

fore Mrs. Fiske ought to look 18 years older than in Act II. Happily, she does not. In a beautiful, close-fitting gown and a picture hat, she looks at least 15 years younger than in Act II.

Really, it's most confusing.

Speaking of Fiskes, Harrison Grey Fiske thinks he has discovered a new variety of playwright. You know a common kind of late is the one who goes to see a new show, and immediately swears that the whole thing was swiped from some alleged play he wrote, long before.

(Note—Many plays have been stolen. There's no doubt of that. Only not all of them are.)

Well, there came to Mr. Fiske a young man with a play. He took a receipt and left his play for

a reading. Next day he was back. He presented his receipt and asked for his play.

"Why, there hasn't been time to read it," said Mr. Fiske's secretary.

"I know," said the author. "But I saw 'The High Road' last night. While it is a 'woman play,' and mine is a 'man play,' there are points of remarkable similarity. I never knew anything about Sheldon's play till last night, and I am sure he didn't know anything about mine, because nobody but me had ever seen it. But if I left mine here, anyone who read it might suspect most anything. So I guess I'll take it along.

"Young man," responded Mr. Fiske's secretary, "Diogenes is looking for you."

BILLIE BURKE WRITES ABOUT CURIOSITY

By Billie Burke.

The First Word—Men do not like a woman who cannot keep a secret.

Ever since Adam and Eve left the garden, man has deluded himself with the idea that there is something mysterious about woman. Consequently it is up to the clever woman to flatter his vanity by making him think he is right!

"Don't you like a 'close' woman?" asked a man of me the other day.

"What do you mean by a 'close' woman?" I asked in return.

"Why, a woman who keeps her counsel, who does not burden you with her worries, and, above all, who does not convince a great

curiosity about your affairs."

"I have never known but one woman," he continued, "who did not seem at all curious—who was perfectly willing that our friendship should be a concern between her and me alone.

"She never inquired into my affairs with others, although she was always interested in anything that I might tell her. In all the years I knew her intimately I never knew her to say an unkind thing about any one else. And, although she was the frankest person that I have ever known, she kept her own affairs to herself, unless I drew them out of her with much coaxing.

"She was a brave woman and,