

Books and **P**lays and **A**uthors **P**layers



man to become a practical socialist student. That is what Herbert Kauffman did, and he intends that his literary merit shall be judged by his powers in picturing conditions among the poorer classes undreamed of by settlement workers even.

Mr. Kauffman graduated from the newspaper field into that of the magazine and within a year became the editor of one of the leading monthlies. But that did not serve his purpose, which was to write a series of novels which should penetrate the crust of American life. So he and his wife did a daring thing. He resigned from the magazine and went into the heart of New York's crowded east side tenement district to live. They shunned the police and the settlement workers, and he wrote only enough to keep the wolf from the door. They lived the life as they found it and soon became a part of it, in fact.



HERBERT KAUFFMAN.

At that time Mr. Kauffman knew nothing of the extent to which the "white slavery" traffic was carried on among the poor. The conditions appalled him, and he put the conditions before the public in "The House of Bondage."

With that duty off his mind Mr. Kauffman has recalled his original purpose and has settled in his home town of Columbia, in Lancaster, Pa., to work out his fiction series plans.

The real apostle of the wanderlust among writers is Edgar Beecher Bronson, who has just been elected to life membership in the Geographical Society of Ecuador, a mark of distinction that has been accorded very few foreigners. His election was celebrated with a banquet that was attended by the most distinguished men at Quito, the capital.

The career of Mr. Bronson, who has recently come into prominence as an author of true stories of travel and adventure, has been literally crammed with excitement. He began life more than thirty years ago as a reporter on the New York Tribune. He had charge of the staff of reporters who covered every word of the Becher trial in Brooklyn, and in getting this report to his office one night he scored a great "beat" and gave an early exhibition of his nerve. The East river was so full of floating ice that the ferryboats could not run, so he crossed the stream by jumping from one ice floe to another and swimming a part of the way.

This experience shattered his health, and he went west to recuperate. In Wyoming he established his famous Dead Man ranch and had many fights to maintain it. He has told of these days in his "Reminiscences of a Ranchman," just republished with some new chapters.

A few years ago he gave up the west and returned to New York, but civilization could not hold him. In the spring of 1908 he preceded Roosevelt on a big game hunting trip through the closed territory of British



EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON.

East Africa, for which he secured a special permit. He went into many places there and in Abyssinia where no white man had ever been seen. His contempt for danger caused the warlike Wanderobos to christen him Ewana Vimerije, which means "the white haired warrior who always laughs." He returned with the largest and finest collection of trophies ever brought to this country from Africa. His adventures and experiences are recited in "In Closed Territory."

SPIRITUALISM in serious vein has entered the theatrical realm with David Belasco as its interpreter. The play, entitled "The Return of Peter Grimm," was enthusiastically received at Boston on its initial performance.

The part of Peter Grimm, who "comes back," is delegated to David Wardfield, and he handles it well, according to the critics. The story revolves around Grimm, a wealthy old flower grower, who has an adopted daughter whom he loves dearly. Because of this affection he desires to keep her in the family by marrying her to a nephew. The town doctor is a believer in spiritualism and enters into a compact with Grimm that whoever dies first shall "come back."

Grimm is the first to depart, and he returns to complete his matrimonial and other plans left incomplete by his sudden demise.

Curiously enough, it was a vision that inspired Belasco to write "The Return of Peter Grimm." It was the death of his mother, and the incident is related by the dramatist in these words: "When my mother died five years ago I had not seen her for some time. I was kept here in the east by my affairs, but I knew she had been in poor health. One night—the night she died—I suddenly was awakened as though some one had touched me, and there above me I saw in the darkness my mother's face. I heard her whisper: 'Davie, Davie, I want to see you again. Davie, Davie, I wanted to say goodby.' And she slowly disappeared. 'I received a telegram next morning telling me of her death. She had died at the very minute she appeared to me in the vision.'

"The thought of this remained in my mind. Two years later I was aroused into activity when Cecil Denuille came to me in New York with what he thought was a good idea for a play. The idea was the one I had held in mind so long about my mother."

Miss Ethel Barrymore is appearing this winter in a revival of "Trelawny of the Wells," Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's comedieta of the heart. According to its reception in New York, its twelve years of age has not affected either the sadness or humor of the play.



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

picture of Victorian life in the sixties, when crinolines and pegtop trousers flourished.

Miss Barrymore's reading of the title role is voted by the critics to be sweet and appealing, and she is credited with triumphing over unbecoming gowns by the genuineness of her feeling.

William Collier, who used to be Willie, has scored a popular success in "I'll Be Hanged if I Do," a farce written by himself and Edgar Selwyn. It is a Collier vehicle, as are most of this comedian's plays, but this one is not all William. There are also his sister, Helena Collier-Garlick, and William Collier, Jr., and all have scored hits.

The comedian acts the part of a forgetful young man who fails to remember the time of his marriage and is confronted—fresh from the tub and pajamas clad—by his father, the bride's brother and mother and finally the bride herself. He is repentant, but wants time for breakfast. This breaks off the match.

So Percival's irate father sends him to Nevada with a \$10,000 check with which to grow up with the sagebrush, and the first event he encounters is a charge of holding up a stagecoach. This causes him to purchase all the available rope and twine in the neighborhood to prevent a lynching, and then he conducts his own case before an antagonistic judge.

As in most of Collier's comedies, he scores best by having others seemingly score on him.



WILLIE COLLIER.

FABLES FROM ELI.

Morals Make Clubs That Leave Their Marks.

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

Where the Bullfrog Came to Grief. How the Wolf Feasted on the Ox. Mistake of the Thief Who Feigned Honesty.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

HAVING fallen lame through an accident, the Fox was in no condition to pursue the Hare, and therefore resorted to strategy. Seeing a big, fat Hare sitting at the mouth of her hole in a bank, he limped forward as if in the greatest pain, and when he had come within a few feet he halted to say: "Well, you see how things are with me."

"You appear to be lame," replied the Hare. "I limp in every leg, and I can't say when I shall be better. You have nothing to fear from me now. I couldn't overtake the Tortoise. You can have your revenge now if you want it."

"Why, I have run you around the forest many times and scared you almost to death. I shouldn't blame you a bit if you tried the same thing on me now. I know you are not of a revengeful nature, but—"

"But I want to get square with you."

"That's it. I will now start off and run as fast as my pains will permit, and do you come after me and hustle me along and fling out jibes and jeers."

The Hare thought it would be a fine thing, and as the Fox started off she ran after him, but they had not gone a hundred feet when Reynard turned and seized her, and she was dead in a moment.

Moral.—It is when your enemy seems to want to be your friend that he is planning the greatest damage.

The Peasant and the Bullfrog.

A peasant who was unmarried and had built him a hut near a marsh was frequently seen in downcast attitudes, and this fact coming to the ears of a



A CAUCUS IN THE MARSH.

big bullfrog, the reptile called a meeting of the denizens of the marsh and said to them:

"We must at least show our good will for the many good things around us. The peasant is lonely, and the least we can do is to cheer him. We will open such a serenade tonight that his countenance shall beam with joy. The ducks shall quack, the geese cackle and the frogs roar, and our master will no longer lie in the shadows."

The serenade started soon after sundown, and at the first go off it lifted the peasant out of his clogs and made him look around for the Black Hand. However, he soon located the area of high pressure, and, gathering a handful of rocks, he went down to the marsh and began pegging at everything in sight.

"Alas, but is this your gratitude?" moaned the bullfrog after getting one on the ear.

"Gratitude!" exclaimed the peasant in reply. "Why should I be grateful for such a row as this?" "It prevents you from dwelling on your own thoughts too much."

"But, darn your hides, that's just what I want to dwell on. I know a widdler woman who owns four acres of land and six goats, and I'm dwelling on my thoughts and trying to get up grit enough to ask her to be mine. Get out of this, the whole crowd, or I'll immolate ye!"

Moral.—It's about as well to let the other fellow hoe his own row.

The Ox in the Ditch.

As the Ox was taking a stroll after dark to cure his dyspepsia he had the misfortune to stub his toe against a basket of champagne and go rolling in the ditch, where he brought up with a broken leg. It was impossible for him to get out without assistance, and as the Ass came along he was appealed to with:

"I pray you, my friend, give me succor. I am helpless and in great pain."

dered you all needful aid. The Horse is right behind me; ask him."

Presently the Horse came trotting up and, seeing some object in the ditch, he stopped and queried: "What is it down there?" "It is I," replied the Ox. "I have broken my leg and can't get out of the ditch."

"Dear, dear me! Broken a leg, eh? I am so sorry!"

"And you will come to my rescue?" "Dear, dear, if you had only waited till tomorrow night! Tonight there is a meeting of horses to discuss the downfall of the Roman empire and I am expected to furnish most of the hot air. Really, now, you shouldn't have broken your leg on an occasion like this. It shows your selfishness. However, I may meet the Buffalo, and if I do—ta, ta."

The Buffalo was the next comer, and when he was halted and told of the accident he said:

"That's bad—very bad. You ought to have help at once. I got my tail caught in a wire fence once, and I know how the old thing works."

"Thank heaven for your coming!" exclaimed the Ox.

"Oh, as to that, I can't stop. I'd like to, you know, but I am on my way to a farmers' convention, where the question of cutting pigs' tails off is to come up. I am to take the negative side. You see, you are but a single Ox, with a single broken leg, while the tails of a million pigs are to be decided within two hours. Ask the next comer."

The next was the Wolf, and when he had been made to understand the case he replied:

"You see, your leg is broken, and who ever heard of an Ox getting over a broken leg?"

"But I could get about on three legs."

"You could not work, and would only be an object of derision."

"Then you think—"

"No, no—I know. As you are in the ditch and can't get out, and as you have a broken leg which can never be mended, and as you are suffering pain which is needless, why—why—"

And the Wolf went down and feasted on him.

Moral.—Perhaps, after all, the best way is to knock our neighbor on the head when misfortune overtakes him.

The Judge and the Thief.

"Your honor," said the prisoner as he was being tried for killing a sheep, "I think you ought to take into consideration the fact that the sheep called me a liar before I struck him."

"But sheep do not talk," replied the judge.

"Then he bit me."

"But sheep do not bite."

"Then he must have kicked me."

"But sheep do not kick."

"Then I am sure he wounded me with his horns."

"But this was a ewe, and she had no horns."

"Well, if she didn't do anything else she thought I was a blackleg."

"But you could not possibly have known her thoughts."

"I see that this court is prejudiced against me and bound to send me up," said the prisoner, "and I will therefore close my remarks by saying that I mistook the sheep for a calf."

Moral.—He being an honest man in the toils of misfortune, of course he got five years. We are all liable to make such mistakes.

A Connoisseur.

"What do you think of that cigar I gave you, old man?" "I'm not thinking of it. I'm trying to forget it!"—Browning's Magazine.

Tit For Tat.

"Miss Bings," stammered the young man, "I called on you last night, did I not?" "What an odd question! Of course you did!"

"W-w-well, I just wanted to say that if I proposed to you I was drunk."

"To ease your mind I will say that if I accepted you I was crazy."—Philadelphia Record.

Love's Labor Lost.

"I evidently fed that girl too much taffy."

"Wouldn't she marry you?" "No. I praised her face, her figure and her charm of manner so assiduously that she has decided to go on the stage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Went Back on Her.

"God doesn't love me any more!" sobbed Mary to her mother one day. "Why, dear, God loves everybody! What do you mean?" "Oh, no; he doesn't love me, I'm sure, for I tried him with a daisy!"—Metropolitan Magazine.

Too Trifling.

Candidate—You know me. I wouldn't steal a pin. The Voter—Of course not. The market value of a pin is too insignificant to bother with.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Sunset Kind.

"You say he is prominent?" "Yes; in a way." "What makes him prominent?" "I think it's his vest."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Moving Picture. They met in New York; They wed in Chicago; They lived in St. Paul; Then came the embargo. They quit in Duluth. He did he know? Did she know? He went to Spokane; She finished in Reno. —Boston Herald.

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