

on the Saint's day. Eugene DuBois' is on first hearing open grave suspicion for it sounds like Royal Nevelles, does it not? But she does not like to write that way. Eugene DuBois' is the name of the French Huguenot king. Two generations before him, the name was changed by an unfortunate grandfather to Hayes and thus it is otherwise known in Nebraska, where some relatives are prominent in the grain world. DuBois, whose ship was on the stage, stopped the rightful spelling.

Edwin Evans did the same trick as Uncle Harris, who was leading him unmercifully. Each was baptized "William" and Evans and Averil were the middle names as given at baptism. When they became actors "William" was thrown into the name.

So it is seen that on the whole the Boyd nomenclature is fairly real and no changes have been worked so violent as from Brodribb to Irving, from Maude Madden to Maude Adams or Elsie Brierley to Elsie Janis—not to mention a very thousand others less noted.

As respects the Boyd players as actors, no varied lot. One can find the mediocre here and prove it, too, of Governor Bradford of the Pilgrims. Fathers, thus in Edward Lynch of Virginia F. F. V. (Mr. Marston) of South Carolina, Huguenot like Eugene DuBois.

Edwin Lynch is largely of Yankee-Irish extraction, his forebears for many generations living first in New England and being originally Celtic in the direct paternal line. His name as her name indicates comes from German ancestry on her father's side and Miss Valentine, alias Elmer, is of a Louis German stock.

Mr. Selman's father was an Englishman, in the Herberts. Evans' father is an Episcopal clergyman now rector of an Alabama parish. Graydon Fox says he is direct descendant of Richard A. but himself "is the only one who dares say so." Keville Alderson is of English extraction and not so very remotely, if viewed by the last week by the manner in which he is Englishman, making the character faulty, but never overdoing the matter, the monacle sewed in his eye as lightly as Joseph Chamberlain's is repeated. Ralph Marthy is of native American ancestry for many generations with the name.

"What am I?" repeated Mr. Keville. "Oh, I'm Scotch and half Seltzer," he answered. "Oh as the hills," commented Mr. Lynch, but it's the old ones that go. One of the best on the stage gets the biggest laugh, Madame Sherry, when a line is said.

**This
Not Like
Other Animal Acts**

It is one is more than 38 years of age, has been a patron of vaudeville longer than three weeks, the chances are just all even that the average animal act will tell him what Bert Weston Tassler calls "wooden balls" nor need one be a hero to be thus affected. With all the vaudeville animal turn ranks so white between the conformationist and ventriloquist, why many people would cross the street to see her hear.

But to all this Frank Stafford's Gypsy seater is a complete exception. One may find scope to admire and to praise in the turn presented by Stafford, Irene Stone and the setter, begin with, the dog was a delight to eye. No dog lover could fail to notice good points broad between eyes, broad of head, fairly broad chest, clean cut ears and lameness, and it need no fancy view to establish the gracefulness of pose, which the dog took when the camera was in his alone.

Others would admire the clever way which the act was staged, the wood setting, the continuous fall of red and golden leaves, and still others would praise the good for Mr. Stafford, who has been the originator and initiator of a familiar Broadway sound and noise.

Mr. Stafford began to train the setter early in the dog's life and the dog is still a stage humor, but excellent at fitting and relieving same.

Mr. Stafford and the wife devote to their animal act time to their best farm on Long Island, where they have fowls.

A Bachelor's Reflections.

The ten recommendations are easy to be put last to remember.

A girl never knows how many of her admirers are married till they do it for him.

Chorus girls sing with their torn; sort their admirers to applaud with their thumbs.

A man who have made a good opinion of himself has no room for him to be out of anybody else.

The only reason a man can drink another away of himself the more it is to be out of anybody else.

[illegible]

A man never knows how many of his wife's relatives he married till they decide it for him.

Chorus girls sing with their toes; they want their addresses to applaud with their jack-hoops.

A man can have such a good opinion of himself there is no room for him to have one of anybody else.

The more money a man can drink and smoke away on himself the more it would seem if he were spending it for clothes.