

"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

"Tongues of Men" Like So Much Idle Gossip.

BY CHARLES DARTON.

THERE can be little consolation for Miss Henrietta Crooman in being told she is a good comedienne, but that she has a bad play. Praise of this sort must make an actress of established reputation feel like going through Park Row with a knife in one hand and a gun in the other.



It is only when Miss Crooman is up in arms before breakfast in the play at the Harris Theatre that she has a scene worthy of her mettle. With both her hair and her nerves in disorder as a result of the silly wagging of "The Tongues of Men" for two seasons, she gives Edward Childs Carpenter's play of words between church and stage its first human moment.

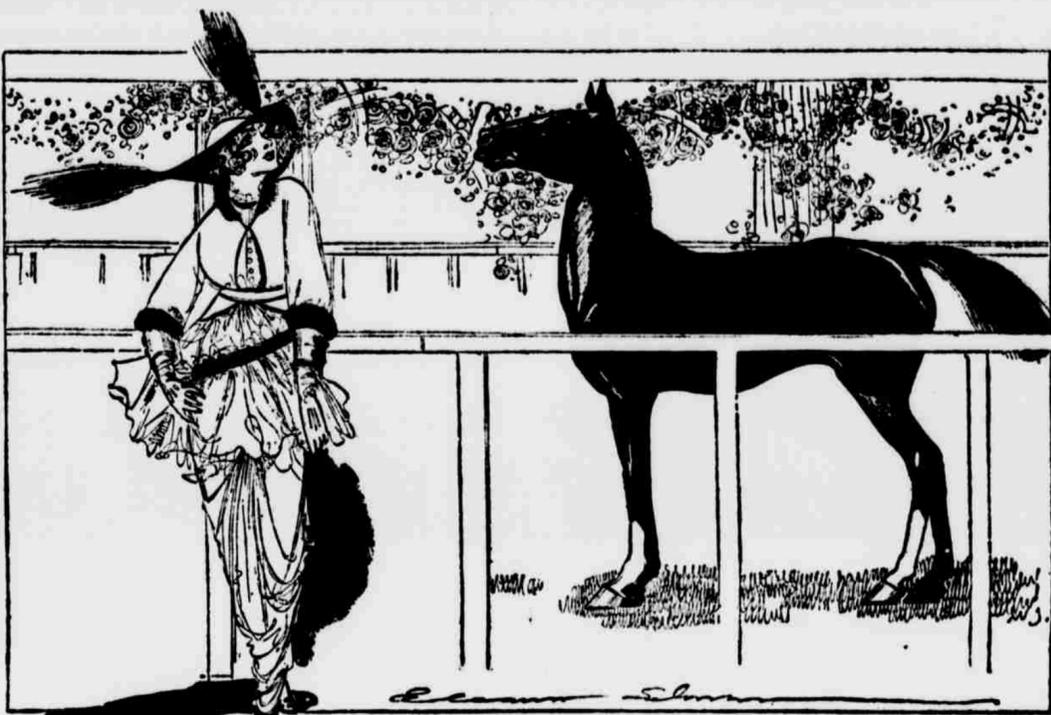
"Beauty and the Barge."

WHILE there is still time make a point of seeing Cyril Maude as Capt. Jim Barley in "Beauty and the Barge" at Wallace's, for not only will you see this English actor at his best, so far as we have been permitted to see, but you'll clap delighted eyes on a character study so rare and racy that it is a genuine treat.



Rivals

By Eleanor Schorer



Where There's a Will

The Funniest Story of America's Greatest Woman Humorist By Mary Roberts Rinehart

CHAPTER IX. Dolly, How Could You? I LAY down across my bed at a o'clock that morning, but I was too tired and worried to sleep, so at 7 I got up and dressed. I was frightened when I saw myself in the glass. My eyes looked like burnt holes in a blanket. I put on two pairs of stockings and heavy shoes, for I knew I was going to do the Ekimo act again that day and the goodness knows how many days more, and then I went down and knocked at the door of Miss Patty's room. She hadn't been sleeping either. She called to me in an undertone to come in, and she was lying propped up with pillows, with something pink around her shoulders and the night lamp burning beside the bed. She had a book in her hand, but she was looking at me and the blue foreign envelopes with red and black gold seal.

HOW I GOT MY FIRST RAISE.

The Evening World will award a prize of \$25 for the best true account (200 words or less) of "How I Got My First Raise."

DELIVERED COSTLY GIFT IN SAFETY. I agreed to work for six months for a photographer for \$4 a week. I had been employed three months when Christmas arrived. A partner of the late J. P. Morgan was having a portrait of his daughter executed, and it was necessary to deliver it to his home on the Hudson on Christmas Eve in time for the Christmas tree, and I was selected to carry it there, although it was valued at several hundred dollars, and was quite as large and heavy as I was. However, I carried the portrait safely, on the midnight train, delivered it and received a dollar for being a careful youngster. On my return to the studio my employer gave me five dollars for a Christmas gift, and told me that from then on, I would get a "salary" of four dollars a week.

5-Minute Fights With "Fate"

By Ama Woodward

My Friends. I DON'T know any one on earth who has a more useless bunch of friends than I have. Not one of them has ever done a thing to elevate me or give me a boost in the right direction. I hang on to them just from habit, I guess, or because it might be troublesome to get rid of them politely. But every hour I give to them is sheer waste. They don't benefit me financially, intellectually or spiritually. They are dead wood.