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## TOLD AT THE FRIARS CLUB

### Troubles of a "Lady"

**G**EORGE MARION, Henry Savage's stage manager, relates a little story of offended dignity which is amusing:

"A young woman wished to go on the stage; but she insisted on keeping up her character of a lady, of which she was extremely proud. We cast her for the part of a maid. We even made it into a little character part. She rehearsed and proved fairly satisfactory. The piece had its initiation at Williamsburg. Going over on the morning of the day the piece was to be produced, I was told a young man wished to see me. He handed me a note, which ran somewhat as follows:

"DEAR MR. MARION.—On consideration I am sorry to say that I have decided to throw up my part at the last moment. I was born a lady, educated and brought up as a lady, and I really cannot bring myself to appear before the American public except in the character of a lady."

### Kyrle Bellew's Medicine

**K**YRLE BELLEW tells a story of Kansas City and an experience there as follows:

"My throat was out of order, and the doctor had prescribed all sorts of remedies, until at last my dressing table in my room at the hotel looked like an operation ward. One day I heard a knock at the door, and in answer to my 'Come in!' there appeared on the threshold a girl with a broom in her hand. She stood there looking at me shyly for a minute or two. My first thought was that she had come to ask me for tickets for the theater; then, as I regarded her fluffy light locks, I was sure she had ambitions to tread the boards. Still she didn't speak a word.

"At last I asked what I could do for her. She simpered and pressing her hand to her side said she was sick. Whenever she touched her side it hurt. I smiled and told her not to touch her side. This only brought out a smile. Finally I came to the conclusion that this must be a case of mistaken identity, so I asked her who she thought I was. She replied that she was under the impression I was a doctor, as she had seen so many surgical instruments on my table. I laughed and gave her two tickets for the show, telling her I thought they might prove to be a cure. Two days after she returned with the broom.

"I saw a real doctor, sir," she said, "and I'm all right now; but I think your show had more to do with the cure than his medicine." And she fled."

### Didn't Turn Loose

**I**N the "County Chairman" Macklyn Arbuckle says that he was not only an actor, but he was his natural self, and to convince any skeptic he tells this tale:

"In Chicago once a message came to me in my dressing room that a man was waiting at the stage door to see me. His name was John W. Blank, or something I can't now remember.

"He's a fierce looking customer," said the messenger, "and he's got a hat on like yours."

"I sent word down for him to wait till after the performance. He proved to be a man I had known years before, when I was running for office.

"Hello, judge!" said he. "I come to see you act to-night, but I was a bit disappointed."

"I asked why."

"Well," he replied, "I brought some friends along with me, telling them as how great an actor you was, and we sat down and watched you; but you didn't act. You walked around just like you used to in Texas. But I says, 'Now wait. He'll turn loose in a minute.' But you didn't. Why didn't you turn that man out and marry the girl? All the audience expected you to. No, judge, you didn't act. You were just yourself. Why in Sam Hill didn't you turn loose?"

### Two by Joe Herbert

**J**OE HERBERT has two anecdotes which he is fond of telling, the first one being about the fast disappearing "show girl."

"As bits of scenery these girls have served their turn; but they are too expensive to last much longer. They have to be treated diplomatically too. They are more inventive than the ordinary office boy. While I was stage managing a piece sometime ago one of my show girls showed an independence of spirit which was superb. She was always late for rehearsal. Her excuses were great. All her friends and relations had a series of maladies, which were remarkable in their number and diversity. She nursed them all until they naturally gave up the ghost. About an hour was enough to bury most of them. Then she caught onto mechanical devices. Street cars were invariably late, just as late as she was, in fact. Then in turn came certain inconveniences in hotels. The elevator was continually sticking, until finally came the dénouement. It was in Philadelphia. The siren did not appear until nearly two hours after the proper time. I looked at her and waited. The excuse came glibly.

"Oh, Mr. Herbert," she panted, "I'm so sorry; but they are repairing the stairs at the hotel, and I could not get down until they brought a ladder!"

"I recognized genius in that girl."

THE second tale Mr. Herbert has to tell is as follows:

"I was with Daly's company, playing, I

think, 'Much Ado About Nothing' in Glasgow, Scotland. One evening we were guests of the Shakespeare Club, and the president gave us an excellent time until it came to his speech after dinner. This is what he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I like your company; I like your production; I am greatly pleased with Miss Rehan; but Gude A'mighty! your language is awfu'!"

### End of His Conceit

**W**HEN Bob Hilliard was a tyro at acting he had a penchant for looking at his own picture on the billboards. He confesses he got cured of that on the road.

"One day," he says, "I got on a car. As we were going along we passed some billboards depicting the piece we were playing."

"What do you think of that show?" said I to the conductor.

"Very good," said he.

"The woman in black?"

"Lovely," said he.

"The villain?"

"Excellent."

"And," I hesitated as I pointed to my own representation, "that man with the brown mustache?"

"Oh, he's bum!" snapped the conductor.

"That settled my conceit."

### Improving on the Author

**G**UY STANDING gives a reminiscence of an event in his life which introduces a somewhat celebrated actress, who did not succeed over here particularly well.

"I was acting 'Jim the Penman,' with Mrs. Bernard Beere some years ago. One night she was evidently indisposed. She swayed to and fro, and finally nearly fell on the stage. I caught her just in time, whispering under my breath, 'Ring down the curtain!' Down came the curtain, and off went Mrs. Beere in a dead faint. After a pause Mrs. Beere insisted on continuing the performance; so the curtain was raised, and we went on with the scene just at the point we left off. Afterward an old Scotch lady came up to me and said:

"I'm not much of a critic, Mr. Standing, but the end you gave us was much better than the dénouement the author provided."

### A Showman's Proposal

**H**AVE I had many proposals?" laughed Blanche Bates, when she was lately asked the question by an inquisitive acquaintance. "I should think I had! Got lots of fun out of some of them too. The most comical one I ever had was from a man who owned a traveling show. I didn't care for him one atom; but he was extremely importunate. One day he made a frantic appeal to me, using as he thought an unanswerable argument.

"You'd better have me," he urged. "Now think over it. Take a few days, but think over it. You know you won't have to go in the parade!"

### Settling a Chorus Girl

**T**HERE is a good story told of W. S. Gilbert, who was always very particular about the way his chorus was dressed, and never would allow them to wear any costume not falling as low as the ankle.

One day at a rehearsal of "The Sorcerer," one of the chorus girls approached him and asked timidly whether she could play the part of Hercules. Hercules was a boy in buttons, who came in with his face smeared with jam, and said a few words. The part was always played by the call boy. Gilbert looked at her for a moment, and then in his sarcastic way replied:

"My dear, you are here to sing, not to show your legs."

That settled the chorus girl.

### Dailey's Trip to Paris

**O**NCE on a time," it is Peter Dailey talking, "a friend of mine was arguing about the French stage and its methods.

"A French actor has three debuts," said he. "The first night he goes on to show what he can do; on the second occasion they vote for him, and on the third he makes good or not, as the case may be."

"Well, after explaining all this in extenso, my intimate friend looked up and said to me:

"Why don't you go to Paris?"

"Go to Paris!" I answered. "Why, my dear boy, I've just come back from there."

"But he didn't see the joke."

### A Feast of Kisses

**I** ALWAYS thought Hobson had a cinch, after I Santiago, until I blew into the little town of Halmagen, in Rumania," said a strolling player who used to wander into the odd corners of the world. "but even I—and my hair is getting a little thin, and I wouldn't take first prize in a beauty contest—got enough kisses in one day to last an average lifetime.

"It seems that Halmagen, from time immemorial, has had an annual festival, and on this day the population of about eighty villages come swarming in. Every young woman of the town, married or single, goes out on this day, carrying a vessel of wine and a small garland of flowers. To every visitor they offer a sup of wine and a kiss."

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