

"WE SPOIL MANY GOOD HORSE-SHOERS MAKING POOR ACTORS" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"My sister Mame's thinkin' of goin' on the stage," said the Head Bellboy of the St. Reckless, with a layer of family pride in his voice. "That ought to be fine and nutritious so long as she takes it out thinkin'," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Yes, but Mame's goin' all right," said the Head Bellboy, "just as soon as she kin decide on a good stage name. Mom wants her to call herself Dainty Evelyn Sinclair, cause nobod'y'd ever think anybody called Sinclair was really named Monahan, but Mame kinder likes Madge Lloyd, the Merry Madcap. One of the fellers that boards at our house suggested to her that she might call herself Varie Lloyd, insid' of Madge, seeing as she was about to break out in a cold sweat yet exactly what he meant but, anyway, that's what he said. Mame's goin' to decide on the name first and then she's goin' around to see all the great prominent managers and the one that offers her the most money she'll take him."

"That'll be grand," said the Hotel Clerk. "Will your sister start the season?"

"That ain't been settled yet," answered the Head Bellboy. "Mom thinks she oughter start right off. Mom is strong for them shows where you see on Third avenue where the heroine is bound fast to the tracks, and just as the stage hands is about to run over her with a pastebord locomotive, her faithful dog comes runnin' out and gnaws her loose or somethin' like that. Mom's great for them shows with trained animals in 'em. She's always been sorry she didn't get to see 'The Lion and the Mouse.' And when the comic Dutchman smashes the deputy villain in the eye with a property friid sig and then comes down and says with your kind permission he'll now sing the Bermuda love song, entitled, 'She Lost Her Love Because She Wouldn't Eat Onions.' When she tries to breathe her Love, He Turnt' Away,' it gets an awful scream out of Mom. So she wants Mame to play melodramas, but Mame, she says they ain't refined enough. She says Mom's ideals is common. Anyhow, she thinks maybe she'll be a soubrette in a musical show the first year or two while she's gettin' herself established. Girls in musical shows wear the swell regalia, Mame says, and they don't have to do much but sing and dance and stall around with the comedian, and more'n half the time they sing off some splendid young Yale feller that's got a millionaire for a father, and after that they don't do a thing but ride around in gourds and eat Chinese food, and get smoothed in fried orchids and candied violets and them fancy steaks that costs \$3 a throw."

"Chateaubriand," suggested the Hotel Clerk.

"Sure, that's it—Shorty Broad," said the Head Bellboy, "only I don't know what they wanted to name an expensive dish like that for a prize fighter, when there's so many beef steaks that ain't named at all. But Mame's there with the fancy language, all right. She can talk that table dote stuff just like it belonged to her."

"Has she got natural talent?" asked the Hotel Clerk.

"Wheer it comes to natural talent, she's there with a bob-sled," said the Head Bellboy. "Nearly every night several of the other families in the house come over to our flat just to hear Mame recite. She's been studyin' under one of them fellers up at Carnegie Hall that teaches electrocution on the premises or easy lessons by mail; and at his graduatin' exercises next week she's goin' to recite a special selection called 'The Chariot Race' from 'Ben Hirsch.' Mom's made her a costume out of this here white cheesecloth and she wears a lot of gilt curtain chains on her wrists and arms and wraps ribbons in her hair until it looks like her head was tied up with a string and the goes great. Mame says just let Klaw & Erlanger hear her recite that selection once with her chains all rattlin' like eleigh-bells, and there'll be no more to it. I guess she won't have much trouble gettin' ready."

"They never do in the theatrical line," stated the Hotel Clerk, "enterin' almost any other profession requires preparation. All over this country next week, there'll be thousands and thousands of bright young girls coming out on a platform in white dresses carrying essays with blue ribbons tied 'round them, entitled 'Opening the Oyster We Call the World,' or else 'Beyond the Alps Lies Italy,' wheer it frequently does lie, especially about the grade of olive oil it sends us and a few other things. And, at the same time and place, an awful lot of bright boys will be on hand in their new black diagonals, not knowin' just exactly



what to do with their hands and feet for the time being, but ready to inform their parents and friends in the audience and the members of the School Board and Common Council sitting in the boxes, how to win success in the business world. But on the Tuesday following, those bright young girls will start in beating the vital spark out of a typewriter for five per, and the boy vaudeville artists will take a job marking queensware crates for thirty bones a month, but after the second year they'll be raised to thirty-five and allowed to make out an invoice. It also takes preparation to learn the art of laying bricks, and even a piano-mover is expected to serve an apprenticeship smashing baggage at a depot, or something like that, so's to accustom himself to the sound of things breaking. But if a young person makes up his or her mind to be an actor or actress, there doesn't have to be any preliminary stages. They just hop right in the same as your sister Mame and be it."

"Still, Mame thinks influence counts for a heap unless you're right there with the real talent," said the head Bellboy. "There's a newly always somebody with a strong drag in the profession that's willing to help out," said the Hotel Clerk.

"You can generally find a friend that knows a man that's intimat with a party once an knowledge has pulled out of this old dump of a world, and goes back to such an extent that she's getting groggy and hanging onto the ropes. While she has been hitting it up with the long strides in one respect, she has slumped something frightful in a more important factor. And let me tell you that it's a slump that has butted into every institution of the Nation. The mollycoddle germ is gnawing at our vitals, and take it from me, this mollycoddle slush that is becoming splattered all over the map is sapping a thundering lot of good out of baseball. The national game is a mirror that reflects human nature more than any other institution, because it has to lean on the public for support, and is, in fact, ruled by the nature of its audiences. And you can take my tip that the general slump in human nature has butted into baseball and is reducing it more and more every year toward the croquet and ping-pong class."

"Every day there's a lot of sentimental slop about 'dirty baseball' and 'rowdy players' dumped into the public trough by a bunch of mollycoddle newspapers, and the rules have been juggled around by a bunch of mollycoddle managers on the rules committee till the game is



RECITING THE CHARIOT RACE FROM "BEN HIRSCH"



THE COMMON COUNCIL SITTING IN A BOX.

not deny that. I understand there's a conspiracy on the part of some of these stars like Crane and Gillette and Maude Adams to frown down the newcomers and discourage them. I guess maybe they're afraid of their jobs, because there's hardly a graduate of a dramatic school anywhere that's not able to point out to these old-timers where they're away off reading their lines. Talk about your carping critics for the newspapers. These young Battling Booths and Young Kid Garricks that have just escaped from the Flatburg School of Expression are there with the carping thing like a German carp.

"I know one case, Hops, that illustrates what I'm telling you. She came from the same town I did, and she was a young Nazimova with the shucks on. She was an awful hit out home. The way she did 'The Volunteer Organist' for the musical recital of the Congregational Church, there wasn't a dry eye in the house; and she came here with a notice in her suitcase from the Weekly Clarion saying that her work as Juliet in the well-known play of that name, and Romeo, at the performance given by local amateurs for the benefit of the Soldiers' Monument Fund had Ellen Terry looking like a mango pickle, or words to that effect. It was freely predicted that inside of six months after she struck New York Madam Kalish would be looking for a job sewing on hooks and eyes."

"But it seemed there was competition in her particular line, which was tragedy, right from the start. Besides her, there were two other coming Mary Andersons that got off the day-coach, and one got off the Pullman. It seems like every train stopping at the flag-stations must bring them in. And then, there's the local output, such as your sister Mame, constantly growing up. So what chance would the present favorites have if they didn't keep the bars up?"

"Well, this girl from my home town didn't find any of the managers waiting for her at the depot with a hired hack and a blank contract, although she'd written to several in advance apprising them as to when she might be expected in. And it was quite some time before she really began to attract attention. The folks at Junction City couldn't understand it, until she wrote home and said it was a case here in New York where blatant mediocrity had true merit crowded into a hall-bedroom, sitting in the top tray of her trunk of an evening and breathing deep sighs down the air-shaft. But finally, news came that she's landed, and a delegation of her relatives from home came up to see her in her first metropolitan engagement. But they

didn't see her till during the first big ensemble light after the prima donna came on and the back row of girls swung down around and crossed over in front. But they recognized her right off, because she wasn't wearing anything much except an ankle bracelet and about enough pink silk to make a small book-mark in one of those gift books like you give the teacher of the out-look on his birthday. She explained to the home-folks afterward that in the excitement of the opening performance the girls forgot most of their clothes, and just what you might call a lapsus-lingerie!"

"But once she got started she went right ahead. Why, Hops, it wasn't two years from that time till she was being featured as the Girl with the Fireproof Skin in Stockboos' Street Carnival."

"What's the best way to get the proper start on the start-off?" asked the Head Bellboy.

"The best way is to make a loud, piercing sound," said the Hotel Clerk.

"An ordinary person stops a car by waving an umbrella at it. But in this town, the truly wise person gets out and waves a Persian rug and is talked about. The lowly violet that blushes under a man's eye and is just as long as it keeps on being lowly, the modest beginner must start at the bottom and then work hard to maintain the position. The canny party demands the top berth and gets it."

"It is well to remember that the National flower in these parts is the fromage de brie, and it's the ballyhoo that does the work. Leastwise, that's the only way I can account for those of those that are prominently before the public at this writing. Otherwise, why should we fall for a marketing idol who parts his hair down the middle with a safety razor and reaches the height of his art when he has a frock coat that doesn't wrinkle under the arm pits as he clasps the leading lady to, or toward him?"

Why also, if this is not the case, should a musical comedy lady wear a penurious figure, who don't display anything except courage when she puts on short clothes, be able, nevertheless, to win our loud plaudits? You'd think judging on form alone, as it were, that the only thing she merited was honorable mention in the dispatches from the front for conspicuous daring. Any time she played 'Lady Audley's Secret' in walking skirts, Lady Audley would look her fatal secret as soon as the audience got a peek at her ankles and she has a voice about as strong and clear as chipmunks, but, having, as she does, a capable press agent, we gladly welcome her froe-box intruder, and a delegation of her relatives from home came up to see her in her first metropolitan engagement. But they

sister that wanted to act?" asked the Head Bellboy.

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, "if I had a female relative that had an ambition to go on the stage, I'd find out first if she was willing and quick to learn and talented."

"And then what?" said the Head Bellboy.

"And then I'd have her taught plain sewing," said the Hotel Clerk. "We've already spoiled too many possible horse-shoers and potential seamstresses in this country making poor actresses out of them."

Some Monarchs Who Are in Business

It is popularly supposed that all industrial "kings" come from America, but Europe can still boast a few records, and among them is the production of real, genuine business monarchs. For instance, the Kaiser is the proprietor of a most important porcelain factory at Cadinen, and, as might be expected, he does not delegate the duties to others. The general conduct of the establishment is based on the Kaiser's own rules; he engages employees himself, and even goes so far as to design some of the wares sent out from the factory. As befitting one of his rank, His Majesty is a model employer, and sees to the comforts of his men, providing them with cottages and pensions, besides giving them a share in the profits, the latter being estimated at \$10,000 a year.

But the Kaiser is only one of many monarchs who have gone into trade. King Peter of Serbia is perhaps the most unconventional of them all, for he runs a barber's shop, owns a patent medicine and conducts a motor car agency in his capital.

The reigning Prince of Lippe-Detmold deals in butter and eggs, while a prosperous brick factory swells his profits. The King of Wurtemberg is the proprietor of two hotels in his kingdom, and they add \$10,000 a year to His Majesty's revenue.

The Emperor of Austria owns a china-ware factory in Vienna, which is one of the most famous in the world, and employs over 1000 skilled workmen. The King of Saxony conducts a similar business, though on a much smaller scale, but, according to report, trade is increasing, so His Majesty need not keep "awake o' nights" wondering if his travelers are fit for their jobs.

Greatest of royal tradesmen, however, is the much-abused Leopold of Belgium. One of the most astute financiers either in Europe or America, His Majesty quickly saw the possibilities of investing in the Congo rubber trade, and aided by his position, he invested large sums of money, until in due course a great tract of most valuable land came under his control. Altogether, it is stated, Leopold has sunk \$5,000,000 in the Congo, and his profits being something like 20 per cent, he was able to work out his annual returns. When things began to get gloomy the astute monarch let a few select American millionaires have a finger in the pie, but J. Pierpont Morgan and his fellows got very little out of Leopold, who has a genius for acting the parts of King and tradesman at the same time, utilizing the prestige of one to swell his profits as the other.

Queen Carmen Sylva is the only working journalist among the crowned heads of Europe, but for His Majesty has within late years added a bookseller's shop to the affairs of her state. This may be seen in Bucharest, and is the leading house in the trade.

The Queen of Portugal has a chemist's shop in Lisbon, registered in her own name. Unlike the various other businesses enumerated in this article, the Lisbon establishment is conducted solely in the interests of charity, and consequently when the Queen attends to the wants of her subjects, she usually often makes up prescriptions herself—she is working in a good cause, and need fear no criticism.—Tit-Bits.

Conversations with an Old Sport

IN WHICH HE TALKS AT LENGTH ON THE "MOLLYCODDLE AGE."

BY JIM NASCIUM.

"No," continued the Old Sport, "you can take it from me that in spite of all this slush about it being the age of progress, this old dump of a world has shot her bolt, and she's slumping down the hill of progress so blamed fast that if she doesn't stick her toe nails into the dirt and grab something mighty quick she'll be hitting the grit at the foot of the precipice."

"Now, I'm no calamity howler, and I'm not saying that there isn't a thundering lot of truth in the dope that 'the world is getting weaker and wiser.' But the great trouble is that it is getting the blamed sight weaker than it is wiser. It is getting so thundering top-heavy that it is beginning to get bow-legged and humpbacked holding up the world. And you can take my tip that if this 'weaker and wiser' stunt keeps on developing the finish will be just about the same as it would be if you dumped the house and chucked all the weight on the top story without putting in a good foundation and strong props in the lower works. Some morning he's going to wake up in the cellar with an awful weight of ruined mansion on his chest. What this little old world needs more than anything else is a little stiffing run up its backbone to hold its head up. For this last half century or so, while the world has been working overtime putting the interior decorations and the Queen Ann gables on the top story, the mollycoddle germ has bored into the pillars like a wood tick and put the whole structure on the blink. The time was, away back in the mellow past, when our forefather was shooting the noble red man out of his turnip patch in order to get a chance to club his breakfast off the trees, that there wasn't quite so much attention paid to finishing up the interior of the attic, and the upper stories of Uncle Sam's little village may not have been chucked so

Full of artistic trimmings and mental frescos of brain goods, and the attic of the nation may not have been stored so full of dops concerning the sciences and the plot of the mollycoddle. Some come right down to cases you can't shove it into me that the moral and physical supports of the nation's structure weren't a blamed sight more slumped in the pioneer days than they are in this age of alleged progress."

"But we were talking baseball, Dag," replied the manager of the team. "My argument is that baseball has progressed. Your argument has nothing to do with the game at all."

"We'll get to that on schedule time, old man, don't you worry," replied the Old Sport. "Just now I'm showing you that in spite of all these spurs that set the plot of the Nation on the mollycoddle slush that is pulling out of this old dump of a world, and goes back to such an extent that she's getting groggy and hanging onto the ropes. While she has been hitting it up with the long strides in one respect, she has slumped something frightful in a more important factor. And let me tell you that it's a slump that has butted into every institution of the Nation. The mollycoddle germ is gnawing at our vitals, and take it from me, this mollycoddle slush that is becoming splattered all over the map is sapping a thundering lot of good out of baseball. The national game is a mirror that reflects human nature more than any other institution, because it has to lean on the public for support, and is, in fact, ruled by the nature of its audiences. And you can take my tip that the general slump in human nature has butted into baseball and is reducing it more and more every year toward the croquet and ping-pong class."

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McGraw, Jennings, Kid Gleason and that Baltimore bunch used to sit in front of the clubhouse and file their spikes where the visiting players could see them.

order of human accomplishments that gets the goat of your true American sport like the ability to panic in a strong bluff and get away with it. The big, husky guy who can lick his weight in wildcats may excite admiration, but the savvy old runt who can bluff the heart out of greater odds by sheer force of mental strength and courage and win out where he has no license to on comparison of physical powers—there's the little guy who has his true American doffing his lid. The bluff is a Simon pure American institution, and American history is splattered all over it. Joe Wheeler won the battle of Santiago on a bluff when it looked as if the Dagoes had us going. And let me tell you that when you try to read the American public, not only the corner-stones of the Nation. And when a bunch of rubber spined dubs get at sticking a lot of rules in an American sport that will put a crimp in the noble art of bluffing, you can take it from me that it is the entering wedge of the mollycoddle germ into that sport. And when the American public not only stands for this sentimental slush but actually applauds it, it gives me a pretty strong hunch that we're butting into a national doozy."

"And you can take my tip that just what is coming off now in baseball. They are screwing the lid down tighter each season on the coffin which contains all that is left of the once great American institution of bluff. I'm not saying that the game isn't more popular with the masses today than it ever was, but it's more popular simply because the mollycoddle element of the public is in the majority."

"In this advanced age of mollycoddle progress, if a guy with some of the old time fire and pepper of the McGraws, the Gleasons, the Jennings, etc., butts into the game the umpires and the big league managers keep his feet hot hitting the grit to the clubhouse, and he's under suspension so blamed much of his time that he grows out of his uniform between

games, and a lot of mollycoddle sheets around the circuit roast him and advertise him as a thing and a sandbagger. Then his manager has to buckle a check rein on him and tie a gag in his face in order to get a chance to make him earn his salary."

"Ty Cobb hadn't been in the big league long enough to get acquainted with the gatekeeper on the home grounds before he was being advertised all over the civilized world as a hard-boiled and a thing, who had old Rabaul skinned a mile at pulling off murders and desperate deeds. But you've got to hand it to him as one of the greatest ballplayers of modern times. And he is one of the greatest of the present age, simply because he is one player of the old school of bluff who is working at the job among a bunch of players of the mollycoddle age. He is a great baserunner, because he has the guy who is covering the bag to take the throw on his scial buffed to a stand still. He is a great hitter because he is the opposing pitcher and the whole blamed team hypnotized with his bluff. He is a great fielder because he has his own confidence under the spell of his bluff. And yet the mollycoddle element of the public throws the gaff into this great player for the very accomplishment that makes him a great player, and he is chased off the lot and suspended every time he exceeds the speed limit that has been set in this mollycoddle age of progress."

"Take it from me, 15 years ago, Ty Cobb wouldn't have been the great player he is today, because he would have been butting into a bunch of other guys who were playing at the same game. Old Sam Crawford, who wasn't such a wonder among the old guys a dozen years ago, pulled himself out of the discard and butted into the game again among your present day kids, and he's as good as the best of them, in spite of his age. Old Ty Young is hanging