

RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK

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Three Whole Days With a Caruncle

By Willie Collier

THREE DAYS WITH A CARUNCLE, by William Collier. That is the title of this story. But before we delve deeply and quaff of its rich, philosophical humor, let us first get a mind photograph of our earnest young author.



WILLIE AND HIS CARUNCLE.

Caruncle, which was removed by a deft surgeon last Wednesday, than a clean white bandage and a smile of resignation adorning the comedian's kindly face.

Mr. Collier was unable to manipulate a pencil, so an Evening World reporter did it for him.

"Yes, I want you to write a funny story about your caruncle," the reporter had asked.

"The comedian raised himself and his eyebrows.

"In fact, the daring fellow got out of bed.

"Perhaps, my dear young man, you think it's funny to support a caruncle on the back of your neck. Did you ever allow one to adorn its racy surface upon your helpless person? No, Well, I've got to be funny, I suppose, sort of a drop-nickel-in-the-slot-machine affair, eh? I'll go one. Now I'm going to prove

LOOK UP AND CHEER UP, NEW YORKERS; THE CROWS ARE FLYING NORTH!

FROM Bull's Head, Staten Island, New York City, from Westchester village and the farthest reaches of Canarke, also New York City comes the same cheerful report: The crows are flying north. That's a sign of an easy winter.



No less than three flocks of crows headed their way due north over the winds of Mayor Casser and the Statue of Justice on the City Hall this week. There's no disputing that fact. It is vouched for by no less than three Bridge Squad policemen whose veracity has not been put to the test before the Aldermanic committee.

To be sure, the policemen failed to get the names and addresses of the crow-

I'm a comedian, for I'm the guy that put the car in caruncle. I'll say 'Ouch!' Mr. Collier laughed, and the former residence of the caruncle objected. "Don't make me laugh again, young man," said the actor, resting carefully against the cushion behind his back. Then there was an interval of silence, while Mr. Collier tenderly felt the back of his neck.

"I've spent three days with myself and this caruncle," he mused. "Three long, unhappy days, but it's taught me patience, goodness to men and dumb animals—and when I get well it will probably hand me a laugh."

"If—some one had told me that a caruncle had such a sense of humor as it has I would have sent for the dippy wagon. A caruncle is only another name for Mark Twain. It comes usually when you have the highest kind of a collar on and when you have to employ all the muscles of your neck all the time. This came in the very middle of a scene in 'Never Say Die' last week. I and my caruncle friend went to the dressing room and talked it all over."

"Bunk," I said, 'why can't you wait until next summer, then you can be even warmer and hotter than you are now? If you're real good maybe I'll take you down to St. James's beach and get you sunbathed, then you'll be able to make all the other caruncles blue with shame.' But do you think 'Bunk' would stand for it. No, he just swelled up with rage and tried to see if he could make me bite my lip off.

"After a few days we weren't on speaking terms, and Tuesday night diplomatic relations were off, and so was I. It was impossible for me to play. One thing an actor never wants to do is disappoint his public. So I declared war on 'Bunk.' I sent for Dr. Oscar Leiser and we held a death watch on him. But he died hard. He used every little burn, itch, tickle and twitch at his command, so the doctor committed murder and cut him out.

"Oh, yes—yet a caruncle is strangely humorous. 'Bunk' before his demise was a chatty fellow. Insisted upon holding conversation with me, particularly when I wanted to sleep.

"If I lay down on my right side 'Bunk' would take all the nerves in my neck and twist them into a sailor's knot and then play the prison scene from 'Faint' on them. Then I tried my left side and 'Bunk' beat me to it by giving an imitation of a snake dancing at a Hottentot cabaret.

"But as an artistic illustration of coloring a caruncle retains supreme. It is deep bright Harvard red in the center and then gradually assumes the variety of a Scotch plaid as it spreads out around the surrounding territory of your neck. It was just as good as a lamp on an automobile at night. You could always see me going away.

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Belasco's New Role of Stage Animal Trainer, He Declares, Makes Him Feel Like a Boy Again



With Plenty of Pie He Inspired Youthful Actors to Do Their Best for "A Good Little Devil."

BY CHARLES DARTON.

"THE dog's a man."

"Yes!"

"And the deer's a boy."

"No!"

"The rooster's another boy—hiding behind a bush."

"Small boy?"

"Just big enough to steal eggs."

"What do you think the squirrel is?"

"Give it up!"

"A man's hand. And so it goes."

"Through the whole menagerie?"

"No," answered David Belasco in a broken voice, "the rabbits are rabbits. They're real. And real rabbits are a great responsibility."

In his new role of animal trainer Mr. Belasco felt confident of everything but the rabbits. Upon the rest of his troupe he trained stage animals he counted with certainty. If you have seen the dumb friends who express their love for Juliet, the blind girl, in the latest Belasco production, you know that "A Good Little Devil" has been given more than its due. It is only because Juliet has not acquired the balcony habit, perhaps, that she worries along with-out a sacred white elephant.

"Bounding up those stage animals was as good fun as being a boy again," laughed Mr. Belasco, fresh from a hair-cut.

"I had taken ten years off his life," he started early last summer getting initiators of animals to make Juliet's yard sound like a zoological garden. First of all, I trapped George Stewart, whose imitations of birds and animals attracted my attention. I caught him in Vandellville. A little later received a note from a young lady, Miss Minahan, who was living in Orange and giving parlor entertainments.

"She spoke of her imitations of birds, and one day, to my delight, I heard them. She wanted a 'part,' and I gave her one. She has the long-out-of-Lady Cavendish and at one point in the play she remarks, I believe, 'Oh, dear, how very jolly!' The rest of the time she hops around unending, singing like a bird. She is wonderful. I told her that I wanted her to study the nightingale, no matter

how much sleep she lost. Then I bought her a dove. Everything seemed to be going splendidly when the sad news reached me that the dove was dying of loneliness, so I put on my hat and went out and bought a male for the dove. After that life in Orange, according to reassuring reports, was one kind song. This made me feel there was hope for "A Good Little Devil" after all.

"Slapping his knees, Mr. Belasco exclaimed:

"I'm renewing not only my youth but my childhood! While I've never produced a fairy play just like this one I put on any number of Christmas pageants in San Francisco twenty-one years ago, and more than that I have passed through every mood of this boy who lives in Fairyland and talks to the stars. To find a guide I went back to the spirit of my own boyhood and put

HAD DINED WELL IN NEW YORK.

THEY are telling a good story along Broadway of Joe Stanley, the well-known theatrical man. It was right after the New Year's celebration and Joe had dined well, in fact, very well.

As the story goes, Paul Keith was strolling along Fifth avenue in front of the Public Library at Forty-second street, which is two blocks from the Grand Central Station. He paused to look at the massive building with the

funny faces in the foreground. Just then he saw two porters leading or taking his friend Joe Stanley out of the big library building.

"Say, what's the trouble?" he inquired, going to the aid of Joe.

"I don't know, sir," replied one of the porters. "We don't know what to do with this man. This is the fifth time we have put this man out of the building and he still insists on buying a ticket to Mount Vernon."

Each had on his little belt.

Taking his cue from the city's transportation systems, the care of the Bronx animals is established a Galapagos belt line rapid transit service from one end of the grounds to another. The Galapagos tortoises move in the same way about the site and the general carter of a Fifth avenue stage class. All the Bronx animal tenders will have to do now is to build up a pay-as-you-enter trolley on each of the tortoises and turn 'em loose.

The Interborough will be beaten a city

book for speed and general comfort.

Miss Murphy, Central Park's modest hippopotamus, is cast by Billy Snyder for the part of an Arsenal parcel post station. From a 'stock' in the morning until a night she will stand in front of the baggage room where the elephants' trunks are kept on fixed post, as it were—with her staid snail displayed. You put the packages in the snail—guaranteed that snail take anything except a safe or a grafting policeman's alibi.

Of course, it's perfectly obvious that the rattlesnakes will be established as entertainers in the children's rest room; that is no startling thought; also that the porcupines will stand up near the cash register in the tilting rock restaurant. You pay your check and take a quill on the way out. But Commissioner Stover and his park zoo men will have to work some to whip the flying squirrels into an aerial rural delivery corps and it's an even bet that the sea cow will be a failure as a milk station.

However, everything is optimism with Commissioner Stover. He believes that in time the box constructors may do earnest work as swings in the children's playground. The laughing hyenas will be set aside for the use of the vandolite artists who want to try out their "turns"; the hyenas are sturdy brutes. And the sandpiper and the drum fish will constitute a safe and drum corps.

It was the lyre bird herself that have The Evening World this interesting story

can the Venezuela terror. "Well do I know your Tammany. Oh, that I had but had a Tammany in Venezuela! If I'd but had a Murphy at my right hand! Then, oh, then Gen. Cipriano would—ah, he would still be the President!"

And with a deep sigh that shook his entire five foot frame the little man without a country, the typical New Yorker, let it be known that the interview was at an end.

"New York"—By Castro From The Roof Of Ellis Island

A LITTLE man with coffee colored complexion stood in slippers one day this week on the roof of the Beyond and gazed at a coveted city. He was a little man who suffered from a reputation; however, the little coffee colored man, Don Cipriano Castro, lately of Venezuela, differed from his Spanish brother conquistador: Coronado didn't view Cuba in slippers and Don Cipriano did attain New York—for a little while. Yesterday he rode in a Broadway car to the Federal Building and back again to the Battery—and Ellis Island.

Our South American brother, who finds a chill to the hospitality of the U. S. A., and who has viewed us from the roof of the Ellis Island building where he has temporary domicile, wants to MIX here in this city of night lights and crustaceans, bums and boomers; that's what Don Cipriano wants. He opened his heart to an Evening World reporter the other day.

"I know New York as though I had been born in the island," began Gen. Don Cipriano. "You see, I have read so much of the city that I would find my way about as though I had lived here all my life. Even in those stirring days back in Venezuela I was familiar with the doings of New York, and after my exiled years on the Continent I became more thoroughly acquainted with the city of life.

"True, my greater knowledge of New York lies in what you call the Gay White Way. I have read of Broadway in newspapers, books and magazines. I know all your leading restaurants and I know their bills of fare. For years I have dreamed of visiting New York and seeing the places I know so well, and now at last my dreams are about to be realized. My beloved New York, my beloved New York!"

"Yes," continued the former peace disturber, "I know the lobsters of New York and I have mentally attacked my lips over the savory shellfishes many a time. Since I have been the guest of your most excellent Government I have had Alfredo read to me every scrap of the affairs of New York. There's no bullet. I wouldn't have that! There are merely crickets and squirrels and fretful and rabbits and fairies."

"I've tried not to make it spectacular. All the things that come from Europe, labelled brand-new I've done years ago. I do them simply without mechanism. And I'll do this bit of bragging—the first time I've seen fairies on the stage who could stand the test of a strong, glowing light."

"I was six months selecting the young women who represent these fairies, and I feel that the time was well spent. Each is a distinct type, spirituelle and beautifully thin. As for the real character, it would have been an easy matter to give them a Scotch accent. But this is first and last a fairy play—and there is no accent in Fairyland! For that matter, the story might be told by the lights alone. I've revealed my fairies in brightest daylight and dared my audience to say they are mortal. The branches of that lux tree are painted feathers. The birds and the cat and the cage are manipulated by strings. Everything is done as simply as it could be done. I have depended very largely upon the boys who figure so largely in the play."

"Most of the animals are in their hands. 'Boys,' I said to them, 'this play depends on you. If the animals fall out as though they were alive the play will fall. You are the leading boy actors of New York. Every one of you is an important little star. Remember that! And not one of them has forgotten it. During rehearsals I had three dozen ones every day for them. I've managed the rabbits by giving them a fairy good breakfast, a light luncheon and then nothing until dinner at the end of the second act. This explains their excellent work at the climax of that act when they 'play up' to justice and capture. But the boys mean most of all to me. This play has made me feel like a boy again."

"Real Rabbits Were Trained on Their Favorite Salad to 'Play Up' at End of Second Act—Dinner Time!"

ror must be held up to nature with a steady hand—excitation cannot save the glass from being shattered.

"But let's get back to 'A Good Little Devil,'" he proposed, with a boyish smile. "This is the first time a fairy play has been produced without a single note of incidental music, and apparently it's not missed. It is made up by the musical gurgle of the fairies who are supposed to be singing in the air."

"I've known of your big buildings, your subways and your bridges. The subway I have not yet seen with my own eyes, but I have feasted myself upon the bridges over the East River and upon the towering structures of the roof of the building on Ellis Island where your kindly Government saw fit to house me. But it is not the New York by day that I love. It looks too cold and cheerless and makes me shiver for the warm sun of the land I once ruled. But the New York of night! That is the glorious, THE only

and outline the city of dreams. New York at night is the gigantic, diamond studded diadem of the earth.

"I can well understand the love of New York by New Yorkers. I have listened to excited Goshamites in Paris, in Berlin and other Continental cities sigh for their 'little old New York.' I well understand their feeling now. I can realize how joyful they must feel when the big liner forges its way up the bay gives them their first glimpse of the city. But were I away I would

choose to return at night, when the great buildings glimmer through the dark for all the world like a city of enchantment. Old Alladin with his lamp and the aid of the genii could not conjure up a more beautiful and awe inspiring sight than the mystic after-dark New York.

"I have seen the New York girl in pictures and in reality," rattled on the swarthy Don through his valet. "I have seen the pictures of your Gibson girls and all the others. I have seen the New York girl abroad, and now I hope to see her on her native boulevard perhaps boulevard would be the better word."

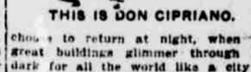
"I know that I will not be disappointed in New York. Perhaps the day city will not come up to my expectations, but I well know that the night metropolis will outdo my grandest dreams. I have seen the night New York at long range, and now I want to get under the lights and be a part of the great city."

"And Tammany Hall—do you know of Tammany?" inquired the interviewer.

"Tammany—ah, that Tammany," began the Venezuela terror. "Well do I know your Tammany. Oh, that I had but had a Tammany in Venezuela! If I'd but had a Murphy at my right hand! Then, oh, then Gen. Cipriano would—ah, he would still be the President!"

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No More 'Loafing' for the Animals in New York's Zoo, and the Lyre Bird Tells Why

THE animals in the city's menageries are going to be put to work to earn their salt. Park Commissioner Stover says. Someone has tipped him that in Paris the zoo inhabitants pay for their keep by pulling baby cabs, and other kindred vehicles around. The Park Commissioner, therefore, isn't going to stand for any more loafing at Central Park or the Bronx Zoo.

Head Keeper Billy Snyder at the Arsenal and Curator Dittmars in the Bronx Jungle have put their heads together and evolved a schedule of union hours and

general employments for the city's loafers in feathers and fur. Unless Sam Gompers of the Federation of Labor organizes a loud outcry in behalf of the rights of the laboring man Lee Snyder-Dittmars slate will go through.

One of the most successful little workers in the Bronx Zoo will be the hairy Tibetan yak. Now the yak is as short on intellect as he is in name, but Nature has adorned him with a sort of exaggerated all-wool union suit, which he wears winter and summer with careless indifference. The nap on his unmention-

ables is from a foot and a half to two feet long. He has a kind eye, nevertheless, though one who has just got into his winter flannels and has scratched every place he can reach would hardly credit his amiable disposition.

The yak will be made the municipal doorman for the entrance to Director Hornadaya's office, with a large "Welcome" painted on his starboard side. He will be taught to be a carpet sweeper after hours. And his companion piece will be the largest of the bull elk, who will work eight hours a day at hat-

racking just outside the portal of the Director's sanctuary.

Curator Dittmars has in his collection of reptiles just the one to put to work as an adjunct to the "lost articles" department. This is a little stranger from the Amazon known as the mud snake.

The patient curator is already training him to climb through cracks in the sidewalk and under the building to recover nickels, pawn tickets, gold mena purses and other household valuables that are dropped through casual apertures by the careless throngs. The snake rakes up



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