NAMING A PLAY IMPORTANT MATTER

Thousands Sometimes Considered Before One Is Settled Upon.

Someone recently remarked that there were at least ten thousand manuscripts of plays in New York in search of a producer. To which another someone retorted that they must all be bad, for there never was a time when managers were so eager for good plays as today. And it may be added that now is the accepted time for the budding dramatist if he has a bud that will grow into a prosperous plant because of its merit.

Scarcely a manuscript reaches successful production without making a career for itself, as it passes through many hands and under the eyes and consideration of many readers in its way from author to broker, to manager, to player and to its goal, the stage.

An instance of this which has the feature of novelty is shown in the story of the manuscript of "When All Has Been Said," written by Bayard Veiller, a New York newspaper man of repute and well-known to all theatrical folk. He had been impressed with the dramatic value of Jackson D. Haag's "That Which Never Dies," and he made it into a play. Upon its completion, he was at loss for a suitable title. He finally decided to give it the name of one of its characters, a 7-year-old boy named "William." With the manuscript in hand, he went to the office of a prominent play broker.

"I want you to take this play around to the manager you think will handle it best," said Mr. Veiller. "I have so many friends in the business that, if the play is any good, some will reproach me for not giving them first chance at it. I want to have nothing to do with its placing. And I want no intimation made that I wrote it. My name does not appear in this manuscript. If the play is bad I do not want my friends to have any compunction about turning it down as hard as if it had been written by an absolute stranger."

A Poor Title.

The broker read the play, liked it and went to the offices of Liebler & Co. with it. There, despite the fact that it had been submitted without an author's name, its worth was at once recognized. The play was accepted under one condition—that its title should be changed. In the first place, the title "William" involuntarily called up a picture of a butler, and then it suggested farce.

The author was brought upon the scene, and a new title requested. The author suggested half a hundred, but none of them was found suitable. Then the managers and their staff of authors, press agents, and stage managers took up the problem, with no better luck. Finally, in their perplexity, Liebler & Co. offered $100 for the best title for the play.

Five thousand letters of suggestion poured in. Those who took the trouble to write for a scenario received one and were able to base their suggestions on something of substantial value. The vast majority, however, seemed to think that all that was necessary was a title, whether it had any bearing on the play or not.

Therefore, thousands of such ludicrous suggestions as "A Colored Soldier," "Hot Cross Buns," "Holding the Fort for Brave Jack Johnson," "A Tainted Venus," and "She Could Count Her Lovers on Her Finger Tips," were submitted.

Of the titles more worthy of consideration "Our Boy" and "William the Conqueror" seemed the favorites. The former was suggested no less than ninety times, and the latter over sixty. The young man sending in the winning title, "When All Has Been Said," had done so under the name of Howard Millward. He had had no hopes of winning the hundred, and so had not used his own name. After notification had been sent to him to the effect that a check awaited him, an actor named Joseph Allenton presented himself at the Liebler offices, identified himself as the writer of the letter, and received his check.

The famous old single-track suspension bridge over the Niagara River on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway was opened for traffic in 1855 and was in continuous use from that time until 1897, a period of 42 years. It was built by the late John A. Roebling, was 821 feet 4 inches long between the centres of the towers, and was carried by four 10-inch steel cables. The tower was 245 feet above the water. The lower cord sustained a roadway for foot passengers and vehicles.

WHEN YOU FEEL CROSS

AND ARE EASILY WORRIED AND IRRITATED. CHANCES ARE THAT THE LIVER IS NOT RIGHT AND YOU NEED

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Life is too short to be cross and grouchy. You not only make yourself miserable, but also those about you.

Don't blame others. Blame yourself for not keeping the liver right.

When healthy and active the liver filters the poisonous bile from the blood and passes it into the intestines, where it aids the process of digestion and keeps the bowels regular.

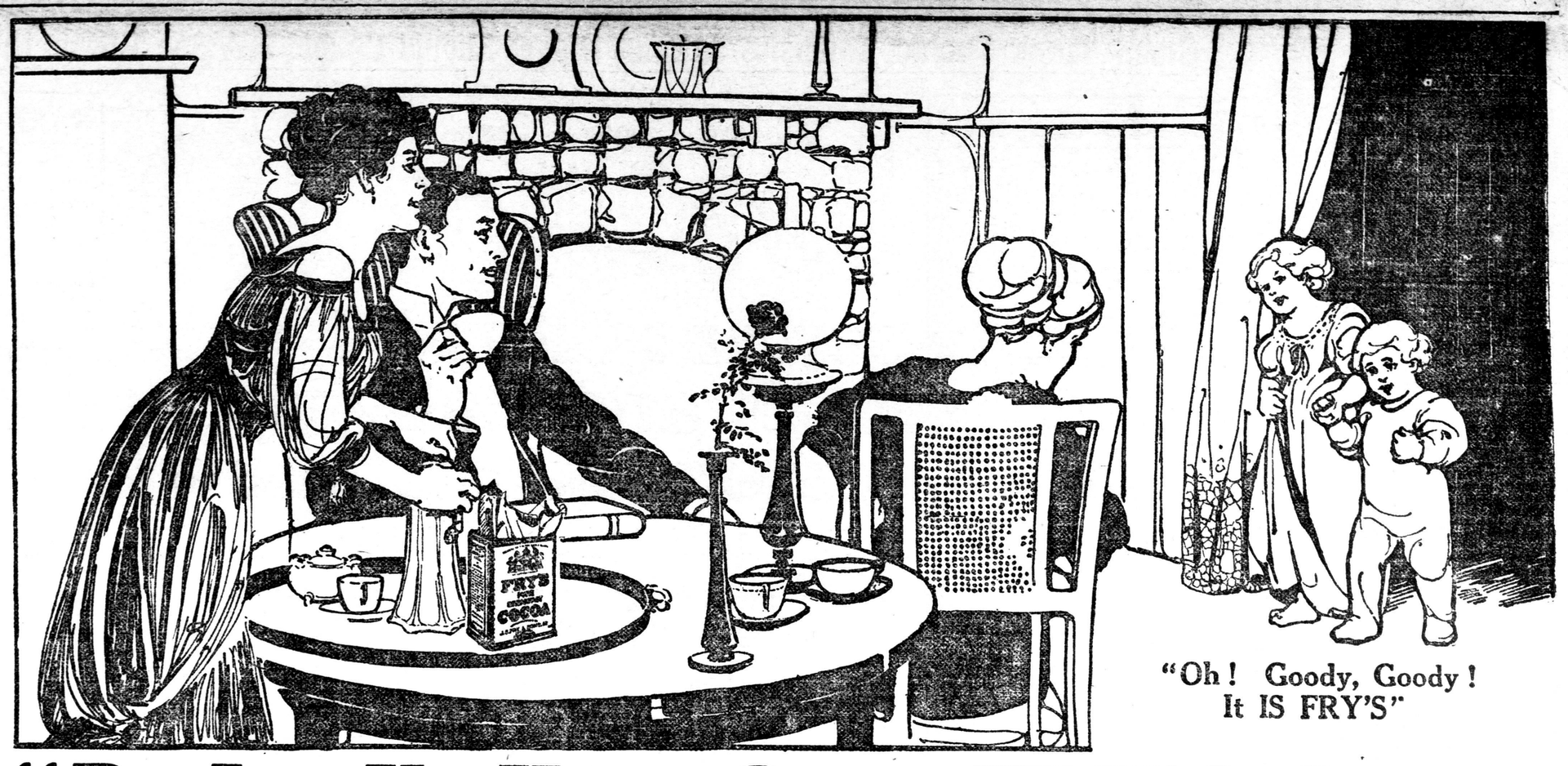
But when the liver balks the whole system becomes clogged with a mass of fermenting food, which gives rise to gas on the stomach, belching of wind, pains about the heart, and a multitude of annoying symptoms which accompany indigestion and constipation.

There is nothing in the world which will more promptly afford you relief than Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills. This statement is true. A trial will convince you. This medicine acts definitely and directly on the liver and bowels, and cleanses the whole digestive and excretory system.

Mr. Theo. Bedard, Lac aux Sables, Portneuf County, Que., writes: "I have found Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills the best treatment obtainable for indigestion and impure blood. They cured me of indigestion, from which I suffered for four years.

"This certificate is given without solicitation, so that others may not waste their money buying medicines of no value when they can get Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, which I am convinced are the best."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



"Oh! Goody, Goody! It IS FRY'S"

"Do Let Us Have Some FRY'S Cocoa"

Is it any wonder the dear little kiddies slip out of their cot and steal downstairs when they "suspect" that father and mother are treating themselves to some "Fry's"? Will mother give them a drink too? Yes, indeed she will, for she knows that the best drink they could have, anytime, is

Fry's Cocoa is the one beverage that everyone likes and that everyone benefits by drinking. Young and old, weak and strong, people of robust health or those of delicate nerves and weak digestion—all get great good from its daily frequent use. Assimilates so easily that it provides a strengthening influence where most other foods and beverages fail.

Fry's THE Cocoa

25c. a Large Tin

Fry's is welcomed at any meal—**anytime,** in fact. Could you imagine anything daintier or more delicious to serve the afternoon callers or the evening's guests than a steaming hot, taste-tempting cup of this superb cocoa? It is so easily and quickly prepared—and everyone always enjoys it so much—that you really should serve it **oftener.** Genuinely economical, too. Order a tin of your grocer—to-day!

DR. JOSEPH FRY founded the House of Fry at Bristol, England, nearly two hundred years ago. The high quality of its products has attracted the patronage of discriminating buyers to such an extent that the works to-day employ nearly 5,000 people, the largest cocoa manufactory in the world, while the sale of Fry's Cocoa extends to all parts of the globe. The highest medical authorities in England say "There is no flaw in its claim to be absolutely pure."

Joseph Fry

Give the children Fry's Cocoa OFTENER. So much better, more enjoyed and safer than milk—especially these cold days. Easily and quickly prepared—enriches the blood, builds up and fortifies the body.

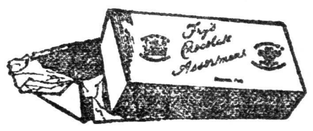
Surpassing Good For Everyone—Anytime

And remember "Nothing Will Do But Fry's." 10

Trade Supplied by J. S. Fry & Sons, Limited, 32 Colborne St., Toronto

Your Christmas Sweets Will Be Extra Good

If you are particular to ask for Fry's. An inviting variety of especially tempting chocolates of a new kind—made in many forms from purest cocoa sugar and exquisite flavorings. Do try them. In good stores everywhere



25c. Buys a Good Many

ODD RINGS WORN BY WORLD'S RULERS

Curious Superstition About Old and Famous Circlets.

Curious and romantic legends attach to certain of the world's famous rings. One the coronation ring of England, has an especially interesting history, more or less authentic.

Tradition has it that this ring was given by Edward the Confessor to an aged mendicant, who, accosting the king on the highway, asked alms to enable him to accomplish a journey to Jerusalem.

When the mendicant reached the Holy City, the story of the bestowal of the ring is said to have come to the knowledge of St. John the Divine, who, blessing the circlet, bade the pilgrim to restore it to his sovereign. This command was obeyed by the mendicant, who effected the return of the ring through an English pilgrim who was returning home from a visit to Palestine.

The ring was thereafter carefully guarded and finally placed in Edward's shrine at Westminster. The story of the ring was duly set forth in painted characters on glass and fixed in a window in the south aisle of the abbey.

The Kaiser's Ring.

The German emperor is said to wear at all times a ring that he regards as his own peculiar talisman, and to which a fantastic origin is credited. It appears that, during the time of John, elector of Brandenburg, a toad entered his room one night and placed a small gem on the elector's couch. This, we are assured, though a stone of small intrinsic value, has ever proved a talisman to the imperial house. The stone was set in a ring by the father of Frederick the Great, since whose time it has been worn by the head of the imperial German family.

The king of Spain owns a ring whose history proclaims it to be something of a "hoo-doo." According to the traditions of the Spanish court, recites Harper's Weekly, this ring was presented to Queen Mercedes by Alfonso XII. She died within a month. The king then turned over the ring to his sister Maria, and she, too, died shortly after receiving the ring. The fatal circlet again coming into the possession of the king, he this time gave it to Princess Cristina, his sister-in-law, who survived but three months. It would seem that the king was determined to brave the baleful influence of the ring, for, when its possessor died, he decided to wear it himself. Curiously enough, he, too, passed away not long afterward.

Naturally, the queen regent was loath to assume the risk of wearing the deadly circlet. Indeed, she refused to have anything to do with it, and, instead, caused it to be hung in a golden chain about the neck of the statue of the Virgin of Almudena in Madrid. It would seem that the young Alfonso, however, did not share the queen regent's dread of this ring, for it is now in his personal possession.

Spaniards entertain an odd superstition with reference to this ring of awesome history. It is believed to be possessed of some mystic power whereby unworthy wearers of it are deprived of their lives. To the worthy wearer, however, it is contended that the ring assures prosperity and long life. The superstitious have pointed out, in support of their contention, that the young king was actually wearing this ring at the time of his narrow escape from death when a bomb was thrown at him on his wedding day.

There is a ring of the imperial Russian house that is supposed to exercise a protective influence over the worthy wearer. There is a story to the effect that the grandfather of the present Czar, who was never known to stir from the palace without the ring, was assassinated on the day he forgot to slip the ring on his finger, but had left it at the palace.

THE PASSION TO KILL.

This infamous rage for killing! The suffering that the men with guns impose; the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the cripples that drag themselves to the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more.

Oh, brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on those harmless ones that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of man. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Spare, for their sake, yet more for your own, our little brotners of the fields.—Charles M. Skinner in Atlantic Monthly.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine**

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

GARIBALDI WANTED HIS BODY BURNED

But Great Liberator's Will Was Disregarded by Friends.

There is in Caprera, a peculiar scent of resin and incense baked in the sun, and it is precisely this sun, not as in Africa, which brings out the aroma of the lentisk of the low growing pines and of the myrtles.

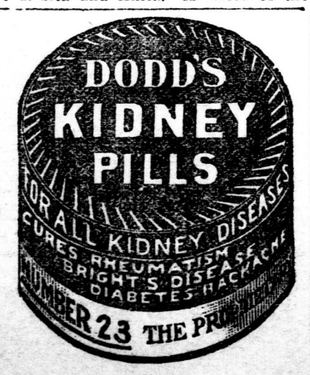
The pungent perfume of these island shrubs explains the desire expressed by Garibaldi in all his wills (not excepting the last in 1877) to have his body burned on a funeral pile of the wood of the island "before letting anyone know of his decease," in the open air, his face turned to the sun like Pompeius, and then to have the ashes placed in the wall behind the tomb of his little grandchildren, Anita and Rosita, and beneath the shade of a leafy acacia.

But when he died his will was disregarded by friends and relations, and against this profanation Giosne Carducci, the greatest of modern Italian poets, has protested—a protest approved by the most eminent men of science of the democracy. Thus the body of the hero was embalmed and placed in a tomb covered by an enormous block of Caprera granite and inscribed on it only the name, Garibaldi.

A tomb worthy indeed of the hero and which reminds the visitor of the modest grave of Gladstone's father in the little cemetery at Leith, near Edinburgh. Garibaldi's resting place is in an olive wood between the general's house and the seashore. Five other tombs surround his now, those of Menotti and Maulic, his eldest and his youngest sons; of his daughter, Teresita, wife of General Canzlo, and of Rosita and Anita. A sailor of the Italian navy mounts guard at the tomb.

In his home at Caprera Garibaldi rose very early in the morning, and with his hat well pulled down over his eyes proceeded by a tiny footpath to a prominence and thence admired the wide view of sea and horizon. After his morning walk he returned home in a cheerful frame of mind, had a kind word for everybody and went with the peasants to look after the cultivation of his fields.

During the last years of his life, being crippled hand and foot by arthritis, he seldom left his room, but he sat with the windows open, and the sparrows hopped in and took food from his hand. On his deathbed he had the windows opened to let two little tame tomtits into his room. He generally dined at noon, then played a game of draughts; after that he dictated his correspondence or some lines from memory and retired at 9.



THE HORRORS OF BOKHARA.

The terrible deeds that once made Bokhara a byword are now prohibited by the Russian government. Prisoners are not permitted, for instance, to be dragged through the streets by galloping horses. Nor are they thrown from the top of the high tower called the Minar Katan. This was the usual punishment meted out to evildoers in the old days. Watched by thousands of spectators, the poor wretches were flung from that giddy height on to the flagstones beneath.

Bokhara has many chambers of horrors, unwholesome for western eyes to see, and the description of which would certainly be unfit for publication. Perhaps the most horrible of these is a pit where prisoners were tortured by vermin, which were so numerous and ravenous that in the absence of human prey they were fed on chunks of raw meat.

EFFECTS OF SMOKING.

The degree of mentality attained by the non-smoking student is greater than that of the smoker, while in physique the balance is in favor of the smoker. A compilation made of the members of one college class shows that during the period of undergraduate life, which is essentially 3½ years, the first group grows in weight 10.4 per cent more than the second, and 11 per cent more than the third; in girth of chest the first group grows 26.7 per cent more than the second, and 22 per cent more than the third; in capacity of lungs the first group gains 77 per cent more than the second, and 49.5 per cent more than the third. As a rule, the non-smoker is mentally superior to both the occasional and the habitual smoker. As a rule the non-smoker is equal, and probably slightly superior physically, to all members of the smoking classes except the athletes. It may well be queried as to whether the smoking athlete does not make his gain at too high a mental cost to make it pay.

THE RECORD CUSTOMS SHIP.

A unique customs record was made in New York last week when $70,000 in duties was paid by the passengers of a single liner. The dutiable goods were all declared by their owners at their full value. Among the Americans who thus contributed to Uncle Sam's revenues was Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who paid $5,000 in duties on the contents of her innumerable trunks. Another passenger, Archer M. Huntington, paid $17,000 in duty on many rare Spanish antiques he was bringing in, while his wife declared her individual foreign purchases, mostly furs and wearing apparel, at $3,000. One of the curiosities of the tariff was discovered when Mr. Huntington was permitted to bring in a collection of foreign postage, valued at $32,000, absolutely free of duty. It was with reluctance that the customs men permitted this rare invoice to pass, but a most diligent search of the tariff schedule failed to give them any excuse for levying upon it. Mrs. Collins P. Huntington contributed $48,000 in duties, which is believed to be the largest amount ever paid by one person in New York.

KEPT UMBRELLA 30 YEARS.

A faithful old umbrella which has shielded the family of Dr. James A. Mullican of Greenwood avenue from the storms of thirty years, was stolen on Sunday. During the rain on that day the physician lent the umbrella to E. A. Seck and while the latter was in a store some one stole it.

"The umbrella belonged to my father and has been in the family for more than thirty years," said Dr. Mullican last night. "It has been covered several times.

"To persons who are unable to keep the same umbrella for more than thirty days this may seem incredible, but it is true," concluded Dr. Mullican with a smile.—Chicago Tribune.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs - - 25 cents.

DEEP-SEATED COUGH

CURED IN 5 HOURS.

New Home-Made Syrup.

(Cut this out.)

From Boston Press.

Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold on the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the clock. Opium and morphine have been resorted to in the past as relief measures. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A tonic laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home, and always keep it on hand: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half-hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day until the system is purified and tones up. Give children less according to age. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

Insist on underwear bearing this trademark.

Note its perfect shape, the quality of the material, its softness and elasticity.

"Ceetee" gives solid comfort and lasting satisfaction—the underwear de luxe, yet costs no more than ordinary makes.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR is **knit to fit the form**—not simply cut from the fabric—never binds, wrinkles or sags.

From first to last it is the underwear that pleases.

Ask your dealer to show you "Ceetee"—it means absolute underwear comfort.

In all sizes for men, women and children.

Look for the "sheep"

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

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