The NEW PLAYS

"The Richest Girl" a Chocolate Play With a Pretty Actress.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

"A LITTLE deficiency there," prattles Benjamine, tapping her own empty head, but meaning Paul's all the time. She puts the case mildly. Benjamine is a ninny and Paul is a nincompoop. She finally admits that she hasn't much sense, but adds that it exasperates her to meet a person who has less sense than she has.

All this might be amusing were it not for the fact that the actors at the Criterion Theatre seem to realize that they are making fools of themselves. If they could manage to take themselves seriously, if they could play farce as though they didn't mean it, people on the sane side of the footlights might be able to laugh away their possible fears of softening of the brain.

Marie Doro as Benjamine.

"The Richest Girl" is a mental pauper. This nonsense was taken from the French, and sent to the cleaner's for Miss Marie Doro, a small actress with large eyes that would look well in musical comedy if Mr. Charles Frohman only knew it. But Miss Doro has evidently set her heart on "acting," and so in her kittenish way she has been given another ball of yarn to play with while the musical comedy stage waits for her in vain.

What Paul Gavault's trifle was like in its original form only the French and Mr. Michael Morton know. And Mr. Morton refuses to tell. He has made it so harmless that it could be played in the nursery without causing fond mothers the slightest alarm. It is baby food that seems to have been written with a spoon.

Miss Billie Burke might bubble as the silly Benjamine. Miss Doro merely babbles. You are told that the little daughter of the rich "Chocolate King" comes to Paul's house in the country from a broken-down automobile, but she sounds as though she had just come from the cradle. Rock-a-bye, baby, in the milksop! Poor Paul doesn't know enough to know a pretty girl when he sees one in his house at the hour when grave folks yawn. But his artist friend Felix sees an opportunity to paint the "Chocolate King" for all he's worth once the road to acquaintance is open, and so, like a good, business-like artist, he goes out and punctures another tire. This done, Benjamine promptly goes to bed in Paul's room, leaving her ungracious host to sleep off his troubles in a highly moral chair. Pleasant dreams, but oh, what a difference in the morning!

Paul's fiancee and her father arrive before breakfast has become an established fact, and while Paul is upstairs making himself beautiful in white flannels Benjamine welcomes his guests with cheering words that make Florise faint and her father suspicious. So away they go more in doubt than in sorrow.

Now, good children, it so happens that Paul is a governmental clerk under the father of Florise, and so when Benjamine goes to his office and sits herself down to his boiled ham at the luncheon hour you can readily see that Florise is due for another fainting fit and her angry parent for quite a different kind of fit. Benjamine's appetite for boiled ham cooks Paul's bacon. He loses both Florise and his job.

Orrin Johnson as Paul.

Ah, what a selfish world this is, little ones! Paul tells Benjamine that she is just as selfish as she can be—so there! She is full of regret and boiled ham, and suddenly she realizes that she loves not only Paul's simple food but simple Paul himself. She is a sugar-cured soul, dear child, and she fain would hie herself to a nunnery. Indeed she is dressed for the convent in the last act when she comes to Felix's studio to see if she can recognize the portrait of her father. The Vicomte she was to marry has arranged to support the fainting lady through life and Paul is trying to get a job as a motorman. Benjamine is sad. Her once sweet life has turned to bitter chocolate. Bye-bye, vain world! She will go to the convent. But when Paul becomes almost human and remarks that he would like to kiss her good-bye she goes to his arms and decides to stay there.

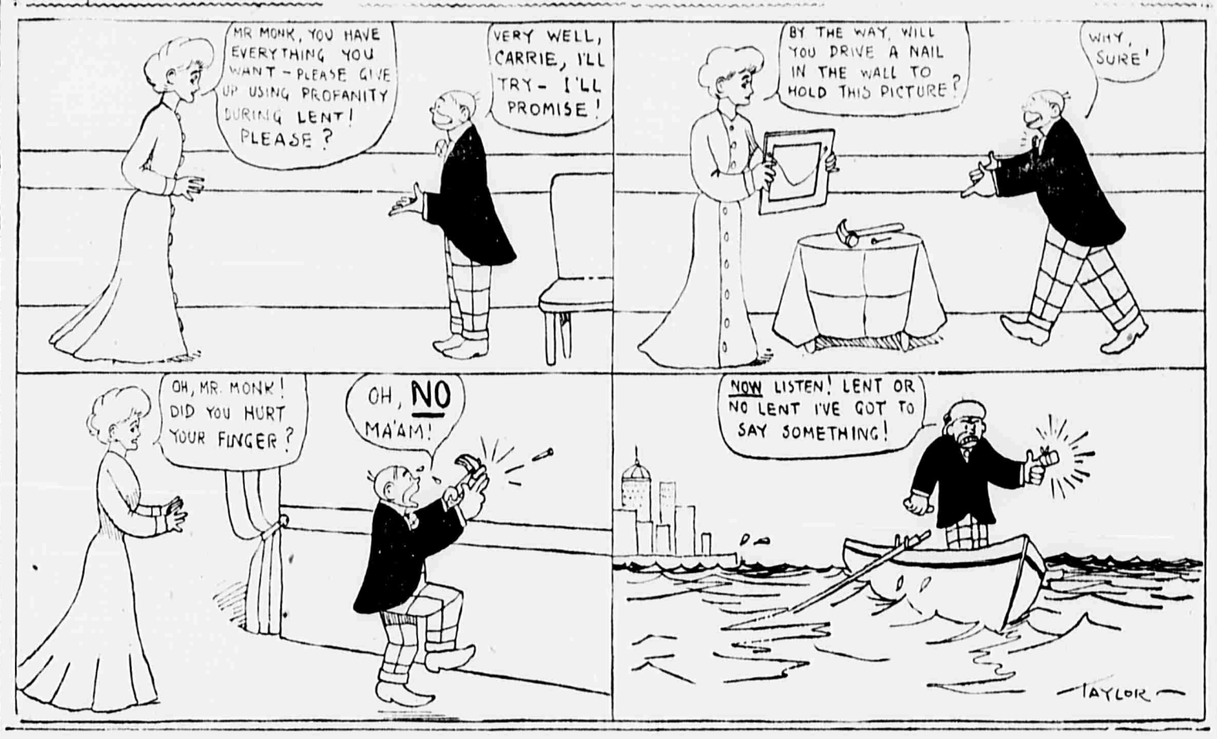
This chocolate play with its fudge acting is made hopelessly infantile by Miss Doro's babbling attempts to be a spoiled darling. She is prettier than ever, but mere prettiness can scarcely be expected to reconcile an audience to piffle.

Mr. Orrin Johnson softens himself to the half-baked role of Paul with sad results, but Mr. Frederic Eric succeeds in making the artist an amiable chap. Mr. Fred Tiden does a neat bit of work as the Vicomte, who is so grateful when he gets Florise that out of the fulness of his heart he says "We shall name our first child Paul." Mr. Louis Massen faces his own picture bravely as the "Chocolate King" and really deserves better treatment. The other father is well acted by Mr. Frank Burbeck.

But every one, with the exception of Miss Doro, seems to recognize the utter absurdity of "The Richest Girl." It's a play for the young—the very young.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen

CLARENCE L. CULLEN

LINGERIE may not serve as bait for menhaden, but it will catch most men.

When you hear a wife boast that she hasn't an ounce of jealousy in her composition, don't laugh boisterously right before her. Wait till you get out of range. She may think she means it, at that.

Example of Feminine Unreasonableness: A wife who, after "greasing" her face for the night, eats pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut in plain view of her imaginative husband and then expects him to be ardent.

Most married women detest the idea of bachelor apartments, but they indulge in a lot of wondering about them, at that.

The prettiest woman on Broadway on that windy day last week had a hole the size of a silver dollar in one of her champagne-colored silk stockings. The men felt sorry for her, but the women laughed. Some of the women who laughed also had perfectly visible holes in their stockings.

The reason why she reads aloud to you the list of the wealthy bride's lingerie trousseau is to show you what a tightwad you are for not getting her the same kind of stuff.

A sure-enough tactful wife will wait until the coffee comes around, anyhow, before telling her husband at dinner about the "heavenly eyes" of the actor person she saw at the matinee.

Some women have a sufficient sense of humor to chortle inwardly when their lovers or husbands—synonymous terms in this case—place them on pedestals.

The modern woman's idea of an "allowance" for herself is this: All that is left of the roll after the rent and household expenses have been paid.

When a man's little old carefully concealed dreams and illusions are all warped out of shape through constant contiguity to the selfishness and greed of his home, his wife calls him "callous."

A woman imagines that she's the dandy little homemaker all right, all right, when she buys her husband a new green velour Morris chair on the instalment plan.

No woman ever becomes so outlandishly fat that she doesn't imagine that her husband takes ecstatic delight in having her plump herself into his lap.

If you must stop and gaze at a corsetiere's window display, don't capitulate by looking hangdog about it. They gaze at haberdashers' window displays, you know.

Familiar Quotation (at the theatre): "Doesn't that woman in the lefthand lower box look a perfect frump and dowdy!"

It doesn't make any difference how "perfectly sweet" her face may be nor how "lovely and gray" her hair, the spectacle of a woman of fifty or so in a decollete gown has a distinctly unpleasant effect upon normal men.

She'll laugh gaily with you about those new cabriolet or peach-basket hats, but she'll sting you for the price of one of them, all the same.

Why is it that when a woman puts on one of those hang-from-the-shoulders Empire gowns she begins to sort of float around like a bell-buoy or a figure in a Burne-Jones picture?

A tigress licks her chops when the keeper approaches her cage with the raw meat. A woman furtively moistens her lips when she catches a man looking at her. What's the answer?

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By H. Coultaus

The Subway Bun

This Time He Sees the Passing of the Southern Gentleman

By Lindsay Denison.

LINDSAY DENISON.

"IT was just one of those grand old Grand Central rush hours on the subway," said the Subway Bun. "You know how it is on a ship at sea: A quartermaster steps up to the captain and says: 'Eight bells, sir!' meaning he has reason to believe that it is 12 o'clock. 'Make it so!' says the captain, meaning that it has his permission to be 12 o'clock. It was rush hour at the Grand Central subway station, all right, but no one had 'made it so.' So all the hired men in uniform were sitting back as usual in the backs of the booths with the ticket windows closed. All except two. One of them was our hero.

"He was working 120 seconds to the minute. There are about 700 nervous, bad-tempered people in two long snake lines crowding up. The muss gets worse and worse, and the lines get longer and madder. Just at this point the other ticket seller looks up at the clock, pushes back his chair, slips the slide over his ticket window and quits.

"In about six seconds our lantern-jawed hero has both lines converging on his window and shoving for it like two classes in a college rush. Old Lantern Jaws grits his teeth and flips coins in and tickets and change out like a threshing machine. I'm standing off admiring. I'm no athlete. I'm nothing but a poor little philosopher, Frank McIntyre size, and I'd rather watch things than be on time at my office, any day.

Then real trouble arrives in the shape of a Professional Southerner. You know the kind; born in South Norwalk, bred in South Brooklyn, and works in a South Fifth avenue pool-room; whose conversation is limited to his love for the unwritten law and to his hate for 'niggers;' who talks Baltimore on his second drink, Houston, Texas, on his fifth, and Bangor, Maine, on his tenth; who rises and makes a noise like a tomcat when the orchestra plays 'Dixie'—and then hears 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' and wants to know what that new tune is; wears a Simon Legree hat, a Washington Square table d'hote tie and a Paul Armstrong goatee; always calls for 'bo'bun w'iskey, sah,' and makes a face when he really gets it. That kind.

"Well, he overlooks the seething mass with petulant and aristocratic scorn and wades into it with elbows, knees and toes. He steps on women's dresses and old men's feet; the lines of people turn into a perfectly good and mad human whirlpool. Everybody except the Professional Southerner gets into a row with everybody else for pushing. He gets to the window under cover of the turmoil and puts down a five dollar bill and says: 'One!'

"Our hero shoves a ticket over to a woman who has been shouldered one side. He protects it so that the Professional Southerner is foiled in an attempt to grab it.

"'I was here before that woman,' snorts the Professional Southerner.

"'One side, sir!' says our hero. 'Go to the end of the line, please!'

"'I tell you, sah,' yells the Professional Southerner, 'I was hyer fust! I know mah rights!'

"'One side!' says our lantern-jawed hero.

"'Do you mean to dispute mah wo'd, sah!' howls the Professional Southerner. 'You do, eh? I'd have you know sah, I'm a Southern Gentleman, sah! Yo' cyarn't talk to me like that, sah!'

"There was a quick, sweet smile on the ticket man's weary face. He put his face close to the opening and says, low and cool:

"'Oh, you're a Southern Gentleman, are you? Now, if you'll kindly wait just six seconds right where you are I'll come out and give you just as good a licking as though you were a Northern Gentleman!'

"He slammed the ticket window shut and jumped to the door. But before he was out the Professional Southerner's black coattails were flapping up the stairs to the street.

"That's why, some time when things are dull at the Grand Central, I want to drop in there and shake our hero by his honest right hand. This community owes him a lot."

My "Cycle of Readings,"

By Count Tolstoy.

—Translated by Herman Bernstein.—

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(Copyrighted by Herman Bernstein.)

The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's original comments on the subject.

COUNT TOLSTOY

Immortality.

MAR. 3.

THE younger and the less thoughtful a man is the more he believes in the material side of things. The older and wiser a man is the more he realizes the foundation of the world in the spiritual side of things.

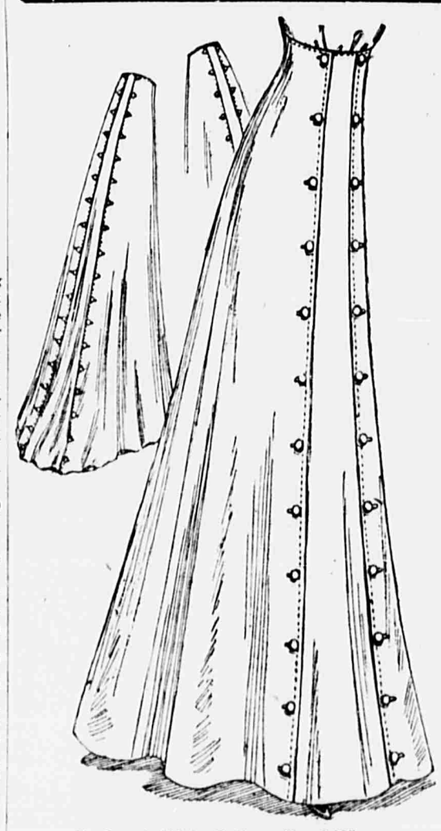
LOOK at the sky and at the earth and think: "All this is transient—the mountains and the rivers and the various forms of life and the products of nature, all of which are perishable." As soon as you have attained such a state of the soul there will be light in your soul.—Buddhist Saying.

THE most powerful thing in the world is that which is not seen, nor heard, nor felt physically.—Lao-Tse.

WORK and believe that you are not mortal; only your body is mortal. You are not the man your person represents; you are a spiritual being, and not the being that can be pointed out with the finger. Therefore, you should know that you are a divine being, since the spirit within you moves, feels, recalls, foresees, directs and guides your body, over which it is stationed even as the Supreme Being over the world. And as the eternal God guides the universe, so the immortal spirit guides your weak body.—Cicero.

ONLY after one has freed himself from the deception of the feelings that regard the physical world as the important and only existing world can a man understand his true purpose and fulfil it.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Six-Gored Skirt—Pattern No. 6,267.

THE skirt that gives a panel effect at the front and at the back is one of the latest to have appeared, and it has the very great merit of suiting both the simple costume of street wear and the dressy one with long skirt. This model can be treated in either way and also allows a choice of the Empire or natural waist line. In the illustration it is made from one of the new materials known as wool satin and is trimmed with buttons, but it makes a charming model for the thinner, lighter fabrics of indoor wear, such as pongee and foulard, crepe de chine, crepe meteore and the like, and it can be trimmed with buttons and simulated buttonholes, as in this instance, or in any way that fancy may suggest.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 11 yards 21 or 24, 8 yards 32 or 4 7-8 yards 44 inches wide, width of skirt at lower edge 4 1-8 yards.

Pattern No. 6,267 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

Augustus Thomas's Great Play, "The Witching Hour,"

Turned by the Playwright Into a Great Serial Story

(Copyright, 1908, by Augustus Thomas.)

The Witching Hour

By Augustus Thomas

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jack Brookfield, a Louisville (Ky.) gambler, gives a supper at his rooms. His guests are his sister, Mrs. Campbell; his niece, Viola; his former sweetheart, Mrs. Whipple, and her son Clay (who loves Viola) and Frank Hardmuth, a local lawyer. Hardmuth proposes to Viola and is snubbed. Brookfield becomes aware of a subtle power he possesses whereby he can influence the gaze of others. He sees and is strangely interested in Justice Prentice, who explains to him this power. Denning, a rich spendthrift, comes to the house for a game of poker. Clay, finding himself alone with Viola, proposes and is accepted. Jack renews his old-time suit for Mrs. Whipple's hand. As he refuses to give up gambling, she rejects him. Clay, tormented by Denning, strikes the latted dead with a heavy paper knife. Clay is tried and found guilty. His counsel's demand for a new trial is about to be refused by Justice Prentice when Brookfield calls on Prentice at Washington and introduces Mrs. Whipple and Viola. Mrs. Whipple is the daughter of the Justice's boyhood sweetheart.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

A Breath From the Past.

THE old Justice leaned back in his chair; over his face there passed in turn astonishment, perplexity, tenderness.

"Why, I was just speaking of her to Justice Henderson, who went out as you came in—you remember?"

He appealed with animation to Brookfield, who nodded assent. His audience of three hung almost breathlessly on his words.

"Her picture dropped from the table here—this miniature." He took the ivory portrait in his hand affectionately. "Margaret Price gave it to me herself. And you"—his tender old eyes lifted to Helen's, his voice trembled and dropped to a lower key—"and you are her daughter?"

"Yes, Mr. Justice."

"Yes, yes; I can see the likeness. At twenty you must have looked very like this miniature." He handed the portrait to Helen.

"I have photographs of myself that are very like this," Helen said, handing the picture to Jack. As he and Viola studied it together, Helen turned to the Justice, pursuing the topic that had begun so auspiciously.

"And you say you were speaking of her just now?"

"Not five minutes ago."

"What were you saying of her?"

Brookfield put the miniature down on the table and waited for the answer. The Justice hesitated strangely, but once launched on his confession he spoke rapidly.

"Well, I was saying that the old bodices were a more civilized article of apparel than the modern substitute for them, madam. Don't you agree with me?"

"I don't think it an important question, Mr. Justice," Helen returned, without coquetry, yet in a tone that implied appreciation of the pleasantry suggested by the comparison.

"I trust you don't think it an impertinent one?" The courtly old Kentuckian was on his feet immediately with a gesture of deference both to Helen and Viola that would have disarmed any inclination to criticism.

"Oh, no," Helen hastened to assure him.

"But be seated, please," the Justice urged Viola, who was still standing by her uncle. "I am really delighted that you called—delighted." The old man beamed.

"Even at such an hour?" Helen ventured.

"At any hour." The tender sincerity of his voice was unmistakable. "Margaret Price was a very dear friend of mine. And to think you are her daughter!" Prentice took the autograph-book from the table again, scanning the note which more than filled the first page of the paper. "And this letter—1860! What's this?" He had turned a leaf.

"Oh, don't touch that!" Helen exclaimed, half rising as she said so; "it will break. It's only a dry spray of mignonette pinned to the note when you sent it."

"A spray of mignonette," Prentice repeated, musingly. He half lifted the volume of Bret Harte from which he had read to Justice Henderson earlier in the evening.

"It was my mother's favorite flower and perfume," Helen explained.

"I remember." The Justice's expression relaxed in baffled weariness. He turned to Brookfield. "Well, well, this is equally astonishing!"

"Do you remember the letter?" Jack asked him.

"Perfectly."

"And the circumstance it alludes to?" Brookfield's voice almost shook with eagerness.

"Yes," Prentice answered simply; "it was the work of a romantic boy." Turning to Helen, he said: "I—I was very fond of your mother, Mrs."—He paused in an attempt to recall her name; then, remembering that he had not heard it, said pleasantly: "By-the-way, you haven't told me your name."

"Never mind that now," Helen begged; "let me be Margaret Price's daughter for the present."

"Very well," Prentice agreed. He returned to the subject of the letter, addressing all three of his visitors. "This was a little scratch of a duel—they've gone out of fashion now, I'm thankful to say."

"Do you remember the cause of this one?" Helen asked.

"Yes. Henry Boland had worried Margaret some way. She was frightened, I think, and fainted."

"And you struck him?"

"Yes, and he challenged me."

"I've heard mother tell it. Do you remember what frightened her?"

"I don't believe I do—does the letter say?" Again the Justice turned to the book.

"No," said Helen, evidently anxious to distract his attention from the book. "Try to think."

"Was it a snake or a toad?" the Justice pondered.

"No—a jewel."

"A jewel? I remember now—a cat's-eye—a cat's-eye jewel, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes, yes." Helen covered her eyes with her handkerchief and bowed her head upon the table.

Viola came to her side in a surge of sympathy and laid her hand gently on Helen's shoulder.

Justice Prentice was at a loss to understand the cause of her sudden tears. Had he inadvertently touched some ancient wound?

"My dear madam, it seems to be a very emotional subject with you," he said, tentatively.

"It is." Helen raised her wet eyes to his face. "I've hoped so you would remember it. On the cars I was praying all the way that you would remember it, and you do—you do." Helen leaned over the table pleading, eager, straining for his answer.

"I do—yes," he assured her.

"Compose yourself, dear," Viola whispered to Helen, her arms about her; "remember what depends on it."

"It is evidently something in which I can aid you," Prentice said, gently.

"It is. And you will?"

"There is nothing I would not do for a daughter of Margaret Price. You are in mourning, dear lady; is it for"—

"For my son."

The Justice turned apologetically to Jack, as if he would spare her.

"How long has he been dead?"

"He is not dead, Justice Prentice!" Helen cried, her voice rising with emotion. "My boy, the grandson of Margaret Price, is under sentence of death." She rose from her chair.

"Sentence of death?" In a moment Justice Prentice had recovered the judicial mantle of his office and was on guard.

"Yes; I am the mother of Clay Whipple"—

"But, madam"—

"He is to die. I come"—

"Stop!" Prentice commanded, sternly. "You forget yourself." He retreated with great gravity toward the door of his private apartment. "The case of Whipple is before the Supreme Court of the United States. I am a member of that body—I cannot listen to you."

"You must," Helen followed him.

"You are prejudicing his chances," Prentice went on, imperatively rather than in explanation. "You are making it necessary for me to rule against him." And then in a tone of more human appeal: "My dear madam, for the sake of your boy, do not do this. It is unlawful—without dignity or precedent." He turned upon Brookfield, whom he evidently held responsible for this painful interview. "If the lady were not the mother of the boy, I should call your conduct base."

"But she is his mother," Viola interjected.

"And, Justice Prentice, I am the daughter of the woman you loved," Helen said.

"I beg you to be silent." The Justice put his hand on the door-knob.

"Won't you hear us for a moment?" Jack temporized, feeling that the opportunity they had counted on so much was slipping from them.

"I cannot—I dare not. I must leave you."

"Why?" The question came from Viola.

"I have explained," the Justice hurried on, in his indignation; "the matter is before the Court—for me to hear you would be corrupt."

"I won't talk of the question before your Court." Helen's intuition seized the one possible plea for a hearing. "That, our attorneys tell us, is a constitutional point."

"That is its attitude."

"I will not talk of that. I wish to speak of this letter."

"You can listen to that, can't you, Mr. Justice?" Jack pleaded.

(To Be Continued.)

"The Man From Home," a stirring story of love and adventure adapted from the successful play of the same name, will begin serial publication in Thursday's Evening World.