

"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

"Making Good" An Impossibility

By CHARLES DARNTON

At the Fulton Theatre last night a desperately good-natured audience was offered the rare privilege of paying two dollars for a ten-twenty-third melodrama, for "Making Good" certainly looked more like thirty cents than anything else. At the same time it proved a great bargain by bringing long-forgotten Third Avenue to Broadway without extra charge. And still we ask for transfers!

Manager W. A. Brady evidently hoped for the best, but for once in his life he didn't take any chances by appearing before the curtain. The author, Owen Davis, was equally careful. Mr. Davis called his four-act arrangement of the Maine woods and a New York drawing-room—take off your boots and put on your pumps—"A drama." But, as I hope to die laughing, "Making Good" is an impossibility.

Nothing could be further from life than the winter trip we took to Maine last night. The only thing that saved it from being a huge joke was the serious acting of William Courtenay as the loquacious hero who cleared the way that seemed not only clogged but cluttered. The fact that he managed to keep his face straight while staring at the ridiculous fate that was leading him on to the high-rolling speech about the impetuous logs turns loose by the stage carpenter went to show that this leading man may be depended on in any emergency, no matter how far-fetched. Nothing funnier has happened since Mr. Courtenay and Miss Doris Keane allowed Mr. Brady to lure them on with "The Lights of London." But that was a reversal, while "Making Good" never seemed more than a former soap. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Keane hung upon the stage, the latter word of the serious spectators when the mother of the hero, in her kindly attempt to get a line on the simple, pine-ripped heroine, inquired, "Is she a good girl?" And after that Miss Keane was obliged to come forward in a red cap that added to the joy of the occasion.

The strong moment of the play was fully realized by the audience when Mr. Courtenay found it necessary to knock out the "Junior-Jack" who was determined that Miss Keane should remain in the woods for the rest of her days, not to mention the long, still nights. At this thrilling point "Making Good" made good as a "play with a punch."

The splendidly abandoned by his New York father in the Maine woods, loved every step that the little school teacher took toward the counter of the "general store" he started when his spoiled parent turned right around and went back to New York. His rival flooded him in the opening scrap, but he picked up so wonderfully on a diet of milk and pickles that he won the decision in the end. Nothing could stop his blazes after his general store training. Time was called by the curtain at the end of the second round, and after getting into evening clothes in New York the shifty hero danced into the Maine woods again and won a \$50,000 purse for his father by sending logs worth that amount down the river. This time he used a little dynamite to give added power to his mighty right. As he paused to remark, "It was splendid!" The little heroine gurgled "Don't be silly!" And then she nestled in his arms like a good girl—in a bad play!

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An "Aeromania" Notoriety Seeker.

LATHAM, the aviator, first attracted special notice to himself as the cigarette-smoking flyer. Here is a feat that won him much notoriety during his flights in and around Paris: After starting, he would reach into his pocket, bring out his holder and his cigarette, and, taking his hands off the control, calmly proceed to light up. The ugly Antoinette—which had already sailed along by itself forty miles an hour, two or three hundred feet above the earth, says McClure's Magazine, riding a bicycle, hands off, on a six-inch plank over a chasm, contains some few elements of the danger of this performance.

However, the notoriety from this source could not continue indefinitely. In a few months Latham proposed flying from France to England. He led his retinue of reporters and photographers to the coast and camped out on the cliffs of Calais. Finally he started, splashed down into the English Channel two-thirds of the way across, and, when the boats arrived, sat smoking his cigarette on the floating wings of his machine. There were more photographs. Then a few days later, on July 26, 1909, Bleriot made the first flight across the Channel from Calais to Dover. Latham developed other performances. He made a specialty of flight in storms; the high winds, which sent the rest of the flyers to their hangars, brought him out. At that time, when no flyer knew just where a gasoline engine would stop and let him down to the ground, he drove his machine across the country to attend sporting events. In 1910, during his American trip, he varied his programme by going duck-hunting in his aeroplane. He drove out over the marshes armed with a shotgun, swooped down and flushed his birds, and followed them a couple of miles, killing—according to press reports—one duck and wounding several others.

An Odd Invention.

PRINCIPALLY for use of gasoline barrels standing around a more or less public garage, a locking and latching faucet has been designed to safeguard the contents of the barrel. The handle consists of three pieces. The latch engages in the closed position, and if it is desired to lock the faucet, a small padlock on a chain is slipped through a hole which pierces the three parts of the handle. To make the device doubly secure, one end of the chain is secured to the screw at the lower end of the plug, thus preventing the abstraction of the contents by the removal of this part of the faucet.

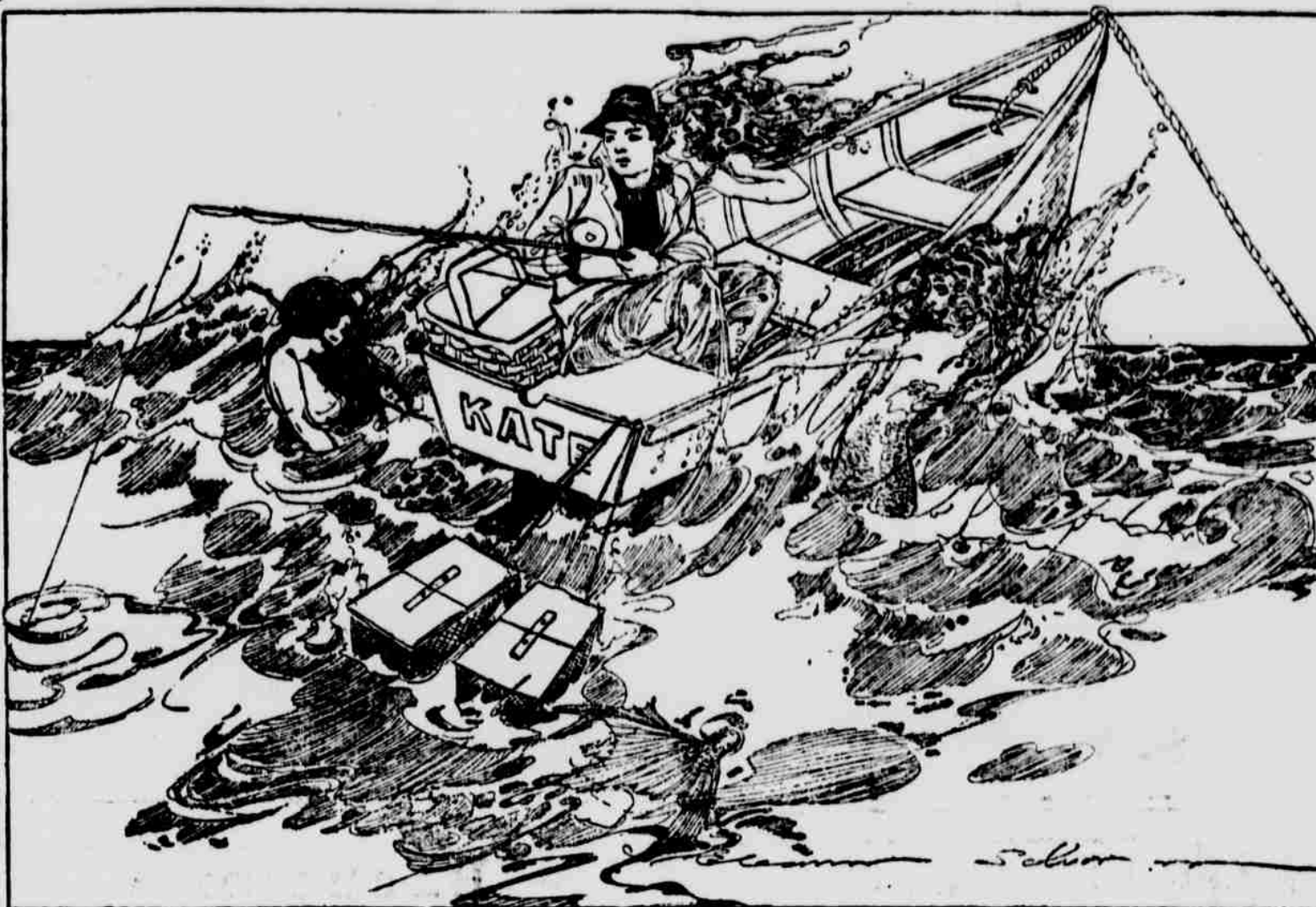
Oddities.

CUBA imports most of its stone from Canada. There are about sixteen deaths for every birth occurring at sea. Official figures show that New Zealand has nearly 45,000,000 sheep. Soda will brighten china that has been burned or discolored by long use. By the addition of pulverized mica concrete is made to imitate granite. Pulverized street rubbish and coal tar have been found to make good fuel briquettes in Amsterdam. Interesting tests in Germany have shown that pens made of tantalum outwear those made of steel or gold.

Leap Year Holdups ON THE HIGH SEAS

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By Eleanor Schorer



There is no use in Mere Man beating a retreat from good old terra firma in his effort to escape the Leap Year Girl. He will find her, in seaward form or otherwise, no matter how far from shore he may cast anchor. Instead of being a deep-sea fisher, he will find himself the fish—hopelessly entangled in her net.

The Day's Good Stories

As They Measure in Jersey. "I think you're a New Jersey," said Frank Malone, "reward the explorer well. If they who sail on Atlantic City or Long Beach would but penetrate into the wilds, they would see and hear many interesting things."

"This for example, the measurement of distance. I once asked the keeper of the general store in a New Jersey village about wild and how far it was to Brierley swamp. "Brierley swamp," said the storekeeper, "well, I would say Brierley swamp was about two whoops from here—or maybe two whoops and a halfer." "I asked a man in Brierley swamp how far Brierley was from Brierley. "Brierley," replied the man, "is about three whoops to the south—unless I've a fault there. Then I'd say it was about three whoops and a halfer."—St. Louis Dispatch.

Inside Information.

He who loved his petticoat, a kindly man was ever too ready to get out of bed and side his ten or twelve miles to the bedside of a sick man. The whole countryside loved him and trusted him. The whole countryside loved him and trusted him. The whole countryside loved him and trusted him.

Seeing Double.

RAPLEY HOLMES, who succeeded Madrye Atholite as the fat sheriff in "The Round Up," weighs in condition 280 pounds. And there is little fit on him at that. Consider: travel plus the weight on him, he had to exercise in an eight standing. When he played here last he weighed 350. He was sitting in a dark corner of a restaurant when two friends asked him about the room. One said, "Who is that in the corner?" "I see Hader; but who is with him?"—Chicago Evening Post.

Cheer Up, Cuthbert!

By Clarence L. Cullen

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). If you find Time's Forelock Slippery, put Rosin on your Hand! When "They Say" that you're "Back on Yourself," the Inter-rotation, Nine Times out of Ten, is that you're Really Done Something Worth While! Some of us with Eyes Good Enough to Read by Moonlight nevertheless Blink a Heap of Facts about Ourselves! Moaning about Yesterday is like Running Around the old Spool!

Cheer Up, Cuthbert!

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Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). Circus Ring of your Boyhood after the Show had Departed! We've Heard a Lot of Money Talk, but it was Always a Blatant Bank-Road! Opportunity may Play no Favorites, but he has a Natural Partiality for those who Take Notice of Him! Sometimes "Getting the Laugh" is the Needful Good! Some of us Waste so Much Time waiting for the So-Termed Psychological Moment that we're Too Sentient to Hear the Clock Strike when it Comes! We knew a Lot of Ingenious Ways of Getting Out of Spending an Evening with the Man who "Never Changes his Mind!" The Spender of Yesterday is the Sponser of Today! There is no Earnestness or Eloquence to be Compared with that of the Man who has Learned to Believe his Own Lies! Many a man believes in his Heart that he has a Yellow Streak until he sees the Big Wall-p A-Coming! That Get-Next-to-Yourself Medicine sees the Big Wall-p A-Coming! (To Be Continued)

The Range Riders

Another Great Cowboy Romance

By C. A. Seltzer, Author of "THE TWO-GUN MAN"

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turned out mavericks and were roped and branded again in strange places, or they were killed and made into steaks in desolate corners of the range by rustlers. But they never held a contented place in the line that led from the range to the Eastern market. Whatever the reason, this particular yearling evinced a decided antipathy toward capture. As the man with the rope approached, he backed warily off and then suddenly took a turn around the edge of the corral, trying to mix with the other cattle. But the man with the rope would not be denied. Several times he pivoted the yearling around the edge of the corral, waiting patiently until he had a fair target. Then the rope fell taut, and was rushed around the snubbing post, and the thing was done. The yearling rose promptly and rushed frantically into the herd, bearing a big "Z O." The young man coiled his rope for another cast. Burroughs leaned back in his chair with a laugh.

CHAPTER IX.

The Prince of the Z. O.

"YOU didn't get hurt?" he questioned. "I imagine you wouldn't care much," she returned. "Any man who will sit and watch a woman in distress—"

"Why, ma'am, I—"

"—and laugh at her because she lost her temper for a moment, couldn't feel very sorry for her?"

"I wasn't so tickled at her, ma'am; it was the—"

"—if she broke her neck," she finished, turning abruptly around and facing him, her eyes filled with resentment.

"Why, ma'am, I certainly didn't want her had thrown you, I wouldn't want you to break your neck. I'd have caught him before this. He's an outlaw, ma'am. He certainly deserved all the things you said about him."

She rose from the rock and stood erect, looking at him spiritedly. "I suppose you know that he won't let me catch him," she said.

"I reckon I couldn't help but see that," he returned, grinning. "But I reckon I can."

"It's a wonder you thought of that," she said sarcastically. "But perhaps you thought that I could walk home?"

He was uncoupling the rope that hung at his saddle horn. "Homes are like me," he said gravely, "and women. They take streaks. But sometimes they ain't real mean. They're only puttin' on."

He spurred his pony after the maverick, leaving her, with his last words, without a defense. It took him some time to catch the pony, for he had to race the animal clear out of the basin, and a mile or two out on the plains. But presently she saw him coming back, leading the pony, the latter now docile and wearing a most glib expression.

The young man said no word to her as he arranged the bridle rein and gave a few deft touches to the saddle. But after a moment, when she had swung into the saddle, she turned and looked at him with a smile.

"I thank you," she said. "I suppose I have trespassed on your land. But I was very nervous and worried. Won't you forgive me?"

He smiled. "There ain't nothing to forgive. I hadn't ought to have acted the fool. But you ain't coming back, lettin' me know who you are?" he said, looking frankly at her.

"Why, no." She smiled again. "I am Alice Burroughs. My father owns the Z O ranch."

She saw a flush mount to his forehead. But he smiled. "I'm Bill Grant," he said. "I'm working over at the T Down." He was silent for a moment, while she arranged her skirts preparatory to departure. Then he spurred his pony closer.

"May I?" he said, "things are pretty quiet over at the T Down. I reckon there ain't very much to do at the Z O either?"

He considered him for a moment. "You're very busy," she returned. "Father said yesterday that it would take him all his time to get the brandin' well along. It's awfully hard to get the brandin' done."

He contemplated her for a moment. Then he smiled gravely. "I'm comin' over to the Z O to-morrow to get a job," he said quietly. "I like you real well. After we've got good enough acquainted I'll go to marry you."

She started with surprise, her eyes mocking him. "You are?" she said incredulously. "I suppose I'm to have nothing to say about that?"

He had urged his pony around and now regarded her over his shoulder. "Of course you'll have something to say," he said, looking earnestly at her, "but you're goin' to say yes."

"Well, now," she mocked, as she pulled slightly on the reins. "But she heard the clatter of his pony's hoofs as he departed up the slope that he had descended to come to her assistance."

On the morning of a day nearly a month later, Burroughs, the owner of the Z O ranch, was sitting at a window of his office, overlooking the lower gallery of the ranchhouse, watching several of his punchers at work amid the rock and dust of the corral.

One of the men was pulling his loops full taut, he did his work without flourish and did it well. At the instant that Burroughs's glance fell upon the man he had swung his rope for a particular active venture. Burroughs watched, his eyes glinting with amusement.

He had seen men take three and four casts with the rope for young heaves that had decided to keep free of the brand-beaves with a constitutional aversion for anything that savored of captivity or custom. They usually

(To Be Continued)