

Seatless Sam, the Subway Gink

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By Clare Victor Dwiggin



The New Plays May Robson Doesn't Shine in 'The Three Lights' BY CHARLES DARNTON.

EVIDENTLY Miss May Robson intends to play gay and festive old ladies to the end of her days. She was at it again at the Bijou Theatre last night. This time it was 'The Three Lights,' a faint recollection, as it were, of 'The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary.' Once more Miss Robson wore hair that had seen brighter days and adorned a plain past with a brocaded present. She was 'Grammum' in name only. Her one purpose was to show us that age is a mistaken idea. She saw her youth, out of which she had emerged rich in everything but experience—she saw her youth, let it be repeated, as she was so fond of repeating it, in her two grandsons. Her ability to see anything in them was the amazing part of it all, for, as played by Jack Storey and Paul Docker, they were utterly impossible. One sang of 'rosas' and things and the other snapped his fingers at almost everything that was said. But 'Grammum' loved 'em and set her silly old heart upon going with them to a wicked place on Broadway called 'The Three Lights.' Out of town 'The Three Lights' may prove a stronger attraction than here in the sign-lit city, where glamour is a drug on the market. New York can't look down the street and get excited about itself. What we saw at the Bijou shone out with all the brilliancy of a green light in the window of a country drug store. It was never dazzling and often dull. The play seemed to be based on the theory that distance lends enchantment to the view, for the scene was Highlands-on-the-Hudson and 'Grammum' was pining for a change. Her preposterous notion of running off with the boys to see if they were going to 'a proper place' suggested the crying need of an Old Ladies' Home on the premises.

Miss Robson, in making everything to suit herself, was less like a Bunty pulling the strings than old granny getting her wires crossed. She came back very much the worse for wear in the second act with the shocking news that 'The Three Lights' had been raised, leaving us to surmise that the place was almost as bad as the play. It isn't worth while explaining all the explanations that followed. 'The road' may listen to them when the time comes. 'The road' is long and amiable and patient. Miss Robson was first in everything. Even the play was 'by May Robson and Charles F. Dancy.' Her large part ran to slating and overblowing with opinion. On investigation conducted carefully with four species of American ants, from which he deduced the conclusion that these species, at least, were able to perceive sounds, but whether they did it by means of

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Sandman Stories Written and Illustrated By Eleanor Schorer



Teddie and the Chicks. TEDDIE had heard his big brothers tell of cowboys, and this tiny lad thought HE would like to be a cowboy too. He found an old slouch hat, one of brother's handkerchiefs and a pair of trousers. Then he dressed himself up to look like the pictures of cowboys that hung upon the walls in the den. A cap pistol and a few ovals which were left over from last Fourth of July finished the costume. He stroiled into the stable and shot his cap pistol at the horse as he thought cowboys did, but the horse did not budge. This disappointed him, so he decided to try it on his pet dog. Surely he would be very frightened. He used his biggest cap on Sport, his dog, but Sport did not care. Now Teddie was angry! Everything and everybody was afraid of real cowboys, but nothing seemed afraid of him! Just then a lot of chickens ran out of the coop peeped. Straightway Teddie ran up to them and shot once more. They scattered in all directions, all but one poor little chick that had stumbled over a stone in his hurry to get away. Teddie did not know this. He thought that he had shot the little chick and was very proud of it. 'Now,' he said, 'I am a REAL cowboy!' He was bringing chicken home to nurse and make well again when mamma chick spied him! She pecked at his legs and screamed very loudly. 'Let my little baby be!' she shrieked. 'Put him down!' He is mine; you cannot have him!' By this time all the other chickens had gathered about Teddie, each one screaming louder than the others and all pecking at him. To be sure Teddie dropped the little chicken and ran home as fast as he knew how. And you may bet he NEVER played cowboy or shot chickens again. Now, mamma chicks love their little chickens just as much as our mamma loves us. And this mother chick put some salve on chickie's leg and bandaged it very neatly. Then she sang him a sweet lullaby and rocked him to sleep every night until the little leg was better. Teddie never had any more tiffs with the chickens, because that night when he went to bed and the Sand Man blew lots and lots of sand in his eyes he was very tired, but he thought of what a naughty boy he had been to hurt 'chickie' and he could not sleep all that night.

Fallacy of 'Holding On' to a Dead Love.

and the world cries 'UNWISE PARTNERS!' There is the ever-present reformer, who will proclaim the WRONG of young women of seventeen receiving the attentions of the other sex, and the PRESENT-DAY teaching is so potent before us that every girl exemplifies the theory that she 'who runs away' and understands—event at seventeen. Yet there is ONE point that must not be default, and that is the lack of REALIZATION of a love that is at AN END. This has caused more trouble in the human game than can be troubled. Young people WILL HOLD ON even to spider threads of old loves, and there is the inevitable crash. The enamored one being but human, constantly aims to REKINDLE the old flame and make it burn brightly AGAIN. It is a rare case, unless there has been misunderstanding, that it may be relighted. It is the HOLDING ON with the fervor present unrequited hope that causes the aftermath of suffering TO ALL CONCERNED. It is woman's prerogative to dismiss him. And no matter HOW HARD it is to break off even the spider threads, it were better so, world without end. It were better for her to remain a self-supporting, though self-respecting, bachelor girl to the end of her days; but she will save herself many a heartache, a never-ending sorrow, by being brave AT THE RIGHT TIME. At any rate, the everlasting LONG engagement is a menace to mankind. As Helen Rowland says, 'The long engagement, like that other road that is paved with broken promises and good intentions, leads to misery. And no woman should fancy that her life is shattered after a broken engagement.' But it is the holding on process that brings the AFTER complications. And the man that is held this way and made to feel the responsibility before he is reasonable in a stricter sense of the word rarely brings the HAPPINESS that is sought. Love is a thing that cannot be led to the altar by a halter without later grievance. And the uninvestigated rumors in this case of his attentions to ANOTHER young woman might well have been investigated ere she continued to put her trust in one and find he ISN'T the one. Our sympathy goes out to the weak-fallen. And we forever condemn the man in the case—most often justly. But the present wide-awake girl is continually confronted with examples that have gone BEFORE. And to TRUST not unwisely should needs be a part of her education. There is no law against the attention of the would-be destroyer until it is too late except the law that is within one's self.

A Great Parisian Mystery Story Printed for the First Time in English By Albert Boissiere

'Whenever you wish,' I replied. She clasped her hands like a little girl who is very much delighted. At first I thought it was this clapping of the hands which had brought my two dogs, Pip and Pop, to the neighborhood of the shed. They were frisking wildly, uttering joyous barks, and I soon perceived that they were announcing a friendly visit. And I was not sorry to see appearing at a turn of the hidden avenue, to bring a diversion into the somewhat constrained situation, the Rev. Mr. Craggs and Ellys, the Coroner, who were talking, gesticulating and laughing loudly. It was the Coroner who addressed me. 'William Eady, I have a very comical commission to you. I have received a visit from a French jurist whom your case interests in the highest degree.' M. Marathion, who was preparing to go to the edge of the woods in search of a dish of mushrooms for the evening, stopped short, set his basket on the ground and waited for the rest of so interesting a disclosure. Mme. Grenet looked M. Marathion steadily in the eyes. M. Marathion looked at me with the same embarrassment. But neither Ellys nor the clergyman noticed our silent questioning. 'Imagine,' the Coroner continued, 'that this Frenchman is a thoroughly peculiar individual. You are not ignorant that in France for the last ten years there has been a perfect epidemic of League-League of Patriots, Anti-Atheistic League, League of the Rights of Man, League of the Duties of Women! You are not ignorant of the exasperation of the League of Patriots, and of several years, mean that, in consequence of seeing judicial errors everywhere, this result has been reached: in trying to correct some errors people have fallen into the other extreme. It is true that an innocent man condemned is always interesting. But if the case is generalized the interest lessens. There is nothing really singular except what is rare. From the day that it shall be demonstrated that all the condemned are innocent these poor fellows will no longer interest any one. And it is by starting from this postulate that the French jurist has reached the point of forming a new League. It is a philanthropic work—the League for the Defense of Acquitted Criminals,' he said with comical majesty. I fairly leaped from my chair, protesting. 'Oh, then your visitor, your French jurist, as you say, still thinks me guilty?' 'If he believed you innocent, as we

The papers say. John L. Hobbie

AND now the general opinion seems to be that if the Giants had taken the forelock of opportunity by the tailfeathers they would have two birds in the hand and one in the bush. A man in the penitentiary was caught stealing from other inmates. He should be dishonorably discharged from the institution and turned into the world without recommendations or back salary. 'Society teoman sues for rudeness on Pullman car.' You can get rudeness on a Pullman car without suing for it. All the prominent cigars this season are having their pictures taken, accompanied by actors. A scientist says that each year New York is getting colder. Then it must be drifting away from where the ministers say it is going. Woman loves and admires the strong-willed husband who possesses the manly power to convince her that it is her duty, as a woman, to do exactly as she pleases. For being cruel to his horse a man was arrested and fined. And on the same day a man, for being cruel to his wife, was rewarded with a divorce. In the play 'Peter Grimm' some one says that a man died in London and was almost instantly seen in New York. If other Englishmen can be persuaded to live the right kind of lives they will receive similar rewards. A millionaire says he is greatly disappointed in his son. The safest way is to put your faith in a grandson, and then, if you're lucky, you will die before you are disappointed. Mr. Wilson, who has been married ten years, says he knows his wife is a good cook, because she told him so confidentially before they were married. 'Maine was blown up from the outside.' This must mean the ship, for the State can't blame any one but itself.

The Day's Good Stories.

A Morning Smile. WHEN President Eliot of Harvard was in the service as head of the university he was noted among the students for his abrupt and brusque manner. Reports had come to him that one of his young charges was in the habit of absorbing more liquor than was good for him, and President Eliot determined to do his duty and look into the matter. Meeting the young man under suspicion in the yard shortly after breakfast one day the President called up to him and demanded, 'Young man, do you drink?' 'Why, why, why?' stammered the young man. 'Why, President Eliot, do not be so early in the morning, thank you.'—Boston Transcript.

Green Room Glintings

WHEN an actor tries to clothe his part with imagination, he is often a mistle. BECAUSE an actress has played in all parts of the country is no sign that she can play any part well. WHEN an actor isn't provided with rolls he naturally goes hungry. IT is quite natural that an actor who 'killed' 'em in Kalamazoo' should be a dead one on Broadway. ON account of the searching it produces, actors think that criticism 'isn't worth the candle.'

Mule Was a Dead Shot.

A SOUTHERN farmer was trying to sell a mule to a negro who two years before had been hanged on the gallows by the name of the Popular Magistrate. 'Of course,' said the farmer, 'this mule kills, but I don't want to sell it to a nigger.' 'I don't want him,' objected the colored man. 'Just because he kills?' asked the farmer, with an air of contempt. 'Humph!' granted the negro. 'Dat mule don't kill. He shoots.'

THE STRANGLER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS. William Eady meets M. and Mme. Grenet at a small hotel in Paris in the Rue Marabout. Eady, who is an investigator, conducted careful experiments with four species of American ants, from which he deduced the conclusion that these species, at least, were able to perceive sounds, but whether they did it by means of

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