

him? This is the fourth time he's gone wandering off, and I've been sent for to hunt him up. You just tell him to trot back to it, that's all."

"But see here, Miss Fargo," says I, "he's been trottin' around until you can't tell him anything! He's snoozin' away here in my office, dead to the world."

"Well, I can't help it," says she. "I'm not going to be bothered with Jeremiah to-day. I've got two sick cats to attend to."

"Cats!" says I. "Say, what do you—"

"Oh, hush up!" says she. "Do anything you like with him! And hanged if she don't bang up the receiver at that, and leave me standin' there at my end of the wire lookin' silly."

"Talk about your freak plutes," says I to Tutwater, after I've explained the situation, "if this ain't the limit! Look what I've got on my hands now!"

Tutwater, he's standin' there gazin' hard at old Jerry Fargo, his eyes shinin' and his thought works goin' at high pressure speed. All of a sudden he slaps me on the back and grips me by the hand. "Professor," says he, "I have it! There is Opportunity!"

"Eh?" says I. "Old Jerry? How?"

"I shall cure him—restore his mind, make him normal," says Tutwater.

"What do you know about brushin' out batty lofts?" says I.

"Nothing at all," says he; "but I can find some one who does. You'll give me Fargo, won't you?"

"Will I?" says I. "I'll advance you twenty to take him away, and charge it up to him. But what'll you do with him?"

"Start the Tutwater Sanatorium for Deranged Mil-

lionaires," says he. "There's a fortune in it. May I leave him here for an hour or so?"

"What for?" says I.

"Until I can engage my chief of staff," says he.

"Say, Tutty," says I, "do you really mean to put over a bluff the size of that?"

"I've thought it all out," says he. "I can do it."

"All right, blaze ahead," says I; "but I'm bettin' you land in the lockup inside of twenty-four hours."

"What do you think, though? By three o'clock he comes back, towin' a spruce, keen eyed young chap that he introduces as Dr. McWade. He's picked him up over at Bellevue, where he found him doin' practice work in the psychopathic ward. On the strength of that I doubles my grubstake, and he no sooner gets his hands on the two sawbucks than he starts for the street.

"Here, here!" says I. "Where you headed for now?"

And Tutwater explains how his first investment is to be a new silk lid, some patent leather shoes, and a silver headed walkin' stick.

"Good business!" says I. "You'll need all the front you can carry."

And while he's out shoppin' the Doc and me and Swifty Joe lugs the patient up to Tutwater's office without disturbin' his slumbers at all.

Well, I didn't see much more of Tutwater that day, for from then on he was a mighty busy man; but as I was drillin' across to the Grand Central on my way home I gets a glimpse of him, sportin' a shiny hat and white spats, just rushin' important into a swell real estate office. About noon next day he stops in long enough to shake hands and say that it's all settled.

"Tutwater Sanatorium is a fact," says he. "I have the lease in my pocket."

"What is it, some abandoned farm up in Vermont?" says I.

"Hardly," says Tutwater, smilin' quiet. "It's Cragwoods; beautiful modern buildings, formerly occupied as a boys' boarding school, fifteen acres of lovely grounds, finest location in Westchester County. We take possession to-day, with our patient."

"But, say, Tutwater," says I, "how in blazes did you—"

"I produced Fargo," says he. "Dr. McWade has him under complete control and his cure has already begun. It will be finished at Cragwoods. Run up and see us soon. There's the address. So long."

WELL, even after that, I couldn't believe he'd really pull it off. Course, I knew he could make Fargo's name go a long ways if he used it judicious; but to launch out and hire an estate worth half a million—why he was makin' a shoestring start look like a sure thing.

And I was still listenin' for news of the grand crash,

when I begun seein' these items in the papers about the Tutwater Sanatorium. "Millionaires Building a Stone Wall," one was headed, and it went on to tell how five New York plutes, all sufferin' from some nerve breakdown, was gettin' back health and clearin' up their brains by workin' like day laborers under the direction of the famous specialist, Dr. Clinton McWade.

"Aha!" says I. "He's added a press agent to the staff, and he sure has got a bird!"

Every few days there's a new story bobs up, better than the last, until I can't stand it any longer. I takes half a day off and goes up there to see if he's actually doin' it. And, say, when I walks into the main office over the Persian rug, there's the same old Tutwater. Course, he's slicked up some fancy, and he's smokin' a good cigar; but you couldn't improve any on the cheerful countenance he used to carry around, even when he was up against it hardest. What I asks to see first is the five millionaires at work.

"Seven, you mean," says Tutwater. "Two more came yesterday. Step right out this way. There they are, seven; count 'em seven. The eighth man is a practical stone mason 'o is bossing the job. It's a good stone wall they're buildin', too. We expect to run it along our entire fro' tage."

"Got 'em mesmerized?" says I.

"Not at all," says Tutwater. "It's part of the treatment. McWade's idea, you know. The vocational cure, we call it, and it works like a charm. Mr. Fargo is practically a well man now and could return to his home next week if he wished. As it is, he's so much interested in finishing that first section of the wall that he will probably stay the month out. You can see for yourself what they are doin'."

"Well, well!" says I. "Seven of 'em! What I don't understand, Tutwater, is how you got so many patients so soon. Where'd you get hold of 'em?"

"To be quite frank with you, McCabe," says Tutwater, whisperin' confidential in my ear, "only three of them are genuine paying patients. That is why I have to charge them fifty dollars a day, you see."

"And the others?" says I.

"First class imitations, who are playing their parts very cleverly," says he. "Why not? I engaged them through a reliable theatrical agency."

"Eh?" says I. "You salted the sanatorium? Tutwater, I take it all back. You're in the other class, and I'm bakin' you after this for whatever entry you want to make."



"Here," Says Tutwater.  
"Lies Opportunity!"



## TWISTING TITLES INTO SMILES

By Vanderheyden Fyles

"Hummingbirds and Onions" was amusing for a travesty that combined "The Mummy and the Hummingbird," and "Carrots," while about the best distortion of the many that followed in the wake of the "Quo Vadis" craze, was, in the opinion of my funnybone, "Quo Vass Iss?" But perhaps the happiest of all the many Weber & Fields titles was that for the sensational "Sappho," which became "Sapolio," with added emphasis upon its cleanliness.

Some people professed to believe the title to be a paid advertisement. I happen to know it was not. A few seasons ago a well known critic boldly declared that Miss May Irwin undoubtedly profited by calling her current farce "Mrs. Wilson—That's All." Miss Irwin asked him to call on her, insisted he was mistaken, and professed a hurt in her heart that anyone would think such a thing of her. Even after that he was still a shade in doubt. But presently the firm suspected of desiring the title indorsed Miss Irwin's repudiation and actually demanded that she drop the name. The farce was thereafter billed as "Mrs. Wilson-Andrews."

And changing the title of a play in use involves the loss of more than such advertisement and reputation as it may have attained under the earlier name. Purchasing new "paper" throughout is a far bigger item in the manager's expense account than the casual playgoer realizes. Naturally, in the cases of rewriting failures, the purpose is worth the outlay. "The Little Cherub," for instance, was not a success in London; so when its author rewrote it he endeavored to secure a fresh start by renaming it "A Girl on the Stage." An obvious and reasonable reason for changing the titles of many plays is when a comedy or a farce that has had a long career is later turned into a libretto; as, for example, when Richard Harding Davis made "The Galloper" over into "A

Yankee Tourist" for Raymond Hitchcock, and when Harry B. Smith turned "When Knighthood Was in Flower" into "A Madcap Princess" so Miss Lulu Glaser might play the Julia Marlowe rôle. Miss Glaser, it may be recalled, was similarly enabled to measure her comedy with Miss Ada Rehan's in "Dolly Varden," which simply was the Wycherley-Garrick comedy of "A Country Girl" set to music.

That libretto was by Stanislaus Stange, who frequently has followed the grand opera example of basing an operetta "book" on a tested and applauded play. Using "She Stoops to Conquer" for "Two Roses," and Gilbert's "The Palace of Truth" for "The Goddess of Truth," the former used by Miss Fritz Scheff, the latter by Miss Lillian Russell, are only the more conspicuous two of Mr. Stange's. The habit seems to be growing, "Three Twins" being from the old farce of "Incog," "Bright Eyes" from "Mistakes Will Happen," and "The Chocolate Soldier" from the well known Bernard Shaw comedy of "Arms and the Man." But not infrequently the author of the original play has preferred to make the libretto himself. To name just two conspicuous examples, "The Man Who Owns Broadway" is George M. Cohan's second-thought version of his only serious drama, "Popularity"; while Sir W. S. Gilbert's "re-début" as a librettist, with "Fallen Fairies," is really a rewriting of his early comedy of "The Wicked World."

I came upon Oscar Hammerstein after the first act at the New York premiere of "Vienna Life," Johann Strauss' posthumous operetta, the literal translation of whose title would have been "Vienna Blood." There were two acts yet to follow, though the weakness of the libretto made the failure of the affair already evident. Mr. Hammerstein was hastening away. Without a smile he remarked, "This 'Wiener Blut' smells like an opera in three links."

The titles of foreign operettas are not always simple to translate with both the wording and the spirit of the

Continued on page 17

WHEN Clyde Fitch presented a comedy with so impossible a title as "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," every self elected wag took his own turn at burlesquing the name. Mrs. Osborn's playhouse was New York's fad of the moment, and Mrs. Osborn had a notion of putting on a travesty of the comedy, with Blanche Ring in the Mary Manning rôle. One afternoon—quite appropriately in a motor car—she turned suddenly to me and said, "I think I'll call my burlesque 'The Stubbornness of Gasolene.'"

Mrs. Osborn abandoned the skit; but Weber & Fields did stage one at their famous music hall, and with the even cleverer title of "The Stickiness of Gelatine." Some of the distortions devised by those burlesquers and their librettists were genuinely humorous, enough it seems worth glancing back to for an encore laugh. Of course, "The Heathen" for "The Christian," or "The Girl from Martin's" for "The Girl from Maxim's," hardly would draw a salty tear for merriment dead and gone. But considering "Cyrano de Bergerac's" most prominent feature, "Cyrano," for the burlesque, was not half bad. And the absurdity of that mountain of merry mush, Pete Dailey, in the character of the svelte Kylie Bellew, the title of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," was happily hit off in "Waffles, the Amateur Cracker."

The "Barbara Frietchie" of Weber & Fields' became "Barbara Fidgety," though when the heroine eloped she stammered excitedly, "Now that I'm about to change my name, I feel more Fidgety than ever."

You may recall that the plot of "The Girl and the Judge" hinged on a brooch which old Mrs. Gilbert removed from a lace mantle, when making a call, and laid aside on a table. Her hostess' mother was a kleptomaniac and stole the pin. So, when Fritz Williams, made up closely to resemble Mrs. Gilbert, removed a curl from his gray wig and laid it casually on the table for Lew Fields, as the mother-to-be to steal, one appreciated the pertinence of the title, "The Curl and the Judge."