

Roy L. McCardell The Evening World's Martin Green Three Humorists Irvin S. Cobb

Dopey McKnight's Xmas Tip Is to Bait a Cash Trap for Santa Claus. And the Chorus Girl's Ideas.

"THE merry Christmas season has me off my nunny for fair," said the Chorus Girl. "Up at the flat everybody is so suspicious that they'll give more than they get that things is sure at a nervous tension. "I don't know what I'm going to get, but they'll be Messinas for mine, anyway it's played. It takes Christmas to show you sure how much your lady friends despise you. "Don't I remember when I was on the road two Christmas ago, when Mamma De Branscombe, who had our route, shipped me by express a cut glass berry bowl all broke to bits, just as she'd gotten somebody to give her? "And when I wrote that it reached me, most appropriate on Christmas Day, because I was broke, too, she sent a screem about how the express-company should be sent up for life because she had marked it 'handle with care,' and for me to bever mind, and as soon as she could save seventeen dollars again she'd send me a new one. "She was so peeved when our show closed in Toledo and I came home on the money I got from the claim-for-damage department of the express company that she had to bite herself to keep from talling the truth and demanding half the profits. "Of course, a family of females has to keep together and seem happy and united during the Christmas gift season, or the live-ones among your gentlemen friends will get so busy effecting a reconciliation that they'll forget all about the cheerful giving thing. "I don't care what Mamma De Branscombe, or Fuss Montgomery, or Amy give me, even if it's grabbed away from the five cent counter, so long as they don't unload any home-made gifts on me. "Anybody that crochets a hot water bag for me or tries a piece of leather sunny side up and sends it as a cushion cover, saying-I know you will appreciate these more than anything I could buy you, well, she and the goat is the meat. "I wish somebody would Build A Nest For Birdie, as the song says, because I'm simply getting so sore on that set of skirts that I have to hold myself down hard in the Morris chair to keep from rough housing those delectable and up-to-date apartments, so much does Mamma De Branscombe and Fuss Montgomery get on my nerves wondering what Ahis Wogelsbaum and Louis Kinshelner and Old Man Monaxton will give 'em this Christmas. "They're not overlooking a bit. They're at the telephone in eight-hour squads of one each, calling up everybody they can remember, from Mr. Burtap, the coffee broker, to Harry Trimmers. And they know as well as I do that both these are dead cards. "But there they are, spiling sweet through the telephone. "Where have you been, you mean thing, that you don't come up to the flat any more?" "Of course, Dopey McKnight is different. Dopey believes in Santa Claus, and spends his spare time going around the department stores and talling the Santa Claus he sees there what he wants. "Dopey only wants two things for Christmas. He wants a Studebaker folding plane, sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and one reverse, make-and-break ignition, with Gabriel horn and start from the seat attachment. "The other thing Dopey wants is the negro regiments that make noodle parlors their parade grounds be disbanded without honor. "Dopey says if they'll only pass a law to muster out the dingies from the Chinese Delmonicoes, he'll do any favor in his power in return and play the piano for anybody, anywhere, any time, and not ask for nothing-but one drink every round. "Dopey says it almost takes away his appetite for chop suey to go in a noodle parlor and see the tar babies sitting around right at home, and hitting into the yok a main. "Dopey has no other prejudices but these on the color question. His people were planters at South Bend, Indiana, before the war, and even now he has an aunt that lives in South Newark, who sometimes sends him money.

"I wonder what he's going to bring me." "LOOK AT MY OLD DUM!" "IS THIS MURPHY?" "IS THIS BIG TIM?"



"But Dopey says if she knew he ever dined with dingies she'd go insane and never forgive him. But Dopey says the Chinese don't care. They'd sooner sell chop suey to a dozen dingies than to one white person, not because they like any better, but it's twelve times the money. "We go shopping every day in the hopes of meeting somebody who'll buy us something. Maybe I whispered to you once that Mamma De Branscombe used to commit kleptomaniacs? "Well, she guards against temptation by slipping one arm way through her muff and then tying her hands together and working the muff down to cover the soles. "In windy weather Fuss or Amy have to take her aside and powder her nose for her, and if any person with an accordion neck inquires, she says it's just for an election bet she lost. "But yesterday Mamma De Branscombe tacked into the teeth of the sale around Cape Flatiron, and her skirts went up and her hat went off, and the top on the corner saw she couldn't get her hands loose, and for a moment he thought she had escaped from custody, and the questions he asked! "Mamma De Branscombe said she'd slapped his face only her hands were tied. "Say, kid, Dopey believes in Santa Claus, but not in non-macrosary ones. He says it's perfectly correct to hang up your stockings Christmas Eve, but don't forget to leave your wad in them, or Santa Claus will pass you up. "Dopey says Santa Claus knows his little Christmas trade, and if you ain't got no money, well, he ain't coming 'round."

Cain, the Goat-Herd.

By Walter A. Sinclair. "Gen. Bingham decided to leave Policeman Cain out with the goats." "Item." "OUT on the stretches of Washington Heights, Out where the blizzards howl fearful o' night, Out where the Zoo is composed all of goats, Out where the natives are wrapped in fur coats, Out in the snow and the hail and the rain, There you will find him, bold Officer Cain! "Terror of singers And fancy cane collectors; Gents with high, steepled notes, Squads of dames, With adjustable names, Cain has gone out to the goats. "Out where the landscape is crowded with air, Far from the far-famous monkey-house lair, Far from the warmth and the pretty white lights, Out where the frost coats the ear-rims these nights, Pounding cold feet through some grass-covered lane, Floods last week's hero, bold Officer Cain! "Warmed by reflection, And chilled by dejection, O'er the warm past he still ploats. Far from Sheepfold And out in the cold, Cain has gone out to the goats. "MORAL: Stick in your hat this neat little label. Do not raise Cain unless you are able."

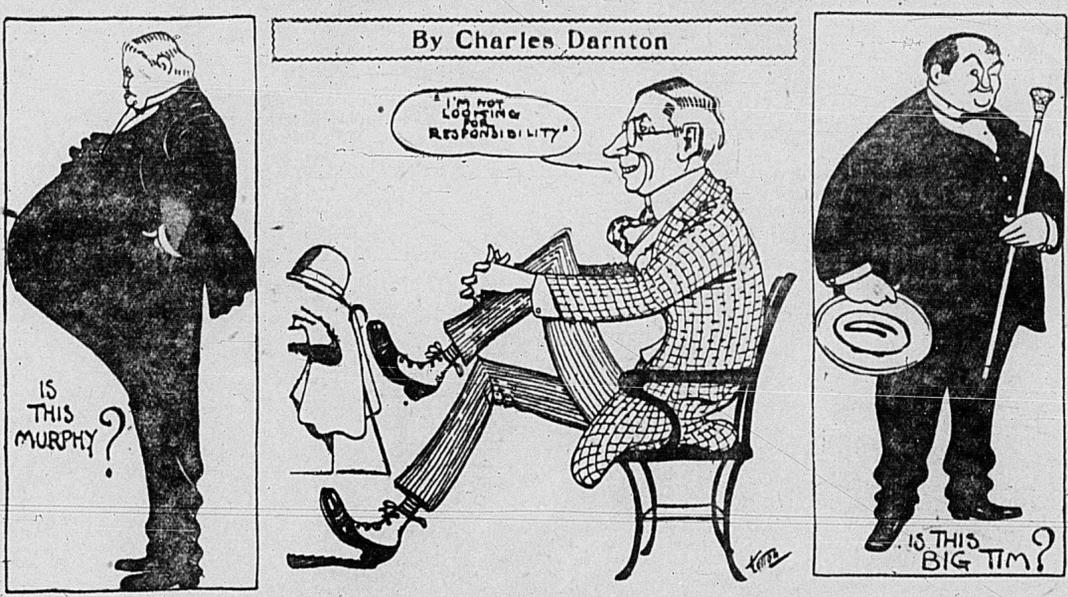
Odd Trait in Horses.

"A HORSE who has always been made to obey quickly will respond to commands from any one, whereas the creature who has been petted and talked to accord, unless hungry, scant attention to any one. We talk to horses altogether too much, and their ally and dangerous custom," declares F. M. Ware in a current magazine. He adds that the animal's attention is kept if the rider or driver is silent, the horse's anxiety being always to find out what his master wishes done.

Good Old Jucose Joe Miller Still Lives and Hands Out Ha-Ha's on Broadway

THEY tell us that Joe Miller is defunct, that the author of the Joke Book has been a lodger in a graveyard for years, but, as William B. Devery says, there is nothing into it. Joe Miller is alive. His batting average is lower than it was when he laid the foundation of American humor, but he delivers the goods in bulk right along, and the only people who are not jerry to the fact are the theatrical managers. When Joe Miller was supposed to have beaten it for the peary gates, he was really on his way to New York, riding in the smoking-car with his shoes off. Dig up his coffin to-day and you will find it full of rocks. Upon his arrival here he rented an office, wrote a lot of monologues on slips of paper, shook them up in a hat and prepared to go into action. Joe is a wis when it comes to changing his face and personal appearance. Sometimes he bursts into view as a short, stout young man with a round, jolly face, and you know the minute you see him that if you ask who made his clothes he will answer "Jim Bell." On such occasions his first name is Harry, but his real name is Joe Miller from the overture to calling the cartilage. Hour after hour he tells each day, rewriting his Joke Book. When he gets about 2,000 words ground out he shuts his eyes, grabs out some sections, sets them to music, takes the scenario of one of Shakespeare's plays, turns it upside down, fits it to his effort and sells it under the name of a musical comedy. When he can't dig up any old hymn tunes that will stand for being symphonized he cuts out the music, labels his efforts a comedy drama, takes the name of Clyde and telegraphs the New Amsterdam Bank that he wants to deposit some royalties. Stage managers greet his work enthusiastically. Some of them kiss it. The public don't always fall, but it generally does. If you don't believe it get out your copy of Joe Miller's Joke Book, take it to almost any Broadway production, and if any comedian loses his lines, teas the book on the stage and give the funny man the cue to pick it up. It won't take him long to find the words he has forgotten. Oh, yes, Joe Miller has an office in Chicago; also in London. When it comes to travelling Joe has a city official's automobile adorned to a seed. Under various names that twinkle in incandescence in front of theatres he writes all the comedies in the world outside of Germany and France. Of course he don't do all the work himself. Whenever he delivers a knock-out an army of imitators gets busy. They think they are improving on the ideas of Harry, or Dick, or George, or Gus, or some other bearing one of the numerous aliases of Joe Miller. And old Joe he gets his face massaged and his shoes shined and prepares to sell a novelty to a manager who wouldn't know a novelty if it walked up to him and kicked him on the wash. Well, anyhow, where ignorance is bliss it's easy to get the ed.

GRAFT on the Stage Justified & & George Broadhurst & by "Bosses" Everywhere, Declares



From "The Man of the Hour."

"They vote, but we count." "God help Justice while money and politics can control the Judges." "The air is full of investigations, subpoenas and indictments, but I notice that there are few rich men in jail to-day." "I've found by experience that it makes a heap of difference whether you go to see the other fellow or whether he comes to see you." "It's mighty convenient at times to have your case come up before the right Judge." "People won't ask how you got the money, but 'Have you got it?'"

"THE MAN OF THE HOUR" was being "investigated" behind locked doors. On the first question Mr. George Broadhurst, the guilty author, was indicted for evasion and sentenced to be drawn by Ketton and quartered by your humble scribbler. "If Horrihan is Murphy, who's—?" "Why Murphy?" interrupted the wily witness. "Why not?" I demanded with the severity of a near-lawyer when the reporters are listening. "Because the woods—no, the cities—are full of 'bosses,'" answered the witness with a smile of triumph. "But doesn't Horrihan look like a cartoon of Murphy?" "I think he does. But does Murphy look like his cartoon?" "I don't know; I've never seen him." "Neither have I." "Honest Injun?" "Cross my heart and hope to die. Doesn't that let me out?" "But I don't want to let you out. And, anyway, your 'boss' has been identified by wise New Yorkers." "Well, he's been identified, too, by the people in every town that 'The Man of the Hour' has visited. What have you to say to that?" "Local pride."

"You win. Every town has its Horrihan. We found that out on the road. People came and told us so. Smith would say 'That's Jones, all right!' And then Jones would come along and exclaim, 'Smith to the life!' So, I repeat, why Murphy?" "You've used New York's City Hall," was argued. "I had to use some city hall, so I took New York's. You see, the scenic artists were right here, and the city hall was here, and—well, there you are!" "And Murphy is here." "So I've heard," remarked the hopelessly innocent Broadhurst. "But there are other big-city 'bosses,' you know—Cox in Cincinnati, Durham in Philadelphia, Reef in San Francisco, and others that I might mention if I could remember their names. If New Yorkers have recognized Horrihan as Murphy, I'm willing to let it go at that." "And take the benefit without the responsibility?" "I'm not looking for responsibility," he laughed. "Well, then, if Horrihan is—or isn't—Murphy, who's Phelan?" "He's a composite character." "With a touch of Sullivan?" "No, Devery. I wanted one of those fellows who writes his own stuff, so I took Bill Devery. I don't mind telling you that." "Because Phelan is 'on the level'?" "Because he happens to be in this case. He's on the honest side of the franchise bill not because he is honest, necessarily, but because he is out to down Horrihan. That's all he cares about. He gets on the good side of the audience by being the friend of the hero. Haven't you ever noticed that the friend of the hero is the next best part in a play if he is a comedian?" "And is Mayor McClellan the original of your hero?" "He is not, believe me." "I couldn't believe him, but I smothered my suspicion in the desperate remark, 'You must have had some one in mind.'" "Perhaps it was Mrs. Burton Harrison's son. He was elected to Congress by Tammany, you know, and perhaps I wondered what he would do after he got there."

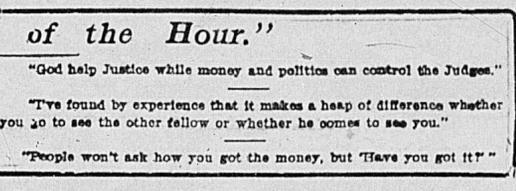
"Praps he did, and 'praps he didn't." "What do you know about Tammany?" I asked. "Nothing," was the answer. "I've never been in Tammany Hall, and I've never been in the Mayor's office either. But I've read the newspapers and the magazines. So have the people all over the country. The newspapers and the magazines have educated them until interest in graft has become a national frame of mind. Tom Lawson and other writers have been the teachers, and the public has learned its lesson. Everybody knows about graft, and it was the realization of this fact that led me to put graft

Col. Tecumseh J. Bugg of Trigger Ridge, Ky., Also Sees a Few Things Through Funny Glasses.

"HERE in the North," we said to Col. Bugg, "our motto is 'Live and Let Live.'" "It is," he replied, "but I take notice you don't believe in letting them live too high. So far as I have been able to observe during my sojourn in your fair city, I feel safe in saying that color blindness is a national disease and not a purely local complaint common to my own immediate section. "It is, unfortunately, I take it, here in the warm-hearted North, to shed tears with great copiousness every time a party of Southern gentlemen make a set-piece out of a colored voter. A lynching in Arkansas appears to be a signal for the generous editors of this and adjacent cities to invite the Ethiopian, or Republican, race to move up here and be happy and content in a land flowing so freely of sympathy that the entire populace would swallow themselves. "Those of my colored friends who avail themselves of this kind invitation generally discover after spending about forty-eight hours in your hospitable and impulsive midst that while sympathy is a lovely thing between equals it is not, filling, sympathy somehow appears to lack the staying qualities of calumny and fat meat. On the third day the newly arrived colored person is ready to trade two tons of new-mown sympathy for a ham. He'll give you all the sugar-cured sympathy you can take away for a poke chop. He'll exchange sympathy for chicken gravy on the rate of a gallon of gas for a spoonful of the other. "True, I gainsay you that he doesn't have to ride in a Jim Crow car any more, but if he tramples a Caucasian soft corn setting on one of your justly famous Subway trains some true Newthorn patriot with an Old Crow breath will be mighty apt to put something on his head he can't brush off. "It should be any mischance be so thoughtless as to drop into a Nashville restaurant, and then it would be suddenly brought to his attention that an aurora borealis had lit in his eye. On the other hand, it appears that he is at perfect liberty to patronize any first-class cafe in New York. About all that will happen is that the lowly waiters will forget to serve him and they'll drop the accidental portion of cold consommé down his forehead and spill the usual hot mashed potato in his patient ear; and when, after waiting an hour or more, he arises and starts to go elsewhere and get a little food internally, the manager will carefully shove a sidewalk over on him and introduce him into the teagulated pattern of the hardwood floor. In either event, such, you will observe that he gets it; only where I come from the suspense is not so prolonged. "In my own native commonwealth if a party of prominent citizens start forth to violate the bellish Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to our beloved Constitution they know beyond the peradventure of a doubt exactly what they are after, and when they get him the incident shortly thereafter becomes a closed one. The Boston Transcript has an editorial on Southern lawlessness which requires half an hour to read a given point, if such there be, and if the relatives of the deceased desire to go into half mourning they can easily do so by putting on one white glove apiece. "But I ask you, what I find here in liberty-loving New York, where every man, regardless of his color, has an even chance, if he can get it? What do we find to be the case here? Let us suppose an instance: A Past Grand Exalted Potentate of the Afro-American Sons and Daughters of Amosogity is returning from the lodge to his peaceful home. For medicinal purposes he's taking a little also gin along with him. In order to be on the safe or outer side, he has put it where it cannot be spilled without the use of a stomach pump. So far, so good. "But on the street he becomes involved in an argument with an exhilarated floor walker for a prominent livery stable. In order to save his own revered features from damage he finds it necessary to violently poke the dignitary of the box stall upon the brow. Our colored friend is thereupon constrained to hike for San Juan Hill, closely pursued by several thousand disciples of William Lloyd Garrison, who spend a few congenial and enjoyable hours wrecking a colored prayer meeting and destroying every pronounced brunette they can overtake. Your intentions, such, appear to be much like ours, but your sense of discrimination is not so acute. "I am also willing to admit that in the South the colored man is frequently

Salmon's Strange Feat.

HERE'S a fish story: A sportsman fishing for salmon in one of the streams that run into the Gulf of St. Lawrence discovered a spot where he was convinced that a salmon ought to be lying. As he made his way through the bushes a cast which he had wound around his hat became loosened. As the sportsman peered over the bank a fly on the loose cast gently touched the water. Immediately a salmon seized it and rushed away upstream, carrying both hook and bait.

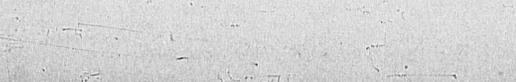


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denied an opportunity of witnessing that historic production called, I believe, "The Thomas Cabin," which is a drama everywhere in the North except Kansas, where it is a weekly religious observance. I once attended a part of a performance of this play, such, it was at Maryland, Ky., in my native State, and I still feel that the proprietor was ill-advised in presenting his entertainment in the heart of the gardening and poultry belt. I myself went direct from the green grocer's, where I had made a few purchases, to the town hall, where the troupe interested in the humble domicile of Uncle Thomas was announced to appear. "If my memory serves me aright, the performance turned into a sort of vegetable and egg benefit or an agricultural pound party, before the action of the drama was far advanced. The young lady known as Lettie Bvrah was just in the act of preparing to expire at some length, as near as I might judge from her remarks, when the atmosphere became so clogged that Lettie Bvrah found it incumbent upon herself to adjourn her death to a vicinity where the citizens were not so free-handed about conferring green truck upon comparative strangers. Her fellow actors saw their way clear to accompanying her upon this sad mission. "But I may add as a juncture that while we do not have the "Uncle Thomas Cabin" in Kentucky, neither do we have the soothing comedy known as "The Clansman." "The Clansman," such, cannot play in most of our Southern States. The white citizens will not allow it, such. "Furthermore, you may have observed that Senator Tillman, the friend of the colored orphan, because he has assisted in making so many of them (by the simple expedient of removing their parents), never delirated his celebrated lecture on the "Gentle Art of Lynching" in any city below Dixie line. There is no it is only, such, in places like Vermillion, Ill., and Perseida, Ind., that they seem to love this old man.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

NO sleeping garment is quite so popular as the pajamas, for the active boys at least. They mean protection whether the bed covering stays in proper order or does not, and are altogether thoroughly satisfactory and comfortable. The suit illustrated is made of chevrol, but for it can be utilized either the fine French or Scotch flannels or the simple flannellette, the cotton chevrols and madras, or if a still handsomer suit is desired, pongee. The quantity of material required for the medium size (36 inches) is 5 yards 77 or 84 yards 36 inches wide. Pattern No. 5330 is cut in sizes for boys of six, eight, ten, twelve and fourteen years of age.



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