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New York's Fast Pace Makes a Month Here Too Much for a Widow

But if She Has Good Staying Powers and No Heart Trouble, Says Miss Effie Shannon, Who Plays One of That Sort, She May Hold Out for Six Weeks.

BY CHARLES DARTON.

AFTER a month in New York the fagged widow from Brookline, Mass., who makes "Years of Discretion" a three-act joy, sums it up by wailing: "My ears are tired holding up my hat and my eyes are strained reading without glasses. The bones in my collar stick into me cruelly and there isn't room enough to sit down in my skirt. With five

does New York care for the criticism of the outside world? We'll continue to wear the highest heels, the tightest skirts, the largest hats, and the most powder and paint possible, so long as these things are fashionable, and it matters not at all what more sedate communities say or think about it. So, too, do we subscribe to the habit of drinking a well-made cocktail before dinner and smoking a cigarette afterward."

Miss Shannon laughed when asked how long she thought a widow in real life, coming from another city, especially if she happened to be forty-eight, could stand the New York pace.

"A month here would probably be too much for the average widow from out of town," she decided. "If she has good staying powers and no heart trouble I should say about six weeks. It takes just that time to finish the widow in "Years of Discretion." But she is one woman in a thousand, and she has generations of breeding behind her. New England makes for poise and en-



pairs of garters I can't stand or sit. When I am out I pose on the edge of a chair, my back like a ramrod and my waist in a vise. All my teeth ache, and the massagist has pounded me into a jelly. I feel like a boneless sardine. And I'm just about ready to quit!"

Miss Effie Shannon, who makes this welcome visitor altogether charming and amusingly human, confessed as she leaned back in a comfortable chair that the role is something of a chance for her.

"Do you wonder," she asked, "that it has turned my head a little? I must confess to a real joy in wearing gowns that reveal something more than my talents, as you remarked. And why not? I am not the Queen of Spain, and she was, I believe, the only woman who never gloried in a pair of legs. And yet—would you believe it!—there are any number of old theatregoers who are positively scandalized that Miss Shannon should play a part that gives her a chance to show a little more than her ankles. You see, I have a terrible past to live down. All the other parts I have played were those of heroines who related in all the orthodox virtues—sweet young things in white muslin and pale blue ribbons—wronged, sweethearts robbed in clinking black—misunderstood and neglected wives with neat white collars and cuffs, and skirts sagging in the back. Do you suppose any of these old-time heroines of mine ever used rouge, or smoked a cigarette, or showed legs—or—ankles, or drank a cocktail? I should say not! Now just imagine playing that sort of heroine for years and then jumping into a role like that of Mrs. Farrell Howard, which permits me to indulge in all the pleasures of the fashionable world and travel the fast pace set by New York."

"Do you consider it faster than the pace set by any other large American city—Chicago, for instance, or Boston, or San Francisco?"

"Good gracious, yes!" exclaimed Miss Shannon, her big blue eyes reflecting her astonishment. "There's no use mincing matters. New York is devilishly wicked, and it rather prides itself on the fact. Just as Boston likes to be pointed to as the seat of culture, so New York likes to hear itself talked about as the gayest of cities. What

MISS EFFIE SHANNON IN THE ACT OF SAYING "NEW YORK IS DEVILISHLY WICKED."

AT THE KIDDIES' PLAY HOUSE, WITH KIDDIE ACTORS, KIDDIE USHERS AND A KIDDIE PLAY

BY ELEANOR SCHORER

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LOLD HUBERT (Hugh Finney).
LADY DORIS (Baby Edna Wallace Hopper).

QUEEN CROSSPATCH (Mona Hungerford).
CYNTHIA (Madeline Reynolds).

DR. GUSTIBUS (W. H. Platt).
PETER PIPPER (Master Gabriel).LADY PATRICIA (Baby Edmond).

PEG (Irene Sawyer).
KILLMANSKOGG (Maxine Bickel).MRS. (Helen Millington).

This week has certainly been an eventful one for all kiddies, especially for the kiddies of New York, for besides all the presents Santa brought they have been given a beautiful little playhouse way up high in the dome of the Century Theatre. But that isn't all, no, sir—see. The best part is that this theatre has all kiddie actors, who play kiddies' plays to the very appreciative kiddie audiences, and just think of it, they have a jolly little matinee idol all their very own. Nothing could be sweeter, now could it? His name is Master Gabriel, and a brighter, cunninger little mite you never saw.

There in the big picture you see first Baby Edna Wallace Hopper as Lady Doris in the company of Lord Hubert. They both belong to Tidy Castle and are very stylish dollies indeed. Third is Cynthia, the spoiled kiddie who loves Tidy Castle with its lords and ladies, and wants to burn Racketty Packetty house and all its dollies, and she would too were it not for Queen Crosspatch, the good fairy and her Little Green Workers, who love Racketty Packetty

and its shabby inmates. Indeed, the Fairy Queen acts as cupid in a doll's romance between Peter Pimper of Racketty Packetty and Lady Patricia of Tidy Castle. For Lady Patricia hates the stuff, stupid way they live in the castle and much prefers to dance 'round and 'round and kick up her heels as high as her head as Racketty Packetty folk do. Thanks to Queen Crosspatch and the workers, she finally marries the entertaining little Peter Pimper, who at one time keeps the kiddie audience in stitches when he decides to die for love of his lady, but is quickly cured when Queen Crosspatch tells him that dying of love is out of date.

The kiddie audience gets another big marker today in a dancing doll. You see, as she wheeled 'round and 'round she bent so far back that Meg and Peg kept close behind her to catch her if she fell, and the kiddies were sure she would fall.

When the curtain went down on the second scene of the third act, that was all to the play of "Racketty Packetty House." Then the kiddies strolled around the Children's Theatre and peeped into all the little dressing rooms and watched the whois go 'round and enjoyed themselves as they liked until it was time to go home. ELEANOR SCHORER.

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"Sailor Dan" of the Battery, "235 Years Before the Mast," Spins a Yarn.

THE oldest man in the world, if Battery mathematicians are to be relied upon, is "Sailor Dan" McGinn, commander and crew of the row boat "Sally." "Sailor Dan" has been known around the New York waterfront as long as the oldest waterman can remember. "Sailor Dan" McGinn and William Francis Quisley, better known as "Honest Bill" Quisley, are the two Battery boatmen. "Honest Bill," who confesses to fifty-one years, says that when he was a small tottler "Sailor Dan" gave him pennies wherewith to purchase sweets.

And now the Battery is buzzing with the rumor that "Sailor Dan" is going to marry. For ages it has been known that "Sailor Dan's" two maiden sisters have worried for fear their mariner brother would get married. The row-boat "Sally" is named in honor of Dan's sweetheart. Last week "Sailor Dan" purchased a piece of land and a house near Inwood, N. J., and at once water-front circles began to hear whispers of Dan's matrimonial intentions.

Time was when Dan served before the mast and weathered many a howling gale. It is of his deep sea experiences that he loves to talk. At the Battery Dock office a record of Dan's sea service has been religiously kept. It totals up 235 years. Dan's most thrilling experience was aboard the American bark

Graham's Polly.

"We had a terrible time on the last cruise I made on the Polly," said "Sailor Dan" yesterday. "We had gone up the River Platte, in South America. One morning we discovered that the ship was not moving forward an inch, although we had every inch of canvas she would carry spread. Well, sir, we soon found the cause of the trouble. We had encountered a flock of seals. Yes, sir, and those seals so filled the river that they held us back for four days. And then the next day we had the most severe rain storm I ever went through. We had to keep below decks. When we came up we found that it had rained loads and fish. The decks were so covered that we had to shovel them into the river."

"Sailor Dan" also loves to dwell upon his experiences as a whaler. He will tell and retell of a tale of a huge whale which was landed by his ship and which upon being opened disclosed a man sitting on a chair smoking a pipe.

Every day, rain or shine, the year round "Sailor Dan" goes aboard the "Sally" and pulls about the bay seeking trade. His work is to take ship hawkers and carry them to the piers. He will tell you that his profession is that of a ship docker.

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One on Dougherty.

SECOND Deputy Police Commissioner George S. Dougherty ordered coffee with his lunch in a Broadway German restaurant the other day. Apparently the waiter did not think a patron should have coffee with his lunch—all his life the waiter had been serving beer with lunch.

At any rate Dougherty failed to get his coffee with his lunch. After a bit the waiter passed by and Dougherty yelled at him. The waiter kept right on. Again Dougherty saw the waiter, and again he yelled, and again he was ignored.

Dougherty pounded the table with the handle of his knife, made loud hissing sounds through his teeth and mustache and warbled "Kaiser!" in his most doctored tones. The waiter passed him by, for, according to the waiter's idea, no gentleman wants his coffee until after lunch.

Finally Dougherty got peeved. He summoned the head waiter. The head waiter sid up to the table.

"Hey!" yelled Dougherty, "what kind of a joint is this? Here I rap to that guy five times and he never even gives me a tumble."

(Chart-"Rap" is police for signalling for assistance as well as for the act of "getting wip" to the designs of another. "Give a tumble" is police for a greeting or acknowledgment of a greeting.)

A Bowery Secret.

IN the days when John McGurk, who was reported dying in San Francisco a few days ago, ran "Suicide Hall" on the Bowery, he had a brother who acted as cashier. The brother contracted tuberculosis and was sent to a sanitarium in Sullivan County.

In a few months John got word that his brother was about all in. He could barely whisper as he motioned weakly to John to sit beside the bed.

"John," he gasped, "I've had something on my mind and I can't die keeping it a secret. I must tell you."

Painfully he reached under the pillow and pulled out a fat roll of money. John counted the roll. It totalled \$2,700.

"It's all yours, John," wheezed the dying man. "I nixed it from you while I was your cashier. Now I can die happy."

McGurk returned to New York, expecting to go back to Sullivan County soon to attend the funeral. But the brother began to mend. Within a year he was well—and broke. He came to New York and saw John.

"I'll give you your old job as cashier," said John.

The brother went back to Suicide Hall and behind the cashier's desk. The first object that met his eye was a large, new, glittering and ornate cash register.

Mr. Thomas Tells This.

AGUSTUS W. THOMAS told this one at the dinner to Governor Sulzer at the Waldorf-Astoria.

A husband who had dined and wine to the limit finds his way home in the wee sma' hours. He reaches the library just as he hears his wife's footsteps at the head of the stairs leading to her bedroom. He hastily reaches for a book from the library shelves, drops into a big easy chair and has the book spread across his lap as his wife enters.

"John! what are you doing here at this hour?" she asks.

"Just reading, dear. This book has been in the library five years. I've made up my mind dozens of times to read it. Tonight I'm going to finish it. Don't worry, my dear. You go to bed. I'll continue reading."

The wife, in tone of mingled disgust and authority, replies:

"John, close up that checkerboard and come to bed!"

Downtown Note.

THERE is a certain mother down in the Washington Square district whose two small boys have just reached the age where, by standing on a chair, they are able to answer the telephone.

A few days ago a call came and the smallest boy climbed up on his perch to answer it.

"Is this Mrs. Blank's residence?" was the query.

"No, ma'am, it ain't," he replied. "It's her little boy."

George Cohan a Farmer? Yep!

He wrote this piece for the paper . . .

BY GEORGE M. COHAN.

YEP, IT'S TRUE! I am going to be a farmer. After next season I will leave the stage.

My next season is not going to be a Patti farewell. I am just going to quit acting for three or four years, take a good rest and get acquainted with my two little daughters.

No, sir, I am not going to leave Broadway; and yes, sir, I am going to

street and I've had some wonderful times up and down it, and it is because of these good times that I have so persistently boosted the White Street. Why, look at the songs I've written about the famous thoroughfare, "Give My Regards to Broadway," "Too Many Miles from Old Broadway," "All Aboard for Broadway," "The Broadway Girl" and the plays—"45 Minutes from Broadway," "The Man Who Owns Broadway," and my present vehicle, "Broadway" Jones."

I think I deserve this rest, for I have been working hard for nearly twenty years. I began writing short sketches when I was fourteen years of age. I began to write three-act plays when I was twenty. I not only wrote, rehearsed and staged these plays but appeared in most of them as well. Then I began to write plays for other people and staged, rehearsed and produced them.

I figure that I have been doing the work of eight or ten men, and I'm tired. Not the kind of tired that the doctor prescribes for, but rather the kind that makes a man long to sit close to a hot open fireplace with his suppered feet on the fender and a good book in his mitt.

That's what I want to do—read and write—and believe me, I'm going to exercise this ambition to the full. Of course I'm going to retain all my theatrical interests, but I am not going to be active in their management. My partner will attend to that, and while he is doing so I am going to read and write and write and read—fiction, romance, adventure, stories of travel, large doses of Shakespeare and a big splash of the classics. Listens good, doesn't it?

Don't think my physician has influenced me in my decision to retire, although he did suggest that a vacation would do me no harm. I have never enjoyed as good health as during the past two or three years, and I never felt better in my life than I do this minute. Just the same, I am going to play this rest thing off the board.

I am going to settle down on a big farm in my native State of Rhode Island, and I am going after this farm life thing as fast as you ever saw one of my musical shows move, and between times, while overseeing the planting, cultivating and harvesting of my crops, I am going to read and read, and write and write, and romp with my children.

You must come up some time and see me do a furrow dance across the cornfield behind my plough.



MR. COHAN WILL DO A FURROW DANCE.