggests the sardonic silence with which Irving tactfully greeted the information. Indeed, she had no suspicion of his feelings until his stage-manager said to her, the next day: "You didn't really mean that you are going to wear black in the mad scene?"

"Yes, I did," she gave back blandly. "Why not?"

"Why not!" gasped Mr. Lacy. "My God! Madam, there must be only one black figure in this play—and that's Hamlet!"

In so far as I appear, unconsciously, to have wandered from Verona to the Court of Denmark, I may pause without impertinence to note that the inevitable retrogression from Ophelia to Queen Gertrude really corresponds to that from Juliet to Lady Capulet, (except that Gertrude is a much better "acting part" than the wife of Capulet) rather than the more marked retreat from Juliet to the Nurse. Among actresses (still prominently employed) who have played both Gertrude and Ophelia, I recall Phoebe Davis, (of "Way Down East" fame), Minna Gale, Maud Milton, Carrie Baillie, Maud Hoffman, Alma Kruger, Marion Turner and Lady Tree. In the last-named instance, it is mentionable that Herbert Beerbohm Tree's wife continued to act Ophelia to his Hamlet until their daughter, Viola Tree—now studying for Grand Opera—grew old enough to embody the mad daughter of Po-

lonius—when Lady Tree became (professionally) her husband's mother. As for Miss Gale's appearance in both parts—and in each instance with Edwin Booth as Hamlet—it really was a matter of advancement. She joined his company for "seconds," being cast for Gertrude before Ophelia, Emilia before Desdemona, and so on. Others who have played both parts prominently in "Othello" are Lillah McCarthy (Mrs. H. Granville Barker), Agnes Eliot Scott, Ida Vernon and Eleanor Carey—the latter two, like Minna Gale, with Booth.

The other day Fred Terry, who was prevented, at the last moment, from being the Mercutio to the Juliet of his débutante daughter, said gaily: "I've played every character in 'Romeo and Juliet' but the Nurse—and I suppose I'll come to that soon!"

Well, Ada Rehan, for example, has played all the female rôles in "Twelfth Night." Of course, this is not surprising when one pauses to consider there are only three! Nor are there more in many of the comedies of Shakespeare. So it is not strange to recollect that Constance Collier, Marguerite Cellier and Agnes Eliot Scott appeared as both the Olivia and Maria, in "Twelfth Night;" and that Julia Marlowe and Percy Haswell, undertook the latter part before progressing to Viola. In "The Merchant of Venice" we observe such Portias as Ellen Terry and Maud Milton attaining that enviable rôle after an apprenticeship as Nerissa, while Effie Ellsler, Tita Brand and Alma Murray moved up to it from Jessica. Cecilia Loftus and Winifred Emery may be mentioned as widely noted actresses who have acted both lesser characters (with Henry Irving) yet never reached the Portia goal. In "Much Ado About Nothing," Ellen Terry, Winifred Emery and Jessie Millward played Hero before Beatrice; just as

such prominent Benedicks of to-day as Otis Skinner, Robert Loraine, George Alexander, William Haviland and Frank Cooper, began as Claudios; Ada Rehan, and Kate Terry, both destined to go down in histrionic history as famous Beatrices, first acted in the comedy in the minor rôle of Ursula. Of leading Rosalinds of to-day, Blanche Bates, Henrietta Crossman, Mary Shaw, Lillian Braithwaite, Ada Rehan, Agnes Eliot Scott and Fay Davis have been Celias. Advancements of that sort remind me to mention that Ada Rehan, most famous actress of the title rôle in "The Taming of the Shrew," and Blanche Bates, both acted the gentle and affrighted Bianca first, just as John Drew climbed up to the character of Petruchio, the tamer, from Hortensio, and Otis Skinner and Matheson Lang from Lucentio.

The first time I played Juliet was in the daytime at St. Louis, in the days of stationary stock companies. There was none of the maddening rush from town to town of the present feverish age—though you may believe there was little idleness among actors who were required to play four and five rôles in a single week. My first six nights on any stage, for instance, I appeared in Desdemona, Lady Anne and Nerissa in "Othello," "Richard III," and "The Merchant of Venice;" and as Julie de Mortimer in "Richelieu," Virginia in "Virginius" and Anne Musgrove in "Two Loves and a Life!" But lest some of us might rust through such inactivity, members of the St. Louis company who were out of the bill of such and such an evening, used to journey to a neighboring town for an occasional performance. I remember playing Juliet, on a visit of that sort, mounted on a balcony made of shaky soap-boxes, and apostrophizing an "inconstant moon" that actually was a headlight from a locomotive!



Almost every Juliet of the first rank, the last decade or two, has had one of two actresses for the Nurse, both famous as the lovely heroine in their youth. I refer to Mrs. W. G. Jones, who died in 1907, and to Mrs. Sol Smith, who, until its temporary abandonment, was the oldest member of The New Theatre Company, appearing congenially, at the opening of its last season, as Dame Quickly, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Mrs. Jones was a very helpful Nurse to those venturesome young moderns, Eleanor Robson and Maud Adams, and was, I understand, the favorite Juliet of the day at the old Bowery Theatre, half a century ago. Julia Marlowe was never so happy in "Romeo and Juliet" as when the venerable Mrs. Smith was with her. During the many years of that association, Eugenia Woodward was usually the Lady Capulet, not exchanging that rôle for the Nurse until Mrs. Smith withdrew. In passing, it might be mentioned that Alice Harrington, who then became the Lady Capulet, was Mr. Sothern's Juliet, on more than one occasion—owing, however, only to the fact that Miss Marlowe was unwell.

The late Mrs. Thomas Barry is another instance of a famous Juliet of long ago who ended as the Nurse. She impersonated the garrulous old woman for the last time when Dorothy Donnelly, William Bramwell and Thomas L. Coleman were the Juliet, Romeo and Mercutio, but more notably when these characters were assumed by Mrs. James Brown Potter, Kyrle Bellew and her own second husband, William Redmund. Mrs. Barry was a sister of the famous Mrs. Charles Calvert, who may be said to hold the same position on the London stage that Mrs. G. H. Gilbert occupied on ours. Mrs. John Billington, now eighty-five years old, has assumed the young rôle and the old, and in

America as well as England: Juliet to the Romeo of Charlotte Cushman and the Nurse with Mary Anderson! Old records tell us that Kate Bateman, famous for her "Leah, the Forsaken" and an American by birth—though her long career has been almost wholly on the London stage—acted Juliet at Niblo's Garden, in New York, in 1866. During the engagement she fell ill and Ida Vernon got her first chance at the character, which she later played with Edwin Booth. Miss Bateman's latest appearance as the Nurse, by the way, was coincident with the début of her granddaughter, Leah Bateman-Hunter, in the chief rôle.

When such old ladies as Mrs. Billington and Mrs. Calvert were the toast of New York as the daughter of the Capulets, a rage was rampant for female Romeos. Probably Charlotte Cushman's penchant for masculine impersonation was considerably responsible. Madam Ponisi (the famous dowager of Wallack's company), Jean Davenport Lander and Mrs. D. P. Bowers were Juliets in such performances; and at least the first and last lingered on the stage long enough to become the talkative old serving woman of the girlish heroine. The famous Mrs. Bowers, who was Cushman's Juliet fifty years ago, assumed the same part subsequently with Mrs. F. B. Conway—with whom, at other times, Mrs. Lander was the Juliet. But, hurrying rapidly up to date, perhaps the oddest "Romeo and Juliet" record is that of Tita Brand, daughter of Marie Brema, of Wagnerian opera fame; Miss Brand played Lady Capulet, Juliet and the Nurse, and all before her twenty-second birthday!

*Helen A. Tracy.*



**T**HE man and woman of temperament are always the people who like good things to eat; and almost all actors, with visions of one night stands and bad hotels before their eyes, take special pride during their vacations in concocting some delectable dish with which to regale their friends.

The people of the stage—from the highest to the lowest—are but children, and they are particularly interested in the thing they are doing at the moment—whether it be driving a motor or feeding the chickens, rehearsing for a new play or cooking a favorite dish; in fact, I think that for most of them the preparation of food has the same fascination as making mud pies has for children.

#### May Irwin's Oysters Catalan

OF COURSE, everyone knows of the proficiency of May Irwin as a cook. Miss Irwin has published a cook book

which is very popular, and so well known is her reputation in this direction that when she decided to turn her home, situated on an island of the St. Lawrence, into a hotel, its success was immediately assured.

Perhaps the most treasured of her recipes, is that for "Oysters Catalan."

"Put in a double sauce pan a heaping tablespoon of butter and two teaspoonfuls of grated Edam cheese," this recipe reads. "When melted and smooth add four tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, a dash of Worcester sauce, two tablespoons of cream and the meat of a good sized crab cut very fine. When creamy and boiling hot, drop in two dozen Blue Point oysters; the moment they crinkle, serve on hot buttered toast placed on very hot plates."

#### Guy Bates Post's Eggs Meyerbere

GUY BATES POST, who is now starring when on the road, can be de-

pended upon, in nine cases out of ten, to order eggs Meyerbere for his breakfast, and he usually tells the *chef* how to prepare them. He says:

"Break two eggs into an individual baking dish; put over the top a teaspoonful each of chopped truffles, mushrooms and tomatoes that have been 'sautéd' in a little butter. Cover with dressing made of cream and butter, thickened with a little flour. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and paprika. Put in a hot oven and bake until the eggs are set."

### Will Deming's Home-Made Bread

WILL DEMING, who is playing the title rôle in "The Fortune Hunter" this season, prides himself upon his proficiency as a cook, and when he is with a company for any length of time in a city, he always hires a furnished apartment and regales his friends with delicious meals. His home-made bread is the talk of the profession.

"Two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one quart of milk scalded and cooled, one-half cake of compressed yeast." These are the materials with which one starts. "Then, put butter, salt and sugar in a bread pan, pour over the luke-warm milk and stir until the ingredients are dissolved; add yeast which has been dissolved in one-half cup of warm water. Stir in flour until stiff enough to knead, and knead thoroughly for ten minutes. Let stand in warm place until the dough has risen to double its bulk, then knead twenty minutes. Make into loaves, let stand until they double their bulk; bake in a moderate oven from forty to fifty minutes."

### Otis Skinner's Strawberry Shortcake

OTIS SKINNER, whose father was a minister, will tell you that he has



eaten strawberry shortcake made from wild strawberries which grew in the back lot beyond the church. At their home in Bryn Mawr, the old-fashioned shortcake is served as long as the strawberries last, and Cornelia, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, seems to be quite as fond of it as her father.

The simpler the form of the cake, the more delicious will be the result, although many prefer a sponge or cup cake with the berries. A fine biscuit dough is made as follows: For five or six small biscuits, use two tablespoonfuls of butter, and one heaping tablespoonful of flour mixed with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix slightly, adding one cup of milk and a half teaspoonful of salt. Stir in flour enough to make a dough too soft to roll, patting with the hands into six little biscuits. The secret of having this dough right is to make it quickly, with as little kneading as possible and to bake it through without letting it brown at all. Bake from five to eight minutes in a very hot oven. Serve immediately, breaking open (never cutting) each biscuit. After generously buttering, pour mashed, sweetened berries upon each half, decorating with whipped cream and a whole berry in the center. All who have eaten this style of strawberry shortcake proclaim it the most delectable they have ever tried.

### May Robson's Stuffed Peppers

THE successful star of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," May Robson—who is now playing in "The Three Lights"—is the best story teller among the women of the stage. In private life she is Mrs. Charles Augustus Browne, wife of the Police Surgeon of New York City. At their home on Sunday evening, there is always a merry company when the actress is "off the road," and when May serves her celebrated





stuffed peppers, her friends scarcely can tell which is the more individually piquant—the delectable dish or the clever stories of their hostess.

“Wipe carefully and break into small pieces fresh field mushrooms,” the recipe begins. “Then fry slightly in a tablespoon of butter—there should be a cupful when cooked. Add half a cupful of cream, two tablespoons of soft bread-crumbs, a half cupful of chopped clams, one beaten egg-yolk, and half a teaspoon of salt. Remove seeds and veins from half a dozen bell peppers, parboil in a little salted water and fill with this dressing. Bake in an earthen serving dish for twenty minutes, and baste occasionally with butter and water.”

#### Florence Rockwell's Scrambled Eggs

INVARIABLY, Florence Rockwell, when on the road, orders a dish of scrambled eggs with toast for her breakfast. Why she does this no one can find out, because, with the exception of the Waldorf Astoria, she never finds them to suit her. The recipe by which she cooks them when she is at home was given to her by Oscar of the Waldorf.

“The yolks of six eggs and the whites of three, one tablespoon of butter, a cup of cream and half a teaspoonful of salt; put the mixture into buttered pan and stir quickly until it is a soft, creamy mass. Serve with strips of dry toast and slices of raw tomatoes.

#### Rose Coghlan's Broiled Tomatoes

ROSE COGHLAN has reached the time of life when she has to worry about getting fat. It has been some years since Rose played *Rosalind* and showed a form of fairest nature's mould. She is now in vaudeville and still retains her hold upon comedy. Miss

Coghlan seems to think that broiled tomatoes are not conducive to flesh; consequently, they are a part of her daily bill of fare when they are in the market.

Cut a large tomato, without peeling, into slices a half an inch thick. Put them into a shallow pan and dust with grated Parmesan cheese, bits of butter, paprika and salt. Place under the gas until the cheese is melted and browned; serve very hot on toast.

#### Annie Russell's Bread Soufflé

UP IN the Maine woods, Annie Russell has her summer home—Miss Russell and her husband, Oswald Yorke. Those of Miss Russell's friends who have been privileged to visit her in her mountain retreat often have eaten, on a summer morning, her bread soufflé. These are the directions she gives for making it:

“Soak two cupfuls of stale bread crumbs in hot milk. Add one cupful of grated cheese and beat thoroughly with an egg beater. Beat three eggs until light and add half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter teaspoon of paprika. Put a tablespoon of butter in a pan and cook half of the mixture at a time, as this makes two omelets. Cook more slowly than for plain omelet. When it is set, it will be as light as soufflé. Fold over the edges and serve immediately.

#### Jane Peyton's Moulded Salmon

JANE PEYTON is as inconsistent in her eating as she is in everything else. She eats little meat and lives mostly on fruit and vegetables. Occasionally, however, she serves upon her table—for Jane Peyton in private life is Mrs. Guy Bates Post—a delicious concoction of moulded salmon, which is made as follows:

“Rub fine with a wooden spoon, one



and one-half cups of cold boiled salmon; beat into this one cup of soft bread crumbs cooked to a smooth paste with one cupful of milk. Add half a cup of cream, half a teaspoon of salt, a quarter teaspoon of paprika and three eggs beaten very light. Pour the mixture in buttered moulds; set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. For the sauce, cream half a cup of butter, adding the yolks of two eggs—one at a time—beating thoroughly; season with salt, paprika, a tablespoon of lemon juice and a tablespoon of chopped parsley.

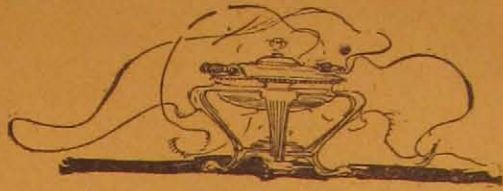
"Add one-third of a cup of boiling water and cook in a double boiler until thick. Turn the moulded salmon on hot plates, pour the sauce around it and serve immediately."

#### Mary Mannering's English Pudding

ONE of the most domestic of actresses, Mary Mannering, delights in having her friends about her table. At these times she is very apt to serve them a delicious meat pudding with a flavor all its own.

"Cut two pounds of beef into squares," her recipe reads. "Then put it, without water or salt, into the inner pan of a double boiler and cover closely. Bring the water slowly to a boil but do not open for three hours; leave it to get cold, covered. Remove the meat and cook two quail in the beef liquor until tender.

"Next put a layer of the beef in a deep dish; next, one of the oysters, then one of the quail and kidney, and over this bits of marrow. Proceed in this manner until materials are used up. Thicken with browned flour; enough beef stock to cover; season with pepper, salt, and a little kitchen bouquet. Cover with puff paste an inch thick. Bake an hour and serve hot."



#### E. H. Sothern's Yorkshire Pudding

WHILE E. H. Sothern is particularly simple in his gastronomic tastes, he occasionally asks for an English dish which for centuries has been known to the cuisine of the country gentleman. It is made after this fashion:

Set a piece of beef to roast in a dripping pan upon a grating. Three quarters of an hour before it is done, mix the pudding and pour into the pan. Continue to roast the beef, the dripping meanwhile falling upon the pudding. When both are done, cut the pudding into squares and lay around the meat when dished. Recipe for pudding: One pint of milk, four eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), two cups of flour dried and sifted, one teaspoon of salt. In mixing, be careful not to get the batter too stiff; it should be a yellow brown when mixing.

#### Lillian Russell's Macaroni

AS A rule, Lillian Russell eats very simple food. She is quite American in her tastes and does not care particularly for the intricate sauces of the French. Occasionally, however, one finds upon her table macaroni which is cooked in a way particularly her own and which is invariably pronounced delicious.

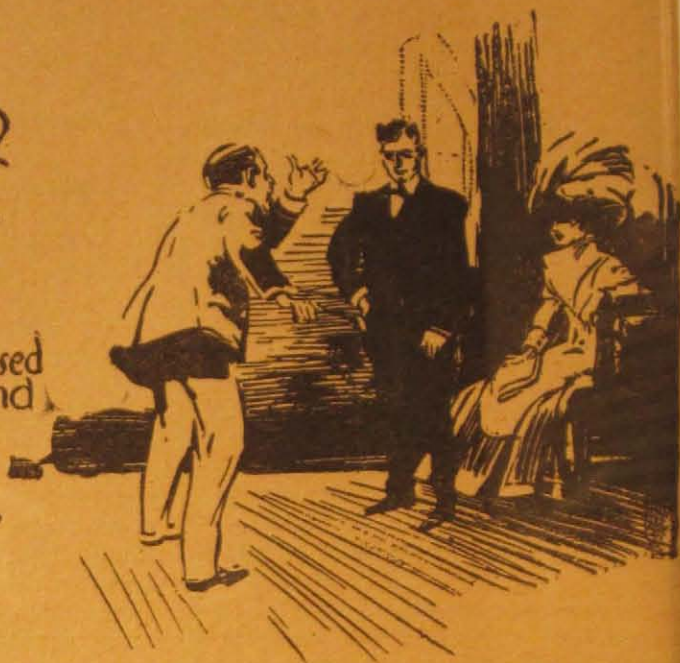
"Mince an onion and fry in butter," the directions for preparing this *bonne bouche* read. "Add a little flour and a half a can of tomatoes. Season with salt, pepper and a dessertspoon of sugar cooked twenty minutes. Strain and add one cupful each of cooked macaroni, chopped ham, chicken cut in bits, and three cooked green peppers finely shredded and free from seeds. Beat the yolk of one egg in half a cup of hot milk and stir in well to thicken. Serve hot."



# The New Leading Man

A Short Story which is based on fact of a Play and a Playwright

by Pauline Phelps



"I DO not love you," avowed the leading lady, sweetly but firmly.

"But I love you—will always love you. And I'll win your love in return. You may not believe it, but I will," declared the new leading man in an off-hand, confident manner which brought the stage manager down upon him at once.

"One moment, Mr. Edwards!" The voice was neither kind nor unkind, just business-like. "I am afraid you have not quite the right conception of *Darbell's* part. Kindly give us the stage directions."

"*Darbell* should be played throughout the drama with the utmost sincerity and earnestness," read the leading man, slowly.

"*Earnestness*, you see—and sincerity. Make the audience realize the man's passionate love, the tumult which fills his soul at this moment. Put all the feeling of which you are capable into your voice—like this." And the stage manager, who was rather stout and very bald, and had grandchildren, dropped on one knee before the leading woman, and repeated, "But I love you—will always love you. And I'll win your love in

return. You may not believe it, but I will,"—with the force and ardor of an eighteen year old *Romeo*.

"Why, would you believe it, Mr. Griggs can *act!*" whispered the girl from the Dramatic School to the soubrette, in surprised staccato accents.

The soubrette lifted an elegantly manicured hand, and patted her latest importation of gold curls to make sure that they were all there. "Well, of course," she remarked in a superior tone, "the Old Man isn't paying a hundred and fifty per to a stage manager who *can't* act! Now we'll see if the new leading man has sense enough to catch on."

The new leading man, who looked like a handsome college boy, stood facing the stage manager with an embarrassed grin, and awaited further directions.

"Do you get my meaning now, Edwards?"

"I think so, Mr. Griggs," he answered, not very confidently.

"Well then, we'll try again. Miss Rowley, oblige us with the cue for that speech, please."

"I do not love you," obliged Miss

Rowley, with the calm correctness of a phonograph.

"But I love you—will always love you. And I'll win your love in return. You may not believe it, but I will," repeated Edwards, doing his best to follow the stage manager's instructions.

From the left upper entrance, where the soubrette and the girl from the Dramatic School were stationed, came a tiny giggle, strangled almost at its birth. The leading man turned his head in the direction of the sound, and a slow wave of red mounted to cheek and forehead. At the corners of his mouth a little muscle began to twitch.

Long experience with the soubrette had enabled the manager to locate the disturbance, without even raising his eyes from the prompt-book. "Please remember, Miss Voorhees, that this is a professional rehearsal, not an entertainment," he said scathingly to the culprit, who had stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, "and that any further interruptions will be fined." Then he concentrated his attention again upon the leading man.

"No, Mr. Edwards, that's not the idea at all. You'll bring a laugh from the audience if you're not careful. You're making the part farce-comedy."

"I'm sorry. I did not intend to, sir,"—very humbly.

"Earnestness, remember! That's the key-note. Take it again now, please. Your cue is, 'I do not love you.'"

The leading man wiped his damp hands on his pocket-handkerchief, and tried once more. "But I love you—will always love you. And I'll win your love in return. You may not believe it, but I will."

The stage manager smiled coldly. "Don't you see, Mr. Edwards, that instead of making love to the lady, you are *bullying* her."

"I—I seem to have some difficulty in—understanding the character," stammered the new leading man. He had given up even the pretense of a smile, and the perspiration was standing in drops on his forehead.

"But why should you have difficulty in understanding the character, Mr. Edwards?" It was almost lunch time,

and the stage manager felt himself losing patience. "There's nothing in the character that should trouble you. It's a straight leading man's part. You have been accustomed to playing leading men, I presume?"

"Yes, Mr. Griggs."

"Where have you played them?"

"I was three seasons juvenile lead on the road, and two years leading man in stock, in Dubuque."

"Dubuque is in the West, isn't it?"

The soubrette giggled again.

"Yes, sir. In Iowa. Mr. Clayborne, the owner of the theatre there, was good enough to recommend me to—"

By a courteous gesture, Mr. Griggs signified that further explanations were unnecessary. "Ah, I understand! Dubuque, Iowa! Um! I'm afraid you'll find that New York has a different standard for professional work than Dubuque, Iowa, Mr. Edwards. But continue the part. I'll not interrupt you again. Do your best."

Although the words were not accompanied by a derogatory sigh, yet in some subtle way the stage manager had conveyed to the entire company, not excepting Edwards himself, that in his opinion the new leading man's best would be very poor indeed. And in this he was not disappointed. Edwards played his part with increasing uncertainty and nervousness, while the leading lady, feeling the uselessness of acting up to an opposite who would probably be discharged to-morrow, grew even more correct and phonetic in her replies. So the rehearsal dragged wearily along until lunch hour.

Edwards didn't care for any lunch. He went over to the right wing, and took a seat between the character woman, who was dieting because of her fat, and the low comedian, who had been out of a job all summer, and was dieting because he couldn't afford to eat. A shadow had darkened the Irish azure of the leading man's eyes.

"I wish," he began, addressing his fellow actors with some diffidence, "that I could talk with the author of this play about his conception of the part. I wish he were going to be present at the rehearsals."

The character woman rolled her chewing-gum, which she affected as being pleasant to the taste and non-fattening, from the right side of her mouth to the left. "For Gawd's sake!" she ejaculated slowly, turning her bovine and spectacled eyes upon him, "did you ever rehearse in a play where the author *was* present?"

"No," confessed the leading man in a small voice. "I've only played second companies on the road, and then two years in stock, in Dubuque."

The day before he had considered this record almost an enviable one. Now he blushed to recount it.

The character woman removed her gum entirely, for greater ease in expression. "Well, if you've never done it, the Lord forgive you for wanting it," she said. "Young man, just you wait till you see a spindle-legged author come into that stage door with a dinky roll of manuscript under his dinky little arm, prepared to boss his own rehearsals, and you'll know what playing in Hell with your back broke is. Remember that, and for Gawd's sake, as long as the man that wrote this show is in Australia, let him stay in Australia till we've put it on and over. Don't go to wishing him back here."

"That's right. That's why I always like to play in the legit.—because old Shakespeare can't come around to give us side directions about how it's done," agreed the low comedian. He was as thin as the character woman was fat, and wore a picture of his thin wife and three thin children on a scarf-pin, fastened in a red tie.

The shadow in the leading man's azure eyes became more pronounced. "I never had such trouble with a character before," he said. "I don't understand how it's happened. Heaven knows, I'm not anything to brag of in most ways, but in Dubuque, Iowa, they did think I was some of an actor."

He laughed boyishly, and turned toward his companions as if expecting their confirmation of Dubuque's verdict.

There was a moment of embarrassed silence.

The low comedian got up and wan-

dered to the back of the stage, where he observed the painting on a scenedrop with great interest.

The character woman restored the chewing-gum to her mouth, and struggled with a cavernous yawn. "Well, of course there's parts that are suited to us, and there's parts that aint." Then, impelled to further effort by Edwards' chagrined face, she put out her fat, pudgy hand, disfigured by huge brown freckles, and gave his arm a friendly pat. "Now don't you be discouraged, dear. I shouldn't wonder but what you'd do real well in *musical comedy*," she added, comfortingly.

The stage manager was fifteen minutes late for the afternoon rehearsal, a most unusual occurrence. But it was because he had taken the time to go up to the Old Man's private office, and report that the new leading man, from which such great things had been expected, was utterly failing to make good.

"Looks well—pleasant voice—splendid enunciation; but there's something the matter here." The stage manager tapped his forehead. "He seems incapable of getting any intellectual understanding of the part."

"Can't you beat it into him?" asked the Old Man, anxiously. He had great respect for the stage manager's opinion, or he would not have paid him his salary.

The stage manager did not seem to think he could. "They've had the parts to study for two weeks, and a reading of the whole play was given them last Wednesday. This is practically the second rehearsal. You know my theory. If an actor doesn't show something of what he can do by then, he's hopeless. Might as well give him his two weeks' salary at once, and save time."

"I wish now I'd have run out to Dubuque myself, and seen the boy act," grumbled the Old Man. "But I was up to my ears in work, so I took Clayborne's word he was a genius. Why, I can't believe yet he wont make it, Griggs. Clayborne ought to know. He and I played together in the old legit. for three seasons, and he's as good a judge of acting as I am myself."



"But how long has Clayborne been running that stock playhouse in Iowa?" asked the stage manager, as though the answer might explain everything.

"Ten years." The Old Man looked shamefaced. "You're right, Griggs. When a man gets away from Broadway and Broadway ideals for that length of time, he's apt to go to the bad. Well, I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. Have the understudy out in front this afternoon, and tell him to watch all the business closely. By the way, who is the understudy?"

"Harold Livingston." The stage manager's tone was apologetic.

"That young whipper-snapper who tried to play the juvenile in 'A Dying Flame,' and fell down on it?"

"Yes. He promised to look after the stage on the road, and of course we didn't anticipate that this Edwards wouldn't make good."

The Old Man wrinkled his forehead until it looked like a street map of Manhattan, while he considered the knotty problem before him. "Call up Sheridan, the agent," he decided, suddenly. "Tell him we've got to have Gilbert Davies here for opening night in New York. Davies' play failed this season, and he's gone into vaudeville in the West somewhere, but that doesn't matter. We'll pay his price. And meantime—oh, meantime, better keep the understudy out in front, as I said. It will be letting Edwards down by degrees."

So during the afternoon rehearsal, one of the seats in the front row was occupied by a solemn-faced young man with large eyes, who held a book of the play in his hands, and made frequent pencil notes on it during all of Edwards' performance. And everyone, from the leading lady, who didn't care, to the character woman, who really did, understood that the fate of the new leading man from Iowa, if not already settled adversely, was at least trembling in the balance.

At the close of the rehearsal, the leading man's wife came down to the theatre to walk home with him. Until she appeared, no one had suspected Edwards of having a wife; and she looked

so very pretty and so very young that at first glance the doorkeeper took her for a stage-struck schoolgirl, and started to bestow fatherly advice upon her. But she soon set him right on that, with a dignity which left him gasping. She was Mrs. Edwards. Her husband was Clyde Edwards, at present playing the Leading Man—the capitals are Mrs. Edwards' own—and she would wait "right here, please," until her husband came out to meet her.

She took the chair offered by the now deferential doorkeeper, and with keen eyes, appraised the different actors as they passed. She realized that the company was a first class one, because the leading lady's shoes were as dainty as her gown, and the low comedian tipped his hat and murmured "Excuse me!" as he passed in front of her—a courtesy not invariable with low comedians. Her heart beat high with pride to think that her husband had found a place befitting his talents at last.

"Well, Clyde?" As the stage door closed behind them she tucked her hand in his arm, regardless of the fact that they were in New York City, and not Dubuque, Iowa.

"Not very well." Clyde was not one of those rare individuals who, Spartan like, keep every trouble locked in their own breasts. He belonged to the larger and more commonplace class, who blurt it out to their wives.

She stole a quick glance at his troubled face, and for an instant her own became troubled also. Then she smiled cheerfully—oh, very cheerfully, indeed! She always smiled when the way looked dubious, for both actors and husbands must be kept from worrying.

"Clyde, I just wouldn't care a bit how rehearsals went the first day. A bad beginning makes a good ending. I always worry when everything goes smooth right off; it's so apt to mean the play is only a candidate for cold storage. Oh, yes, it is. You know you laughed at me for saying that when they put on, 'Dillman's Pride' and yet what a failure that old thing was—only ran two nights."

"I'm not worrying about this play," he said.

She tried again. "You mustn't mind if the stage manager gets mad and throws things. They often do in New York. Mr. Clayborne said so himself. He said some of them considered they *had* to, to get the actors nerved up to doing good work."

"Oh, Mr. Griggs isn't like that. He treated me well enough—never raised his voice." Edwards stumped along beside his wife, moodily, his free hand shoved down in his ulster pocket. "It wasn't the play or the stage manager, Kid. It was—" The words seemed to stick in his throat, but he drew a long breath and got them out—"just me. I was rotten in the part."

"You weren't! You imagine it! Why, you've never been rotten in a part in your life!" she cried, with girlish, defiant loyalty.

His face refused to brighten. "You know I said in the beginning that I wasn't certain I understood the character, intellectually."

"But you don't have to understand it intellectually," she reminded him, eagerly. "Why, Clyde, you're not going back on the 'still, small voice, the actor's conscience,' that speaks in your heart, and tells you how to play? You've said yourself that it was greater than your reasoning power, greater than your logic; and it's never failed you yet. Why, dear, don't you remember how, on that opening night in Dubuque—"

He interrupted her. "Pets, I don't believe they know what good acting is, in Dubuque. I don't believe you or I know, either."

"Clyde!" she gasped.

They had reached the Subway station. He asked for "two tickets for Fordham"—where stood the little cottage they had moved into with such pride a week before—and having fed them to the ticket chopper, he sat down on the bench beside her, and tried to reason it out.

"What else can I think? I played that part just as I've rehearsed it here at home, and just as well as I *can* play it. The bigger theatre didn't rattle me, nor being in New York, nor anything. I did my best, I tell you. And what was the result? The first time I tried, the stage

manager told me I'd have to be careful, or I'd get a laugh on it. The second time one of the girls in the wing did laugh, and he had to threaten her with a fine. And all through the day, every speech I gave, there was that same feeling in those who listened to me—the desire to laugh. Their faces showed it. Well, don't you see, there's only one explanation—and my understudy was down in front with the part this afternoon. Oh, I'll be canned to-morrow all right."

But she would not give up hope so easily. This chance of a New York appearance meant too much to them all—too much to her husband, to herself, to little Bimbi asleep in his cradle, and even to all their friends back there in Dubuque. Why, they had considered her husband one of the greatest actors in the world, in Dubuque! They had crowded the theatre to hear him at every performance. On his benefit night, they had even blocked the street in their eagerness to buy tickets. Mr. Clayborne himself, the great Mr. Clayborne, had said to her with his own lips that once Clyde obtained a hearing in New York, the New York public would never let him get away. Oh, it couldn't be that now, on this first day, before he'd even had a chance to show what he could do—

Her breath caught, and hurt, but she felt her husband's eyes upon her, and the cheerful smile never left her lips. "Don't you fret at all about it, Honey Boy," she said, patting his cheek—to the great satisfaction of the ticket chopper, who had already sized them up as honeymooners. "It's coming out all right, and you'll have your chance in New York on opening night yet. Oh yes, you will. Pets knows. You'll see."

And to the casual observer, the events of the next two weeks would have seemed to justify her prophecy. Though the understudy continued to sit in front, he was not, so far as the actors could discover, ever called upon to rehearse; and the stage manager never again criticized the leading man as harshly as on that first day. In fact, he seemed to have taken a resolution to avoid criticizing him altogether, and lived up to it, except on occasions when the prov-

ocation became too great. Then he would burst out with, "Earnestness, Mr. Edwards! Remember that a farce-comedy is played in one way, and a serious drama in another. Now if you can make us feel that you are a modern *Romeo* in love with a modern *Juliet*—"

Edwards tried, but he couldn't. In his efforts to avoid farce-comedy, he did, however, render the part neutral toned, and one day the leading lady—softened by his alacrity in picking up a handkerchief for her—told him kindly that he had greatly improved, and that if he kept on he might yet succeed in putting it over. Edwards writhed under the scant praise, remembering how the other actors were accustomed to stand around with awe-stricken admiration while he created a part in Dubuque. But he shut his teeth grimly, and tried to take the encouragement as it was meant. After all, if a man had got into the way of over-rating his capabilities, it was probably well that he should find it out.

And thank Heaven, they had not canned him!

The play opened on a Thursday evening, in a dog town in Connecticut, beyond the reach of New York reporters, and continued there through the week. By the unanimous verdict of the only daily paper, the opening was most successful, and "Darbell's Decision" was destined for a long and prosperous metropolitan career. But after the first performance, when the stage manager had finished supper with the editor and had written the criticism for him, he walked down to the depot and sent off a night letter to the Old Man—who was detained at home with facial neuralgia—which read like this:

Play doubtful, but may get over. Edwards very bad. Have sent Davies his part, with full stage directions. Sorry he cannot get here until so late, but think better to trust opening night to him, even without rehearsal.

G. GRIGGS.

The stage manager handed his letter in, paid for it, and then requested it back and added a postscript.

P. S. Will not dismiss Edwards until after Davies' arrival.

Eight o'clock on opening night in New York!

The nerves of everyone connected with the theatre, from the Old Man himself to the smallest boy who passed the drinking cups, were as a violin string keyed up to the highest pitch, and likely to snap at any moment.

In the right upper entrance, the leading lady, very tailor-made and correct in her first act street dress, was gnawing the fingers off her gloves, and wishing she had left the stage and married the millionaire stock broker last season, when she had the chance.

In the left lower entrance, the sourette struggled with a nervous chill, while a very frightened super fanned the back of her neck, and the leading lady's understudy administered ice water.

At the window "in flat," the low comedian, in a blue funk, was telling the heavy that from the very first he had predicted the play would be a failure, and by eleven to-night they'd find out he was right.

And on the stage center, in the midst of the first act pawnbroking office, the Old Man waved a telegram before Griggs' dismayed eyes, and shouted at the top of his voice, under the impression he was speaking in a whisper.

"Griggs, look at this? Will you look at this? A message from Davies, saying he can't arrive until nine o'clock! Nine o'clock on opening night in New York, when I've doubled his salary to get him. It's an insult—an outrage! What excuse has he? What excuse can he have?"

"He says a railroad accident," softly murmured the stage manager, whose nervousness was of the quiet, deadly kind.

"That's no excuse! He ought to have got here some way."

Griggs re-read the message. "He has chartered an automobile—"

"Then he should have chartered an airship. Does he think I'm going to postpone raising my curtain till nine, and have every critic here tired out and ready to roast the show to-morrow? I won't do it—not if we put on the play without any leading man at all. Where's Edwards?"

"In his dressing-room, making up. Of course he suspects nothing so far, but I think we'd make a mistake to trust the part to him. He's an absolute non-entity."

"Well, Davies is an It," roared the Old Man, who on ordinary occasions admired Davies exceedingly.

Griggs dry-washed his clammy hands. "Even so, he'll get the part over, and we know it. He doesn't come on till the last half of the first act, and he says he'll arrange his make-up in the machine. I think if we put off raising the curtain till eight-forty—"

"Eight-thirty—not a minute later. It's been a lifelong principle of mine never to wear out an audience by makin' 'em wait, and I'm going to stick to that principle. Eight-thirty, never mind what comes of it. Do you understand?"

The Old Man rushed off the stage, and careened full against Mrs. Edwards, whom in the excitement of the moment he took for the leading lady, in her street make-up of the first act.

"Miss Rowley, the curtain rises at eight-thirty, and that's final. We're hoping Davies will be here in time for his cue, but if he isn't, Edwards goes on and plays. Thank Heaven, we haven't given him his notice yet, and you may be able to pull him through some way, though of course we're hoping Davies gets here. Eight-thirty. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," murmured Clyde's wife, fleeing from him. And indeed, she did understand only too well.

In the dim entryway which led to her husband's dressing-room, she paused and clutched her hand about the locket upon her neck, where rested Bimbi's picture. "Oh, baby," she murmured, as if to his little living, comforting presence, "when you grow up, dear, be a lawyer or a doctor or a civil engineer, or anything like that if you can—be a hod carrier if you must, but never, never be an actor. They're too cruel to you when you're that—they break your heart!"

But she pulled herself together, and choked back the tears resolutely. Of course, she must carry a smiling face to Clyde's door! Of course, he musn't

know, not as long as there was a chance, even a *chance*—

"Is that you, Pets?"

"Yes, Clyde, dear."

"Bully. I was afraid you wouldn't get around before the curtain went up. Come in. The dresser's gone." He hugged her boyishly as she entered. He had always suffered less from stage fright than most actors, and now she saw that he was in the highest spirits. "Pets, dear, I've got a hunch that I'm going to make a big hit to-night."

"Have you, Clyde?" she forced her lips to say, with the stereotyped smile still upon them.

"Yes. I've been thinking over this—this sort of failure of mine to make good, you know, and I can see just how it happened. It was that little soubrette's laugh the first day that's responsible for the whole thing."

"Do you think so, dear?"

"I'm sure of it. After that, I got afraid of myself, and afraid of the part, for fear somebody else would laugh. Why, I didn't do *anything* up in Connecticut—they wouldn't have known I was on the stage. I'd toned it all down so, you understand. But to-night I just feel it's in me to go out there and play up and get them, just as I used to get them in Dubuque. Laugh? The audience wont laugh. Why should they? No one ever saw anything funny in my acting before, and perhaps that girl was laughing at some joke of her own, anyway. Oh, I'll show 'em a little what I can do to-night."

"I hope so, Clyde."

"'Hope so?' " *I will.*" He was sure of it.

He gave his make-up a last, critical inspection, and then hurried her onto the stage, to watch the curtain go up. "Do you know, that kid from the Dramatic School who plays the typewriter girl has the first speech; only one she does have all the way through. But it's enough to scare the wits out of her to open the play, isn't it?"

On the stage, the excitement had increased a hundred per cent, and the stage manager was having hard work to make the Old Man take any notice

whatever of a card which had just been handed in from the audience.

"It's from the author," whispered Griggs, in an awe-stricken voice. "He says he returned from Australia sooner than he expected. He's in front."

"Hey?"

"The author of the play, you know. He landed in Boston at three this afternoon, and took the fast express. He's out there in one of the orchestra seats now—"

"Then let him stay there," snapped out the Old Man, fiercely. "If we could get along without authors in this business, I'd pay double the royalties. Hang authors! They stay away from rehearsals, get rid of all the worry of it, and then sit out in front and find fault because it isn't done to suit 'em. I'll bet you a thousand dollars that if this play fails to-night that chap out there in the orchestra seat—"

He stopped, because the stage manager wasn't listening to him. No one was listening to him. They were all listening to the overture, and the overture was *drawing to a close*.

"Oh, my Gawd," said the character woman, her fat hand clutching her heart.

The overture had ended, and there came a moment of deathlike silence. It was as if the entire three thousand people in the audience were holding their breath in a gasp of suspense. Then:

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!" And the curtain had gone up.

It was the proudest moment in the life of the girl from the Dramatic School when, after delivering her maiden speech in a voice which did not shake, and could be heard throughout the theatre, she walked off the stage, to be immediately swallowed up in the congratulatory embraces of a dozen excited fellow actors.

The play went on, far too quickly for the frightened mummies waiting for their cues, but slowly, far too slowly, for Clyde's wife.

Twenty-five minutes later, the Old Man, watching the audience with a keen and experienced eye, believed that so

far they were all to the good. The sourette had been kindly received. The low comedian and the character woman had scored individual hits. The scene between the leading lady and the heavy, which developed the plot, was being listened to with close attention. The Old Man turned to find Griggs standing beside him, and in the relief of the moment, he gave him a humorous dig with his elbow.

"Well, Griggys, boy, it looks to me as if we were holdin' 'em all right."

"If Davies comes to save the leading man. But there's only five minutes more," almost whimpered Griggs, who was as white as a sheet. He dry-washed his hands again, as he listened for the sound of Davies' voice at the stage door.

Clyde's wife was listening for the same sound, but she kept the smile on her lips. After all, her husband might get his chance—the time was so short now.

"Well, Pets, it's pretty near my cue."

"Yes, dear." She was shaking like a leaf.

"Nervous about me, eh? Forget it! I tell you I'm going to make good." Indifferent to the grinning scene-shifters, he put his arms about her, and with unwonted seriousness, kissed her full on the lips. "It would be a pretty sort of a chap that couldn't make good, for you—and the little fellow at home," he whispered tenderly.

Her lithe form relaxed in his embrace, then suddenly stiffened. She had heard the opening of the stage door, and a man's breathless voice asking for Griggs. "Clyde," she gasped, pushing him toward his entrance. "Go on—go on, now."

"Why, Pets, that isn't my cue. The cue is, 'If I owned a fairy Godmother, I would ask her to give me—'"

"Oh, don't wait for that. You can tell them you made a mistake. Go now! You must, I tell you, you must!"

"But Pets, you're crazy. I can't!"

A man in full stage make-up had appeared in the wing, and was being rushed toward them by Griggs. Clyde's wife turned faint. But at that instant came the leading woman's voice:

"If I owned a fairy Godmother, I would ask her to give me—"

"Give you what?" cried the leading man, bounding onto the stage.

In his make-up Edwards looked like a blond Viking prince, and a murmur of admiration nestled through the feminine portion of the audience. They clapped softly, while their escorts consulted their programs. "Clyde Edwards. A new name! One of the Old Man's finds, doubtless. Well, Edwards looks all right, but the question is, can he act?" Then they settled back to pass judgment upon him.

"By George, Griggs, there's nothing the matter with that chap," whispered the Old Man hoarsely, after Edwards' first long speech. "Call him a nonentity? Why, he *blazes*."

But Griggs was clutching the scenery, a picture of helpless rage and despair. "The fool—the idiot," he cried softly. "And to think that in one moment more, Davies could have got in."

"But isn't Edwards playing this all right?"

"He's not playing *the part* at all. He's doing as he did that first day, making a burlesque of it. Oh, it doesn't matter for a page or two, here at first, but when it comes to the serious work, the love scenes, they'll *laugh* at him. You'll see!" Tears stood in the manager's eyes.

But all unconscious of danger, the leading man went blindly and hopefully on his way. And by and by—

"I do not love you," avowed the leading woman.

"But I love you—will always love you. And I'll win your love in return. You may not believe it, but I will," responded the leading man. And a ripple of laughter ran through the audience.

A look of stunned surprise came into the leading man's eyes. At the corner of his mouth, the little muscle began to twitch.

The leading woman bit her lip. "Tone it down! You'll kill the scene," she whispered, angrily. And then in her high, clear voice, "I'm sorry that our companionship this summer should have ended so."

Edwards knew that if the audience laughed again, both himself and the

play were lost. He put all the ardor and emotion of which he was capable into the next speech. He thought of his wife, watching from the wings; he thought of little Bimbi, asleep in the cradle at home. He *prayed*, even as he was delivering the lines, that he would be guided to give them aright.

And the audience laughed again!

After that, a sort of despairing doggedness took possession of him. He didn't try to tone the part down. He told himself that as he had begun, so he would go through it to the end. The mischief was done; it was too late to change now. Besides, he couldn't change! *He* wasn't saying those words. It was that other self of his, that inner voice, on which as an actor he had always depended. Why, oh why, should it have played him false now?

And the audience continued to laugh. They always laughed—always, at every line.

The other actors made way for him as he rushed off the stage, past them all, down to the friendly darkness of his dressing-room. But his wife was there before him.

"Oh Clyde, dear! Oh, Honey Boy, I'm so sorry."

She put out her arms, and he buried his head on her breast as Bimbi might have done, hiding himself in her mother love, to shut out the cruelty of the world.

"It's all over, Pets, all over! I can never act again."

"Oh, don't say that, Honey Boy."

From above there came the muffled clapping of many hands. "Curtain! All in first act on stage for curtain" shouted the call boy, and passed on.

"It isn't just failing in the part. I could stand that! But when those people out there began to *laugh* at me, they killed something in my soul—my belief in myself. If I live to be a thousand I'll never get it back again."

"Curtain! All in front for the curtain." The call boy was pounding on the door.

He clung to her closer. "I can't do it, Pets. I can't face that crowd out there again, not even to finish the play. It would kill me. Oh, Pets, I can't."

"And you needn't, Honey Boy. I'll tell them you're ill, and they must put the other man in your place. Oh, he's ready for it," she said, bitterly. "He was ready when you went on the stage to-night." She kissed him. "And listen, Clyde, dear. I don't like New York. It's so cold and cruel. To-morrow we'll leave Fordham, and go back to Dubuque, where they know us and love us. Clayborne wrote me yesterday that the new leading man wasn't making good. He'll be glad to take you on. And the old crowd will all come down to the train to meet us, I'm sure they will. They were our friends there, you know. Oh, Clyde, won't it be good to see old Bill Harrock again, and funny little Tads—"

Thus she crooned her husband comfort, rocking him back and forth in her arms, while the pounding outside grew to a perfect pandemonium of fists, which at last could not be disregarded, even by their all-absorbing misery. Edwards staggered to his feet, and threw open the door.

"Go away," he cried, fiercely. "Don't come here with any kicks. Haven't you got heart enough to let a man alone when he's down?"

But none of the excited group outside heard a word of it.

"Congratulations," yelled the Old Man, in hilarious joy, working Clyde's right hand up and down like a pump handle. "Boy, you're made."

"Congratulations!" shouted a chorus back of him.

"Congratulations!" murmured a literary individual with a Boston accent, seizing Clyde's left hand and treating it the same way. "As the author of the play, allow me to say that you are fulfilling my ideal, and more. Allow me to say that I can think of no other young actor at present on the boards who could, without burlesque, bring out all the delicate and subtle humor of this difficult comedy part."

"Comedy part!" echoed Clyde. He clutched the side of the door for support, and his eyes involuntarily sought those of the stage director, who was standing third in the line. Griggs hesitated for a moment, and then, because he was a gentleman, he came up and held out his hand.

"Everything's on me," he said. "It was that line about earnestness and sincerity that started me wrong, and I kept right on. Mr. Edwards, you never take anything, I know. But would that baby of yours prefer an opening night souvenir of a silver rattle, or a teething ring?"

And while Clyde's dazed brain was still wrestling with this important question, the call boy pounced down upon the group, and in his frenzied excitement included the author, the stage manager, and even the Old Man himself in one scathing condemnation:

"What t'ell are youse all doin', keepin' de lead from his curtains? Don't ye hear de audience goin' wild out dere? Gee, does you want 'em to tear de theaytre down?"





# CHRONICLES OF BROADWAY

BY RENNOLD WOLF

HERE is another bouquet of piquant anecdotes concerning a number of the interesting personalities who have made Broadway famous.

ON BROADWAY, this is the open season for ante-prandial cocktails and post-prandial oratory. He who really is of Broadway, who gains admittance and welcome to the innermost circles of the Rialto's elect, may during the months of January, February and March keep his date book filled with appointments that mean a "party" of some sort for every night in the week—including Sunday.

As some one long ago remarked, the chief diversion of New Yorkers is eating. And immediately following the holidays there is scarcely an even-

ing which has not its beefsteak supper, its "banquet" or its formal dinner of some kind, at which the same faces are seen night after night.

Indeed, a flawless digestion, an extensive repertoire of dress shirts and a complacent and patient wife are essential to the complete enjoyment of a chronic Broadway diner-out. For example, during a period of four weeks immediately preceding the penning of these Chronicles, there have come and gone the annual dinner of the American Dramatists Club at Delmonico's, the Twelfth Night Club's dinner and entertainment at the



Berkley Lyceum—also an annual affair—the Friars' monster party and dinner to Sam H. Harris at the Hotel Astor, the annual banquet of the Association of Theatre Managers at the Hotel Knickerbocker, George M. Cohan's midnight supper to William Collier, William Collier's midnight supper to George M. Cohan, the Messrs. Cohan and Collier's midnight supper to Nat C. Goodwin, Nat C. Goodwin's midnight supper to the Rialto at large, the Lambs' big Yuletide Gambol and supper, Donald Brian's beefsteak party "under the rafters" at Reisenweber's, James Buchanan Brady's elaborate dinner at home, the New Year's revel at the Players—and the big Jubilee Dinner to Messrs. Weber and Fields in immediate prospect. Oh, there are many, many others, but loss of sleep has induced a loss of memory that renders a more prolonged recital too arduous a task.

### AUGUSTUS THOMAS NEVER MISSES

AT NEARLY every one of these affairs one may count with certainty upon Augustus Thomas' presence. Mr. Thomas' name always is the first one thought of in preparing a list of after-dinner speakers. He has no superior, and perhaps no equal, in that particular form of monologue rendering. Also he possesses a dignity and a pre-eminence that raise the general average of the gatherings which he graces.

Mr. Thomas always speaks. His method is simple. Of the toastmaster or presiding officer he requests that he be placed "Number 4 on the bill"—to drift into vaudeville parlance. Upon what his predecessors have said he bases his remarks. While they are speaking he makes copious notes on the tablecloth, usually consuming the area allotted to himself and his neighbor on either side. Then he arises to pick flaws in the assertions of those who have gone before and to poke good-natured fun at them.

Occasionally he repeats himself, but this is seldom—which is a remarkable thing, inasmuch as he is eternally at it and never seems at a loss for an apt retort. He is guilty of such a repetition but once this season, according to the score that is kept of these events, and, therefore, his batting average may be said to be considerably above .300.

At the dinner of the American Dramatists Club where he presided, one of the speakers found much fault with the theatre, and stoutly urged radical reforms. The speaker was not a man whose achievements carried much weight, and his suggestions were not received seriously by his hearers.





In reply Mr. Thomas spoke of Mark Twain's description of the Sandwich Islands, which Mr. Twain had declared to be picturesque perfection, observing that he could think of but one improvement and that was to move the mountains nearer to the shore. "And," added Mr. Twain, according to Mr. Thomas, "I don't want to be obliged to speak of it again."

It was this same joke that Mr. Thomas turned on himself at the dinner of the Managers' Association. He had spoken with great earnestness of a needed reform in the theatrical business, and the assembled magnates had listened listlessly, and yawned. Whereupon Mr. Thomas, appreciating the humor of the situation, related again Mr. Twain's comment on the Sandwich Islands.

#### WHAT HAMMERSTEIN SMOKES

AT THAT same dinner my nearest neighbor was Oscar Hammerstein, who had arrived from London that morning for a visit of three days in New York. Between courses we discussed at length Mr. Hammerstein's London opera season. He happened to remark during the conversation that he had taken apartments in the Hotel Savoy, perhaps London's most luxurious hotel. Just then a waiter passed cigars—of a brand so costly that they are not on sale except at the stands of a few leading hotels.

Mr. Hammerstein shook his head, sighed, and took from his own cigar case a long, black cigar, which bore a general resemblance to a Pittsburg stogie. Remembering that the impresario always fancied a certain powerful weed of his own make, I said to him:

"By the way, what do you do for your cigars in London?"

"I have them made special," he replied. "But that is not entirely satisfactory, and I am having my cigar machinery installed in my apartments, and hereafter will make them myself."

There's versatility for you—a man who overcomes all traditions and establishes an opera house in opposition to Covent Garden, and who also manufactures his own cigars in the gaudy apartments of the Savoy.

#### WILDER MISSED A CHANCE

AT THIS same gathering Mr. Hammerstein told how nearly he and Marshall P. Wilder, the misses' size humorist, once came to being partners, and how it was that Wilder lost an opportunity of becoming half owner of the prosperous Victoria Theatre.

Wilder's friendship with Hammerstein dates back fully twenty years. At the time to which Hammerstein referred, the indomitable Oscar had just lost possession of the New York Theatre—then the Olympia—and if ostrich plumes had been selling at ten cents a bunch, it is doubtful if he could have purchased a pin feather.

Wilder, always thrifty, usually had an abundance of ready money. To console and comfort his old friend after the loss of the biggest theatre in all Manhattan, Wilder called upon Hammerstein. They chatted on general topics for a while, and then Hammerstein said:

"Marshall, if you have \$10,000 you care to invest I can make you a rich man. Also it will help me out in a scheme."

"That's too bad," replied the little humorist, "for I haven't a cent for investment. I put \$30,000 yesterday into a watch company, and it is every penny I can spare at this time."

Wilder was telling the truth, but, fearing that his friend might doubt him, he called again the following day and showed the certificates of stock he had purchased.

"That really is unfortunate," declared Hammerstein. "I intended to use your \$10,000 to build another theatre, and, of course, you would have owned one-half of it. As it is, I am going to build it anyhow."

"How much capital have you?" asked Wilder.

"Seven dollars," replied Hammerstein.

And he, too, was telling the truth, for, with only seven dollars as his entire earthly possessions, he manipulated a scheme whereby the Victoria Theatre at Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street was built, and which, as everyone knows, is now worth fully a million dollars, and as a vaudeville house clears annually \$150,000.

Wilder still holds his watch company stock, and it is a reasonably good investment. He often sighs, however, when he thinks of the chance offered him by Hammerstein to be a real magnate.

### DOCKSTADER MEANT WELL

IT WAS New Year's day. Lew Dockstader, the minstrel, and Jean Havez, the man who has written so many of his songs, walked out of their hotel together, and turned into Broadway.

They had gone scarcely a block when they encountered a comedian, whose name shall not be mentioned, but who is known wherever vaudeville flourishes as





one of the most brilliant of monologue artists and the possessor of an insatiable thirst.

The comedian was maudlin from liquor. Also he was unkempt, unshaven and generally soiled. He recognized Dockstader and his companion, and demanded their attention. In his drunken way he muttered that he was concluding a protracted carouse, that he wished to reform, and that if he could go to Bridgeport, the hospitality of a friend's home and a week's vaudeville engagement awaited him.

He appeared to be sincere. Certainly his condition was pitiable, and Dockstader and Havez decided to lend a helping hand. A programme of a bath, a shave, a visit to a manicure parlor and a complete change of clothing was outlined.

In a cab the unfortunate man was taken to a Turkish bath. At first the attendant refused to accept the cargo. Dockstader pleaded. His eloquence and a substantial tip prevailed. The comedian was carried into a room, stripped, bathed, rubbed vigorously and put to bed.

The following day Dockstader and Havez called at the baths with a complete new outfit for the penitent. He came forth, looking like a new man.

"I'll never forget your kindness," he said; and he seemed to mean it.

"Now that I am straightened out again," he continued, "I will go to Bridgeport, remain with my friend until Monday, and then begin a week's engagement at Poli's. I have many bookings to follow. But I think I should have just one good drink to give me a little nerve. That's the last, though. Never again for me."

Dockstader led him to a near by café. The three took a parting drink. Then Dockstader summoned a cab and the comedian was escorted to the Grand Central Station. Dockstader purchased a ticket for Bridgeport, thrust it into the comedian's hand, together with a five-dollar bill, and personally saw him aboard the train.

There were tears in the comedian's eyes when he said farewell to his two friends. As the train slowly moved out of the station, he leaned far out of the window and waved his hand.

"This has all been a terrible nuisance," remarked Dockstader to Havez, as they left the station and turned into Forty-second Street, "but it's been worth the trouble. I feel better for it."

"So do I," replied Havez. "Let's step into this café and have just one drink."

The one drink led to others, and it was perhaps an

hour later when the two emerged and walked towards Broadway. They turned into Times Square and were just crossing Forty-third Street, when out of the door of the Hotel Cadillac's café pitched their reformed friend headlong—beastly drunk.

He had left the train at the 125th street station, taken the subway to Times Square and lost not a moment in making for the nearest barroom.

### ABOUT "EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT"

The sudden death of Karl Hoschna, the composer, recalls the narrow margin of circumstance by which the song, "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own," and consequently "Madame Sherry," attained their tremendous vogue. It is no reflection upon the judgment of George W. Lederer, the producer of "Madame Sherry," that he did not foresee the popularity of the song. The man does not live who can recognize a "song hit" in advance of a public test.

For that matter, Mr. Hoschna himself laid no great stress upon the melody of "Every Little Movement," as I have excellent reason to know, since he played it for me long before "Madame Sherry" was written, and said merely that he hoped to find use for it some time.

Therefore, Mr. Lederer is not to be blamed because he placed no reliance upon it during the rehearsals of "Madame Sherry." The fact is that he had so little faith in the song that he made it the opening number—almost certain death. Furthermore, he entrusted it to Frances Demarest, a young woman who still had her reputation to earn and whose ability Mr. Lederer regarded at that time as chiefly negative.

Almost at the eleventh hour of the rehearsal period Joseph Smith was called in by Mr. Lederer to stage the musical numbers. Mr. Smith had not met Miss Demarest at that time.

"I've got a song, entitled 'Every Little Movement,'" explained Lederer, "that isn't much good. At least, if it is any good its merits will never become known, for a black horse, named Demarest, is singing it. A dance should go with the song, because it concerns a dance, and perhaps you can teach that ice wagon to do it."

"I'll teach Miss Demarest a dance for that song," reported Smith after the first rehearsal. "And, unless I am greatly mistaken, you will be surprised in the way that song will go."

The outcome is now known in every city in this





country large enough to maintain a theatre. "Madame Sherry," largely because of "Every Little Movement," has earned fortunes for everybody concerned in its production. It established Mr. Hoschna overnight as a popular composer, and brought him more contracts than he could fulfill. Miss Demarest shared in the general success, and sang and danced the number during the long Chicago and New York runs.

And Mr. Smith fell in love with Miss Demarest and married her.

#### WILLIAMS PAID HIS TRIBUTE

AT THE dinner of the Theatre Managers' Association, mentioned earlier in this installment of *Chronicles*, Percy Williams, the vaudeville manager, took a final shot at a once celebrated institution which is now but a memory.

On the menu cover was the picture of the interior of a theatre. The stage curtain was raised, and the musicians were in their pit, but not a seat in the auditorium was occupied.

"I think," remarked Mr. Williams, as he arose in response to President Charles Burnham's introduction, "that our committee has paid a fine compliment to our fellow-member, Henry B. Harris. I see that on the menu cover they have printed a picture of the *Folies Bergere* on a busy night."

#### "JOHN, THE BARBER," AGAIN

I HAD thought never again to write in these *Chronicles* a chapter of "John, the Barber's" life, but he has recently been the chief figure in an incident so extraordinary that to withhold it from readers of the *Chronicles* would be a breach of faith.

To those who have not already made "John, the Barber's" acquaintance in these pages it should be explained that he conducts the Rialto's most popular tonsorial establishment,—an establishment financed by leading managers and actors,—that he is sportively inclined by nature, that he has made several incursions into the theatrical field, to his sorrow, and that his real name is John J. Reisler.

Not long ago Reisler presented to his wife a valuable diamond necklace. On New Year's eve, accompanied by Mrs. Reisler and the necklace, he entered society by a route known as the Pekin Restaurant, located in the very heart of the Long Acre district. And in the Pekin Mrs. Reisler was stripped of her necklace. Reisler said it had been "frisked."

Great and profound was the grief that followed. Persistent search brought no results, and Reisler finally was moved to advertise a reward of \$500 for the return of the diamonds, and "no questions asked."

It was exactly like a heartless Rialto contingent to avail itself of this opportunity to play a cruel joke upon the disconsolate barber. A few days later, it must be told to the discredit of the perpetrators, Reisler was summoned to the telephone by a strange voice. The voice informed him that the necklace would be returned, provided he was sincere in the statement of "no questions asked."

To obtain the lost gems, continued the voice, Reisler must present himself at seven o'clock that evening at the cigar stand in the Hotel Plaza, and blow his nose three times in a red bandanna handkerchief. Also he must bring the reward. The possessor of the necklace, if Reisler appeared to be acting in good faith, would then exchange the property for the \$500.

With great care Reisler prepared for his visit to the Plaza, a hotel which he never before had entered. He was more than ordinarily careful about his toilet, dressing in evening clothes and adorning his shirt front with the chipped-diamond studs designed to represent tiny shaving mugs, which he seldom wore except at the annual ball of the Larry Mulligan Outing and Literary Club.

One minute before seven o'clock he entered the Plaza and walked directly to the cigar stand in the lobby. Leaning over the counter ostentatiously, he pulled a gaudy bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and blew vigorously on his nose three times. He waited. Then he repeated the operation. Again and again came the blasts, but the necklace seemed as far away as ever.

"Pretty bad cold you have," remarked the cigar clerk sympathetically.

"Cold—nothin'!" retorted Reisler. "Say, young fellow, is there another cigar stand in this hotel?"

"Well, rather," replied the clerk. "There are six others—one in the men's restaurant, one in the café, one in the rathskeller—oh, all over the place."

Reisler started out on the rounds. From one cigar stand to another he journeyed, always pausing at each one long enough to give three vigorous blasts and display the danger signal. To the various nooks and corners of the hotel he wandered, serenading each cigar stand in its turn, until finally his nose was the color of the bandanna.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he became suspicious and concluded the concert with one final burst





of snorts and explosions, designed to take in all the cigar stands at once. Then, with a glare in his eyes, he left the hotel and dashed for his barber shop.

There he found awaiting his return a crowd of roisterers who made no effort to conceal their mirth. Reisler daubed his nose with cold cream before he relieved his mind of his sufferings. His verbal onslaught is said to have surpassed Ben Teal's tirade the morning that Miss Hattie Forsythe accused that resolute stage manager of stifling her art by costuming her in a gown that reached below her knees.

And when Reisler had ended his rebuke, Arthur Klein, one of the parlor's regular patrons, stepped forward and solemnly announced that the customers had rechristened him "Little Boy Blew."

#### MME. SIMONE LIKES FIRES

IF A choice must be made between her art and the spectacle of a big fire, give Mme. Simone the fire every time. The great French actress' love of a fire amounts to a passion, and the only misunderstanding that has arisen between her and George C. Tyler, manager of her American tour, developed on the day of the burning of the magnificent Equitable Building.

The most important production of Mme. Simone's American season—"The Return from Jerusalem"—was about to be launched, and a rehearsal had been called at the Hudson Theatre at ten o'clock in the morning. Mme. Simone, who is her own stage director and who is accustomed to the most rigid discipline as a result of her training in Paris, arose at eight o'clock, ordered her coffee and rolls and sat down to this light breakfast with a morning newspaper in her hand.

The Equitable Building was by this time burning briskly, but the morning papers had gone to press too early to carry the news. As the actress was about to enter a cab in front of her hotel two hours later, a newsboy passed by, crying: "Terrible fire! Special! Extra!"

Mme. Simone purchased a paper, glanced at the glaring headlines, and ordered the cabbie to take her directly to the scene of conflagration. It was a bitterly cold morning, and, of course, Mme. Simone was not able to get within a block of the fire lines. Nevertheless, she hovered about the scene for more than an hour with her maid, catching glimpses of the firemen, the ambulances and the squads of policemen, and picking up news of the disaster as it was repeated by the crowd.



She arrived at the Hudson Theatre shortly before noon, where she found an impatient company and a peevish manager awaiting her. Mr. Tyler addressed her somewhat frigidly, but he softened under the great actress' reply.

"Why bother ourselves with drama of the imagination," she asked, "when such big, tremendous, vital drama is being enacted down there on lower Broadway?"

### JULIAN MITCHELL'S FAUX PAS

OPPOSITE the name of Julian Mitchell, the stage director, must be set a black mark, denoting an error of judgment. His faux pas was committed at the New York Theatre on the occasion of the special New Year's eve performance by the "Follies of 1911" organization.

For this one Sunday night concert, members of the "Follies" company, which was playing in Philadelphia, were brought to New York. A large gathering of player folk had assembled to avail themselves of this opportunity to observe brother and sister artists in action. Among them was Lillian Lorraine, formerly a member of the "Follies" organization, but now the leading woman in "Over the River." She had come to New York from Boston to witness the performance, and, with a party of friends, sat in a stage box.

As one after another of the "Follies" company stepped upon the stage they recognized Miss Lorraine and smiled at her, and Mr. Mitchell, who was directing the performance from the first entrance, conceived the idea of interpolating her unannounced into the program. He waited until the big dancing number from the "Follies" show, in which Miss Lorraine formerly had been the feature, and then, without a word of warning, instructed Leon Erol to jump into the stage box, seize Miss Lorraine, drag her upon the stage and perform her original dance with her.

Miss Lorraine was startled, to say the least, when Erol sprang over the rail and lifted her, in her gorgeous evening raiment, upon the stage. But, alas, when Miss Lorraine raised her skirts to dance, an awful secret was disclosed. In packing her bag for the hurried trip from Boston, Miss Lorraine's maid had committed an error in the selection of hosiery, and when the comedienne, blushing furiously, lifted the skirt of her handsome gown, she revealed two ankles, one of which was encased in a black stocking, the other in pink.





# Switching the Spotlight

by James T. Powers.

A REAL ROMANCE OF THE STAGE BY A WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN

**E**LSIE NORMAN, leading woman with the Boston Stock company, sat in her dressing room, all powdered and patched, waiting for the curtain to rise on the opening performance of "The Gallant Cavalier." The leading man, John Hillerman, stood in the opened door, talking with her as she dabbed at her face with the rouge paw. Both were young and both were nervous. This was the first new play the company had produced since their elevation to the leading parts. It was in the days when stock companies were the real aristocracy in theatrical circles, before the star system came into style. Also it was in the days when the spotlight was operated from the wings by a man using calcium lights.

"Elsie," said the leading man, "my nerves are all on the jump. Sometimes I think this 'Cavalier' will prove a winner and sometimes I think he'll be left

at the post. I wish I knew something about this Arthur Berson, the man who wrote it."

"I've wondered about him, too," replied Miss Norman. "It seems strange no one knows anything about him. Who is he?"

"Mason knows—but he won't tell. Mason says he and Berson robbed orchards together when they were kids, but he's such a shy fellow he doesn't want his identity known unless his play is a success."

"Well, Mr. Mason is pretty young himself," the leading woman remarked between dabs, "but he's shown good judgment in picking winners, so far. Maybe he has found another."

"If Berson only had a name I wouldn't feel so shaky," Hillerman grumbled.

"Now, John," Elsie retorted, "suppose Mr. Mason had never given you a

leading part until after you had made a name. Would you ever get it?"

"Oh, well, you—er—you—see—"

"Of course," she laughed; "I see. Real merit always will get to the top, eh? Perhaps this Berson has real merit."

"Don't you feel shaky about the new piece?"

"No, I don't!" Elsie was emphatic. "I'm sure the play is good and if it fails it will be mostly our fault. I'm a little nervous about myself, though."

"Get out," Hillerman exclaimed incredulously. "You nervous? Why, that's absurd!"

"It isn't, either. Perhaps you haven't noticed how for the last two months that new spotlight man has been staring at me all during the performances."

"You mean Butler?" Hillerman asked. "I've noticed he seemed a bit cracked."

"Sometimes, John, it makes me feel creepy when I look up and see those dark eyes glaring at me."

"Forget it," Hillerman laughed. "I should think you'd be used by this time to having men fall in love with you and look as if they wanted to devour you. Sometimes I get that bad about you, myself."

She evaded his admiring glance, ignored the compliment, and returned to the spotlight man, asking:

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Not a thing, except that Mason lets him keep the job—and that he evidently has good taste."

"Please don't be foolish, John," she said simply. "I'm serious about this. I feel sorry for Butler. I've talked with him a few times and he seems like a gentleman. But I don't like the way he stares at me, and if he does it to-night I'm afraid I'll make some bad slip-ups in my work."

The call boy's voice came to them, telling them to get ready for the curtain, and John spoke hurriedly as they left the dressing room.

"Don't worry, Elsie. I'll look after this Butler." There was a threatening note in his voice that caused Elsie to drop her hand on his arm. Hillerman laughed curtly. "Don't be afraid. There

won't be any row. Besides," he added, glad that she was so concerned about his safety, "I can take care of myself, all right."

They separated, John hurrying to the other side of the stage. They did not see each other again until their first entrance, simultaneously, from opposite sides, Elsie as *Lady Marie*, rushing into the arms of John as *The Gallant Cavalier* upon his sudden return from a dangerous mission.

The new play went with a rush from the very first moment, and the interest of the audience increased continually until the house was charged with enthusiasm. This inspired every member of the company to try to put on more steam and get better results, and when the curtain went down at the end of the first act, Manager Mason—who also acted as stage director—assured them that it was the best work they had ever done.

The last act brought the audience to their feet and the people were waving handkerchiefs and shouting when the final curtain was rung down, to go up and down repeatedly. While the members of the company were bowing and smiling, and the audience were clapping their hands and shouting, Butler stood in the wings, his eyes fastened greedily upon the leading woman, his fingers clenched, his feet beating a nervous tattoo on the floor. While the curtain was in midair, the spotlight man darted forward, grasped Elsie in his arms and kissed her several times, exclaiming:

"God, how beautiful you are!"

The audience gasped and quieted immediately. Hillerman and others sprang upon Butler and pulled him back into the wings as the curtain dropped. Elsie did not scream, but her face grew white and then reddened with shame and anger. Mason rushed to her side, but before he could speak she turned and cried to Hillerman:

"Don't hurt him, John! He's mad!"

The audience were shouting for Miss Norman, and Manager Mason realized that another sight of her, unharmed, would be necessary to avert a possible panic. He ordered the curtain raised, and he and Elsie stood alone on the

stage. As she, calling to her aid all her art, bowed and smiled as though nothing unpleasant had happened, the quick-witted manager addressed the audience:

"You must pardon the impetuous joy of the author, over the success of his first play and the wonderful manner in which Miss Norman contributed to that success."

The people cheered as Elsie turned and stared at Mason. He, with a deprecatory smile, explained:

"There was no other way out of it, Miss Norman. Besides," Mason grinned, "I think that little speech of mine will make this play live quite a bit longer. I call it a good bit of quick thinking on my part."

"But the real author, Mr. Berson," she gasped, "what will he say?"

"I don't care," Mason laughed. "He brought it on himself for keeping in the background. False modesty, I've told him. I'll make it all right with him, though."

"What will you do with Butler?" she asked, with evident interest.

"Don't you think he ought to be fired bodily—if some one hasn't already done it?"

"No, don't do that!" Elsie stopped him as he started savagely away. "Let's talk with him awhile. Perhaps he is in trouble."

"Well," Mason laughed, "I would think I was in trouble if I stood in his place. Come along, we'll see what's left of him."

They found Butler, Hillerman and another member of the company in Mason's office. The spotlight man was the calmest of the three, and seemed oblivious of the presence of the others as he gazed into space. The others were relieved when Miss Norman and Mason appeared.

"Please let me throw him out, Elise," Hillerman pleaded.

She did not answer but turned and spoke quietly to the man:

"Mr. Butler, don't you think you owe me an apology?"

He laughed softly. "I owe you more than an apology."

"Don't be impudent," Mason re-

torted. "What explanation have you to give?"

"Very little," Butler replied. "I just couldn't help it. That may be an explanation. I think it is a justification too. But I'm sorry—not sorry I did it, but sorry because it offended Miss Norman."

"Well, of all the nerve!" Hillerman was too indignant for more words and he stalked out, growling: "Excuse me, please. If I stay here another minute I'll be tempted to do something rough."

"You'll find me outside in a few minutes," Butler called to the leading man.

"Here, stop that," Mason interrupted. "No fighting around here. You expect to be discharged, Butler?"

"I'd be surprised if I were not."

"Well, you'll not get your surprise. You're fired."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Mason," Elsie, who had been examining Butler furtively, spoke nervously. "He doesn't look like a bad man. Why not give him another chance?"

"What!" Mason looked greatly surprised. "Why, Miss Norman, do you realize what you are saying?"

"Yes," her reply came softly, "I do, but I think Mr. Butler will promise to be good and not to do anything except his own work—and I believe he will keep his promise."

"You've got a lot more faith than I have then," Mason retorted. "That's faith enough almost to move a whole mountain range."

"Wont you, Mr. Butler?" Elsie ignored Mason.

The spotlight man's face brightened. "Of course," he said quickly, "I'll promise and I'll keep the promise—as long as you are here."

Elsie flushed, tossed her head and left. But Butler was retained, to the amazement of the players and the other employees and to the intense disgust of John Hillerman.

Mason considered the opportunity too good to overlook. So the first stories that appeared in the newspapers about Berson and Miss Norman on the opening performance, were followed by others, inspired by Mason and founded upon just as much fact. It was "good"

for pages in the Boston papers and columns in outside papers. The press all over the country was soon telling how Berson, the young playwright, had become so smitten by Miss Norman's charms that he had written "The Gallant Cavalier" especially for her; and it was rumored that the play would result in a wedding.

Hillerman was wild and Miss Norman put her foot down firmly as soon as she learned what was being done. It was too late then, Mason explained. "We can't stop the other papers from copying what has appeared," he said.

The fame of Elsie Norman and "The Gallant Cavalier" and its author spread rapidly. Miss Norman was bombarded with offers from other theatrical managers. The producers of plays started a frantic, but vain search for Berson. The author persistently refused to be known except through his play, and through his friend, Mason, who also attended to all of his theatrical business for him.

"It's a nuisance," Mason explained to Elsie one night as they stood in the wings near the spotlight, "and if it wasn't on account of our old friendship, I'd make Arthur come out and do his own work."

"But why doesn't he?"

"Oh," Mason laughed, "he's still a bit shy. You see, he's still wondering whether this piece has succeeded because of its own merit or because of you. He wants to write another and see if he can repeat."

"The Gallant Cavalier" ran for ten weeks in Boston, a long run in those days. No further trouble was experienced from the vagaries of the spotlight man, who faithfully kept his promise, although he continued to devour Miss Norman with his eyes. Hillerman, mad with jealousy on account of Miss Norman's increasing interest in the unknown Berson, vented his spite on Butler. Miss Norman had grown so accustomed to the silent admiration of the spotlight man that it did not trouble her. When he was absent one night and Hillerman commented on the fact, she aroused the fury of the leading man by answering.

"It's funny, isn't it, but I seem to

act better when Butler is here. I miss him when he's absent."

"Huh," Hillerman replied shortly, "I should think you'd be glad to have him away, and ashamed to look him in the face—or us—after what has happened."

"He has behaved since then, hasn't he?"

"Maybe you think so," the leading man retorted. "Some people don't seem to care who admires them."

"Mr. Butler is at least a gentleman," she replied with quiet dignity.

Then Hillerman apologized and tried to win back the ground he thought he had lost, but when the company went to New York there existed a coolness between these two that became more and more noticeable as time wore on. When the company returned to Boston, Miss Norman remained in New York. This was an excuse for the newspapers to publish a story of another "shattered stage romance" on account of professional jealousy. That both Miss Norman and Hillerman denied it seemed to make the papers more firm in their assurance that it was true.

"The Gallant Cavalier" remained in New York until the end of the season and during the summer vacation Miss Norman was offered the principal rôle in a new play, "The Right Woman," written, Mason informed her, by Berson especially for her. During the rehearsals she frequently wished that she might consult with the author about certain points, but he persisted in keeping hidden, and communicated his ideas to her either through Mason or by letter, the letter route gradually being given the preference.

That fall, "The Right Woman" was produced and was as big a success as "The Gallant Cavalier," both the play and Miss Norman's personal work. It ran until after the holidays, and at the first of the year Mason decided to take the company, headed by Miss Norman, on a tour of the country, to play both of the Berson pieces. It was a triumphal tour, but when the Pacific coast was reached, the leading man, Tom Marshall, became ill. He struggled bravely to continue his work but the strain was too great. When Mason saw that Mar-

shall could not keep going he began a frantic search for a man to take his place. Just before they reached San Francisco, he received a telegram from Berson, which partly reassured him and at the same time gave him more cause for worry. Berson wired:

Am still looking for another leading man, but in the meantime I will play the part. Will be on hand Monday night. Keep Tom going until then.

Elsie's excitement spread to the rest of the company and became more tense as the hour for Berson's appearance drew nearer. He could not reach San Francisco before six o'clock Monday evening and would be forced to hurry in order not to delay the performance. Mason left the stage manager in charge of things and went to the station to meet Berson; he left orders that everything should proceed exactly as usual, with Tom's substitute ready to play the part of *The Cavalier* in case Berson failed to appear on time.

Half an hour before time for the curtain to be rung up, Elsie, her make-up complete except for a few little touches, opened the door of her dressing room and asked the stage manager if Mr. Berson had arrived.

"No," he replied curtly. "Train must have been late. Now, don't get excited, Miss Norman. This play will go right along, even if Tom is too sick to work and even if Berson does fail to show up."

Five minutes later, Mason, accompanied by a stranger, rushed through the stage door and hurried to Tom's dressing room. In another thirty seconds everyone about the stage knew that Berson had arrived. At ten minutes after eight, Mason went to Miss Norman to reassure her.

"Keep calm, Elsie," he said, "everything's all right. You'll not be disappointed in Berson, I'm sure, but you musn't get so excited that you will disappoint him."

"How can I keep from being excited? Who could, under the circumstances?"

"Well," Mason laughed, "get just as excited as you want to, but for Heaven's sake don't lose your head."

The call boy passed, crying "First

act, first act," and Miss Norman started to her feet, peered at the half darkened stage and shook her head. Then she saw a figure emerge from Tom's dressing room and come and stand in the wings. Dressed in the gay costume of *The Cavalier*, she could not determine at that distance and in the dim light, how he looked. The bell tingled; the orchestra struck up the opening eight bars and she tapped the floor with the toe of her shoe. The stage was flooded with light; the curtain went up and she started on, keeping step with *The Cavalier*, coming from the opposite direction.

The action of the play demanded that she should not look up until within a pace of *The Cavalier*, and that then she should utter a startled cry of love and surprise, but she had great difficulty in adhering to this course. Twice as she walked toward the center of the stage she tried to glance up through her eyelashes at the approaching author-actor, but could see no higher than his chin.

When she came within a step of him she stopped, looked up, gave a gasp of genuine surprise and joy and fell into the outstretched arms of—Butler, the spotlight man.

When the performance was over, Mason and all the other members of the company assured Elsie that she had never played so well, with such brilliancy and life and buoyancy, that she had never seemed so thoroughly carried away by love for her art.

But an hour later, after the author had explained, for the tenth time, that he had taken the position of spotlight man in order to study the technique of the stage—so that he could write a play especially for her, she admitted, smiling through her tears, that her good work had not been due entirely to love for her art alone.

Mason was the best man—with a grin.

James. Towne



# My Most Successful Play

## by Henry Blossom

IT IS difficult sometimes, for a playwright to decide just which is his best production, for the reason that so many things enter into the equation that he has to think for a while before making up his mind. The box-office is considered the best judge, of course, and yet many authors have felt that their most deserving efforts have not had justice at that supreme and final court. However, in my case I would not dispute its decision, and

quite agree that "Mlle. Modiste" is the best stage product of which I have so far been guilty as author.

It was written five years ago, and followed "Checkers" and "The Yankee Consul." At that time, I was living in a little bachelor apartment on Thirtieth Street, New York City. The play and the musical comedy just mentioned had both been very successful, and it was only natural that something else should follow. The

playwright who succeeds in one effort, does not have to go about looking for managers: they come to him. And so it was in my case. One day I received a call from Mr. Charles Dillingham, who asked if I would write the book and lyrics for another musical comedy. He told me that Madam Fritzi Scheff was under contract to him and that he wanted a starring vehicle for her. I agreed to do the work, and after talking the matter over with Mr. Dillingham and Madam Scheff, we decided to take a trip to Europe together, for the purpose of gathering the right material and putting it in shape in circumstances that would make it agreeable to all. Madam Scheff wanted the scenes laid in Paris as she preferred the modern atmosphere and gowns; and so to Paris we went.

In the meantime, I had outlined the plot in my mind, and as we traveled about, I began to fill it in. The situation, by the way, in which the poor working girl is loved by the man of rank and wealth, is always a good one for the stage, particularly when the man of high degree, in the end, has to get down on his knees and beseech the girl to marry him. It never fails to get the gallery, and of course if you can get them, you've got the house. In "Mlle. Modiste," this idea was used, and it proved a very successful situation. At that time, Madam Scheff did not speak English very fluently, and I had to use language to which her vocabulary was suited. This is very evident in the manuscript, where the words, and also the sentences, are noticeably short. I wrote the lines as we went along, and after I had finished a bit of dialogue or a verse meant for her, would submit it to her to read; and if there was anything in it that she did not like, or to which her articulation was not equal, it was cut out or changed. In that way, the greater

part of the book was written while we were in Paris. The balance—with the lyrics—was finished at Saratoga, where I went to collaborate with Victor Herbert on the musical numbers.

I do not wish to give the impression that all of my dramatic efforts have been as easily placed as was "Mlle. Modiste." "Checkers," my first attempt at stage work, was not in that class. It was written while I was in my father's insurance office in St. Louis, and afterward, when I began the business of trying to interest a manager in it, I hawked it around Broadway for three years, before finding one who was willing to give it a trial. Then this manager wanted to put an actor in the title rôle who was under contract to him, but as I did not think he was the right one for the part, I refused the offer. I remember telling George Broadhurst about it at the time. "What's the matter with you?" said he. "Are you crazy? Do you mean to tell me that you have refused an offer to have your play produced?" "What's the use," I argued, "if it will only be a failure? Better far, have no production." Then I went back to the business of peddling it again, until it got to be a joke in the Lambs' Club. Whenever I went in, they would laugh and say: "Here's Blossom with 'Checkers' under his arm, as usual." But the waiting was not in vain, for when Kirk LaShelle finally did produce the play, it was an instantaneous success.

Then came "The Yankee Consul." That, by the way, was not the original name. I had intended the hero to be a big, bluff, manly naval officer who went about everywhere setting things straight, and I had named it "The Lieutenant Commander." But when Mr. Savage saw it, he said he wanted it for a starring vehicle for Raymond Hitchcock, and that the part of the Consul, which at that time



was a secondary part, was the one in which he wanted him to appear, and asked if I could build it up so as to make it the principal rôle. This was done, and the name changed from "The Lieutenant Commander," to "The Yankee Consul." I had got the idea in the first place, from looking through a Rand, McNally guide-book. I was after some location remote and different in atmosphere from any that had hitherto been used in comic opera, and finally hit on Hayti. Then I remembered that the inhabitants there were colored, and knew that wouldn't do, so I looked a little further and found San Domingo. That had a Spanish ring and so it was decided on. The choice proved a good one, for "The Yankee Consul" was successful and is still playing.

This is aside from the subject of my best play, but it has to do with the process of building a comic opera, and is an instance of the changes that are made before it reaches the public. The writer of musical comedy has anything but his own way in the construction of the piece, and for that reason it is the most unsatisfactory kind of effort. Personally, I have been very fortunate—not having had any failures. But at that, the work is disappointing for the reason that so many practical things necessary to the production interfere with the author's preferred idea of the book. In the first place, everyone concerned with the piece has something to do with its construction. Possibly the manager likes it and says he will produce it, but he has a few stipulations: he wants the second act laid in Palm Beach instead of the North Pole, as you had originally written it, because he has an expensive setting of Palm Beach left over from something that has just failed, and he wants to use it instead of buying new. Then possibly he will say to

you: "Now I have engaged So and So because he does a wonderfully funny fall that always makes a hit with the audience, and I want him in the piece." It may be that "So and So" can neither act nor sing, but just the same you have got to put in something for him to do. And so it goes. There may be others on the manager's pay-roll who must be looked after; he has contracts with them, and must supply them with something to do, and it is only natural, of course, that he should expect your vehicle to cover their wants as much as possible. And so it is necessary to make it over to suit their various specialties and requirements.

Then, after you have rearranged the book to suit all the stipulated requirements, the time comes for rehearsal. After having made so many changes, you feel that you would like to have the piece appear as you had finally got it together, and you have hopes. Not for long, though. The manager is sitting down in front, the book in hand. Suddenly he decides that the pages between eight and eighteen must be cut out. The author attempts to protest, but it is of no use. The manager doesn't even stop to use a pencil. "Where's a pin—give me a pin!" he cries. "There!" And before you have time to mention your contract, ten pages of your book have gone to oblivion; the leaves are pinned together—"cut"—and that's an end to them. It's of no use to protest. Of course you can take your manuscript and go home, but then you don't. You remember that you have spent six months of your time on the piece and that after all, the object is to see it on the stage, and so you let it go as the manager wants it. Then there is the stage manager and the leading woman. Possibly they will not like your favorite verses, and what's the answer? They are cut out. Finally you come to the

opening night. The leading woman is thinking of her voice; the stage manager is wondering if his choruses are going to work properly, and, well, maybe the composer is in the house, and then the orchestra puts on double steam, and the lines are the last things that get any attention. So, I say, the making of a musical comedy is both complex and heart-breaking, for the librettist, and the best he gets is the worst of it.

The writing of "Mlle. Modiste" took about six months' time. I usually write the book, which takes about three months, and leave holes for the lyrics. That allows three months for the verses. The lyrics are usually written before the music, though this is not always the case. Sometimes Mr. Herbert will say: "I have a little air that I think a good deal of, and would like to have you work it in somewhere if you can," and then I go ahead and write the jingles to it. Some of my most successful songs have been written in this way.

"Mlle. Modiste" was written first in pencil, as that is the way all of my writing is done. And after completion in this way, it was dictated to a stenographer. I do not make out a regular scenario, but have a play clearly mapped out in my mind before beginning to write. Once I neglected to do this, and the result is, that the play has never been finished.

Apropos of the disappointments that a librettist has in seeing his work produced, one very important point was not mentioned. It is this:

those who take part successfully in musical comedy, must be unusually accomplished—they must be able to sing, dance, and act; to find all of this ability well developed in one person, is, of course, expecting a good deal, and those who are so fortunately possessed, command such high salaries that if the entire cast of a musical comedy were of this class, the cost would be prohibitive. However, I am not complaining, as I have been unusually fortunate, in the interpreters of my work.

"Mlle. Modiste" played to capacity for more than two years at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, and is still playing on the road. An elaborate production of it is to be made in London, this fall, by Mr. F. C. Whitney, who has had such a great success there with "The Chocolate Soldier." It is his purpose, also, to produce "The Red Mill," later, in London. This piece, by the way, was the second musical play that I wrote for Mr. Dillingham, in collaboration with Victor Herbert, and I had been near to naming it as my most successful work, for with the able aid of Montgomery & Stone it was a tremendous hit from every standpoint—popular, artistic, financial. But "Mlle. Modiste"—well, if I am to be remembered by just one libretto, let it be that!

*Henry Blossom*





## Kimball's Come Back

A Short Story of the Stage  
By C MacLean Savage

**S**TERN, the manager of the show, suddenly grew tired of leaning up against the iron railing around the entrance to the auditorium. Wallace Stern was only a little man, yet that iron railing swayed and trembled under the weight of his ninety pounds. For five minutes more, he sat on the long tin box where the tickets of the incoming audience were deposited (providing there were any audience or tickets) but he soon tired of that too and shuffled along the cheap, dusty, imitation marble floor, starred with tobacco juice.

Extremely restless seemed the aforesaid Wallace Stern, manager, advance-agent, press representative and, more often than not, ticket-taker for the "Darton *Répertoire* Company." He leaned now against the door jamb, looking out into the night.

Out of the semi-blackness, a lurid red glow shone, far ahead of him, accompanied by the far away buzz of voices, the muffled beating of drums and the blare of brass instruments.

"Humph!" he growled. "Just like old

Richards to book us here in opposition to a County Fair. We get Prescott, Canada, on Washington's Birthday and Orangeburg, South Carolina, on Lincoln's. Where do we get off!"

He continued to stare towards the offending fair grounds in question, his parchment-like face, seared with many lines, drawn into no pleasant expression. Footsteps along the board sidewalk had made him think that "Somebody had nerve enough to come to the show," when those footsteps developed into a trimly built, exaggeratedly dressed woman. She jumped at sight of him and called, out of breath:

"Oh Lord, Wally! You scared me stiff standing there like that!"

"How so, Milly?" Stern grunted. "Don't I allus stand like this in front o' the house? Gee, by the look of it, I'll be the only one standing, take it from me!"

"No," she answered vaguely. "You looked like you did that other time."

Stern jumped as though he had seen a ghost.

"Gee Milly!" he whispered. "I was thinkin' o' him all day." He looked up and down the dark street, although he knew there was not a soul there—looked, as if he feared some shadow would take on human form and spring out at him. "How long is it, Milly?"

"A year to-day Wally—yes, an' it was near here, too."

There was a long pause while nothing was heard but their own deep breathing and the far away drums, voices and blares of brass. With a weird sputter, the arc lamp over their heads burst into light. Each was frightened by the sight of the other's face. Another pause; then:

"So long, Wally—I gotta make up."

"So long Milly—see you after the show."

She smiled at him, turned the corner of the brick building and was gone.

Stern thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, jingling the twenty-seven cents therein. That smile of Milly's made it seem like that many dollars. Heigho! There were many smiles like that for him—but no more.

He kicked a shoe heel with the toe of the other.

"Gee!" he murmured, half aloud, "it's funny I'm thinking of her old man all day an' she should be too. A year to-day—how I wish somethin' would turn up."

Something did—but not what Mr. Stern had reference to. A long-armed "Rube" with his "Sally" on his arm, sidled up to the box-office and purchased two orchestra seats—for thirty cents. In his wake came two more pleasure-seeking farm hands and it was not long before Wallace Stern was mechanically "takin' tickets" before the afore-mentioned iron railing and thrusting them into the aforesaid long tin box.

But his mind was far from his task.

Try as he might, the thought process always reverted to that night a year ago, when the husband of Mildred Kimball went out of sight of all mankind—or all that was theatrical of mankind. Where was he? Was he dead? Was he crazed? Surely no man could very well withstand such a shock without it affecting him. No one had heard of him—

no one had seen him. A year ago to-day! Wasn't there some law that after a husband had been gone for a year, the wife could divorce him? Was there—or had he dreamed it? He—by gad—he would marry Milly Kimball to-morrow—to-night, if she'd so much as give him a hint. Why—but there was work now.

Two blanketed Indians with flannel shirts and trousers underneath, were standing impressively before him. One held out a greasy, grimy hand, palm upward.

"Lord," remarked Stern to himself, "I thought they were wooden. I was looking for the cigar store." Ninety-pound Mr. Stern must be indeed rattled to lose his sense of humor. Aloud now, to the staring, grim-visaged aboriginal: "What's the matter, Chief—what d'ye want?"

The Indian drew himself to his full height, pulled his blanket closer and answered with much dignity:

"Give money—show heap rotten!"

The other copper-faced fellow nodded his head.

"Looka here, Chief," said Stern authoritatively. "You haven't seen all of it. There's shootin' in the next act. Go on in and sit down."

The Indians grunted and drew down their mouth corners, but allowed Stern to push them back through the door. He knew very well there was to be no shooting to delight them. Still, sixty cents was—sixty cents, these troublous times.

Stern looked long at the stage. The curtain was up and Milly had just made her entrance. He thought she looked "swell" in her lavender dress, although he had seen her make it and knew it to be made of paper muslin and second-hand chiffon. Still her *Lady Isabel* was ideal to him. He had seen many—"East Lynne" had followed him far and wide—he had seen this one thousands of times. It is doubtful if the author of the play knew it half so well as he did. Yet he stood there watching this one for the thousandth and first time, his thin little hand holding the door behind him half open, his ideal *Lady Isabel*—yea, his ideal woman!

When the first act was almost over,

he turned about to go into the box-office. Business was business and though he knew the receipts would be meager enough, they must be counted and a "statement" sent in.

He had gone but half way across the floor of the dirty lobby, when his hand came to his throat and a horrible intake of his breath went quivering through his parched lips.

For there, in the flickering, sputtering light of the arc lamp, a puzzled expression on his face, *he* stood—Milly, Kimball's husband!

For fully two minutes they stood staring at each other, the little manager's face still expressing infinite terror. The other man's eyes were still puzzled; then he tilted back a battered slouch hat. The manager saw his hair was white, a new thing in that year. The man smiled.

"Hello Stern," he said in a far away voice. "Am I in time?"

As if it worked on a rusty hinge, Stern's head went up and down, nodding assent. The man turned the corner of the brick building and was gone in the darkness beyond.

For a moment Wallace Stern stood there in the identical position he had assumed on seeing Kimball. Then, like a stopped machine that has suddenly been set agoing with double power, he darted by the wall and down the long, dim alley.

Kimball had just reached the stage door. It had hardly banged behind him when Stern opened it again and was on the stage.

They were "setting" the stage for the second act. There was the usual raucous shouting, swearing and bustle, the usual swirling of dust clouds.

Kimball was standing by the switch-board, sniffing. Stern saw him smile again, turn and mount the rickety wooden stairs. On stealthy feet, Stern followed him. The man turned to the right, pushed open a door and went into the dressing-room.

For a moment the little manager hesitated again. Quickly swallowing the lump that swelled to his throat, he opened the door.

If it were possible, the face of the

actor in the chair was almost the counterpart of Stern's in wild-eyed terror. He was gazing open-eyed at Kimball—who, in a business-like manner, was taking off coat, waistcoat, collar and tie.

Stern caught the actor's eye and motioned him outside.

There on the landing they whispered: "My God, Stern! Is it Jimmy Kimball or his ghost?"

"I dunno—search me—I dunno!"

"What's he goin' to do?"

"I dunno!"

The actor peeked through the crack in the door.

"Say, Stern," he whispered, turning again to the little manager, "What d'ye think? He's makin' up!"

"Let him alone—that's all," Stern answered thickly. "Let him alone."

"But see here, old man," the actor whined, "I gotta change for this next act—what—"

"Borrow somebody else's stuff," Stern replied. "What'll she say? Let 'im alone, I tell yer, or you'll queer it!"

Poor little Stone had to hold on to the balustrade on his way down the stairs. They swayed beneath him as if he were drunk. He kept on though, till he came to a door with a rude star daubed on it. With a trembling hand he knocked.

"Who is it?" came Milly's voice. "I'm hookin' up my dress."

"It's—it's on'y me!"

Stern was frightened by the sound of his own voice.

A few agonizing moments and Milly Kimball opened the door. She was smiling as she did so; but the sight of Stern's face changed her expression. The little manager came trembling into the dingy, draughty room, closing the door after him. Without the preliminaries of either removing his hat or sitting down, he croaked hoarsely:

"He's here!"

There was no need for explanation. That "He's here" was fraught with every emotion the pent up soul of the little manager was capable of. The make-up on Milly Kimball's face hid the sudden whiteness that came there.

"When did he come?" she asked with terrible calmness.

"'Bout fifteen minutes ago," replied Stern.

"What's he doin'?"

"Makin'-up."

"Where?"

"Up 'n Tommy's room."

The orchestra was already playing the strain that she knew took up the curtain. She caught hold of Stern by the arm and whispered:

"Find out what he's makin' up for—keep him in the dressin' room, Wally."

The trouble with most people, Wallace Stern found, was that they didn't realize how hard was the task they were imposing on him. It was one thing to wait in the cold, bleak station to make sleeper arrangements, another to beat down a landlord two dollars a day on a hotel bill. But this—to help a man that had come, as if from the tomb, to rob him of all he held dearest.

But he did it!

He didn't remember how, yet it was done somehow. One thing that puzzled him was Kimball's answer to one of his questions. The question was: "Where've you been keepin' yerself, Jim?" To which, the returned Kimball had replied: "Where—why I left you this afternoon at the station."

So that was it—the whole year was a blank and Jim Kimball thought the whole thing was taking place, this day, a year back!

After the next act he told this to Milly. She seemed to ignore it, or as if she already knew it, and asked:

"What's he makin' up for, Wally, answer me that?"

"It looks like *Mon'seer Duval* t' me."

She caught her lip in her finger a moment, then glanced up at him quickly, saying:

"What scene was it, Wally?"

"I don't get you, Milly," he answered vaguely.

"Don't stand there starin' at me," she went on with a stamp of her foot.

"What scene was it?"

"What scene when?"

"When it happened?"

"I—I—dunno, Milly."

She caught him by both shoulders and shook him.

"Tell me the scene," she almost screamed. "Tell me the scene"

"The one in the second act," he managed to blurt out at last. "The big one 'tween you an' him."

"All right—set the stage for it."

"Now? Gee, Milly, there's an act o' this to run yet."

"But after, you bonehead—you can set it after, can't you?"

As usual, Wallace Stern complied. He spent the remainder of that act keeping a puzzled Kimball in his dressing-room and bribing unwilling stage hands to stay another half hour and set. Like all else that was disagreeable to him, he did it.

The last "Rube" had filed out through the iron railing. The orchestra had blared out the exit march and had begun now to pack up their instruments. The last curtain had fallen and the front doors banged shut. Yet slowly that curtain rose again, revealing an "interior set," with a woman seated on a cheap divan. That woman was Milly Kimball.

She read a few lines and then there stalked upon the stage, a tall man in a frock coat, high hat and complete afternoon dress. He wore the conventional "sideboards" and glasses of the road *Monsieur Duval*. His manner, though nervous, was impressive.

Then followed as strange a scene as has ever been played within the walls of a theatre. There was the woman, reading her lines, while her soul was in a turmoil, for she knew she was fighting for the return of a man's memory. The man was fighting for that memory too, though he knew it not. And the single auditor, torn by love on one side, by duty and former friendship on the other—poor little Wallace Stern!

Suddenly Kimball stopped dead. His wife was watching him and Stern saw she was trembling. This was the crucial test then! Kimball threw out his arms and cried out:

"Tell them to play the orchestra—don't crowd, gentlemen—women and children first. God—the smoke! Get her out, Stern. Don't mind me—look out for Milly!"

He stopped again. What thoughts

must have run riot through the brain of a little man and a woman! Kimball looked at his wife; then, with an animal-like cry, he rushed over and caught her in his arms.

Wallace Stern, manager, advance-agent, press representative and, more often than not, ticket-taker for the "Darton *Répertoire* Company," did not stay long watching that sobbing, laughing, hysterical pair. All he knew was that there had been a fire in a theatre and everyone had been saved but Jim

Kimball. Where Kimball had been, what he had done, didn't matter. Through this simple ruse, he had regained both memory and identity—aye, and the wife who feared he was dead. All that was a year ago. Now they were together again, while he—


He knew what he, Wallace Stern, had to do. There was the scenery to be put aboard the car; and Danny, the carpenter, was sick. He was only a little man, but he had to help.

And he did it.





# Gabby Goes on the Stage

by   
DONALD MORRIS JONES

## MY FAT FRIEND GETS A BAD ATTACK OF FOOT-LIGHT; 'TIS AFTER SEEING A FORTUNE TELLER

**H**IS fat face aglow with the royal flush that comes from contact with a good stiff wind, Gabby blew into my office. It was just after the big snow fall. I make mention of the snow because my pleated-bosom friend brought in with him considerable of the chocolate mixture that parades as beautiful snow along the principal thoroughfares in New York. Gabby brought it in with him, clinging to his shoes. He proceeded to spread the mixture of mud and snow over our nice green rug, stamping his Trilbies with great vigor. He unwrapped a thick, near-wool muffler from around his alabaster throat, divested himself of the horse blanket, called by courtesy an overcoat, and waved me a "good morning."

The ease and nonchalance with which

my heavy-weight friend takes possession of a place, or assumes full charge of a conversation, are two of the things that certainly get upon my nerves. But, after an effort, I stifled my inclination to bounce a book off his head, and asked:

"Where have you been the last couple of weeks, Mr. Boob?"

"I was over in Philadelphia, learning to play draw poker in the art school," he retorted flippantly. "Say, nix on that ancient comedy about the Quaker village being anchored to the Delaware River. It is one fussy little burg, and don't you go to sleep thinking the streets will be covered with moss when you awaken."

"You said the same sort of thing, after you came back from Cohoes," I reminded Gabby. "As nearly as I can



figure out your system, it amounts to just this. If some come-on falls for an invitation to have you spend a week or so in his company, you think the place he lives in is a sort of earthly paradise. You're a sure thing guy, you are."

"Slow up, Steve," exclaimed Gabby. "I didn't honor you with a call to have you give me an illustrated lecture on my personal weaknesses.

"You've been talking so fast and saying so much, that I've almost forgotten what I blew in to tell you."

"Then you have something to say?"

"Sure I have. I came in to tip you off to the big tidings."

"I suppose you have got in Dutch with the cops again?"

"Oh, no, fair friend, nothing so harsh as that. But you'll never guess what is going to happen."

"All right, spill the beans," I suggested. "What is it? I suppose some one died and left you a bunch of cigar coupons."

Gabby looked at me for half a minute; then:

"I went and had my fortune told."

"You went and did what?" I demanded.

"Had my fortune told," he replied, calmly, puffing away.

"Well, Mr. Mutton, I always did think your mainspring was on the bias. Now, I'm sure of it. You must be going dips. So Old Lumber Top had his cute little fortune told, did he?"

"Yes," snapped Gabby. "But if you think you're going to make a hippodrome out of this, there's no good reason for me telling you anything about it."

"Oh, go on and recite your piece. I might as well hear the rest of your harrowing tale." And I forthwith settled back in my chair.

"Coming back from Philadelphia a couple of days ago," he began, "I unwrapped fifty centimes extra for the privilege of resting my feet on the cushions in the palace car, with the rest of the bloated bondholders."

"Certainly is some class to you, little one," I murmured.

"The coupon they slipped me called for chair number twelve. I rolled aboard

the luxury wagon and permitted the sunburned gent to slap my benny and bonnet in the gilt rack, and then planted myself in the plush seat."

"You were acting almost like a human being," I suggested.

He went on.

"We were beginning to hit only the high places, before I got my bearings and began taking a squint around."

"Trying to do a little flirting?"

"No, nothing like that. I just wanted to get a line on the sort of mob that was stabled in the car with me. In the chair next to me, I piped a queen."

"A good looker, eh? I suppose you are going to tell me you made a play for her, and just as things were beginning to look real chummy, her husband blew in from the smoker and bounced a suit-case off your dome?"

"Nix. There wasn't no husband. She was a nice, friendly dame, and before we had gone very many miles, we were buzzing together just as though I had been raised in the same family as her. She was some dainty pippin," sighed Gabby.

"Well, what are you going to tell me? Did you take her to dinner and find out that you didn't have the price of the pork and beans with you, and had to leave your Waterbury to make good on the food check?"

"No, but after we had been chattering for about fifteen minutes, I discovered she was a fortune teller."

"Ah! The plot thickens. I suppose she was ducking the Phillie cops and was hunting a new tent for her talent and skill on Manhattan Isle?"

"For Heaven's sake, clamp down your lever. Throw off the gears and give me a listen, will you. This dame was some class. She was clever. She told my fortune, down to a dot. She told me I should go on the stage."

"What?" I demanded, incredulously.

"Go on the stage? You?"

This was too much for me. I let out a yell that must have been heard a block away. I had never, in my wildest imaginings, pictured my old trouble-finder as a budding Hamlet. It seemed too foolish.

"Yep," sturdily persisted Gabby.

"She said the lines in my hand clearly indicated I would be a great success as an actor. In fact, she said she couldn't believe that I wasn't already on, and that she thought I was some famous comedian, whose name she couldn't remember."

"And you believed all this?"

"And why not? I'm human, aint I? I don't see that these other guys behind the footlights have any more right than I have to believe they can act."

"And so you're going to be a little actor?"

"That's the ticket, and that's the reason I came down here to see you."

"Where am I supposed to come in?"

"I want you to help me get started," he replied. "You know a whole raft of these vaudeville agents. I am rehearsing my act now, and all you'll have to do will be to get me a date at one of the small houses, to break the act in. It will be easy sailing after that, and then we can go out and grab the big time."

"Are you completely nuts? It seems to me your brains must be leaking away by the minute." But just the same I was beginning to realize that the Stout Person was evidently very much in earnest.

"I've had a go at about everything else. Now, I might as well have a session at elevating the drammer." And he smiled broadly.

"All right, Gabby," I said. "If you've

really got your mind made up, I'll help you get off to a fast start. What manner of dazzling exhibition do you propose giving? A tight-rope walking act, an exhibition of the black art, or baritone selections from grand opera?"

"You're kidding yourself now," grunted Gabby. "I'm going to do nothing more or less than a single talking and singing act, to run about twelve minutes—and believe me, pal, it is going to be some act, even if I do say so myself, as shouldn't."

"I see; you are going to tell comical stories that will make the audience fall out of their seats? I dare say, it will be a riot. Well, if you're in earnest, I'll run over and see Joe McMasters. He books a flock of these small time dumps and I guess he'll be able to fix you up. When will you be ready to go on?"

"I'm about ready now, but we'd better start off on a Monday. Let's see, this is Wednesday, isn't it?" Well, then, suppose we say next Monday."

"Right you are, actor," I replied, smilingly. "And I'm to tell Joe that you will do twelve minutes of song and story. Am I right?"

"Yep, that's the dope. Tell him, too, that I've got a monologue that will have them cheering for more. And, as for songs, why, I've got a couple—well, there's absolutely nothing to it—every one of them is a sure-fire hit."

"You talk like a vaudeville guy already," I remarked, as I arose, put on my overcoat and hat, and made a bee line for Joe McMasters' office.

The upshot of my visit was that Joe readily agreed with me that the best way in which to cure Gabby, was to let him try himself out before an audience. If he made good, all right; if not, then curtain!

Often I have sat in a theatre and witnessed the humiliation of some trusting amateur aspirant, endeavoring to convince an audience of wisenheimers that he was the real all-wool-and-a-yard-wide comical cuss. However, I determined to wait until Young Beefo had had a chance to show what he could do, before deciding whether I must order a mourning band to wear on my arm. You know there are some



mighty strange things happen in the show world. Not the least strange are the accidental and unexpected hits made by ginks who have been pre-judged dubs without a chance to get by.

Joe arranged a three day tryout for Gabby at the Arctic Music Hall. This Giggle Temple was formerly an iron foundry, but, by indulging in a wild campaign of plaster cast and staff work, the lessees managed to convert it into a veritable Palace of Aladdin.

During the remaining days of preparation, Gabby had little to say. On the Big Monday I met him. He was calmness personified. His own confidence began working on me and I found myself wondering whether, at that, he might not have a good act and surprise us all. But my better judgment told me that it was only his own superlative gall and egotism that was holding him up. Gabby is certainly the Original Caramel when it simmers down to a question of self-esteem.

On the stage manager's copy, Gabby was down to go on in the number three position. I had an early lunch and started up the White Alley to the Arctic Music Hall. I walked around the lobby, glancing casually over the pictures plastered about. I took a good long look at the frame wherein reposed the ro-tund and affable map of my adventurous pal. He seemed to look out of the frame with a glance that said, as plain as anything could be: "Watch me, kid; I'm a bear."

They had billed Gabby something after this style:

FIRST APPEARANCE

of

THE REAL GABBY

Presenting a Clever Conceit  
of Mirth and Melody.

BROADWAY'S BEAU BRUMMEL

Engaged

At a Gigantic Salary!

"I'll bet Gabby wrote that billing himself," I murmured to myself, as I dug and prepared to separate myself from the ten pennies required to gain legal admittance.

If there is one particular thing in life that I confess to liking, it is moving



pictures. I sure do dote on fighting the films and watching the shadow dramas. There is a sense of relief in knowing that the actors in the various picture plays are not going to assail your ears with bad diction, muffled enunciation, to say nothing to up-stage conversation, that is rarely to be heard, and, when it is heard, is never to be understood.

The only serious drawback to perfect enjoyment at a picture show, is to be found in the presence of the persistent and inevitable musician. He or she is usually a ragtime pianist, who insists upon accompanying each picture, as it is shown on the screen, with a selected selection.

Now, this arrangement probably would be O.K. were it not that the piano-teasing genius, as often as not, fails to fit the music to the picture. It is a common occurrence to hear Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" badly macerated as the ever-willing keyboard-mechanic pounds it out as his or her idea of a proper musical *motif* for a rough and tumble comedy scene, in which a film actor falls head first into a barrel of flour. Or, better still, or worse, as you may decide, an inspiring march tune is the ultimate word as the friend and companion of a picture depicting a group of people waltzing. Such details of treatment may be unique, but they certainly are disconcerting. Out-

side of such minor matters, however, the music that goes with moving pictures is generally all right.

Once inside the Tent of Fun, I settled myself to await the coming of the Noblest Roman of Them All.

First on the program was Mlle. Muffler, a soubrette of good intentions but faulty execution. She just managed to get off the stage without inciting the gathering to a display of violence. Following Mlle. Muffler, came the Renowned Professor Dogwalk, introducing His Group of Siberian Musk Oxen. There wasn't much class to the Siberian Musk Cows, and they left, unhonored and unsung. After the cows had disappeared, the Management tossed off a batch of pictures that pleased the fancy of the multitude.

Number Three! This magic numeral was put on the card by the budding back president who was acting as card boy. The piano-pounder played a late song over about a dozen times, but there was no indication that Gabby was about to burst into view. I began to wonder if the Stout Youth had lost his nerve and had backed out. I didn't like to permit myself to think that he had been suddenly seized with a mad desire to see the Old Folks away down South in the State of Maine, and had grabbed the first train out.

As a matter of fact, very unwillingly I was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable and nervous about the welfare of the Mastodon. The audience, likewise, even though they did not enjoy the advantage of personal acquaintance with my Pal, were beginning to give indications of dissatisfaction. Feet were beginning to pound the floor in heavy-soled, monotonous rhythm. Audible requests that the management produce the goods came from various quarters of the house, and there was a distinctly restless feeling that all was not well with Number Three!

Just when it was beginning to look as though there would be a small sized riot unless something happened, and happened quickly, the Genial Stage Manager, Mr. Luke Turcen, walked on the stage. Luke raised his hand for silence. When the rumbling and

chatter had died down sufficiently to permit his being heard, he addressed the assembled boobs, including the one who is penning these immortal lines.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am goin' to ast you to be patient fer a minute or two. Mr. Gabby, who is Number T'ree on this all-star program, will positively appear. The delay was caused owin' to him havin' had a accident, owin' to his galluses, or I should say, his suspenders breakin' down just as he wuz about to come on. However, the stage crew is helpin' him out, by tyin' up his trousers with a piece of rope. Thankin' you one and all fer your kind attention, I remain."

And with this masterly finish to his oration, Luke bowed himself off as gracefully as a steam roller taking a sharp curve on a slippery street. He managed to hit the edge of the proscenium *en route*, but did manage to disappear from view before anything serious happened.

The piano lammer once more trailed off into Gabby's opening number. Then, Presto! Our sterling athlete became visible to the naked eye.

The fact that his trousers had temporarily suspended doing their regulation stunt, earned for him a demonstration of approval and applause that fairly lived up to the regulation stock phrase of "raising the rafters."

As we have discussed Gabby's general personal demeanor at length, on other occasions, it is hardly necessary that we go into details at this time. Let it suffice to say that Modest is not Gabby's middle name. He does not believe that you can paint the lily, or that anyone has anything on him. He is a striking specimen of the *genus* Ego, and is always willing and ready to stand or fall of himself.

But notwithstanding all this, it did not require the services of an expert to be able to detect that our Hearty Eater was flabbergasted. For once that easy confidence had gone a-glimmering. He stood, elephantine, in the center of the stage, shifting his feet and aimlessly flapping his pudgy arms. His chubby face had lost its usual human expression and turned a dull pea green, as

could be seen with half an eye, even through the mass of make-up. And, as we are on the subject, permit us to direct attention to this make-up.

As in everything else, Gabby refuses to acknowledge that even the inventor of the process for applying grease paint could show him anything along those lines. And, as a result of this buoyant confidence, he had succeeded in so disfiguring his face that even I had difficulty in recognizing him in his new disguise. But in spite of the fact that he was disguised—and believe me, it was a disguise—Gabby had turned pea green.

The gentlemanly anvil expert who was acting as pianist, kept repeating the opening bars of Gabby's first song. He played it for perhaps a full minute before the noise of Gabby's reception died down and Our Plunging Vaudevillian had an opportunity to show his gait.

Finally, however, things did quiet down, and the operator of the ivories gave Gabby his cue to break into song. It would be far better and more charitable could we draw the veil of sympathetic obscurity over what followed. But, jealous of our reputation as an accurate and truth-telling chronicler, we must proceed to dip deep the fountain pen and set down all that came forth on that day.

During your lifetime, you have probably noticed the manner of a child, about to enter a room, to have a session with a stern parent and a strap. If you have, then you know just how Gabby appeared at this momentous crisis in his career. And undoubtedly he felt the same way.

I have said that the piano man gave Gabby the cue to break into song. He did. And, gathering himself together with a superhuman effort, the Man Whale opened the generous aperture in his rotund face, and emitted certain sounds. I cannot say truthfully that he started in to sing. No, gentle reader, he merely emitted sounds.

For about six bars he was two or three notes behind the pianist and about five tones flat. Then, through one of those lucky accidents that sometimes

happen in the best regulated of families, as the Grouch remarked when his wife's mother mistook the tabasco for tomato ketchup, Gabby's vocal apparatus managed to harmonize with the strings of the piano, and he hit the right note. His first song was entitled "Don't Kid Me." With the aid of great physical effort, mental strain, and tonal riot, he managed to wade through three verses and choruses without a violent assault being committed upon his person.

In fact, not only did he manage to get through without damage, but a small and select group of people in the audience, possessing more than the average sense of humor, applauded. This injected sufficient nerve and backbone into the budding monologist to permit him to start off on his spiel.

Rubbing his freshly laundered vest and depositing nice stripes of pink face coloring along the line of his expansive bay window, Gabby stepped forward and addressed the multitude:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am going to tell you a couple of little stories. I hope you like them. If you do, that will be nice. If you don't, then it won't be nice. One Tuesday afternoon a chicken was walking down Broadway. It was a bright, sunshiny sort of afternoon. The chicken hadn't had a nibble of corn since the day before. She was mighty hungry, but lacked the price of a bag of corn. Suddenly she saw one of the nicest roosters of her acquaintance beating it down on the other side of the street. Did she cross the road? She did. For why? To get on the other side? Not on your life. She crossed over to make a little speech to the prize corn merchant, and probably grab off a free lunch. Simple, isn't it?"

This story was about as bad a thing as I have ever listened to on the stage. Likewise, the audience, who had paid their collective tolls in order to be counted among those present, refused to get cheerful. Not only did they refrain from any indications of encouragement, but they decidedly and unmistakably showed that in their opinion it was very poor stuff. There was not as much as a chirp of applause. Some of

the audience grunted, a few booed, and a big bunch of them snorted dismally.

Gabby, who had thought out this dainty little story all by his lonesome, was somewhat abashed at the lack of appreciation. He gave every evidence of becoming panic stricken. He did not know whether to grin, or to close up his features until a later date. He shuffled uneasily from one ponderous foot to another. He sucked in his dry lips and then stuck them out; then he blinked his owl-like eyes, rubbed his fat digits nervously against his hips, and gave other and sundry unmistakable evidences that he was all at sea, and that his goat was on a rampage.

All this that we have just referred to so feelingly, took place within a few seconds. To Gabby it must have seemed like an eon.

One young and hopeful citizen in the audience delivered the following helpful suggestion, which tended to put Gabby at his ease:

"Aw, come on in out of the snow, or you'll be caught in a drift."

This tactful hint, coming as it did just when the knees of our Gladiator were threatening to give way under the strain, acted like a tonic. He came out of his trance. Disregarding the wave of merriment that was sweeping over the audience, following the snowdrift advice, he pulled himself together.

Advancing to the footlights, he gazed sternly at the mob in front, and held up his hand, as if to command attention. He then proceeded to give expression to a bit of speechifying. As far as I could get what he was saying, having a due regard for the fact that it was almost impossible to hear what he was driving at, Gabby's remarks were somewhat along these lines:

"Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen. Your well meant and thoroughly appreciated demonstration reminds me of another story I heard a few days ago." And, then and there, and notwithstanding the fact that he must have called upon all his reserve stock of nerve, he recited the following anecdote, which the audience, stunned into silence, by his sublime brass, accepted in a spirit of helplessness.

"An old Irishman, whom we will call Patrick, was delighted one morning recently, when his wife, Norah, presented him with a baby daughter. Nothing would do Patrick, but that he must rush around and see his spiritual adviser, a charming man, with a sense of humor. This is about the conversation that ensued between Patrick and the churchman. Said Patrick:

"Good morning, Your Grace. I've got a favor to ask of you."

"And what is the favor, Patrick?"

"We've got a new baby girl around at the house and I was thinking as how I'd like to have you christen her."

"I'll be delighted to do so, Patrick. And what were you thinking of calling her?"

"Well, we were thinking we'd call her Hazel."

"The churchman looked at Patrick for a minute, in silence, then spoke:

"Hazel, is it? Sure, and with the names of all the Saints to select from, why do you go and pick out the name of a nut?"

This story really got a laugh and lots of applause. I verily believe that if Gabby had been satisfied to exit on this story, he would have gotten away with his "act," and there would have been no necessity for our recording this gloomy history. But, with his usual tact and skill, he decided, that inasmuch as this one had gone so well, he would try another song.

Boldly, almost defiantly, he announced, he would favor us with that screamingly funny song, "I Care Not Who Makes the Dough, Boys; It's Biscuits for Mine."

If his first number was a tragedy, this one was a massacre. He had hardly begun, when he pulled up short. The poor, deluded nut had forgotten the words of the song. Flushed with his success in the story-telling line, he had dashed into the song, without knowing it. For the life of him, he could not recall the lyric. He spluttered, stuttered, stumbled, choked, gagged, coughed, and inhaled like the exhaust on a steam engine. All in vain. He could not produce anything in the way of a melody.

It was evident he was through, fin-

ished, done, and exhausted. He appeared like a broken-down aeroplane, wabbling about. The audience, quick to scent his dilemma, was indulging in the refined cruelties to which moving-picture audiences are prone. Grunts, groans, cat-calls, whistles, hisses, and stamping of feet, all helped to put Gabby at his complete ease.

Just when it appeared that nothing but a miracle could save the despairing songster, a large hook was shoved out from the wings. It was a generous hook, wide enough to encircle the waist of the fat youth. And the hook did that very thing. It hooked the aspirant none too gently. Then, some unseen hands gave it a yank and Our Friend disappeared from view, with more speed than grace.

Never have I heard such wild screams of delight as that audience indulged in as my friend melted from our gaze. The operator hurriedly slipped over another moving picture, and the noise died down as the bunch of talent-killers settled back to have a peek at the film. I slipped quietly out of my seat and hurried up the aisle. As I reached the back of the orchestra I bumped into Joe McMasters. He looked at me, smiled grimly, and remarked:

"The tub is some actor, isn't he?"

I could only laugh. Without a word, I hooked McMasters' arm in mine and together we went back stage. Directed by a grinning stage hand, we located Gabby's dressing-room. The door was not entirely closed, and peeping in, we espied Gabby, sitting disconsolately on

a chair, in front of his make-up mirror, slowly applying the cold cream as a preliminary to removing the make-up from his map.

He turned around as we entered. But not a word did he utter; after what seemed an age, my protégé turned to me.

"How was it—pretty rotten, eh?"

"Yes, it was, Gabby," I answered, figuring it out that it would be best to tell him the truth, no matter how much it hurt.

"Well, I guess it was," he agreed, ruefully, his fat face gradually finding itself in a wide, expansive grin. "But I'll try anything once. It's the only way to find out how bad you are."

"Are you cured?" butted in Joe.

"Yes, plenty. I'm no stockyards' product. I know when the bell has rung. I'm no actor."

As the Stout Person and Yours Truly were wending our way down Broadway, a dodger was thrust into Gabby's hand. He glanced at it and handed it over to me with a sickly grin.

I looked at it and burst out laughing. It was the announcement of Madame Jara, the Psychic Wonder, who agreed to tell your past, present and future for fifty cents.

"Are you going to look her up?" I inquired, smiling at him.

"Nixey! No! Indeed not! They're the bunk!" And then, with a whimsical glance at me, he added: "But the other one sure was a peacherino. I wonder where she lives."





## LITTLE STORIES OF THE NEW PLAYS

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

HERE you will find a brief résumé, written by one of our most eminent theatrical journalists, of each of the more important new plays which have been produced during the past month.

### "THE GRAIN OF DUST"

(By Louis Evan Shipman and David Graham Phillips)

#### LEADING CHARACTERS

*Frederick Norman*....James K. Hackett  
*William Tetlow* .....E. M. Holland  
*Isaac Burroughs* .....Frazer Coulter  
*Josephine Burroughs* .....Pauline Nef  
*Dorothy Hallowell* .....Izetta Jewel

**F**REDERICK NORMAN, of the law firm of Lockyer, Benchley, Sanders, and Norman, one of the thirty-two candle-power lights of the metropolitan legal profession, a man of muscular brain, unassailable social status and unbending will, is fascinated by an inconsequent bit of a blonde who works as a stenographer in the offices of the firm. Norman is engaged—has been for some time—to Josephine, daughter of Isaac Burroughs. The latter is of the jay-pierpontmorganatic species of financier, a man wedded to more than one

sort of dollar activity, a man of great power and position. Gossip, wagging its tongue like a thirsty dog on a hot August day, finally lodges its teeth in the scandal region of society and Norman is presently confronted by his close friend Tetlow with the fact that his attention to Dorothy Hallowell, the typewriter girl, has reached the stage where Norman had better take himself by the ear and lead himself into a study of the situation. Norman dismisses Tetlow's warning with a smile, but he begins to realize in his heart of hearts that the spell Dorothy is weaving about him is beginning to get in its deadly work. He cannot explain, even to himself, the strange love-power, the attraction, this human grain of dust holds over him. All he knows is that whatever the quality of the attraction may be, it is present in a profound degree. He cannot resist it.

Josephine, his *fiancée*, comes to see him, questions him about the tattle of



Lady Grundy and ends by demanding that he desist in his attentions to the stenographer. Norman refuses and Josephine breaks her engagement to him. A week later, things in the Norman-Hallowell case have reached a crisis. Norman's business associates try to show him what a fool he is making of himself and insinuate to him that unless he acts differently his resignation from the firm will be asked. He anticipates this move, however, and draws up his resignation before the resignation is drawn up for him.

Tetlow, hoping to get Norman out of the muddle, endeavors to get Dorothy to go away from the city on "a vacation trip," but the girl refuses. Norman's resignation is accepted and a moment later Burroughs, who has just learned of Norman's break with his daughter, enters and demands an explanation. Norman declares he has no explanation to make. Burroughs shouts that Miss Hallowell is Norman's mistress. Norman gives the financier the lie. Hot words follow, the climax coming when Burroughs tells the lawyer that he will have his revenge by ruining him.

The battle between the two men is on. Norman calls in Dorothy. "Gentlemen," he says, "I have asked Miss Hallowell to be my wife. She has accepted me." Eighteen months pass. Burroughs has succeeded in breaking Norman. Dorothy, unhappy in her prison-home, as she refers to it, leaves Norman. Save for Tetlow, he stands alone, destitute, a broken man. But only temporarily! A proposition comes to him to take up the fight against Burroughs then being waged by certain Chicago interests. He accepts.

A stubborn conflict gets under way and in six months' time Norman has turned the tables on the financier. Dorothy, still the enigma she has always been, comes back to Norman with the confession that she has regretted her action day and night and that she loves him. Josephine implores Dorothy to take up her father's cause and ask Norman to cease his persecution of the aged man. Dorothy is won over and begs her husband to be lenient with the

beaten enemy. And Norman, by virtue of the love he bears the girl, relents.  
(Produced by Mr. Hackett.)

## "JUST TO GET MARRIED"

(By Cicely Hamilton)

### LEADING CHARACTERS

*Sir Theodore Grayle*.....F. O. Baxter  
*Lady Catherine Grayle*...Emily Fitzroy  
*Emmeline Vicary*.....Grace George  
*Adam Lankester*.....Lyn Harding

Emmeline Vicary, the niece of Lady Catherine, has been taken in by the Grayles after her mother's death, brought up and supported by them for twenty-seven years. She is now twenty-nine years old and, while not unattractive, has been in no great demand so far as the marriage altar is concerned. The Grayles, who are not over-endowed with funds, view the approach of Emmeline's thirtieth unasked year with as much horror as she regards it herself. Their one ambition is to get the girl married and off their hands and they are not backward in telling her so. Emmeline looks upon their attitude with sympathy, but—*cherchez l'homme!* He is not to be found.

One day, there comes to the Grayles on a visit, Adam Lankester, a rough Canadian; and forthwith begins the sly campaign against the young man's marital inclinations. The Grayles buy Emmeline expensive frocks and hats and seek in every way to increase her attractiveness, with one object in view—a match with Adam. Adam, however, is a slow individual and, while he looks upon Emmeline with much favor, cannot be brought down to a direct declaration. Emmeline does not give up hope and shoots every feminine arrow in her quiver in Adam's direction. In time, these arrows hit the mark and Adam asks her to be his wife. With arch coquetry, Emmeline says yes and the Grayles, with magnificent hypocrisy, are duly "surprised" and bless the young couple.

The preparations for the wedding go on apace and the Grayles do not stint themselves for this final, God-sent

occasion. Emmeline is showered with gifts by her future husband, who is intensely in love with her. As the time for the wedding comes near, however, Emeline becomes thoroughly ashamed of herself for having played the part she did and finally brings herself to tell Adam that she does not feel that she can marry him.

"I thought I could see it through to the end," she tells him, "but I can't. It has been a nasty plot and you've been too good to me to be deceived. My family just wanted me to get married—to whom didn't matter. You were the first man who asked me and I accepted you. I didn't love you—I was just going to sell myself to you. I had to have some one to support me, that's all."

Adam, disgusted, leaves the house. The Grayles enter, find Emmeline in tears and hear what she has done. They are red with wrath. Emmeline turns on them and shows them up for the cold, gold-blooded souls they are and ends by grabbing her hat and coat and rushing for the door. "Where are you going?" asks Lady Catherine. "To London," calls back Emmeline, "to make my own living."

Emmeline arrives at the railway station in a downpour, bedraggled in gown and spirit. The family follow her and beg her to return to them, but she declines. Adam enters, sees Emmeline and starts back. "Don't go," says Emmeline. Adam looks at her doubtfully, his eyebrows arched in troubled interrogation.

"I know you'll never propose to me again," says she with a smile, "and I really love you too much to go on through life without you, so—so I'm going to propose to you." Adam, still amazingly infatuated with her, gives a shout of joy, "accepts" Emmeline and asks her whither she was bound. "London," repeats Emmeline. The locomotive is heard in the distance. "Hurry," admonishes Adam, "get into this overcoat of mine; we've only a minute before—"

"Before what?" she asks.

"Before we go to London together," he answers.

(Produced by William A. Brady)

## "KISMET"

(By Edward Knoblauch)

### LEADING CHARACTERS

<i>Hajj</i> .....	Otis Skinner
<i>Jawan</i> .....	Sheridan Block
<i>The Caliph</i> .....	Fred Eric
<i>The Wazir Mansur</i> ...	Hamilton Revelle
<i>Marsinah</i> .....	Rita Jolivet

In the city of Baghdad, "one thousand and one years ago," so the tale goes, there was a beggar, Hajj by name. Before the Mosque of the Carpenters sat he, asking alms in the name of Allah. It is of Hajj we tell—Hajj and his enemy unto death, the villainous Sheik Jawan.

Many years ago, Jawan had stolen Hajj's wife and killed his babe—and Hajj had dreamed of Jawan's throat with his fingers twined around it. The years passed and lo!—Hajj and Jawan came face to face. The sheik spat upon the beggar and in derision threw to him a purse of gold. Hajj's eyes caught the gold and the power it held before his hands grasped the treasure—a treasure that brought with it the possibility of vengeance. With this gold did Hajj go into the bazaar of the tailors and did he deck himself out in satins and silks and gauds, albeit he stole a portion of these. Then did he embrace his daughter Marsinah and promise her happiness bought out of his newly acquired purse still fat with change.

Marsinah was beloved by a handsome young stranger whose identity she knew not—the gardener's son, she believed him to be. In their sun dream, Hajj was arrested at the instance of the merchants whose wares he stole, was brought before the Wazir Mansur, was sentenced to suffer the removal of his thieving hand, and was pardoned—but for fell purpose. The whisper of the Wazir was in his ears. "You are pardoned," so it went, "in order that you may kill the Caliph." Hajj, perplexed, stood still. "To kill the Caliph," insisted the whisper. "To kill the Caliph," repeated Hajj. "The wicked Caliph dead," said the Wazir, "and I shall be supreme and you, Hajj, shall be vice-wazir."

It is the diwan of the Caliph's palace that we next behold, the Caliph holding audience. Disguised as a magician, Hajj enters and wins the plaudits with rare feats. Suddenly—a movement, a flashing sword, the Caliph falls—and then rises, saved by his coat of mail!

Hajj is forthwith tumbled into the dungeon. Through the blackness, he spies something white. His chains prevent his drawing closer to inspect it. It is a robe. Who is in it? His eyes become brighter. Jawan! At last!

The chains which bind Hajj are now somehow broken; Jawan lies throttled in the place where Hajj lay a moment before; Hajj is in the white robe. Comes Jawan's pardon—and Hajj is carried out into the free light of day in his dead foe's place.

But all is not yet done. Enemy supplants enemy. It is now the Wazir whom Hajj longs to hold tight in his fingers, the Wazir who once had been looked upon by Hajj as the future husband of Marsinah. The Wazir did lure the fair Marsinah into his hammam, or harem as you say, and did reckon thus to avenge himself that night for his betrayal by Hajj when Hajj's sword failed to run through the Caliph's embroidered stomach. Then Hajj appears.

Hajj liberates his daughter—and confronts the Wazir. "You die?" says Hajj. "No," says the Wazir. "You die!" repeats Hajj. And even then are his fingers on the Wazir's throat and is his lifeless body sent into the swimming pool, this Wazir who—strange though it be—was none other, by that locket on his chest, than Jawan's own son.

Hajj is again in chains. Marsinah's lover, who is he? The Caliph himself. They are to wed. Hajj, what of him? Exile.

And so our story ends. The morrow will see the beggar Hajj on pilgrimage to Mecca, where he will walk thrice around the marble tomb and give his prayers to Allah and contemplate the strange workings of Kismet.

(Produced by Klaw & Erlanger and Harrison Grey Fiske.)

## "KINDLING"

(By Charles Kenyon)

### LEADING CHARACTERS

*Heinrich Schultz* .....Byron Beasley  
*Maggie Schultz* .....Margaret Illington  
*Steve Bates* .....George Probert  
*Alice Burke-Smith* .....Anne Meredith

Heinie Schultz, a sturdy German, lives with his wife Maggie in a cheap, unsanitary tenement in New York. Maggie's longing, hoping, yearning ambition centers upon motherhood, but her husband forbids her even to think of having a baby. "It's a crime to bring a kid into the world in a dump like this—that's what it is, a crime. It probably wouldn't live and if it did, it would only grow up diseased to curse us who gave it life." But Maggie will not believe. She hopes against hope that *her* baby, when it comes, will be strong; and every hour, every minute of her day and night clusters about this dream. She buys a cradle out of her meager living money and hides it in the room, scheming all the while to do something that will improve the way in which she and Heinie live, so that the child that is to be born to them will not grow up an ailing, lungless weakling with its eyes on the grave from birth.

Alice Burke-Smith, a settlement worker who has been interested in the case of Maggie and her husband, gets her family to offer Maggie a job as seamstress in their home. Schultz tells his wife not to listen to the proposition, but Steve, the personified voice from the streets, whispers to her that here is her chance. Her chance! Steal! That will give her and Heinie the money to leave the tenement and go out to the Wyoming about which she had heard so much, the land where the air is clean and where her baby may be born strong. Heinie, a stevedore, and his fellow-workers, go out on strike. Maggie makes up her mind to accept the job at the Burke-Smiths when dire want is thus brought up to the door of their room.

A week passes. The Burke-Smith house has been robbed. Detectives have been put on the case. Circumstances

make Heinie suspicious of his wife. He accuses her; she denies. He forces her arguments against her one by one. "Why, for God's sake, *why* did you steal?" he shouts at her in anger. "You put the idea into my head," answers Maggie. "Me?" questions Heinie in surprise. "Yes, you," goes on Maggie. "You showed me the game we was up against. I finally woke up to what I had comin' to me. Them people owned our home; they owned us, and if I dared to bring a life into the world they'd own that too. Well, they went too far, so I went up there and took what I needed—what was mine. I had a right to, I tell ye."

"A right?" sneers Heinie. "Yes, a right," declares his wife. "A right to my share of life, just as they have, just as any animal has. I didn't ask fer comfort, I didn't ask fer happiness—that's fer their kind uptown, that's the law—but there's some things they've got to let me have; me, and the lowest animal livin'. You're a man, an' you're goin' to have food and drink, aint ye? Ye got a right to live and ye'll steal and ye'll murder to do it. Well, I'm a woman, and God gave me a greater right than that. He gave me the power to give life—and there's no want of my body or soul so loud. It will be satisfied, my greatest want of all. Them people come down here and warn me. warn me if I brought a life into the world it would be smothered out, burned up like so much kindling—and fer what? Their pleasure. Think of it! I stole; I am a thief; I'm rotten; I lowered myself in their eyes. Well, let them think so. I stole for what I need, and in my own eyes I raised myself far above 'em, way far above 'em."

Heinie looks at her steadily. "And how about this junk? Ye didn't swipe that to get yer needs of life, did ye? Will ye tell me why ye steal baby ribbon, baby pins, baby—" His voice breaks as he suddenly realizes. "Why didn't ye tell me, Maggie," he sobs. "Why didn't ye tell me?" "I was scared," she answers. "God bless ye, little girl," cries Heinie as he takes her in his arms; "I love ye for it!"

But the fact remains that the detec-

tives are after Maggie. Aided by Alice, who understands the reason Maggie stole—or at least believes she does—Heinie succeeds gradually in putting the police off the track. Just as he seems about to succeed entirely, some of the stolen silverware is found in the room. In this crisis, Alice wins her family over to the girl's cause and they order that the police withdraw from the case. Maggie goes to Heinie's open arms. "Maybe, Heinie," she says, "Maybe too there's roses in Wyoming."

(Produced by E. J. Bowes.)

### "THE WEDDING TRIP"

(By H. B. Smith, Fred De Gresac and Reginald De Koven)

#### LEADING CHARACTERS

<i>Fritzi</i> .....	Christine Nielsen
<i>Felix</i> .....	John McCloskey
<i>Captain Josef</i> .....	Arthur Cunningham
<i>Aza</i> .....	Dorothy Jardon
<i>Lotta</i> .....	Fritzi Von Busing
<i>Basilie</i> .....	Gwen Dubary
<i>Mafta</i> .....	Edward Martindel

The scene is laid in Dalmatia; the opening act is in the courtyard of the house of the family of Fritzi, a young peasant girl betrothed to Felix, an innocent, perpetually-afraid lad whose bolder twin brother François is a member of the Dalmatian army. The preparations for the wedding ceremony are progressing swiftly and the happy event is about to be set in motion when Captain Josef of the military intrudes his presence into the assemblage and interrupts the marriage. It develops that François has absented himself from the army without the necessary formalities and that Felix, to save his brother, must take his place. "You look so much alike," says Josef, "that no one will know the difference."

Felix hesitates; Fritzi insists that her future husband cannot be a coward; Felix is forced against his inclination to don his brother's uniform—and away goes the bridegroom to join the forces of gun and sword. The soldiery have been ordered to gather in the public square at Ragusa. The plan is to march against Mafta in his mountain lair. Mafta is a brigand who has been in the

habit of stealing the women of Dalmatia away from their firesides and carrying them to his mountain retreat. Fritzi and her family travel with Felix to Ragusa to see the soldiers march away. The women gather to bid their husbands and sweethearts farewell. Basilie, the wife of Felix's twin brother, spies Felix, mistakes him for her husband and insists, to Fritzi's horror, that he make love to her. So, too, does Lotta, a tavern keeper, upon whom the wild François has cast amorous eyes. Fritzi's friends urge her to conceal her feelings, because, as they assure her, this show of affection that Felix must simulate for the other women is necessary to the plot to save François from disgrace. Fritzi refuses at the last moment to permit Felix to go away with the soldiers. "You will be killed," she sobs.

Felix is dragged along by Josef, however, and Fritzi follows him up into the mountains. In the wooded retreat, Mafta, the supposed brigand, is discovered to be a philanthropist. He operates an excellent hotel and treats all the women whom he has kidnaped with such courteousness that they are loath to return home. "They call me a brigand," he laughs. "Well, I may be a hotel-keeper, but when it comes to being a real brigand—beyond that—I am no match for the bellboys and coat-check vultures."

Mafta greets Fritzi, Felix, the soldiers and their followers with friendly arms and makes every preparation to further their comfort while they are "visiting" him. He sets aside the best rooms in his hotel for their use and gives them rare wines to drink and rare foods to eat. With Aza, the gypsy whom he loves, Mafta plans to go away, get married and quit the brigand-hotel-keeper business. An American who is among Mafta's "guests" declares he is ready to negotiate for the place; Felix and Fritzi are ready for the ceremony that was interrupted; Dalmatia rejoices over the enforced return of the wives whom Mafta had stolen; François, too, is saved—and then the curtain falls.

(Produced by the Shuberts.)

## "BIRTHRIGHT"

(By T. C. Murray)

### LEADING CHARACTERS

<i>Maura Morrissey</i> . . . . .	Eileen O'Doherty
<i>Bat Morrissey</i> . . . . .	S. J. Morgan
<i>Shane Morrissey</i> . . . . .	J. M. Kerrigan
<i>Hugh Morrissey</i> . . . . .	Fred O'Donovan

The scene is laid in an Irish cottage. Bat Morrissey, his wife Maura, and their two sons Shane and Hugh live there in chilled poverty. Hugh, the elder son, incurs the hatred of his father because of his predilection for sports of all kinds, a natural predilection indeed, but one which old Bat views with the keenest displeasure. He tells his wife that Hugh is worthless, that he wastes his time and neglects his people to spend his days in playing, and declares that despite the fact that his little farm should go to the elder son after his death, he is determined that Hugh shall inherit none of the property.

Bat tells Shane that the land shall be his. Shane's trunk is packed and he is ready to leave for America. Bat rips the tag from the lad's trunk, affixes Hugh's name to it, and asserts he will punish the elder son by exiling him from his home-land. Hugh is away with his companions celebrating an athletic victory. Although Maura tells her husband that the priest wished Hugh to go to the celebration, so that he might keep it within bounds, Bat refuses to believe her. He's a worthless son, he repeats and repeats—and troops off to bed with a curse for Hugh on his trembling lips.

Maura, because she has realized that Hugh will not be back until late, only pretends to go to sleep. When the house becomes quiet, she steals into the outer room to wait for her son and warn him of his father's anger. Hugh enters. He promises to heed his mother's plea. Bat enters and confronts Hugh. He calls him every vile name, refuses to still his curses before Maura's tears and, banging his way out of the door, shouts to Hugh that he will have no more of him, that he must prepare to leave the place at the earliest possible moment.

For a minute—a long, silent minute—Hugh is mute. He is awakened from his stunned condition by the entrance of his brother Shane, the pet of the family. Hugh turns on Shane, charges him with having prejudiced their father against him and ends by calling Shane a land-grabber. Shane jumps at Hugh's throat. Maura enters and attempts wildly to drag Shane from Hugh.

Shane insults Maura and the insult gives Hugh added strength. He pulls Shane's fingers from their clutch. The lamp on the table is overturned and smashed in the struggle and the room is plunged into darkness. Only the sounds of the scuffle and the mother's wail can be heard; the play of the moving, fighting, tossing bodies is not to be seen in the room's jet black. Suddenly, the boys fall in a heap far across the room near the dim grate glow. One stands up and peers into the other's white face. The face of death is the face of Hugh.

(Produced by Lady Gregory.)

## "SPREADING THE NEWS"

(By Lady Gregory)

### LEADING CHARACTERS

<i>Mrs. Tarpey</i> .....	Eileen O'Doherty
<i>James Ryan</i> .....	J. M. Kerrigan
<i>Mrs. Fallon</i> .....	Sara Allgood
<i>Bartley Fallon</i> .....	Arthur Sinclair
<i>Jack Smith</i> .....	S. J. Morgan
<i>Tim Casey</i> .....	U. Wright
<i>Mrs. Tully</i> .....	Kathleen Drago
<i>Shawn Early</i> .....	J. A. O'Rourke

The scene shows the outskirts of a fair in Ireland.

Mrs. Tarpey, a deaf old apple woman, who is selling her wares to the passers-by, indistinctly overhears a remark made by Bartley Fallon, a magnificent pessimist and eternal grumbler. Bartley has accidentally upset his wife's market basket while trying to get out of the way of a pitchfork that some careless soul has left lying by the wayside, and Bartley, with a conventional grumble on his tongue, has picked up the fork and started down the road with it to return it to Jack Smith—who, he learns, is its owner. The deaf wom-

an's ears cause her to believe that Bartley has gone after Smith to kill him with the pitchfork and she whispers this news to various folk who are near her.

The ball of gossip is thus started. Why does Bartley want to kill Smith? Aha, the overturned market basket! Bartley must have had an argument with his wife. Why? Put two and two together, say the gossips, and you will appreciate that if Bartley had a quarrel with his wife and then made after Jack Smith with a pitchfork to kill him, it must have been because Smith and Bartley's wife had been guilty of something.

"She promised to elope to America with him, I'll wager," says this one. That one repeats the sentence to another, leaving off the "I'll wager," thus making it a fact.

The news spreads, grows more and more sanguinary and becomes further and further embellished. Bartley has killed Jack Smith by this time, they figure, and Jack's body is lying in the mud of the road. The people are horrified, startled, completely upset by the tragedy they have created with their own gossipy imaginations. Mrs. Fallon enters.

The lady is accused. She denies. But why all this talk? She becomes suspicious. Her husband is brought in, having been apprehended by the police and put in chains. Mrs. Fallon accuses him not only of the crime, but also of having been unfaithful to her.

Bartley, influenced by the attitude of the people, comes to believe he is guilty of Smith's murder and confesses. No sooner is the confession out of his mouth than Smith comes in, alive and well.

The good people, believing it is a ghost, shrink back. They are convinced that he is no ghost and then charge him with trying to impersonate the dead Jack Smith. The police are called upon to arrest him as an impostor. And Jack Smith and his supposed murderer are marched away to the jail, until reason shall dawn again and gossip be slain.

(Produced by the author.)

**"THE OPERA BALL"**

(Adapted by Sydney Rosenfeld from the German of H. von Waldberg. Music by Richard Heuberger.)

## LEADING CHARACTERS

*George Dumenuil* ..... Harry Fairleigh  
*Paul Aubier* ..... George Lydecker  
*Theophilus Beaubisson*... Harry Conor  
*Angele* ..... Olive Ulrich  
*Marguerite* ..... Alice Gentle  
*Celeste Deremy* ..... Marie Cahill

Celeste Deremy, a widow of wealth, is a guest at the home of her friend Marguerite in Paris. Celeste, from her own personal experiences with her husband, maintains the only reason men marry is so that "they may be untrue to one woman." Her hostess, Marguerite, and another guest, Angele, an old time chum of Marguerite, contest this point vigorously. Marguerite maintains that her husband Paul is perfect, and Angele that her husband George is at least that. They are so determined in their championship of their respective husbands that Celeste wagers that she can open their eyes. She writes to each of the husbands a letter making an engagement for that night at "The Opera Ball." Each man is told that his admirer will be dressed in a lilac domino.

Celeste has good reason to know that Angele's husband George was not disinclined to a flirtation, for when she met him by accident, he engaged in one with her. They part without his learning her name, but she has seen him before and knows him. Both men make excuses to leave their wives so that they may go to the ball. Celeste also has invited Captain Henry Beaubisson, brother of Angele, and in addition to him, she finds at the ball, Theophilus Beaubisson, father of Angele, and a gay old philanderer. Angele meets Marguerite's husband, and Marguerite meets Angele's husband. Each of the men makes violent love to his companion. At a signal agreed upon by the wives, each man is called from the private dining-room and each, mistaking Celeste for his clandestine companion, kisses her. Marguerite, observing Paul kiss Celeste, thinks he is kissing An-

gele, and declares that Angele has thrown herself at his feet. Angele, seeing George kiss Celeste, believes Marguerite is the one who is trying to steal her husband.

Next morning there are many complications to smooth out. Marguerite and Angele are bitterly angry with each other, and Theophilus is suffering all the after effects of a big night. His gloom is crowned by the arrival of a bevy of young women whom he has engaged for his fictitious friend, with whom he was supposed to have spent the night. Celeste confesses to the wives that it was she who was kissed, and they all make up their quarrels. Celeste, moreover, saves Theophilus from his wife's wrath by pretending the young women are from a cooking class, which she has started.

(Produced by Messrs. Sam S. and Lee Shubert.)

**"SHORTY McCABE"**

(Dramatized by Owen Davis, from Sewell Ford's Stories)

## LEADING CHARACTERS

*Shorty McCabe* ..... Victor Moore  
*Sadie* ..... Maidel Turner  
*Lionel Ogden Pinckney Bruce*.....  
 ..... Harry L. Franklin  
*Mary Dexter* ..... Katherine LaSalle  
*"Swift" Joe Gallagher*... Sam Collins  
*Miriam Rainey* ..... Emma Littlefield  
*Gertrude* ..... Jean Galbraith

Shorty McCabe is an ex-champion middle-weight boxer, now retired from the ring, and running a studio of what he calls "physical torture," in which "fat persons are reduced in body—and pocket-book."

The play opens in front of Mrs. Mawson's summer home in Primrose Park, Westchester—a rendezvous for a gilt-edged society set—where Lionel Ogden Pinckney Bruce, called Pinckney for short and Mrs. Mawson's petted nephew, has invited Shorty McCabe to pay him a visit. The ex-prize fighter is much amazed to find among the guests a young lady whom he had known on the East Side as Sadie Sullivan, and who had cruelly rejected the offer of his heart and hand. Sadie had

married Dipworthy, Junior, scion of the house which manufactured Dipworthy's Drowsy Drops; and upon the untimely death of that worthless youth, who had neglected the paternal Drops in favor of "pints and quarts," she came into several million. She started to break into society, but although a guest of Mrs. Mawson when discovered by Shorty, she wasn't making much headway.

Pinckney, Shorty's social sponsor, was so lazy that he had to have his valet breathe for him. Read his letters? Oh dear, no! "My man attends to all that." So when a cablegram came, stating that "Jack and Jill were coming on the *Lusitania*, as per letter," he hadn't the slightest idea what Jack and Jill would be. Shorty said they sounded like a couple of Shetland ponies, and Pinckney agreed with him.

Shorty was touched by Sadie's tale of social snobbery, and "put her in right" by fixing it with Pinckney to introduce her all around. Straightway Sadie got an invitation to spend a week in Newport, and she called Shorty blessed—though she did not encourage his sentimental advances.

Enter, then, Jack and Jill—not a pair of Shetland ponies, but a couple of lively "kids" of tender years. They had been left orphans in London, and their dying father had wished them on Pinckney. "Now will you read your own letters," says Shorty, when Jack and Jill leap upon the embarrassed Pinckney and mess him up with sticky kisses.

Jack and Jill prove to be the most terrible of all infants, and proceed to tear the household of Pinckney and his aunt up by the roots. The duty of hiring a governess is delegated to Shorty, and he picks out a wistful English girl named Mary Dexter, who immediately tames the terrors with kindness and fairy tales.

Sadie is now receiving the attentions of the Baron Patchouli, alleged to be of the French aristocracy, and Captain Kenwoodie, who says he is the brother of the Earl of Abercorn. Shorty makes the baron ridiculous by sending him to the dog-license window when he asks

how to get a wedding permit, and also by revealing his antecedents as a waiter.

It isn't the Baron about whom Shorty has to worry, however, so much as the Captain, who has persuaded Sadie to marry him. On a visit to the cottage where Shorty has his summer training camp, Captain Kenwoodie tells Sadie to prepare for a departure to England the next day—important messages from home, don't you know. Sadie consents; and even after Shorty shows the Captain up as a black sheep who had been passing bad checks at the Waldorf-Astoria, she is game to marry him just for the sake of the title. But when Mary Dexter, the governess, confronts the Captain, and tells how she had sent him all her money from abroad, following to get married as per schedule only to find herself alone and stranded in a strange country, Sadie gives the Captain his passport.

In the last act Pinckney marries Miss Gertrude, who had come over on the same boat with Jack and Jill. It is on the eve of the wedding, and Shorty, attired in his glad raiment, is unhappy, because he, too, would like to have a girl. Enter Sadie, who had retired from society after her disappointment with the Captain. A few words, and all is o'er. Shorty calls the Bishop and everyone else out of the house, just as the wedding is about to begin, tucks Sadie under his arm, gets into the proper position, and says, "Now let it go double, Bish!"

(Produced by Frazee and Lederer.)

## "OVER THE RIVER"

(By H. A. Du Souchet)

### LEADING CHARACTERS

<i>Madison Parke</i> .....	Eddie Foy
<i>Hudson Rivers</i> .....	Melville Stewart
<i>Timothy Cook</i> .....	William Sellery
<i>Mrs. Madison Parke</i> ..	Maude Lambert
<i>Sarah Parke</i> .....	Edna Hunter
<i>Myrtle Biltopper</i> ....	Lillian Lorraine

At the Café Cabaret, in New York, Madison Parke sets out to make a night of it. He is a droll and convivial old soul; and aided by "The Berlin Madcaps" and other gay spirits of



Bright Light Land, he succeeds in having a most prodigious jamboree. He goes one whirl too far, however, and the cold gray dawn of the morning after the night before finds him deep in a dungeon cell. He is sentenced to thirty days "Over the River" on Blackwell's Island.

We next find the melancholy Madison in durance vile on "The Island." Alas—where are the joys of yesternight?" he asks dolefully, and then comforts himself with the reflection that after all "that was some big night, last night!"

Yet poor Parke finds his captivity most painful. "Bars all around me," he laments, "and yet I'm perishing for want of a drink."

"What are you working at?" inquires Warden Vokes, coming upon the scene. "Shoveling coal," answers Parke. "Hard work?" asks the warden. "Nope," returns Parke solemnly. "It's soft coal. Say," he adds, a little later, glancing in disgust at the zebra pattern of his garments, "I like this suit all

right, except that I get tired of it—I just can't wear it *out*."

Well, cheered on by the only living male chorus safely jailed, the thirty days of Madison Parke's incarceration at last are ended. Meanwhile he has sent word to Mrs. Parke, and explained his strange absence by an elaborately embroidered fabric of lies: he has suddenly been called away on important business to Mexico, he has informed her, and will be back in a month. So on returning home after his suspiciously exact absence of thirty days, Parke finds no group of sad but forgiving relatives awaiting him; instead, Mrs. Parke has arranged a party to celebrate her husband's return from his foreign journey. Besides the Parke family, Myrtle Billtopper, Bismarck Herring, Hudson Rivers and other friends assist at the glad occasion; a troupe of professional dancers add their specialties to the entertainment; and in a madcap riot of music and merriment, Parke drowns the bitter recollection of his sojourn "Over the River."





# Ace High

A short Story of  
A Vaudeville Life.

By WILLIAM CAREY

OUTSIDE of the theatre in electric letters a foot high, her name twinkled and dazzled and beckoned by turns, and on the billboards and in the programs "Lila Elsa" was printed in heavy black type. She was the headliner, the star of a lengthy bill; yet, judging from the applause that followed her first song one would never have thought so. In the parlance of vaudeville, she had failed to "deliver the goods."

The Three Dancing Graces stood in the wings and watched her struggle bravely through a second song with even less success than had been meted out to its predecessor. The Graces, two men and a girl, followed Miss Elsa, and with an Eddie Foy imitation, a George Cohan finish, waving American flags,

and an Apache number, they deserved the excellent position on the bill given them by a discriminating manager.

"They're worth a dozen Lila Elsas and only half the salary," he grumbled, watching the headliner. "Little Effie there, may not be able to snatch high C and hold it for five minutes without takin' a swallow, but vaudeville patrons don't want high C's, heavens knows! Elsa is punk!"

The Three Graces thought exactly the same thing, although Effie tried her hardest to scrape an acquaintance with her, and Dave watched her each time he got a chance as if she were a goddess just come down to earth. Even Jack, while he laughed at her to Effie, looked upon her as a creature out of their own world.

"She got the frozen mitten to-night all right," he said in an aside, as she finished her second song. "Honest, if she goes out there again and begins another song I'm afraid the gallery will start something."

"I hope not," said Dave quickly.

"Oh, Dave, you're that sympathetic," giggled Effie. "As Jack says, she's got a punk act, and you can't expect a classy, show-me audience to stand for her sort o' stuff when they know *we* are on the bill. But your heart's in the right place, Davy; aint it, Jack?"

Dave only frowned and listened attentively as Lila walked out on the stage again and began a charming waltz-song from one of the light operas in her sweet, bell-like soprano.

"That's singing," he said presently, with a little nod of his head.

"Think so?" shrugged Effie. "Well, you're welcome to it because nobody 'round here seems to want it. What she ought to do, if she wants to make a hit, is to get some swell clothes and sing that 'Don't Forget Me' song to a man in a box. That would get 'em—audiences like to hear a girl sing to a man in a box, especially a bald-headed man—te-he!"

"Good Lord, Effie, I'll bet you Miss Elsa would fall dead if you'd suggest such a thing to her!" cried Dave, wrinkling his forehead thoughtfully. "She—she aint that kind, you know."

"Listen to him, will you?" pouted Effie. "Why, I did it! Aint I as good as her—or anybody?"

"Sure!" emphasized Jack.

Dave took her hand and pressed it softly.

"I didn't mean that, honey," he told her, a tender light creeping in his eyes. "There's nobody going any better than you are—whiter, prettier, neater. I only meant that Lila Elsa wasn't the kind of actress to sing to a man in the box—that's all."

"She is right hefty," declared the *petite* Effie, somewhat satisfied. "I can't see her dancing my Apache stuff, can you?"

At that moment Lila finished her last song and walked off the stage. The applause that followed her was none

too friendly, nor did it carry much warmth. Lila Elsa, in an opera by Herbert or De Koven, could fill a Broadway theatre for six months, but the two-a-day patrons appreciated neither her voice nor her methods.

She seemed to realize this. With a little sigh she drew the heavy, fur-lined cloak around her shoulders, and telling her maid to go ahead to her dressing-room, waited in the wings, thoughtfully watching the Three Dancing Graces. From the moment the annunciators flashed their letter, the house had applauded until the rafters rang. When Dave did his Eddie Foy imitation the audience rocked with merriment; Effie and Jack's Apache dance brought squeals of delight from the galleries; while the George Cohan finale, with the three singing the "Yankee Doodle Rag" and waving American flags at the people, literally "brought down the house." And Lila wondered.

She would be in vaudeville only four weeks, just long enough for the librettist to "Americanize" the book of her new Viennese opera-comique. Because of her name and position she had been able to secure the choicest booking for the short time she would be idle, and while it mattered little to her following what these patrons of the varieties thought of her, still it hurt, it rankled, to think that she had not been able to please them. Her choicest notes had not brought forth one half the applause that had greeted Effie's "*danse Parisienne*."

"I'll do it!" she decided.

The Three Dancing Graces had finished their turn, and after six bows were reluctantly allowed to depart. Lila, still in the wings, knew they would be obliged to pass her on their way to their dressing-room. As Effie came off the stage with the set smile still on her pretty features, the prima donna went out to meet her.

"Miss Grace, may I ask you a question?" she said.

Effie was overwhelmed with joy. In her heart of hearts she secretly envied and respected this Broadway star.

"Why, certain'y," she dimpled. "Ask a hundred."

Lila drew the girl to one side and out of the way of the stage-hands. Dave and Jack, moving away a few paces, were still in hearing distance.

"It's just this," began Lila, with an embarrassed smile. "I don't seem able to reach my audiences, somehow. I haven't made a hit, and I must, you know—the management, the people, everybody expects it. I've worn my prettiest gowns and sung my favorite songs and yet I can't win them. What is the secret of your success, may I ask, Miss Grace?"

"Well, we give 'em what they want, and you don't," Effie returned simply. "That's all there is to it."

"You mean?" inquired the puzzled Lila.

"She means your act is over their heads; they can't appreciate it, Miss Elsa," put in Dave eagerly, his face flushing under its grease-paint. "It's no use for you to try to get the audience here up to your songs. You've got to come down to them if you want to make good."

"I do," nodded Lila, flashing him a grateful smile.

"Your singing's grand, understand, Miss Elsa," he said again, a ring of eagerness in his voice. "It's singing; ours isn't. But—it doesn't strike a popular chord—somehow."

"You're right," she said slowly.

Effie tilted her head on one side like a pert sparrow, and very earnestly caught and held the star's attention.

"I was saying to the boys, when we were watching your act, that what you wanted was classy, up-to-date stuff," Effie declared. "Askin' your pardon, your songs sound like the ones my gran'mother used to put me to sleep with! I'm not saying they're not good—Dave and all of us know they are *swell*! But they're not good for *here*—vaudeville. The only one that's not a joy-killer is 'Don't Forget Me,' and again askin' your pardon, you sing that like the audience was at a wake, with the hearse outside the stage-door waitin' for the corpse. What you want is *ginger*."

"Ginger?" gasped Lila. "Good heavens, what for?"

"I mean you want to put a little gin-

ger in your work," said Effie, unruffled. "Take 'Don't Forget Me' now. Get a swell red dress, to come just below the knees, and make 'em *fit* you—you've got a good figure, why not show it? Then get a big black and red hat with a bunch o' gold lace on it. I think that would make a *stunnin'* costume. Then hire a man to sit in one o' the boxes and sing 'Don't Forget Me' to him. Let him do a little comedy business, you know, and you put a little warmth in your work, and I guarantee the house 'll go mad! Now you go out and sing 'Don't Forget Me' and yet you don't give 'em nothing to *remember*. Of course, that's only what *I* think. Still—" She shrugged her shoulders and tried not to look too conscious. "O' course that's only *my* way o' thinking," she added.

"She's right," nodded Jack.

"I—believe she is myself," spoke up Dave. "Although I don't see, myself, how an audience could forget your fine voice, Miss Elsa."

Lila gave him a grateful nod of thanks. She couldn't just see herself in the costume Effie had sketched, and yet she wanted to make a hit.

"So you all think that if I got another gown, and sang to a man in a box, I'd make out better?" she asked presently.

"Yes," they chorused together.

"But I have no man," she hesitated.

"Dave's got a grand voice," Effie said eagerly. "He'll do it for you, Miss Elsa. Wont you, Dave? And he can sing the last chorus with you, too. That's always good for an encore, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't," cried Lila.

"Now Dave wants to, don't you, Dave?" flashed Effie.

"My dear Miss Grace—"

"He'd like to do it!" said Effie triumphantly.

"I would indeed," added Dave, with an admiring glance. "It aint no trouble."

Lila turned helplessly away.

"This is too much, you are all too good," she murmured. "I'll never forget your kindness, but I can't allow Mr.—Mr.—to do this for me, I just can't!"

"Now, Miss Elsa, you let Dave do it," said Jack quickly. "It will help your act, and wont be any trouble to him."

And so it was settled. Or rather Miss Elsa was to meet the Three Dancing Graces in the hotel dining-room in half an hour and they were to make the final arrangements for the new act. For Lila had decided to accept Dave's services and Effie's advice. Only she was afraid of what her maid might say when she heard about the change.

Effie hurried away to her dressing-room with her head held high, and a rosy flush of excitement prettily coloring her cheeks.

"Them Sisters Astoria saw me talking *intimately* with Lila Elsa star, all right, boys," she cooed, with a satisfied smile. "I guess they'll try to lord it over me again—not!"

"Yes, it does feel kind of good to bask in the light of the star, doesn't it?" said Dave thoughtfully.

It soon became a regular thing, for Lila to have supper with the Graces each night after the show. Sometimes

they had dinner together before the evening performance, and once she went shopping with Effie. It seemed to her that no matter which way she turned there was always one of them near to suggest this or propose that, and while they were not people she would have ever picked out for companions, much less friends, matters drifted along by degrees until at least a fair show of friendliness was presented to the outside world.

That they had helped her with her act was an undisputed truth. Following

Effie's advice she had costumed her part differently and had rehearsed two new "popular" songs with Dave. One was all about "Moonlight," and a "boy named Roy" who "loved a goil named Pearl," and was declared to be the gem of the collection by the zealous Effie.

Lila felt like apologizing, at least through the press, the first time she sang it. But, lo and behold! She took six bows after the second verse. The Three Dancing Graces counted them on their fingers.

Dave Grace, who clowned for laughs in a box when she sang her famous waltz-song, "Don't Forget Me," was a tall, slim, clean-cut man, with a baritone voice which he handled almost artistically, considering that he had had little or no training. Of the three, he was the least vulgar, the most tactful. He was quiet, but he was never stupid. Often at supper, while Effie and Jack were loudly discussing the mer-

its of the various performers in the dining-room. Lila and Dave would sit and discuss some book she had given him to read. She found that he had read little because they "had no time for reading," but he was intelligent and he quickly grasped the meanings which she pointed out to him through the books.

When it was learned, on Thursday, that both the Three Dancing Graces and Lila Elsa were to play the same city the following week, Effie's joy was outspoken and unmistakable.



"We've all got to be such good friends; I guess we'd miss each other if we went separate ways now, eh?" she smiled affectedly.

"It will be nice," said Jack.

"And we can work up a good finish for your new song, you know," Dave put in.

Lila protested feebly.

"You know I can't let you do this for me any longer," she cried. "You have been too kind, and I have presumed on your kindness as it is, and now I must get a man to work with me regularly."

"Oh! Now just listen to her, will you?" cried Effie, airily. "You'll do nothing of the kind, will she, boys? Of course, Dave will do that for you just as long as he can—it's such a little thing!"

"But its unprofessional," hazarded the star, hoping that this would bear weight with Effie.

"Between friends—" shrugged Effie, and so the matter was allowed to stand.

Lila comforted herself with the reminder that her new opera would be ready for rehearsal earlier than she expected and then, without wounding their feelings, or without seeming ungrateful for their help in shaping her act for her, she could turn her back on the Three Dancing Graces and say good-by to them forever.

"They're not our kind, Miss Lila," her maid had insisted more than once. "You'd be ashamed to ask them to your house to dinner some Sunday night and have all your friends meet them, now wouldn't you? They may be nice, yes, Miss Lila, but so is a Spanish mackerel with drawn butter. The young woman, Miss Effie, they call her, is grating! She sets a body's nerves all on edge. She's forever fixing things. And that Mr. Jack! He's worse—if possible. Only Mr. Dave, Miss Lila—"

"Yes," said the star quietly, as the woman hesitated. "What about Mr. Dave, Martha?"

"Well, if he'd ever get away from the other two I guess he might have a fighting chance, Miss Lila," Martha answered grimly. "He hasn't got a fussy look about him, and he talks more as

you talk than the others. He's almost presentable. Still they're not your sort. It's kinder to drop them now, Miss Lila."

While she recognized the truth of the woman's remarks, Lila silenced her gently but firmly—only the old creature's long and faithful service saved her from a scolding. For somehow Lila Elsa, star, did not like to hear the truth about handsome Dave Grace. But Martha's words left their mark, and she found herself wondering how she could break with the dancing act without hurting their feelings.

"Is it possible that people are watching, perhaps laughing?" she frowned at herself in the mirror. "I, Lila Elsa, falling in love with a cheap vaudevillian! Ridiculous! I'll show them all!"

That night, when her song, "Don't Forget Me," with Dave sitting in a lower box and clowning for laughs, had brought her out on the stage again and again in answer to the applause of the audience, and the house-manager had complimented her on the vast improvement of her work, Lila Elsa was reminded of what she owed to the Graces. She would never have thought of singing her song in such a fashion but for them. The applause she received they had given her. And they were so genuinely glad that she had "made good," and had been so sincere in their efforts to help her that she called herself an ungrateful beast and promised to go to supper with them as usual.

Effie, dressed for the street and with that ever restless, over-anxious air that so irritated poor Martha, peeped into the star's room while Lila was "changing."

"Kin I help you? Martha, is there anything I kin do?" she asked. "Now don't hesitate to say so if there is."

"There's nothing, Effie, thank you," nodded Lila, with a smile, while Martha tossed her gray head in fine indignation.

The girl opened the door, and stepping inside, sank down on the huge theatre trunk. From the tips of her brown *suede* shoes to the huge black hat with its scarlet plumes, set rakishly on her blonde curls, she was the picture of unadorned vulgarity. Lila blushed

for her. And yet Effie was pretty beneath this mass of cheap, tasteless finery. And she was still in her first youth. Lila sighed.

As soon as Martha had gone, Effie went over and taking Lila by the shoulders, turned her face to the light. There was a smile on her lips, but a puzzled look in her eyes, which Lila didn't understand.

"Honest now," said the girl at last. "Do you love Jack?"

Lila stared at her, saying nothing.

"I think Jack is in love with you," Effie rattled on. "He told me just now to take Dave and go on ahead 'cause he wanted to walk home with you and tell you something. He never seemed to notice a woman before. It got me guessing. Do you? Jack's a dear, good boy!"

Before the cruel, cutting words which came rushing in answer to Effie's question were spoken, Dave called her name, knocking sharply on the door. But she was tingling with indignation when she joined them in the corridor, and the look of mingled pity and contempt she threw at Jack would have frightened off a less determined person.

With a gay laugh, Dave drew Effie's arm through his and hurried her out of the stage-door, leaving Lila alone with Jack. She turned upon him like a perfect fury, her dark eyes gleaming black in her anger.

"What is it you wanted to say to me? Quickly! I can give you only a moment. But weigh your words before you speak, and remember that I loath the very sight—"

"It'll only take a minute," he said quietly, interrupting her. "It's just this: You've got to quit your love-makin' with Dave Grace!"

She could have struck him, but she didn't; white, breathless, she gazed with fascinated eyes at the unruffled, deadly-in-earnest little man.

"Why?" she almost whispered.

"Because," came the answer, "Effie loves him."

"Effie!" she laughed.

"Yes. Funny, aint it?" he said. "You laugh at them things in your world, on Broadway, don't you? But strange as it may seem to you for a wife to love her

husband, little Effie loves Dave. I think—she worships him! Why, she loves him so, believes in him, blindly, without questions, that she hasn't seen yet what everybody else sees and laughs at—you and Dave! You're in love with him! Don't deny it; anybody kin see it in your eyes when you talk to him! It's got to be stopped, do y' hear? Why, it would kill Effie if she knew!"

For a second there was a brief silence. Then, when she spoke, her beautiful voice was a-quiver with emotion.

"I didn't know—I didn't know," she said.

"Didn't know—what?"

"That Effie was—his wife."

Jack laughed shrilly. "You didn't know? You didn't care! That's the Broadway idea! I know. Thank God, we aint got there yet if them's the morals that street is paved with! Oh, you knew—everybody knows that they are married—six years and two months to a day. I know. You didn't care! You liked Dave's handsome face, his way. He's got a way with the women—they all like him. I don't make any comment there; he's good company and handy with the blarney. You're not the first I've seen, nor the last either, I guess, but he always came back to Effie. Still you seemed so determined—"

"Determined!" she repeated, flushing cruelly.

"Yes. You seemed to hang on so tight," he nodded. "You were a long time making up your mind that he was good enough for you, but once you did—"

"Don't! Stop!" She put out her hand with an imploring gesture. "You are cruel," she sobbed. "You are saying things which no man would say to a woman."

"I'm playing the game as you play it, Miss Elsa," he returned, a trifle wearily. "What do you think would have happened to Effie if you had walked off, taking Dave with you to sing on your new show?"

"I didn't ask him," she whispered guiltily.

"No, but you were thinking about it." He nodded. "Oh, I know; I've watched you—watched all three of you."

Effie don't suspect anything yet, thank God. She's only proud as Punch of Dave because you let him sing your choruses. Miss Elsa, she aint like you in looks and talk, maybe—she was a cash-girl in a department store over in Brooklyn once—but she aint got a mean bone in her body, and she's true-blue all through. She's—ace-high!"

Then Lila leaned over and said very distinctly:

"If Dave went with me—granting I want him, of course!—wouldn't it be better for you? It would give you a chance to win her then."

He turned a brick-red, miserable, heart-sick; his thin lips twitched nervously.

"I aint never said that, even to myself," he told her, "but it's true. I think I've always—loved Effie, even before she married Dave. I seen her first. But when Dave came along—Just look at him and then at me—there's your answer. But I do love her—I do! And I'll watch out for her, protect her, bring Dave back each time he runs away to play. I'll move heaven and earth to keep

them together! I aint thinking of myself—why, even if anything should happen to Dave, she wouldn't look at me—except the way she does now, as a good old pal. That's what I am, you know—a pal!"

Lila Elsa drew the folds of her cloak more closely around her. She was suddenly cold.

"I'm going back to New York—tonight," she said gently. "Never mind the management here; a few hundred will fix it with them. And I'll never, never see Dave again if I can help it. You believe me, don't you? And as for their being married, I just never—thought. Such things don't seem to count for much on Broadway; you're right. I must be years older than Dave, too. But never mind. You go and tell them I am ill—don't let Effie come to me, please. I—couldn't stand it, just now. Good-by. Will you shake hands with me? I'd like to, because you are so—fine!"

He shook hands silently.

"Good-by," he said. "I think you are ace-high, too."







## PROTECTING PLAYS

### LITTLE UNDERSTOOD FACTS ABOUT THE COPYRIGHT OFFICE, EXPLAINED BY THE REGISTRAR OF COPYRIGHTS

ONE morning last spring, a well known theatrical manager in New York issued an item to various papers, announcing the name of a new play which he had purchased for early production.

In his mail the following day were five letters of protest, all reading practically the same, from five different unknown authors objecting to the use of the name he had announced.

"I beg to inform you," wrote one of the unknowns, "that you cannot use the name you have selected, because five years ago I copyrighted this same title for a melodrama which I now own. Of course, if you see fit to produce my own play with this title, I would like to make arrangements with you, or I will consider a reasonable offer for the purchase of the title. Otherwise I will be compelled to apply for an injunction to prevent infringement of my copyright."

Now, if five different people laid claim to the same title, and each offered for sale to this manager, it was evident some one was laboring under a misapprehension. The manager there-

fore undertook to obtain a little light upon just how it was possible for five different authors to lay claim to a certain title, each asserting that he owned the copyright on the name selected.

And here the manager made a discovery. The information came direct from Thorvald Solberg, the official Registrar of Copyrights at the Library of Congress in Washington, and as the decision might possibly save many authors and managers much worry and letter-writing, it is here given briefly:

#### You Cannot Copyright a Title

WHEN Emerson Smith-Jones, the eminent or aspiring playwright, completes a drama, has it neatly typewritten to conform to certain copyright rules, and finally selects his title, he forwards it to Washington with one dollar, to the Registrar of Copyrights, and leans back with a satisfied air, saying to himself:

"Now let anyone steal my play. It is copyrighted, and the United States government will protect me against any infringement."

In due time Emerson Smith-Jones receives a neatly printed card notifying him that the Registrar of Copyrights has received his manuscript, entitled "A Bird in the Hand," and that certificate of copyright No. 174435 Class D, has been issued to him, certifying to the deposit in the Library archives of one typewritten manuscript of said play, on such and such a date, according to law.

Apparently this is final and absolute, as the copyright statutes give an author of a dramatic or musical composition exclusive rights for a period of 28 years, with a further extension of 14 years, if applied for at the end of the original period.

#### After a Few Years

MR. EMERSON SMITH-JONES congratulates himself upon his happy selection of the title, "A Bird in the Hand," and undertakes to sell his play. Ultimately it comes back to him from 42 managers and is laid away in his desk. Years afterwards he picks up the *Morning Telegraph* and reads that Charles Frohman or Klaw & Erlanger propose to produce a play called "A Bird in the Hand," by Augustus Thomas or Eugene Walter.

Emerson Smith-Jones vigorously protests. He has copyrighted the title, he asserts, and his lawyer writes threatening letters of the fearful facts that follow infringement. Emerson Smith-Jones wakes up when he receives a little light on what constitutes copyright, according to our laws.

"The copyright office is a mere office of record," perhaps Mr. Solberg will write, as he has so often explained verbally to anxious authors. "The certificate issued simply states that there has been received for entry and deposit, a certain manuscript with such and such a title. There is nothing in the copyright laws to prohibit us from receiving fifty manuscripts with exactly similar titles. As far as we know, the material of these fifty plays with the same title, may be the same, or it may be different. The duty of the Librarian of Congress is to receive all manuscripts accompanied by the necessary

legal fees, enter them according to certain forms, and acknowledge the receipt by issuing a certificate of copyright. It is not only possible to issue fifty certificates for manuscripts with similar titles, but cases have actually been called to the Librarian's attention where perhaps a dozen titles have been recorded, all the same, for manuscripts which had no bearing whatever upon each other, and no features of resemblance.

"The important point is that the copyright law grants protection to the *material*, that is, the dialogue and story, while no reference whatever is made to the titles."

#### Merely an Office of Record

"FURTHERMORE, any case of infringement cannot concern the Library of Congress. All disputes must be settled in court, where the copyright laws must be interpreted by the legal authorities. It is not within our province to settle any case of alleged infringement. Our office is merely one of record. If an author thinks some one else has appropriated his ideas, he can prove by his copyright certificate that he deposited his own manuscript with our office, and the possession of his certificate is accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he has complied with the law. By comparing a certified copy of his own manuscript with the alleged infringement, the truth or falsity of the allegation can be established, but this must be done in the courts and not here."

This matter of titles is most prolific of promised law-suits which, of course, never materialize when the authors learn the real law on the subject.

Even large publishing houses occasionally fall into error. A case in point which apparently presented a new question, arose when a New York manager announced that he intended to produce a play called "The Worldlings." One of the big publishing firms had issued a novel called "Worldlings," a book which had not attained very great success, and concerning which the author of the drama knew nothing at all. The publishing firm threatened suit, on the

ground that the title of the book had been appropriated for the play, and that the intention was to mislead the public into the belief that the play was a dramatization of the novel. As a matter of fact, there was no actual resemblance between the two stories and when "The Worldlings" proved a failure, nothing more was heard of the suit.

### Many Titles are Changed

TO AVOID litigation, many managers often change the titles slightly. One manager produced a play called "Told in the Hills," but when he learned this was the title of a novel, he changed his play to "As Told in the Hills." Because the title "The Wife" had been used years ago, Eugene Walter changed the title of a recent play to "Just a Wife." Countless other instances of slight changes to avoid threatened suits could be mentioned, but as a matter of fact all of these changes were not necessary.

Last spring many stock companies played a farce called "The Circus Girl," and a music publishing house spent a lot of money frightening managers by dire threats because they were using the title of a Daly musical comedy of fifteen years ago. One manager actually changed the title to "The Girl from the Circus," to avoid a threatened suit. A sharp letter to the music publishing concern would have convinced that corporation that its complaint was not justified.

"But," I can fancy some one asking, "how is it that there have been fights in the courts over titles, and that some managers have prevented other managers from using the titles of big successes? If what you say is true, why cannot I send out a small company to play small towns with any old show, and call it 'The Pink Lady?' Klaw & Erlanger might object, but how could they stop me? And what about Frohman's well remembered suit which he won, about the title 'L'Aiglon?' And how did Henry W. Savage prevent anyone else from using the title, 'The Merry Widow,' even going so far as to stop a company from presenting a

dramatic version of that musical comedy?"

These questions can all be answered, and they show how you *can* protect a title under certain conditions. You can protect a title if you bring suit in equity, alleging that other parties are endeavoring to impose upon the public by false pretences, and that the use of the title is intended to mislead the public into the belief that it is getting the original and not the imitation. Here it is within the discretion of the trial judge to decide whether or not you have advertised a certain article sufficiently long to give you common rights, and whether or not the alleged appropriation of your title is made with an attempt to deceive and mislead. In such a case, an injunction preventing such imposture could be issued, but the plaintiff would have no ground for financial damages.

### The Way It Works

TO ILLUSTRATE: Suppose Klaw & Erlanger produce "The Pink Lady" on a certain night. Suppose a rival manager produces another play, musical or dramatic, entitled "The Pink Lady," at approximately the same time, in a theatre right across the street from the Klaw & Erlanger "Pink Lady." The Klaw & Erlanger forces might apply for an injunction to prevent the other "Pink Lady" title from being used, on the ground that the opposition was endeavoring to trade upon the reputation of the real "Pink Lady." But if the opposition could show that they planned to produce an entirely different play, and that the title had been chosen in good faith with no intention to deceive, the injunction would undoubtedly be denied.

But if the second "Pink Lady" announcement were made *after* the original "Pink Lady" had scored a sensational success, the intent to deceive would be so plain, that an injunction would undoubtedly be granted. This, bear in mind, would have nothing whatever to do with the question of copyright.

It was by this process of reasoning

that Mr. Savage protected "The Merry Widow." The case of "L'Aiglon" was a trifle different, and illustrates one other method of protecting a title—and an excellent one.

Mr. Frohman had the title "L'Aiglon" registered as a trade-mark at the United States Patent Office in Washington. Trade-marks are registered as brands or identifying marks, to firms and manufacturers, to be used in advertising their products and goods. Obviously they are intended primarily for manufactured articles, and not for plays.

But there is nothing to prohibit the use of a word as a trade-mark. In fact, perhaps half of the trade-marks registered are unusual words or combinations of words. It costs \$25 to register a trade-mark at the Patent Office, and Mr. Frohman paid this cheerfully for a trade-mark on the word "L'Aiglon." Thereafter he was able to prevent anyone from selling "L'Aiglon" corsets or "L'Aiglon" underwear, and incidentally from presenting "L'Aiglon" plays.

#### What the Law Does

THE vagaries of the copyright law have been straightened out gradually. Without going into the history of all the movements to afford dramatic writers protection for their wares, it can be stated that until the last few years, play piracy was quite common. Until quite recently, such offences were punishable only by the expenditure of much time and money on the part of the plaintiffs, and then the best they could obtain was an injunction and stipulated damages which were hard to collect. Recent statutes, and court decisions, however, have established these conditions:

Play piracy or willful infringement of copyright, is a penal offense.

The author of a novel retains ownership of the dramatic rights.

You can copyright dialogue and "stage business," in a play or vaudeville sketch, but you cannot copyright acrobatic acts, stage tricks, lighting effects, scenic effects, etc.

Any part of a stage performance,

singing dialogue or music, cannot be reproduced upon phonographic records without the permission of the author or owner.

And—under the recent sweeping decision of the Supreme Court in the "Ben Hur" case—moving pictures are an infringement upon the copyright of a book or play, no matter if a complete new scenario of the story is written and only parts of the original are utilized.

Readers of theatrical weekly trade papers, may often read large announcements from such mythical acts as the "Bulldog Brothers," the "Three Sweet-Singing Sirens," or the "Marvelous Madcaps," stating that "our act is fully protected by copyright, and any infringements will be prosecuted to the limit of the law."

As a matter of fact, such advertisers may be violating the copyright law by claiming protection, for one provision of the law expressly provides a penalty for anyone claiming copyright without complying with the Copyright law. Furthermore, the Bulldog Brothers probably do a neat song and dance act, with a little bit of dialogue stolen from *Puck* or *Judge*, and wear eccentric costumes. It sounds great to claim that their act is copyrighted, and such assertions probably scare off many would-be imitators. But you cannot obtain protection for a clog dance, an acrobatic tumble, a bundle of stage tricks, or concerted effects.

When Ned Wayburn produced a vaudeville sketch called "The Minstrel Misses," showing 20 girls in black-face, he widely announced that he had copyrighted "Ned Wayburn's Minstrel Misses," and that any act doing a black-face scene with girls would be prosecuted to the limit of the law. And amazing as it may seem, he scared off several other vaudeville managers from producing similar acts, though how his act could possibly interest the Library of Congress is not quite clear.

#### He Scared Them Off

WHEN Bert Whitney produced "A Broken Idol" in New York, he had

pretty Alice Yorke swing out over the heads of the audience sitting in a basket of an illuminated balloon, while the auditorium was in darkness. The effect was striking and novel and made a lot of talk. It was a trick done with wires. Yet when some one tried to imitate the act, Mr. Whitney announced that it was copyrighted, and published large advertisements intended to scare off imitators.

A certain stage director, Gus Sohlke, devised several new chorus evolutions for a new Shubert musical production two or three years ago. He is an ingenious and resourceful producer, who succeeded in getting some very pretty and novel effects. And the program bore the announcement: "Stage effects and chorus evolutions designed and copyrighted by Gus Sohlke. All infringements will be strictly prosecuted."

This general ignorance concerning copyright has cost stage folk a lot of money, and incidentally it has produced a rich harvest for a certain class of unscrupulous lawyers in Washington. Several young chaps who might otherwise starve, have obtained good incomes by catering especially to players, vaudeville acts, and unknown authors. They advertise in the theatrical papers, and send out circulars, pointing out the infinite advantages of getting protection for your play, sketch, or act.

Vaudeville players—those who probably claim in good faith that their acts are copyrighted—are the easiest victims. For the sum of \$1, so the circulars and ad's read, you can have your manuscript copyrighted, and then of course there is the attorney's fee, which may be anywhere from \$25 to \$100, according to the gullibility or affluence of the person addressed.

Inexperienced people who know little of the workings of the government at Washington are easily led into engaging one of these attorneys to handle the matter. Perhaps they live at remote distances from Washington, or are on tour and do not know the proper method of procedure. A letter from an attorney with an embossed letter-head reading "Copyright business a spe-

cialty," seems impressive. So the manuscript is sent on to the lawyer, who not only collects his own fee in advance but may even write back that the manuscript must be newly typewritten upon fresh heavy paper. This will cost \$5 or \$10 more.

All the attorney does for this fee is to walk up Capitol Hill in Washington, deposit the copy, and pay one dollar to the Registrar of Copyrights. Then he receives a certificate which he mails to the author.

The attorney does nothing which the author himself cannot do by mail for two cents. For one postage stamp and a letter of inquiry, the author will receive from the Library of Congress a complete set of blank forms which any school boy could fill out, and a large official envelope, franked, in which the manuscript can be sent postage free to the copyright office. The fee of \$1 must be sent at the same time. Within ten days you will receive your copyright certificate.

In the case of vaudeville actors, who are no doubt misled into the belief that their act is copyrighted, the attorney will advise them to have a fresh typewritten copy made of all dialogue and stage business, with description of their act, and the title under which they play it. This can easily be elaborated into ten or twelve typewritten pages. This is neatly bound with a stiff cover, and presented as a play to be copyrighted.

I have known cases where "one act plays" presented by these attorneys for copyright were mere scenarios and descriptions of acrobatic performances, comedy pantomime, parlor tricks, and even of such an act as a bicycle evolution, without a dozen spoken words. Yet if this is presented as a one act comedy or playlet, and looks like a play, the Library of Congress is bound to accept the manuscript, even though the courts might afterwards decide that no real protection can be granted to such an act. The important point is that the attorney collects a fee of perhaps \$25 for services absolutely useless, (or at any rate unnecessary), and the vaudeville artist is misled into thinking he has gained protection.

# PERSONALITY

The thing  
you've got  
to have



By

WILLIAM COLLIER

WILLIAM COLLIER is, above all else, an actor of personality. That is the principal secret of his success. In that article he tells how absolutely essential a factor it is in "making good" on the stage.

IT IS not my intention to write a ponderous article on the subject of Personality. Our public libraries are filled with books, old and new, many of which take you through the labyrinths of philosophy and metaphysics. They discuss at great length the question of man's personality in the abstract and give you concrete examples galore. But, in so far as the

writer knows, they have but little to say along the particular line of the personality of the actor. And that is what we intend talking about.

What would you think, if you ever took the trouble to think about it at all, the average actor likes best to do? To hunt? To fish? To mow his lawn in summer, providing he has one to mow, or to shovel the snow

from his sidewalks in winter, providing he owns sidewalks on which to ply a shovel? To collect rare books? To chase his pet hobby, whether it be rattlesnakes or old stamps, to the limit?

He may like to do any one or more of these things, but it is not the thing he likes best to do. No indeed.

Above everything else, aside from actually appearing before an audience, the average actor likes best of all to go to the theatre and be "audience."

All of which has but little to do with what I am about to write in this story. But, being an actor myself, it may explain why I like to visit the playhouses when not actually appearing with my own company.



On one of those rare occasions when my playhouse was "dark" and I had an opportunity to go to the theatre and be a regular fellow, I looked up a doctor friend of mine. He is just as expert in diagnosing the ills that affect plays as he is those that beset humans. It was decided that a musical comedy offered the best promise of a panacea for our particular state of mind. So to a musical comedy we hied ourselves.

The piece was just an average, up-to-date musical show. It had the usual elaborate cast of high salaried principals, and an immense chorus, all of which tended to bring down the batting average of the producer's net receipts. It proceeded along the even tenor of its way, with bright spots and low spots to hold your interest and depress you into a condition where you wondered how on earth such things could be.

I remember I was indulging in the most beautiful yawn imaginable, when my companion nudged me, and accompanied the dig in the side with

the suggestion that I have a look. Without any rhyme or reason, and having nothing whatever to do with the story, a group of pony dancers had burst into view. The producer probably figured that it was a good "spot" into which to inject the dancers, seeing he had them under contract and must make them do something to earn their salaries.



There were eight girls, none of them older than she had made up to be, and possibly none of them married. They danced well in unison. Their mechanical skill was of a high order of excellence. Each of the dancers was dressed in the same style of dress. But there was something distinctive about this group. There was one who stood out, head and shoulders, above the other seven. She was not visibly more comely; did not have a finer figure; neither was she a better dancer than any one of her mates. Yet she was distinctly different. She instinctively appealed to you as being of a higher and better grade as an artist.

And this brings us right down to what we want to talk about. This dancing girl, without possessing any extraordinary amount of talent, was able to project her individuality over the footlights so that we practically lost sight of the other seven. The reason was simple. She possessed that rare and most necessary quality, Personality.

Personality! Just what is it? If you care to take the definition of the erudite individuals who compiled the dictionary, it consists of the "attributes that make up the character and nature of an individual; that which distinguishes and characterizes an individual."

This definition, while comprehensive enough in itself, hardly conveys

the idea as to what personality, in so far as it refers to the actor, really means.



Let us endeavor to illustrate just what it means. You have, we will say, a favorite actor. You like to go to the theatre in which he appears. Whether his play be good or bad, you enjoy listening to him speak his lines, portray emotions, and go through the action designated for the character he may be assuming.

Just why do you like this particular actor? Is it because he is good looking? Possibly, to a certain extent. But, let me remind you, other good looking actors have not succeeded in winning your championship. Just what is it, then, that accounts for your liking and admiration? Nothing more or less than his personality.



Personality means vastly more than the possession of good looks, a handsome figure, talent, a pleasant manner or technical training in the profession of the actor. Strictly speaking, we cannot define personality. It is intangible. Gustave LeBon, a noted writer on the subject, in commenting on the fact that it is difficult to define personality in set terms, says that "the fundamental characteristic of personality is self-consciousness—or, literally, an object saying to itself—'I am I.'"

This writer evidently had in mind the idea that it is a characteristic that belongs to an individual that makes him in his own person an object of interest. If you are particularly interested in some actor, it is because the personality of that actor as shown in his individuality, has appealed to your senses. If you were asked, point blank, to say why Mr. So-and-So is popular with the play-going public,

you would probably be at a loss. All you know, or have ever taken the trouble to find out, is that this favorite actor of yours seems to be different from other men of about the same methods and stamp.



I recall vividly the days when I was a call-boy in the company of Augustin Daly, at Daly's Theatre, in New York. Those were historic days in American dramatics. Many men and women, who afterwards achieved distinction and even fame as actors, were members of our company. I know that I was impressed, as a youngster, by the personalities of some members of the company to a far greater extent than others.

A striking example of personality in an actor is to be found in the case of Mr. John Drew, undoubtedly one of the best known stars now appearing before the public. Mr. Drew was a member of the Daly company. He had a very marked personality and was popular, not alone with the public, who loved him for his talents and skill as an actor, and were attracted by his personal charm, but with the other members of the group.



During late years, Mr. Drew has confined his attention to what are popularly known as "straight parts." It has been said by some unthinking people that Mr. Drew does not essay the difficult parts he did when appearing at Daly's and during other earlier periods of his career.

One of the finest tributes I have ever heard paid to an actor, was in overhearing a worthy citizen declare, during a conversation, that "John Drew does not act; he just plays himself." Unwittingly, the worthy citizen had placed his finger on the vital



spot. The fact that such an actor as John Drew can go on season after season, essaying "straight parts," proves that he is not only a master technician but the possessor of a wonderful personality.

That it is more difficult, by far, to play "straight parts" as compared with what are known as "character parts" is best shown in the salaries that are paid to the two classes of actors. Any manager, or actor, will tell you that it is a comparatively simple matter to find character actors, while it is difficult, sometimes extremely so, to secure the services of adequate actors for "straight parts."



Touching upon this question of parts, perhaps a word or two in explanation of the professional understanding of the two terms may not be amiss. A "straight part" is one that presents no sharp outlines, which does not depart from normal standards, which represents what is, for the audience, the average man or woman.

A "character part," on the other hand, is one that not alone calls for a greater or less disguising of the actor's form and features, a sharp contrast between his actual appearance and his stage appearance—in short a physical impersonation—but is a part that is sharply defined as a type, and departs widely from the accepted standards of the audience.



One of the most glaring and common errors into which people fall in their judgment of acting, is their failure to realize the greater difficulty of playing a "straight part" over playing a "character part." A "character part" offers a player a far more definite outline on which to

build his idea of the character he may be called upon to portray. The most difficult part of his work has already been done for him by the playwright. On the other hand, a "straight part" offers the actor little more than the opportunity to create a character. To what extent he may realize and develop the playwright's conception of the character is largely a question of his own ability and skill.

The majority of leading rôles in modern plays are written as "straight parts." The modern star selects a rôle that fits him and his personality. This practice has its bad features, however. Frequently, an actor essaying a "straight rôle," will go through the play, making clear each of the points in the dialogue and bringing out the full value of the situations, and defining just what the author had in mind; yet one-half your audience will declare that he was not acting at all.



On the other hand, let some player of a small character part give you a passable imitation of the character he is supposed to be essaying and your audience will grow enthusiastic in declaring him to be a clever actor. This is one of the superficial hindrances of devoting your time and talents to "straight parts."

So important a thing is personality, when bearing upon the work of an actor, that it is of interest to note that many of the world's most famous dramatists, from the early Greek days, have written some of their biggest rôles around the personality of some popular actor or actress, or with certain actors in mind for particular parts.

If you have read any of the plays of Sophocles, you will discover that the part of *Cædipus*, which appears in three successive plays, was prepared

for a certain star performer on the stage of Dionysus.



William Shakespeare himself often wrote parts with a certain actor in his mind's eye. For example, the parts of "Launce" in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Launcelot Gobbo" in "Merchant of Venice," evidently were written for the same comedian. They are strikingly similar in characterization and temperament. It is likewise obvious that the parts of "Mercutio" and "Gratiano" were written for and entrusted to the same actor.

Molière, the famous French writer for the stage, was himself an actor. A reading of his printed works will fail of perfect understanding if you do not discover that his entire scheme of character creation was based on the idea that he wrote many of his plays for the same group of players. Being a player himself, it was an important part of Molière's concern that he fit himself and his associated players with suitable parts. Analysis of his plays readily proves this to be so.



To modernize the idea and illustrate exactly what is meant, suppose that our own Augustus Thomas, in writing his great play "The Witching Hour" had named his principal character John Mason instead of Jack Brookfield. It is evident that Mr. Thomas had Mr. Mason in mind when he wrote the part. He appreciated that the suave reserve of Mr. Mason's acting and his personality were fitted for such a rôle.

In Queen Anne's day, the dramatists in writing their plays, wrote many characters with Colley Cibber, the foremost actor of his day, in mind.

Victorien Sardou, the modern French writer, has become best known as the dramatist of Sarah Bernhardt. Such well-known parts as "Fedora," "Gismonda," "La Tosca," and "Zoraya" were all written by Sardou with the divine Sarah in mind.



Edmond Rostand, it is said, wrote *Cyrano de Bergerac* with the famous comedian, Coquelin, as the model on which he based the part. "L'Aiglon," it is said, was also originally intended for Coquelin's use, but in the writing of the play this was changed. They tell a story in this connection that may be of interest.

Coquelin, who was a friend of the dramatist, asked Rostand to write a play, in which Coquelin could play the part of one of those tremendous grenadiers of Napoleon's army. Rostand pointed out to Coquelin that if they wrote the play around events during the lifetime of the great general, the part of Napoleon would overshadow that of the grenadier. So Rostand proposed that they take the period in history immediately following Napoleon and concern themselves with the life of the feeble Duc de Reichstadt.



Rostand set to work, but before he had proceeded far he found that whether he wished it or no, his theme was developing so that the little Duc became the dominating figure of the drama, making the part of the grenadier of secondary importance. The dramatist told Coquelin of this, and the actor, readily enough, suggested that inasmuch as Bernhardt wanted to play a boy, the piece be turned over to her. And so it was that the play which was started for Coquelin became one of the greatest triumphs of Bernhardt.

Coquelin did not appear in "L'Aiglon" in France. His first appearance in the rôle of the grenadier was made in America, when the piece was presented at the Garden Theatre in New York.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is said to have written the part of Paula Tanqueray with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in mind. It is a certainty that the personality of the character closely followed the personality of Mrs. Campbell, and that the rôle fitted her better than anything she had ever done.

To refer to a contemporary English dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has undoubtedly written many of the parts in his plays with the personality of Sir Charles Wyndham in mind. Mr. Jones has written many parts, those of well-bred, clean-cut men of the world, who have experienced all that the world has to give them, and who are at home in any society. It is in such parts that Sir Charles has been most successful, for he is of that type of man, and his personality fits the parts, or the parts fit his personality, whichever way you prefer having it.



Who is there that questions the truth of the statement that "Beau Brummel" was written with a due regard to the personality of the late Mr. Richard Mansfield. If there was ever a part that was written for a particular individual, it was "Beau Brummel."

Joseph Jefferson was so identified with the part of Rip in "Rip Van Winkle" that there cannot possibly be two opinions that it was a question of the actor's personality, allied with a rôle that in itself was weak and lacking in dramatic value. Yet through the exercise of sheer personality, Mr. Jefferson made this

rôle one of the most notable on our stage.

If such famous dramatists as those found it advisable to write their characters with the personality of some particular individual in mind, it is fair to assume that the personality of the actor is what makes him notable in his day and generation.



We have mentioned that it is a difficult matter to play "straight parts" and that it is a comparatively easy matter to play "character parts." This is true. But it is also true that the wonderful character acting of many of our famous stars is a difficult task. No one would be brash enough to place the abilities of such noted actors as James A. Herne, Robert B. Mantell and Richard Mansfield on the same plane as those of the average work-a-day actor who essays the "character parts" that come along in the course of the average play. These men were essentially creators of character. They did not play them. But notwithstanding all this, it was because of their dominant personalities that they were able to so identify themselves with these rôles that each became known as the particular actor who was best known in a particular part.



Clyde Fitch was always famous for the number of small character parts he wrote in his plays. So many and so clever were these parts, known as "bits" in the language of the stage, that many obscure actors have gained recognition through appearing in only one part. But a following up of the professional careers of such "hits" developed the surprising fact that the actor who was so successful in the character part of So-and-

So in Such-and-Such a play, dropped out of sight and back into the pond of mediocrity. They were accidents of a good part and because they lacked personality, they did not advance.

It is the same with many worthy actors who become stars because of the hit they have made in some part. But, once they assume stardom, and have a different and vastly more difficult part to play, they cannot "make good" and are set down as one more of the army of failures. The chances are, the part in which they made their accidental "hit" just happened to suit their individual physical and mental make-up. But they made the mistake of thinking that one swallow makes a summer—that one good part makes an actor.



In discussing personality, it is well to remember that we do not judge a person as we would a statue, by lines and curves, but primarily by the power to do and to impress himself upon other people. On this basis, it is quite likely that we would have to rule out the charming, versatile actress, or the graceful, modern woman of the stage, who can read lines well and wear becoming gowns, and put in her place the quiet mother of a family, who is gifted with personality—a personality that would make her unique and distinctive.



In the writer's own experience, he has often heard it said that he does not act. It is true that I always appear in my own person. It has been said that I have personality. If I have, I am mighty thankful. The critics of my work have probably made the same criticism of me that they have of such actors as John Drew—that I merely play myself.

I consider that I am doing fairly well if I am able to appear in new plays, year after year, and entertain audiences for two hours, in parts that do not require me to attempt to hide my identity behind a set of bushy whiskers, or make-up as an old man of the sea, and come on the stage, leaning on a staff.

Inasmuch as women go to make up by far the greater proportion of our theatre audiences, it is evident that the actor who is most successful in impressing his personality upon the feminine contingent, is the one who will be the most successful. Women, by nature, are more inclined to be inattentive in the theatre. They go to the theatre not so much to see this play or that play, but rather to relax and be entertained. Audiences do not want to be edified. They seek true amusement—laughter, sympathy, terror and tears. The most successful actors are those who give their audiences these things in the best measure.



Have you ever stopped to consider that the drama is the only art, excepting oratory and certain forms of music, that is designed to appeal to a crowd instead of to the individual? I might appear in my play, before an audience consisting of my one best friend, and I would fail in my purpose. A play requires a crowd of people for its perfect understanding and enjoyment. There is a bond between the man behind the footlights and the people in the auditorium. Therefore, a play must have a crowd.

The poet writes for himself and for such other selected individuals throughout the world as may be sympathetic enough to understand his musings. The novelist and essayist write for a single reader, sitting alone. It is the same with painting

and sculpture. Though a painting or a picture may be seen by thousands, its appeal is always made to an individual mind.

A play is essentially a story, to be presented by actors on a stage, before an audience, so it must necessarily be designed to appeal at once to a multitude of people. You have to sit alone to appreciate the Venus of Melos, or the Sistine Madonna, or "The Egoist," but, carrying out my previous thought, who could sit alone in a theatre and enjoy a performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

This being so, it seems simple enough to hold that the actor who appeals to a crowd, must be gifted with personality.



It is the possession of personality that makes possible the definition I once heard applied to the two types

of theatrical stars. One type is the star for a season—probably the result of a good part, or of sufficient money to exploit himself; the other type is the well-seasoned star—the actor who has in himself the personality and ability that rises above the limitations of any one particular rôle. The well-seasoned star is the one who visits your city, season after season, and, generally, without regard to the play he may have, enlists your interest and support.

Before you can achieve much in the drama, you must have those attributes that give character and individuality to the actor, so that he, in his own person, is different and distinguished from all others.

Without it, you are nil. With it, other things being equal, everything is possible to the earnest man.

*William Gallie*





## THE FUR-LINED OVERCOAT

By WILL A. PAGE

OR, HOW HAROLD DOGSTORY, THE PRESS-AGENT, WAS DECORATED WITH THE INSIGNIA OF HIS CALLING

### CHAPTER I

WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL

**T**HERE is no alternative, Harold. You must pawn your fur-lined overcoat."

These dread words fell from the pallid lips of Katherine Dogstory, the wife of the famous theatrical press-agent, as she faced her husband in the privacy of their little Harlem flat, a chill day in October. The lines of her countenance

were tense and drawn; she faltered in her speech, but bravely continued, while Harold staggered against the wall and gasped.

"Impossible—"

"What else can we do?" demanded Katherine, tenderly nursing the little Pomeranian pup which shared their flat with them, and which, alas, was even then whining with hunger. "The butcher has cut off all credit; the rent is long since due, and even the bologna

sausage which you quietly appropriated at the free lunch counter of the Friars last night, has been exhausted. What else can we do?"

Harold Dogstory, pale, emaciated, out of work, forced a sickly smile as he strove to encourage his devoted wife.

"I have been intending to go on a diet, anyhow," he murmured. "True, it is a bad theatrical season so far. Companies have busted in every direction, and I haven't found even one chorus girl who can afford to pay to get her pictures in the papers. But never mind, something is sure to turn up soon, and then I will be on Easy Street."

"And meanwhile—?"

"We must endure every privation, sooner than part with my celebrated fur-lined overcoat. Why, that is the badge of my trade—my uniform? What sort of a press-agent would I be if I failed to own a fur-lined overcoat? The boys at the Friars Club would laugh at me in scorn, and then I should never get a real engagement as a press-agent. Still, as the weather is quite warm now, it might be possible to hock the benny for a few days, and hope for the best.

Katherine Dogstory's eyes lit up with pleasure in anticipation of seeing a few dollars of real money, for times had indeed been hard in the Dogstory establishment, and clients for the press bureau had shown a regular delinquency regarding money matters, though willing to promise fabulous sums in advance for publicity they desired through Harold.

Tenderly she turned toward the closet. An odor of moth-balls permeated the atmosphere as she opened the door. With loving hands she lifted the old fur overcoat from the hanger, shook out the moth-balls, and held it toward the light.

"A trifle worn, in spots," she remarked, "showing the good service it has rendered. It needs a curry-comb badly, and I am afraid it is threatened with the mange. Still, I dare say you can borrow a few dollars on it from the worthy pawn-broker."

Harold sighed sadly as he threw the overcoat over his arm and started toward the door.

"Good-by, old friend," he murmured

affectionately. "You have been through many campaigns with me. You have been in the forefront of the battle line, when all the press-agents in their fur coats stormed the citadels of the editors. You have never failed me yet. Come, and we'll see if I can soak you for ten dollars."

## CHAPTER II

### THE GREAT ENGLISH ACTRESS

"You sent for me, *Madame*?"

The speaker is Harold Dogstory, the press-agent, and the time is three days after the events narrated in our last chapter.

The scene is the boudoir of Olga Oversoul, the great English actress, who only the day before had landed upon these shores to begin her farewell tour of America.

Miss Oversoul, proudly patrician, intensely æsthetic, keenly artistic, subtly temperamental, reclined in her great easy chair and calmly surveyed our hero through half-closed eyelids.

"Yes," she whispered, after an embarrassing pause. "Be seated, Mr. Dogstory. Madge, ring for some tea and marmalade," she added, turning to her faithful attendant and secretary.

Harold seated himself opposite the beautiful actress, and put his hat under the chair. Ah, how he regretted the absence of that fur-lined overcoat with which to make a stunning impression upon this haughty beauty who had summoned him for a business talk.

"With a real fur coat, I could boost my salary fifty a week," he murmured sadly.

But hush—the great actress is speaking.

"You have been highly recommended to me, Mr. Dogstory," said Miss Oversoul, "as a keen and brilliant press-agent, who can devise new stories every day. I want sensational things, yet not a line must be printed that is not dignified. Always remember that you are representing Miss Oversoul, whom the critics have kindly called the Sarah Bernhardt of the English stage."

"I shall never forget it, even in my sleep," bowed Harold.

"With a few notes of interest which my secretary will hand you," continued the great actress, "you should be able to do very well. You are therefore engaged at a salary of—shall we say a hundred?"

"I had thought of a hundred and twenty-five—" began Harold, but a warning look in the great lady's eyes caused him to add, hastily, "but I will accept the hundred."

A few instructions from the vigilant secretary, a pleasant chat with the actress about stories which must not be used under any circumstances, and our hero rose and prepared to take his departure.

"You will leave for Chicago to-morrow," added Miss Oversoul, rising as if to terminate the interview. "My secretary will furnish your transportation and—Merciful Heavens!"

Harold stood transfixed as the actress suddenly cried out in alarm:

"You have no overcoat," she declared, "yet it is snowing."

"I—I—that is—" stammered Harold uneasily.

The actress stopped him with an imperious gesture.

"Of course, you have a fur-lined overcoat?" she demanded. "I never yet had a press-agent who didn't possess at least one."

"Of course—" Harold struggled manfully to explain.

"Oh, then that's all right. I could never think of beginning my engagement in a city unless my press-agent stood in the lobby wearing a fur-lined overcoat, to make an impression upon people. As he is my courier, my advance agent, so he must make an impression upon people worthy of myself. However, I am pleased to learn that you have this very necessary requisite for the distinguished calling which you are now following. And now, Mr. Dogstory, good-morning."

Outside, Harold reeled against a lamp-post, and clutched it for support. He felt dizzy.

"I put the bluff through all right," he said to himself. "But how in thunder can I get the coat out of hock until I draw my first week's salary?"

### CHAPTER III

#### WHERE THE LAKE BREEZES BLOW

"Take in my card to the dramatic editor, please."

These words were uttered in a calm, commanding voice by a pale, slender young man, neatly attired in a dark business suit which was evidently left over from year before last. Under his arm he carried a large bundle carefully wrapped in brown paper. It might have contained photographs, but the office boy in the ante-room of the great Chicago daily eyed it suspiciously.

"Aw, yer gottter write yer name and business on this card."

Harold Dogstory drew himself up proudly beneath the studied insolence of the menial.

"My card to the editor at once," he repeated. "I am Harold Dogstory, the press-agent for Miss Oversoul, the great English actress, and I am here on business with your dramatic editor."

The boy looked at the young man, so inconspicuously dressed, and not even boasting an overcoat, though the day was one of winter's worst. Then he laughed.

"Aw, g'wan. You aint no press-agent," he sneered. "Youse a book agent or some cheap skate, but you aint no press-agent. Why, all the press-agents from the theatres always wears fur overcoats."

Stung to the quick by this truthful retort, indignant at being taunted by a mere hireling, Harold Dogstory was about to make an angry answer when the elevator stopped, and a pompous, somewhat stout individual, clad in a great fur-lined overcoat of expensive appearance, stepped out. Harold turned his head quickly to avoid being seen, for he instantly recognized the face and fur overcoat of Philip Bungle, the rotund press-agent who was in Chicago in the interests of Trixie Lightfoot, the musical comedy star, who was also scheduled to open her Chicago engagement on the same night Miss Oversoul planned to inaugurate her American tour.

So then, the two rivals were face to face. Now mark how easily the tide of battle could be turned.



"My card to Mr. Uplift, the dramatic editor," said Philip Bungle easily, handing the urchin a card. "I believe he is expecting me."

"Yassir," grinned the office boy. "Come right in, sir. First door to the right."

And as Philip Bungle, the rival press-agent, walked into the editorial sanctum and greeted Uriah Uplift, the dramatic editor, Harold Dogstory cowered in the corner, thanking his lucky stars that he had not been humiliated by being recognized. For in happier days gone by, he had put Philip Bungle's best efforts to shame, and there was a deadly rivalry between these two soldiers of publicity. To be seen without his much-prized fur overcoat, and by a rival wearing a gorgeous new outer garment, was too great a humiliation, and Harold was glad he had not been seen. As he turned toward the elevator, the office boy cried out:

"A press-agent? Huh—that was a *real* theatrical press-agent who just went in—the guy wid de fur overcoat."

## CHAPTER IV

### A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

"Time to make the rounds, Smith."

The clerk of the Hotel Windy in Chicago sleepily nodded to the night watchman, who looked at the clock, saw that it was three in the morning, and obediently started toward the elevator.

From floor to floor the faithful night watchman patrolled the corridors, ringing in his call boxes to record his tour.

On the ninth floor, crouching behind a door which was only opened a hair's-breadth, was a tense, eager figure. As the watchman passed, the waiting, crouching form almost stopped breathing. Then, as all danger disappeared and the watchman turned the corner of the corridor, the door opened. Harold Dogstory stepped forth.

In one hand, he held a bundle of skeleton keys—in the other, a small bottle of chloroform, and a handkerchief.

Stealthily he tip-toed down the corridor to a room which he had marked with a piece of chalk earlier in the day.

Trying one key after another, mean-

while glancing furtively up and down the corridor to make sure he was not being observed, he trembled with nervous anxiety, until at last a key turned in the lock.

Noiselessly, slowly, he opened the door.

From within came the sounds of heavy breathing, and at intervals a snore. Whoever occupied the room was asleep.

Quickly adjusting the handkerchief over the bottle of chloroform, the intruder saturated the bit of cambric with the deadly drug. Then, in three seconds, he was at the bedside of the sleeper.

In another moment, the chloroform had done its work. The victim slept without snoring. There was a relaxation of the muscles, and Harold Dogstory quickly placed the handkerchief and bottle in his pocket. He had no wish to kill his victim.

Flashing a pocket electric lamp around the room, the intruder quickly saw what he was after. With a sudden plunge he grabbed a fur-lined overcoat from a clothes-tree, and threw it over his arm.

"Sleep, Philip Bungle," he murmured in adieu at the door. "Sleep well to-night, for to-morrow something may worry you so that you cannot sleep at all."

Alone in his room, Harold Dogstory held aloft with both hands the precious treasure for which he had become a thief in the night. And then as he fondly caressed the great fur coat which had been Philip Bungle's, he cried, *à la Monte Cristo*:

"The world is mine!"

## CHAPTER V

### TURNING THE TABLES

"A trifle loose, but it will do."

So saying, Harold Dogstory surveyed himself in the stolen fur overcoat, as he stood before the cheval glass in his room, and felt the warm, heavy folds of the glossy fur cling to his slender frame.

"And now, to work, and undo all that Philip Bungle accomplished yesterday."

In the office where on the day before, he had been treated with such contempt, he faced an obsequious office boy, who did not recognize in this splendid raiment the man whom he had ejected from the office the day before.

"Yessir, I'll take your card in right away, sir," he cried, in awe. "Come right with me, sir—Mr. Uplift will sure be glad to see you, sir."

Uriah Uplift, dramatic editor and first aid to every new movement in the dramatic world, greeted our hero cordially. On his desk was a bundle of photo's of Trixie Lightfoot, and these Harold cleverly contrived to knock into the wastebasket, as he spread out his own wares before the dramatic editor.

"Yes, I am a great admirer of Miss Oversoul," admitted the dramatic editor. "I had intended to use pictures of Miss Lightfoot, brought in by your able *confrère*, Mr. Bungle, only yesterday, but as he has failed to keep a luncheon engagement he made with me for one o'clock to-day, I shall leave his pictures in the wastebasket where they have so providentially fallen."

Harold, ever ready to grasp an opportunity, was not slow to realize on this one.

"If you will lunch with me at my hotel, Mr. Uplift," he said grandly, "we can talk matters over more leisurely. May I have the honor?"

As the dramatic editor and the press-agent passed into the ante-room, the elevator paused, and a stout individual, minus an overcoat, stepped out hurriedly. Scarcely noticing them, the newcomer, who was none other than Philip Bungle, dashed to the office boy.

"I am a trifle late," he gasped. "Tell Mr. Uplift I am here."

"Mr. Uplift aint in," retorted the office boy sullenly. "There he goes down in the elevator now—he's going out to lunch with a theatrical press-agent—that guy in the fur overcoat."

And even as the car descended, Philip Bungle recognized our hero, resplendent in a gray fur coat, and heard him say casually to the dramatic editor:

"Awful bore, isn't it, to have to meet so many of these advance agents in your office? So much nicer to have a

little lunch, away from such pests. There I can tell you all about Miss Oversoul and her new and wonderful play."

## CHAPTER VI

### OUR HERO GETS HIS REWARD

"Harold, you have done splendid work."

So spoke Olga Oversoul in her private suite at her hotel, the day after she had so successfully inaugurated her American tour.

"And what a splendid fur overcoat you are wearing. Really, I am quite proud of you."

Olga Oversoul had good reason to be proud of her press-agent. Not only had he landed pictures galore in all the papers through the magic talisman of his fur overcoat, which had been the "Open Sesame" to all editorial sanctuaries, but the very success scored by him had been the death-blow to the struggles of Philip Bungle.

For without a fur-lined overcoat, Philip Bungle had been unable to obtain the *entrée* to any of the newspaper offices. Year after year the real press-agents had come to these offices in an endless procession, all wearing expensive fur coats. For an agent to attempt to scale these newspaper Gibraltars without a fur coat, was as futile as to shoot an arrow against the great Rock itself. And so Philip Bungle had failed, hopelessly and ignominiously, and Trixie Lightfoot had opened in her musical comedy without any newspaper showing in advance, and to only half a house, while across the street Olga Oversoul had scored a triumph before a capacity audience.

Small wonder, then, that in her generous heart of hearts, she was willing to concede some of the credit to her press-agent.

"What a splendid fur coat. But isn't it too large for you?"

Harold turned toward her suddenly. She smiled. Something in her eyes told him that he dared to tell the truth—an innovation a press-agent seldom ventures to introduce.

And then, as the full realization of his

trickery came over him, he confessed. At first seriously, then as the humor of the affair struck him, with variations. He described his own sad fur coat still in hock in New York, the envy aroused by this other coat and the keen rivalry between the two press-agents, and, finally, his theft.

"And now," he said, dramatically, "now that I have attained the purpose for which I stole the coat, I shall return it to its rightful owner."

Calling a messenger boy, Harold wrote a brief note, unsigned, to Philip Bungle, and dispatched the faithful benny to its owner.

Olga Oversoul, touched to the quick by this spirit of honesty, proud and happy in her own success, was filled with a feeling of admiration for our hero.

"Go forth at once to the leading furrier of the town," she cried, imperiously, "and pick out for yourself the best fur-

lined overcoat they have in stock. Bid the tradesmen send the bill to me, Harold Dogstory, for you are too good a press-agent to be handicapped by the absence of a press-agent's chief tool of trade. Quick, Harold, so the reporters will be sure to see you in a fur overcoat in the lobby to-night."

"It was a good old dog," mused Harold Dogstory, as he thought of the fur coat of his enemy, and rubbed his own mink-lined garment proudly. "His was only made from the skin of a shaggy brute, but it made a great impression. These cheap coats like Philip Bungle's are made from St. Bernard dog skins. They are the dogs that go forth in storms to rescue Alpine travelers who have fainted from weariness. I surely was down and out and ready to quit when Philip Bungle's St. Bernard dog came along just in time to rescue me. Yes, it was a good dog."



### HOPPER'S SUGGESTION

MARGUERITE CLARK, who isn't very tall, wanted to use the theatre telephone one day. "Oh, dear!" she complained. "I wish this telephone were a little lower." DeWolf Hopper was standing near. "Try raising your voice," he suggested.



# “OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT”

by  
**REGINALD  
BARLOW**

**W**E WERE doing the Commonwealth stunt. Our Manager having “flew the coop” in the last town, leaving us stranded, we decided to go on to the next town, which had been billed, announcing the coming of the “Metropolitan Stock Company in a répertoire of high-class modern plays,” and play it on the Commonwealth plan. None of us ever remembered having heard of the town, much less seen it, however.

This particular Monday morning, a few years ago, found us and our trunks dumped off at a little two-by-four station, called Warren, Maine. Geographically it is a very few miles inland from Rockland, but really (that is, as far as we were concerned), it is several hundred miles from anywhere.

At one end of the platform stood a ramshackle old carry-all, attached to which was a pair of seedy-looking mules; driving it, was a red-whisk-

ered, dried up, wizened looking man with a skin for all the world like parchment. As we approached him, something resembling a human voice said, "Carry yawl up fer quarter apiece."

"How far is it?" asked "Lando," our heavy man. "Little better'n three mile," croaked the red whiskers. Now we knew, every one of us, men and women, that all we had in the treasury, the same being the character man's (Wilson's) pocket, was one dollar and sixty cents. After pooling all our money, and buying the transportation and paying the hotel bills, that's all we had.

If experience counted for anything we were all millionaires.

Now it doesn't take much knowledge of high finance to know that it is utterly impossible to carry nine people and five trunks at a "quarter a-piece" on one dollar-sixty.

So, after a very brief consultation, we decided, loud enough for the red whiskers to hear, that we'd rather walk; we needed the exercise anyhow, and picking up our suit-cases, we started, leaving Wilson, who has the most persuasive tongue in the world, to dicker with the red whiskers about hauling the trunks. The red whiskers agreed to haul them up to the "Opry House" for a dollar. Well, we struggled into the village, (Whoever called it a town! Why, the total population didn't exceed four hundred!) and made for the hotel, at least that's what folks called it thereabouts, and indeed was not "Commercial Hotel" painted the whole length of it? It was one of those New England frame buildings in which you climb up a flight of stairs to reach the ground floor.

We trooped into the "office" and turned to the left into the "Ladies' Parlor." We could have done that with our eyes shut; we had been in scores like it. Everybody dropped

grips, and the ladies dropped into dilapidated old-fashioned chairs, while the men went out to register. But nary a register did we find. Cause why? There was no register to register in.

In a few moments the landlord oozed into the "office." Oozed is right, for it was a sweltering hot day, and the landlord was a man of enormous girth. Our three-mile walk along a dusty road had done its work well with us. The landlord evidently sized us up right, for between asthmatic gasps he exploded these kind words. "Be you show folks? You don't look it. Look more like gypsies. Want to stay here? How long?" Somebody ventured something about "a week." "You do, eh; well ye'll hev to pay in advance. Show troupe here last fall and they didn't make enough ter buy stamps to send home fer money—couldn't pay their board. No siree! Yer can't stay here 'thout yer pay in advance."

Of course, this was absolutely out of the question and we told him so. Mind you, we didn't say we couldn't. We simply said we wouldn't. However, no amount of argument would move him, so the heavy man suggested we go to the Opera House and lay out our stuff for the night show.

This was not only a good idea, but it was the best and only thing we could do. So, the landlord being good enough to direct us, we picked up our grips and walked off to the Opera House.

It was little more than a barn from the outside, and from the inside, it was a little less. At one end was the stage, with a dressing room each side. The stage was built about three feet from the floor. The dressing rooms were on a level with the floor, with three narrow little steps on the down stage side for the actors' use when they made an entrance. If,

when you made an exit, you were not very careful, you would drop into the dressing room very suddenly.

The stage was equipped with a front curtain—one of those that roll up from the bottom—a set of reversible wings, painted kitchen on one side and pea-green foliage on the other, and on the back wall was painted a window and a door. That and the kitchen wings formed the only interior set; back stage near the wall, hung a wood drop. This and the wood wings represented the one and only exterior set. Hanging from the ceiling, in the center, was a Rochester lamp. That stood for border lights. Along the front of the stage set a half-dozen bracket lamps with tin reflectors. These were the footlights, and many a time in similar places, have I seen the swish of a woman's gown put out the whole business. In front of the stage stood an old organ with two stops, neither of which had the slightest control over its wheezy interior. This was the orchestra. The seats—there were twelve rows—were just plain, ordinary pine benches. The first four rows were the reserved; they had backs to them, while the rest were just plain seats. Back of these, and above the front entrance, in fact, the only entrance, was the gallery. This was reached by means of a sort of Jacob's ladder, and was only used by boys. When you got up there you discovered one long bench—in fact, the whole gallery was just a narrow shelf.

The one man about the place was manager, carpenter, light-man, props, and everything else. His daughter, a girl of about fifteen, was the musical director (no apologies to Will Cressy and his "Town Hall To-night.") The manager, etc., informed us that with a couple of passes for the show he could get us a table and chairs, and "mebbe a sofy."

"Fine," said Wilson, who was also

our stage manager. "Get us four cups and saucers and four plates and knives and forks, and I'll give you four passes."

"Gosh," says the Manager, etc., etc., "be ye goin' ter eat real meals on the stage?"

"Sure!" says Wilson, "here's your passes, and hurry up with the stuff 'cause we've got a rehearsal before the show." This talk about eating had its effect on us all. We hadn't eaten anything since early morning, so we looked at Wilson. We knew he had sixty cents left after paying for hauling the trunks, so the heavy woman (and she was that in more ways than one) said, "What's the matter with eating now? I'm hungry. Can't we get something to eat in this God-forsaken burg with that sixty cents?"

"Not a whole lot, you can bank on that," said Wilson. "But anyhow I'll get what I can. In the meantime"—speaking to the men—"you fellows better get out and dodger the town." We had a few hundred dodgers left over from the last town, printed like this

#### OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT

An Actor's Romance

10

20 and 30

Up-to-Date Specialties

You see, they could be used in any town, as they were absolutely non-committal as to place or date.

These we dug out of the prop trunk, and started out—Lando, the heavy, Corthell, the comedian, Wallace, the old man, and myself. We split up at the post-office, each going in a different direction, pushing the bills into the hands of everyone we passed, and slipping them under front doors.

It didn't take long. One man could have done the whole town in a half hour. In much less time than that, we were all back again at the Opera House, where we found Wil-

son dishing out canned salmon and dry bread to the ladies.

After filling ourselves up with these delicacies we felt ready for anything—that is, we all did except Lando's wife, the heavy woman. She wanted to know where we slept that night if the show didn't make enough money to pay the hotel bill in advance.

Here's where I got in my fine work. "Say!" said I, "what's the matter with camping out? There's a dandy spot right across the river—big pine trees, and the needles thick on the ground, a regular natural carpet. Let's go over there and make wigwams. I'll show you how to make 'em."

I had had some experience in the Canadian woods, having attached myself to a Government survey party when I was a youngster, and having learned quite a few of the woodman's tricks.

"That listens fine," says Wilson, "but can the women stand it?"

"Sure," I said, "why not? You're all four married couples, and I'm the only single one of the bunch, but if I was married, I think I'd try and make it comfortable for the girl, even if I couldn't do any better than a shack in the woods. Come on, there's no reason why we shouldn't have a bully time."

I felt it in my bones that we wouldn't get much money out of this town, and to walk home with four women trailing along was out of the question, so there was nothing to it but camp out.

So, while everybody else took an after-dinner snooze in whichever position he or she felt most comfortable, I took a walk along the river. I hadn't gone far before I spied a man sitting in a flat-bottomed boat. He was leisurely filling the cracks with pine tar to keep it from leaking. "Gee!" I said to myself, "if we can borrow that old scow to take us across, the camp

thing's a cinch." So I walked down to the river-bank and said "Hello." "Howdy," said he. "Derned hot, aint it?"

I agreed with him that it was, but I didn't care to talk about the weather. I couldn't alter that. I was scouting around in my mind as to how I could get the use of that boat. I finally determined to broach the subject anyway, so I started with, "Are you going to the show to-night?"

"Nope," he answered. "Costs too derned much."

Considering that our prices were ten, twenty and thirty cents, I began to wonder just how much this son of the soil would think ought to be the price of admission. I guess about nothing. "Well," I said, "I guess I could get you a pass in to see the show free, if—"

That "if" just narrowly saved him from jumping clean out of the boat in his delight at the thought of getting something for nothing, for if there's anything in the world that will bring joy to the New England rural soul, it is getting something for nothing.

"If you will let me have your boat for a little while this evening," I said, "I'll get you a pass. It wont cost you a cent to see the best show that ever struck this town. How about it?"

"Gosh dern it. It's a go. When do yer want it?"

"To-night. Where do you keep it?"

"Right here. It's allus tied to that pine stump. All yer got ter do is untie it and pull it in ter shore."

"Fine! If you come up to-night I'll get you a pass—or never mind. Here's a bit of paper. I'll write one now."

I tore the back off an envelope and began to write, when in chimed my friend.

"Say! kin yer make it fer two? My mother's stuck on show-actin'."

"Sure!" I said. Something told me mother might be useful.

I gave him the pass for two and turned back toward the Opera House, and as it was getting dusk I guessed it must be pretty nearly time for me to get into my make-up, as I was on soon after the opening.

Well, the night came, and we gave as good a performance as we could under the circumstances, but as far as the audience was concerned, you could have fired a cannon up the center of the house, and you wouldn't hit a soul. Our total receipts were four dollars and ten cents. After splitting that seventy-thirty, our share was something like two eighty-seven.

Of course, we all realized we "were up against it" and "up against it" good and hard, but nevertheless it was not altogether without humor. Everybody in the company laughed. They couldn't help it. It was grim humor, but still, it was funny; hence the laugh.

Herby Corthell shouted through his cold-creamy face, "Say Rex! what about that camp thing? Does it come off?"

"Sure!" I said, "I've got it all fixed.

I knew it was up to me to make good now. "Whenever you fellows are ready we'll make for it right away. You, Lando, borrow that axe from the woodbox over there in the corner. We'll need that, and Wallace, you and Wilson commandeer a couple of those footlights. We'll need those too."

In a few minutes we were all heading for the place where I knew the boat was tied, and sure enough, there it was, but there was also about twenty feet of mud space between us and the boat, and more beyond that. It was low tide, and—well, there was a laugh on me that echoed and re-echoed across that dinky river. But I wasn't stuck, even if the boat was. I took off my shoes and socks and

rolled my pants up over my knees, untied the rope, and waded out through that mud to the boat, then pushed it on out to clear water. "Now you fellows," I shouted back, "you take off your shoes and carry the girls pick-a-back out here and I'll row them over two at a time." After a lot of guying and laughing, we all got across, but, believe me, it was as near hard work as you would want to get. Lando would never believe his wife was a "heavy woman" until that night. He always thought she ought to be playing leads, but now, he guessed "heavies" was right. I started at work on the wigwams right away. For the benefit of those who don't quite "get me" I will explain how they are made. Who knows, it might come in handy for you to understand the art of making wigwams. You commence by drawing the tops of three young saplings toward each other and tie them fast. There you have the frame of your wigwam all ready. Then top off a lot of hemlock branches and lay them, shingle fashion, with the butts up, against the saplings, until two sides are completely covered, and there you have a roof that it will take some rain-storm to beat through. Then cut the ends off some more branches and pile them inside on the ground, about a foot deep, and there you have a bed that for sleeping purposes can't be beaten in the world.

We were just about to start on the second one, after having given Lando and his wife a clear title to their new home, when all of a sudden—"Holy sufferin'! Look there!" We all looked in the direction indicated by Corthell's fat finger.

"If that aint the Opera House burning up, I'm a liar," said he.

"It looks like it," said Wilson, "and our trunks in it. Can you beat that for luck!"

"Well! what's the use of standing



here looking at it?" I said. "We've got to do something. Maybe we can get our trunks out of it, anyway. We might be able to save them all right. Come on, Wilson, let's go." And Wilson and I waded back through that mud to the boat, and maybe we didn't do some tall rowing up that river. We were "going some," believe me. As we got nearer, what little breath we had came easier anyhow, for instead of it being the Opera House, it was a house that stood near it.

"Well, we might as well stick for the big show," says Wilson. "Let's go and see if we can't do something." So we landed and went on up to the fire. By this time the fire-bell, which, by the way, wasn't a bell at all, but an old steel rim off a locomotive wheel, being struck with a sledgehammer, had brought out every soul in the town, all yelling for the fire engine, and presently it came. I wish you could have seen it—an antiquated affair that had long handles running along each side which, manned by twenty or thirty men and boys, constituted the pumping apparatus.

Somehow or other the hose refused to become untangled, so Wilson, who loudly proclaimed having been a fireman at home in Roxbury, Mass., began to stage-manage the whole thing. He got on top of that old engine, and without coat or hat, with bare feet and legs, he looked a sight. In fact, we were a couple of sights. Between us we managed to get the intake hose down into the river and Wilson yelled, "Now pump, you sons of guns!" And they did, for all they were worth. I had command of the nozzle, directing the stream where it could do the most good, and in a very short time we had the fire out. All this had its effect on the people, for you could hear: "Say! them show fellers are all right!"—"Them show fellers are the beatenest!"—"That feller on the engine's been a fireman

all right!"—"Say, if 'twasn't fer them acter fellers, Jim Hopkin's place would 'a' burned clean up." And so on, ad lib, the men and women crowded around us, patting us on the back, and Wilson says, though I don't believe it, that several of the girls kissed him—be that as it may.

However, one man, who afterwards proved to be the mayor and practical owner of the town, asked us, "What do you play to-morrow night?" We didn't know that we were going to play anything, but fatheaded Wilson had to say "Ingomar." Can you imagine "Ingomar" on that stage?

"All right," says the mayor, "Where are you staying?" "In those pine trees over there," I said, pointing across the river.

"Oh, that wont do," said the mayor. "Why don't you come up to my house? I've got plenty of room. I'll send up and get Jenny (meaning his housekeeper) to get some supper ready. Will you come?"

Would we come? During the progress of the invitation Wilson looked as if he had suddenly become an apoplectic.

Would we come? It didn't take long to convince the mayor that we were more than willing, but "we must go across the river and get the rest of the company."

I told him "how we were sort of up against it, how our manager had skipped, etc. etc." Well, the upshot of it was that three other boats were pressed into service by our new-found friend, and in a short time we were all sitting around a real table, on real chairs, in a regular house, having the feast of our lives. The mayor's larder suffered that night, believe me. We slept that night in feather beds, although I am primitive enough to prefer the hemlock. Next morning, while Wilson and I were walking down to the postoffice, a red-headed boy pushed a hand-bill to-

ward us. We each took one and read:

OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT

Fire Heroes

in

A Sensational Comedy-Drama

"INGOMAR"

Come one, come all

Prices

25c and 50c

Under the personal patronage of

John \_\_\_\_\_, Mayor

Well, Wilson looked at me and I looked at Wilson. Then we both stood there and laughed like a couple of blithering idiots. "What's the sensational comedy-drama, Rex," said he.

"Why 'Ingomar!' you fathead," I replied. "What the devil did you say that for? You know we couldn't put that on, even if we were up in it, which we're not."

"Oh, well!" said Wilson, "We'll give them 'An Actor's Romance,' again. They won't know the difference."

This was really the only play in our repertoire that we could put on with the stuff we had, as all the rest of the six plays required either "Center door fancies" or "set rocks" or "prison scene," so we concluded that the theatre-going public of Warren,

Maine, would have to put up with what we could give them, "An Actor's Romance."

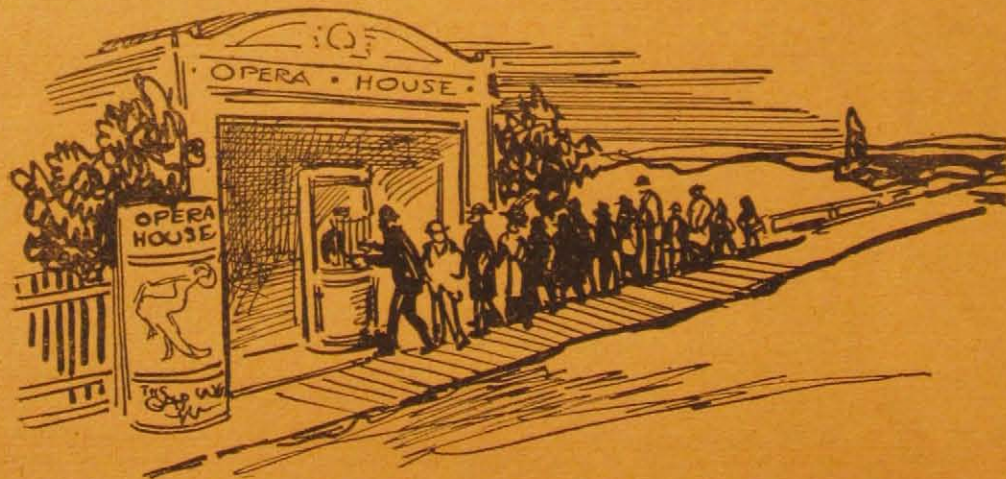
That night the Opera House was packed; even the dinky little gallery was full. I believe every one of Warren's four hundred inhabitants were there. Everything we did was received uproariously.

The manager, carpenter, props and lights donated the house, and when Wilson counted up, there was a hundred and thirty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents, more money than we had played to for at least two moons.

We stayed at the house of our friend, the mayor, that night, and the next morning saw us and our baggage on a train bound for New York with through tickets and eight dollars apiece in our pockets. Almost the entire village population were there to see us off—which they did with three cheers for the "acter fellers."

This all happened some years ago. Since then Wilson, Lando, Cortell and myself have climbed to more or less dizzy heights on the theatrical ladder of fame, but if you ever want to get a laugh out of any one of us when we meet, just say, "Warren, Maine."

*Reginald Barlow*



# Heating hopes realized

Mothers of the last generation, sitting at their drafty fire-places, dreamed of better things to come for their grand-daughters. They knew much was lacking in home-warming devices, and that improvements would come. And in the fulness of time their visions have taken form in



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A No. 1-25-W IDEAL Boiler and 575 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$230, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

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Our immense annual sales in America and Europe enable us to offer IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators at a cost no greater than asked for inferior apparatus—at prices now easily within reach of all. Our several factories are so located that they save heavily in freight on raw materials and on finished outfits from factory to user. We therefore offer the greatest possible value in heating outfits. Accept no substitute. Start in to-day to realize your "heating hopes" by writing for our "Ideal Heating" catalog (free). It is full of facts you ought to know.



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# No-Rim-Cut Tires

## Proved Average Oversize, 16.7%

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are advertised as "10 per cent oversize."

We claim that this oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

The actual oversize, over five leading makes, was lately found to average 16.7 per cent.

Note the table below.

Oversize is not measured by calipers. It is measured by air capacity. Air carries the load.

Note that only three tires in these 20 comparisons came within 10 per cent of our size.

That's because No-Rim-Cut tires have the hookless base. Your removable rim flanges, with these tires, turn **outward** instead of **inward**. Thus the tire has an extra flare.

Each one per cent oversize means one per cent extra carrying capacity.

Oversize means to save blow-outs—to increase tire mileage—to cut down tire expense.

Yet these oversize tires which can't rim-cut now cost no more than other standard tires.

### Last Year

The sale of Good year tires exceeded the previous 12 years put together.

We sold enough last year to **completely equip 102,000 cars.**

No-Rim-Cut tires now far outsell any other type of tire.

Just because these two features—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—cut tire bills right in two. And tens of thousands of users have proved it.

### Comparison of Sizes Between Six Leading Makes of Tires

Rated Size	Make	Cubic Cap'ty	No-Rim-Cut O'ersize	Rated Size	Make	Cubic Cap'ty	No-Rim-Cut O'ersize
30x3	1—No-Rim-Cut	489 in.		34x4	1—No-Rim-Cut	858 in.	
"	2.....	402 "	21.5%	"	2.....	762 "	12.5%
"	3.....	381 "	29.4%	"	3.....	760 "	12.7%
"	4.....	371 "	31.8%	"	4.....	733 "	17.0%
"	5.....	383 "	27.5%	"	5.....	822 "	4.3%
"	6.....	365 "	34.0%	"	6.....	794 "	8.0%
32x3½	1—No-Rim-Cut	637 "		36x4½	1—No-Rim-Cut	1190 "	
"	2.....	603 "	5.5%	"	2.....	966 "	23.0%
"	3.....	577 "	10.4%	"	3.....	1064 "	11.8%
"	4.....	536 "	18.6%	"	4.....	1025 "	16.0%
"	5.....	577 "	10.4%	"	5.....	1055 "	12.6%
"	6.....	546 "	16.5%	"	6.....	1080 "	10.3%

Average No-Rim-Cut Oversize, 16.7%

# No-Rim-Cut Tires

## 127 Leading Makers Adopt Them

For the year 1910, 44 leading motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires.

For the year 1911, 64 makers came to them.

For this year we have contracts from the makers of **127 leading cars**.

That shows how car makers—the shrewdest of experts—have come to the Goodyear tires.

As for users, the demand in the past two years has multiplied six times over.

Tens of thousands of users have told tens of thousands of others how their tire bills were cut in two.

Now more motor car owners buy these patented tires than any other tires in existence.

### The Saving

No-Rim-Cut tires are the final result of 13 years spent in tire making.

Year after year we have been constantly learning by wearing out tires on tire-testing machines.

We have compared in this way hundreds of fabrics and formulas, methods and processes, until we knew what was best.

Tires can never be made, in our estimation, better than Goodyear tires of today.

Then No-Rim-Cut tires make rim-cutting impossible.

With old-type tires—clincher tires—23 per cent of all ruined tires are rim-cut.

All that ruin is saved—all that worry avoided—by the use of No-Rim-Cut tires.

Even 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, add 25 per cent to the tire mileage. And our oversize, as shown by the table, averages 16.7 per cent.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions cut tire bills in two.

### No Extra Cost

No-Rim-Cut tires, when first brought out, cost one-fifth more than other standard tires. Now they cost but an equal price.

So the saving they make is entirely clear.

That's why every tire user who knows the facts insists on No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our Tire Book, based on 13 years of tire making, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



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Old people as well as young are benefited by the Ideal Sight Restorer, and no matter what your age you can have a full 10 days' trial at our expense. This trial obligates you in no way and is absolutely free.

Write for "The Eye," an illustrated booklet that tells all about eye troubles and further explains the Ideal treatment. Sent free.

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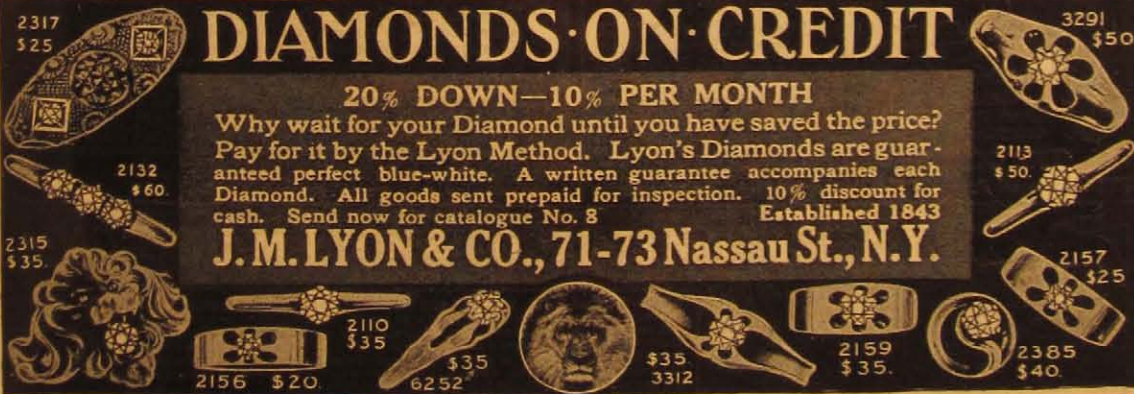
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Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made, five out of the twelve were decided upon. These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott as cured. The persons treated gained their normal weight, strength and appetite, and were able to resume their usual work. Anyone who desires to read the details of this public test can obtain copies by sending to Dr. Mott for them.

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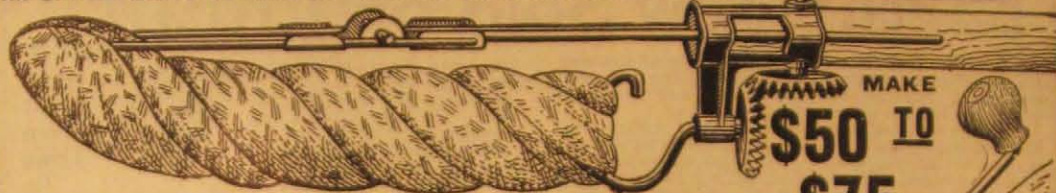
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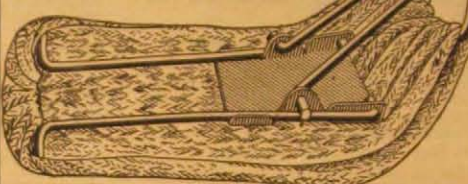


MAKE  
**\$50 TO**  
**\$75**  
 EVERY WEEK

**LISTEN!** One man's orders \$2600 one month—profit \$1650; More boy in Pa. made \$9.00 in 2 1/2 hrs. A. E. Martin, Mich., says: "Called at 20 homes, made 19 sales." E. Menn, Wis., says: "Sold 131 in 2 days." E. Randal, Minn.: "Canvassed 11 families, took 11 orders." John D. McLeod sold 6 after supper in less than an hour. Don't need experience, sells itself. That's the way it goes. You can't fail. You are bound to win. You can sell 100 mops a week, working only half time. "I don't see how a better seller could be manufactured," says Parker J. Townsend, Minn. "Took 16 orders first morning." N. H. Torrence, New York. "Took six doz. orders in four days," says W. R. Hill, Ill.

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**150% PROFIT**

Start NOW



These illustrations show the mop on the floor and also w/heat is wring up. On the floor it spreads out and is held down firmly at all points. When lifted it straightens out automatically for wringing, and two turns of crank takes out every drop of water. Mopping is now a pleasure and floor is cleaned 100 per cent better in half the time

Two turns of crank wrings out every drop of water. Simple, practical, reliable, durable, never wears out. Every home buys. No talking necessary. Show it, take the order. Get started now, don't wait. We will help you. We want Agents, Salesmen, Managers in every county to fill orders, appoint, supply, control sub-agents. 150 percent profit. No investment required. Sample free with first order. New catalog, instructions, sworn-to evidence, all Free. U. S. MOP CO., 1494 Dorr St., Toledo, O.



**Ten Days' Free Trial**

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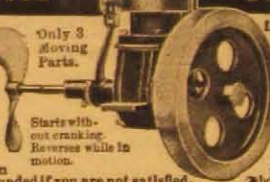
**FACTORY PRICES** Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest Art Catalogs of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our unheard of prices and marvelous new special offers.

**IT ONLY COSTS** a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you FREE by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do Not Wait; write it Now!

**TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at half usual prices.**  
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You are the sole judge of the engine and its merits. 25,000 satisfied users. Greatest Engine Bargain ever offered. Nothing complicated or liable to get out of order. Waterproof ignition system. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.



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Starts without cranking. Reverses while in motion.

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WRITE US TODAY Sent to anyone addicted to the use of morphine, opium, laudanum, or other drug habit. Hundreds of testimonials demonstrate the worth of our painless Home Remedy and prove that the vital principle which it contains restores the nervous and physical systems and removes the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians having difficult and refractory cases. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write for it today.

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**4** Entrancing, Full-Length "Stage Beauty" **25c**  
 Poses in Colors, 14 Inches High. Only  
 Also Four Catchy "Follies of 1911" Poses 25c

All in sparkling colors, showing rich, warm beauty, delicate coloring and graceful poses of originals exactly as they are—most entrancing series of "real beauties" we ever published. New this Season.

**Just the Thing for your "Den"**

**FREE!** Send 50c at once for full set of Eight poses, and we will include, extra, a richly colored, full-length "French Bathing Girl" Poster on fancy Panel Mount, 14 inches high, absolutely FREE. (This one picture alone is worth 50c.) Send today.

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The greatest triumph of the Oxy-Hydrogen Furnace. Will cut glass, stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or artificial backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One thirtieth the cost of diamonds. Set only in 14-karat, Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—your money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory.

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The delicious flavor and aroma of

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So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapelessness speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

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should send all their old blades to us to be sharpened. Our new process actually makes old blades better than new. Makes 'em sharp and smooth too. We take double the pains that other firms do. One trial is all we ask.

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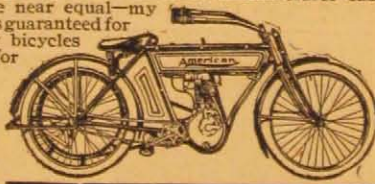
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One man in each locality can secure at a big reduction the best motorcycle or bicycle ever made.

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Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

Send us an order and when you get the Whiskey test it for flavor, smoothness and all the essentials of GOOD Whiskey. Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it if necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good or better than any Whiskey you ever drank, return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

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16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers. A NEW PROPOSITION TO DEMONSTRATING AGENTS. Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; only three moving parts; ten-year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. 12,500 satisfied owners. Write today for large Free Illustrated Catalog. **DETROIT BOAT CO., 115 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.**



*The drudge trail is the road  
the untrained working  
man trudges over  
every morning  
and every  
night*

**Don't Keep On The Drudge Trail**

*But,  
from the  
drudge trail  
there are so many  
branch roads leading  
to prosperity, and every day  
many trudgers turn into one  
of these roads and find success.*

On these roads the sign-board reads  
"I. C. S. Training." If followed, as  
directed, here are neither forks nor cross-  
roads to confuse the traveler.

The International Correspondence Schools are main-  
tained to help poorly-paid workers. They give such  
workers the training necessary to success in any occupation.  
*They carry this training to the man.* They ask of him that he devote  
only a small part of his spare time in improving his knowledge.

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sands of testimonials volun-  
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Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Agriculture	Bookkeeper
Electric Railways	Cotton Manufacturing
Structural Engineer	Woolen Manufacturing
R. R. Construction	Toolmaking
Metal Mining	Foundry Work
English Branches	Pattern Making
Gas Engineer	Blacksmithing
Foreman Plumber	Surveyor
	Poultry Farming

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Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# The Skedaddle

(Question) What is it? (Answer) Something to make you laugh. In the February RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Ellis Parker Butler has written the funniest of his many funny stories for the February RED BOOK. "The Skedaddle" is a droll comedy of a family of harassed suburbanites, written in Mr. Butler's most diverting manner—a joyous carouse of merriment.

In a different key, is James Oliver Curwood's "The Blind God"—one of the most remarkable stories ever conceived. He imagines a little sheltered valley in the uninhabited far North, warmed by hot springs like those of the Yellowstone, and isolated from the rest of the world by the wide, frozen wastes of the Arctic. An officer of the Northwest Mounted Police stumbles upon this ice-bound island of verdure; he meets a man and a woman who have wandered there before him; and from this situation is developed a romance of infinite power and charm.

"Three Wise Men" is another of the February RED BOOK'S sixteen splendid stories that deserves headline mention. It is the tale—told with Arthur Train's most consummate skill—of a doctor's perilous voyage to a rocky island on the New England coast, and of the strange adventure which there befell him.

In "Crushed Peaches," Ralph Berggren describes the delightfully amusing adventures of some Americans abroad.

Onoto Watanna's "The Marriage of Jinyo" narrates in an appealing fashion a conflict between the old and the new in Japan.

"The Quarry" follows "Solid Ivory"—John A. Moroso's really human detective—on another of his exciting adventures.

"Father Watt's Knitting" details an enchanting love-story of California.

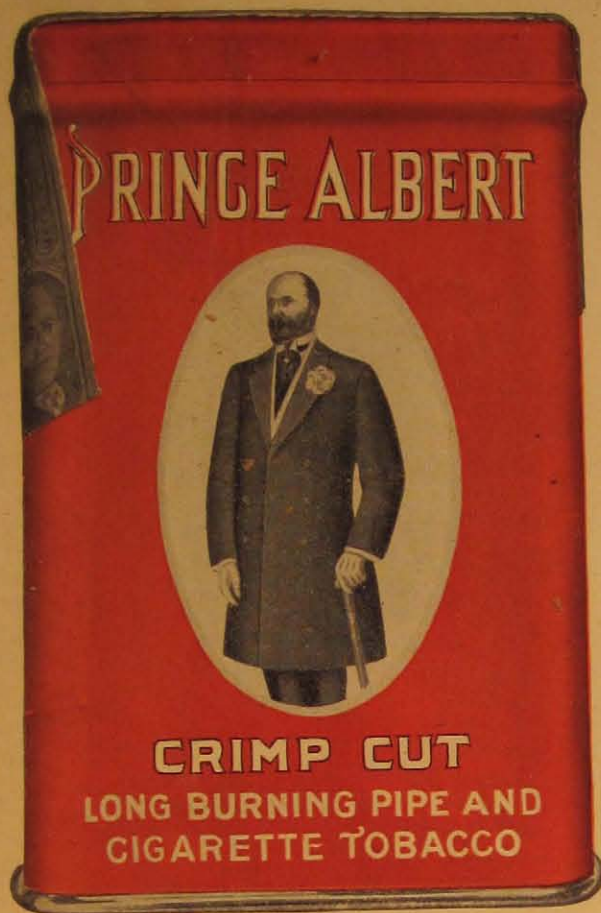
"Meat" is a vivid, virile story by George Allan England, of a man-hunt that led to the ends of the earth.

Yes, the February RED BOOK contains the sixteen finest stories which money could buy, purchased by our editors at the great story markets of the world.

There are fluctuations in these story markets; this season is one of unusual plenty and in consequence we are able to offer a magazine of the richest quality, replete with fiction of the deepest dramatic and human interest.

For fifteen cents you can buy a gold mine of fascinating fiction—the February RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

The Red Book Magazine  
Chicago, Ill.



## Life Size Portraits

of the tobacco that revolutionized pipe smoking, made the jimmy pipe popular and originated the joy smoke.

# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

## 10c

If you haven't smoked this wonderful tobacco, Mr. Man, you are missing the biggest thing in pipe tobacco ever was. Try it in your old jimmy pipe today. *It can't bite your tongue.*

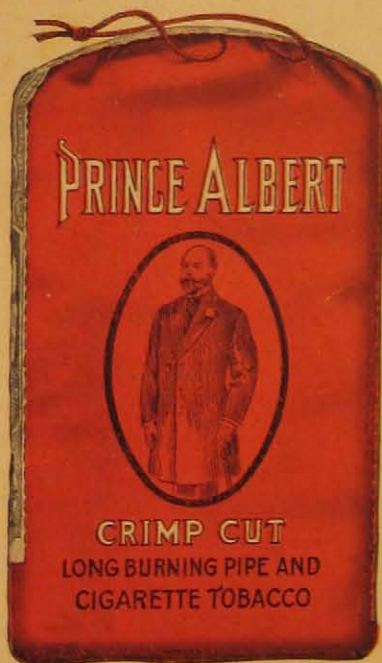
P. A. has given millions of men a new joy in pipe smoking. It will do the same for you.

That's why it's now the fastest selling pipe tobacco in the world.

Made by exclusive, patented process, that takes out all the sting and bite, leaving mellow flavor and fragrance. There is no other tobacco in the same class. It's easy to paint a tin and make claims, but P. A. quality is inimitable. Duck substitutes.

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This bag is wrapped in weather-proof paper that keeps the tobacco fresh and fragrant in any climate.

# Geography up-to-date



As the  
State of  
Michigan  
Looks to  
Him

THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE

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