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Cohan Songs, Cohan Boys, Cohan Girls, Cohan Noise.

The Cohan Songs Hits—"I'm a Popular Man," "Make a Lot of Noise," "Kid Days," In a "One-Night Stand," "Nothing New Beneath the Sun," "The Mysterious Maid," "Don't Go In the Water, Daughter," "San Francisco Is My Home," "An Old Fashioned Walk."

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ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAM
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ADMISSION, 10c Children, 5c

The Precariousness of Existence Fills Him With Sadness.

HE REFUSES TO BE CHEERED.

Mrs. B. Finally Solves the Puzzle of Her Husband's State of Mind, but Doesn't Sympathize With Him in the Least—Puts Him to Bed.

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.)
Mrs. Bowser and the cat were on watch for Mr. Bowser as he came home the other evening. As he dropped off the car at the corner it was seen that his general attitude was one of dejection. Halfway down to his gate Mrs. Bowser could see the care lines in his face. As he reached the foot of the steps she realized that he must have got word that all his brothers and sisters were dead. He was passing by her to enter the house, with the most lonesome look imaginable on his face, when she exclaimed:

"Mr. Bowser, will you tell me what in the name of goodness has happened?"

"Nawthin," he drawled out.

"But something surely has. Are any of your relatives dead?"

"I dunno."

"Have you lost a large amount of money?"

"No."

"Then what is it? You look as if you hadn't a friend left on earth."

"And I haven't," he replied as he hung up his hat and tears came to his eyes.

"But I am here—I, your wife."

"Yes, but what of it? I tell you, Mrs. Bowser, this is a sad old world."

"But what do you want me to do?" she retorted. "Is it going to bring the dead to life if I sit down and weep?"

"Hark to that!" he exclaimed after a moment and without having answered her question. "There is a peddler about 'Watermelons' at the top of his voice! Just hear him!"

"Why, you have heard him every evening for days and days. He has got watermelons to sell. Probably nine out of ten of them are as green as grass, but let him sell them if he can. The more cholera morbus the better for the drug stores and doctors."

"But the cry goes right to my heart," protested Mr. Bowser. "My poor father died after eating a watermelon and my Uncle Jim, because he hadn't any teeth to eat one with. The peddler knows it and is hollering to add to my grief."

"Don't be childish, Mr. Bowser. The man doesn't even know who lives here. Did I tell you that I wanted to get at my housecleaning next month?"

"And now he's yelling 'Gooseberries'!"

"Well, let him yell."

"But I tell you he knows that Bowser lives here, and he wants to spite me by adding to my grief. It was gooseberry tarts that killed my sister Mary and plain gooseberries that killed my cousin Betty. Betty ate four quarts of 'em right down and next day was no more."

"I don't wonder at it. But let's talk about something more cheerful. Do you think the next congress is going to take up the tariff question?"

Stirred Up by a Song.
Mr. Bowser might or might not have answered the question, but before he could get around to it a hired girl in the next back yard who was taking clothes off the line commenced singing at the top of her voice:

"In Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
And she was known both far and near
As lovely Bar-bara Allen."

"Great snakes, but must I submit to this?" groaned Mr. Bowser as he started up. "Here I come home loaded down with grief and sadness, and a peddler must yell 'Watermelons' and 'Gooseberries' at me from the front and a hired girl must warble a song at me from the back?"

"But have patience," counseled Mrs. Bowser. "These people know nothing of your sadness. See, the peddler has driven on and the girl has stopped singing. Let me ask you a question, please. Did you partake of any fall tonic today?"

"And my sister died after eating gooseberry tarts!" he murmured as he wiped his eyes anew.

"Answer my question. Did you have any fall tonic this afternoon? Did any one recommend a tonic to take your grief away?"

"Yes, just a little tonic. It was for my lame back. I took about a tablespoonful."

"Um! I thought so."

"And it has made me sad—a-d-d."

"I see. Well, let me put you to bed, and you'll wake up in the morning feeling all right."

"And I won't be sad no more?"

"Not a sad. You won't even remember whether it was gooseberry tarts or pumpkin pie that did the business for your sister. Come on."

"Yes, I will come on. Mrs. Bowser, you are so good—so good—so good that I cry for you!" M. QUAD.



"HE CAN'T PUT HER LOVING ARMS AROUND MY NECK AND CALL ME A CHEERUP, AS SHE USED TO."

I hadn't much to do at the office this afternoon, and I just sat down and thought of things—sad things. I feel as if I could weep."

Suspicious of Him.
She looked at him suspiciously and led the way down to the dining room and then started in to tell him that the police had arrested four boys that afternoon for playing ball in the street.

"Yes, but what do four boys and the police amount to?" he wailed out.

"Mrs. Bowser, every day around us men and women are dropping dead and being borne to their long home."

"But that is what we all expect," she replied. "They say the butcher on the corner must fall if the price of meat doesn't come down."

"But what have I got to do with the butcher on the corner and the price of meat? I tell you there is sadness in this world—oceans of sadness. As it says in the Scriptures, we are here today and gone tomorrow. I left the house in the best of health this morning, but how did you know that I would return alive? How could you

tell that at this very moment you would not be a widow with searing tears of grief chasing each other down your cheeks?"

"Yes, life is a risk, but we should not be sad over it. There came pretty near being an awful dog fight in front of the house half an hour ago. I wish you had been here to stick the little dog on."

"Oh, what's the use?" he said as he nibbled at a piece of bread and turned his face away. "When I am thinking of how my dear old mother died do you think I want to hear about dog fights? Yes, she—she died."

"But you were only four years old then, and you are forty-eight now."

Misses His Mother.
"It doesn't make any difference. My poor mother was called home. I can't go to see her, and she can't put her loving arms around my neck and call me her cherub, as she used to. Had a congestive chill and passed right away. And my father is dead, too, and my brother Jim is dead. I tell you there's grief and sadness abroad in the land."

Mrs. Bowser looked at him for a full minute, across the table and sniffed at the atmosphere suspiciously and then said:

"I'm sorry about your father and mother and your brother Jim, but of course you couldn't expect them to keep right on living. I have lost my own father and a sister, as you must know."

"Then why ain't you sad? What are you talking about butchers and dog fights for? Here we sit in the best of health and surrounded by happy influences, and not two blocks away there are houses of mourning. I tell you, Mrs. Bowser—I tell you—"

But before he could tell her she rose up from the table, and he followed her upstairs. She wanted to do something to effect a change in him, and she began to play with the cat, but after taking two or three turns across the floor he said:

"And my sister Mary is dead, and my Uncle Jim, and my Cousin Betty—yes, dead and gone. I don't s'pose I could find their graves if I set out to look for them—dead and gone, and you are playing with that blamed old yaller cat as if nothing had happened."

She Refuses to Mourn.
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A Social Affront.
"Wasn't their divorce a shocking affair?" said Mrs. Featherlight.

"Inexcusable," answered Mrs. Smartset. "They both had the most fashionable lawyers they could find."—Smart Set.

THE JEFFERSONS.

(Continued from page 11)

greatest things an actor can hope to attain: a thorough knowledge of all that can be attained in theatricals; a knowledge of just how they could be attained; and the power of instantaneously grasping a situation in order that none of the comedy points be lost.

The Young Joe Jefferson.

These different talents are the priceless heirlooms of the sons, and to one has been given that which was denied the other.

Joseph has a most brilliant understanding of the technique of the drama. In this line, he was always a most profound student, and in it, he was greatly helped by his father.

When the old gentleman was working on a play, young Joe was his constant companion. It was nothing else than this close study of his father's methods that perfected him in his knowledge of theatricals and the drama.

The elder Jefferson, too, was a most astute business man—always upright in his dealings, never making a bargain unless it was entirely satisfactory to him, but, once that bargain was made, fulfilling it to the letter and demanding as much of him with whom it had been made.

Young Joseph inherited too, this talent, and although business does not appeal strongly to him, when he does enter its realm, he is keen, shrewd and his father over again.

Genial Willie Jefferson.

The younger son, Willie, is the personification of the characteristics of the father that were best known to the intimate friends of the loved actor.

In the language of the day, if there was ever a little imp of merriment—mischievous and prankish—full of effervescent humor and an uncontrollable and gigantic fondness for practical jokes and good fellowship, it is Willie.

In a professional way, he is bubbling over with merriment and can grasp the comedy situations in an instant. Yet, when he endeavors to arrange things beforehand, to map out a campaign to be strictly followed, his plans always fail.

Willie Jefferson is spontaneity itself. His methods of procedure during a performance are totally different from that of his brother, yet his results are as eminently satisfactory.

Favored of Providence.

For business, he has not the slightest desire and to enjoy himself is his delight.

After his work in the theatre is done, and for a goodly portion of his time before it has commenced again, his entire idea of his private life is to enjoy himself to the absolute limit.

Willie Jefferson is one of those lucky individuals whose geniality, wholesomeness and absolute loveliness, seems to have won the gods themselves, and Providence takes forethought for his welfare.

Every business venture in which he embarks seems to turn out successfully and Joe insists that if Willie fell down in a well, Willie would probably find a half-pick or so of lost diamonds at the bottom.

Willie Jefferson is the happy-go-lucky side of his father, with all of the illustrious sire's catch-as-catch-can methods, while Joe is the business man, the artist, the planner, and the possessor of the father's marvelous knowledge of technique. These are the mental legacies inherited by the young men—men whose place on the stage is already amply secured and whose names will be long remembered.

The physical resemblance of these two boys to their father is marked. Features are absolutely the same—and one who has looked into the face of the lamented Joseph Jefferson sees the dear old features again in the faces of the boys.

In the accompanying profile pictures of the father and his sons, this resemblance is easily seen. In the center is the father. Before him is Joseph Jefferson, his elder son and on the other side is his younger boy, Willie. All that is in the face of the father is found in the face of the one boy or the other. Did one not know that these pictures had been made from three photographs, taken from life, it would be easy to believe that some artist, studying the two boys, had drawn a composite picture for that central figure.

In Joe, there is less of the humor and the twinkle of the eyes which were so characteristic of his father.

In Willie Jefferson, this is found to a marked degree, and though the years have not yet been sufficient to work the familiar wrinkles about the face, one knows of a certainty that will come there.

In Willie, there is less of the sterner sides of the father, and this, in its turn, is found more fully developed in Joe. It is a fascinating study—this study of portraits, with its contrasts and resemblances,—its likenesses and its opposites. The more one studies that picture the more there is that he sees hidden there.

"I Am a Jefferson."

This, in brief is the wonderful life story of the Jeffersons. This is a little insight into the romance of The Rivals and the Jeffersons and the more one thinks over the story, the more wonderful it becomes.

A play and the names of the players inseparably connected for 133 years! Five generations of actors in one family! That in itself is a wonderful record, and yet, how doubly wonderful is it when one remembers that each representative of each generation has appeared in the same role.

Each father has, in turn, handed down to the son a priceless legacy of talents, genius and a knowledge of technique of the drama. Each has handed down likewise, his own prompt book of that master piece, The Rivals.

The first Jefferson, he with whom we began the story away back there in 1774, walked penniless into London and the second and third generation found it necessary to act as a means of livelihood. The fourth generation was more favored with the goods of this world and the elder Jefferson, at the time of his death, left a goodly fortune.

This the boys among whom are Joe and Willie have all turned to good account. Yet one and all insist that the most valued legacy left them is the fact that they can look the world in the face and say proudly and in all truthfulness, "I am a Jefferson."

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