and a portrait of John Gilbert, the first of the Players'to die, by J. Alden Weir.

In referring to the Lambs' I said that Maurice Barrymore had been one of the wits of that club, and that many of his brilliant sallies were remembered there. He also belonged to the Players', and at least one of his bon mots uttered there has been preserved.

About the time the Players' was founded, the Booth-Barrett combination had been formed, and had raised the price of tickets to \$3.— something quite remarkable for those days. Naturally, it was the subject of considerable conversation at the club. One of the canvases there is Collier's large portrait of Booth as Richelieu, his right arm raised and three fingers extended, as he invokes the curse of Rome upon the heads of Julie de Mortimer's enemies.

"Hello!" Barrymore exclaimed one day, as