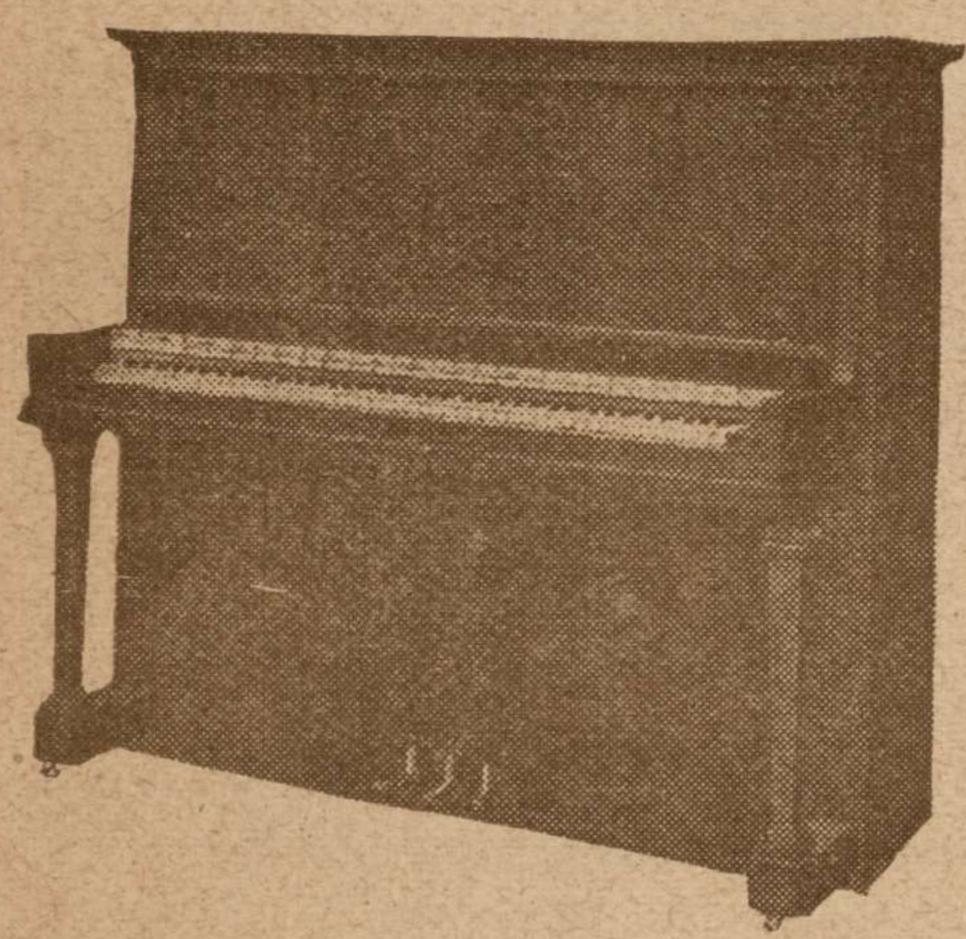


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THE ROMANY PATTERAN.

Romany patteran is a Gipsy phrase that is seen only occasionally in print. Kipling, Jack London and a few other writers have used it to describe the signs or trails left by Gipsies. While the phrase is used only occasionally, it is used probably more than the signs to which it refers, especially in the United States where Gipsies are abandoning their red wagons for speedier though, less domantic automobiles.

Patteran, patrin, and patten are three words in Romanes. or the Gipsy language, which signify signs which one Gipsy leaves on the road to show the route he has taken to friends who are following. The sign, or patteran, is usually found at the forks of a road. It may be a handful of grass or leaves thrown down at the head of a road, a bit of colored cloth tied to a fence, a cross mark on the ground, or a branch of a tree stuck in the ground by the roadside. However, the true patteran is a handful of leaves; for the word in the Gipsy language means the leaf of a tree.

The use of a patteran is understood, but not extensively practised by Gipsies. American Gipsies probably use it less than those of some other countries. Highways and automobiles make the leaving of a trail impracticable, and the Romany patteran is even now spoken of by modern Gipsies as a method used by the puro folkies drey the puro cheeros; that is, the old people in the old days.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S REM-INISCENCES—THE DEATH OF CHARLES FROH-MAN.

At the end of this season, Mr. Frohman had decided to go to Europe, much against everybody's wishes. I came to say goodby to him the day before he sailed on the Lusitania. He was one of the men who had received word from Bernstorff not to sail, but he had made his plans and it was characteristic of him not to be turned aside once he started anything, even by a warning from the German Government.

It was very curious, his good-by to me. He always kissed me, just as if I were his daughter. When I got to the door and was waving a final good-by, he called me back into the room and said good-by all over again and added, "Take care of yourself." He shook me very warmly by the hand and had a very strange look in his face; I shall never forget it. I have always felt that he must have known what was going to happen. I didn't take it seriously at the time, but I remember going back in the train to wherever I was stopping at the time, thinking what an unusual thing it was for Mr. Frohman to call me back and say good-by all over

It was during the run of "Mrs. McChesney" in Chicago, that I got one of the greatest blows of my life. A friend of mine was giving a luncheon at her house for Elsie Ferguson, who was playing in town at the same time. During lunch I was called to the telephone by a friend, Mrs. Cecil Clark Davis, who said she had heard the most terrible news but it had not been confirmed, yet everybody was afraid it was true. I asked her what it was, and she said that the Lusitania had been sunk with all on board. When I went back to

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the table, they all wanted to know what it was that made me look so utterly downcast, and I told them. I remember Elsie Ferguson and myself just looking at each other and saying, "Mr. Frohman, Mr. Frohman!"

It was not long before we had to accept the terrible fact that Mr. Frohman had gone. For many years he had been my very best friend. He had taken the place of parents and everything. I had gone to him with not only my theatre troubles, but all my troubles. He had always been understanding and wonderful. He had a golden heart.

THE HOPELESSLY ROMAN-TIC REALISTS.

To be asked to desert fiction long enough to write facts (says Elizabeth Van Deusen) even home facts, seems a rather cruel request to make of a new story writer. I don't really mind telling my agemany years ago a little girl of eight years came to live in Brooklyn. One day while out walking with her Aunt Sue, in New York, they saw a line of all sorts of ppeople filing in —then out—of a private house. Aunt Sue and the little girl went in; and there in his narrow home, with candles burning and sword gleaming, lay th ebody of General Sherman. If I were that small girl, how would I be now?

Perhaps it is because I have so much Dutch ancestry, pre-Revolutionary, New York State variety, that I possess few active dislikes. I like to do my own plain thinking, and must admit I don't care for people who try to stampede me-or the crowd—mentally, and I don't like an apppeal made to "what I am pleased to call my mind." Among my numerous likes I will mention three key ones-flowers, New York and succotash. I delight in a good show. I know why Tammany wins every other election in New York. And I can, or could, go from Little Clove Road to Nolan's Lane without once asking directions.

For many years I lived in the heart of down-town Brooklyn, and I know departmentstore life from behind the counter. If you number any interested Brooklynites among your readers, it may interest them to know that if fictionwriting fails me I can again make cake in the Van Deusen pans. (I was never guilty of that molasses fruit-cake manipulation). I like to think that I inherit my modest creative ability from my inventive father. I think I may assume

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the position of one of the charter members of the extremely new school of writers that I hope to see multiply, and that I call "The Hopelessly Romantic Realists."

For many years I longed for a country home. After a while through the agency of such simple things as death and war, I found myself here in Irving's country living with my mother in a most cherful small house on the Hebbard School grounds. Mrs. Hebbard is my cousin, and lends her kindly sympathy when the wood-chucks and rabbits bring my gardening operations to an untimely end.

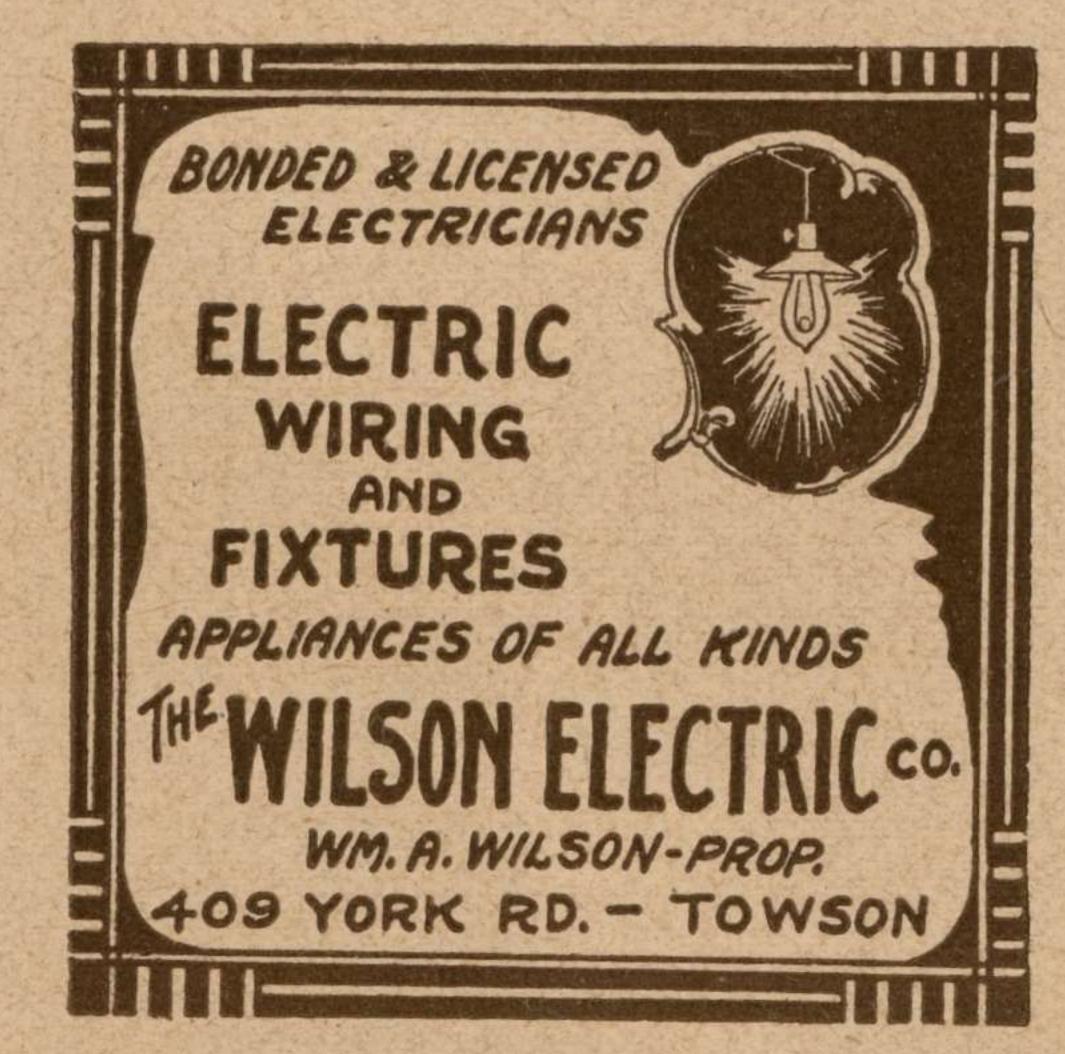
THE DEADLY CORAL SNAKE.

A coral snake violates all rules. Instead of the arrowshaped head, supposed to be a sure sign of a poisonous reptile, his is narrow, like that of a gopher snake or garter snake. He is 24 to 30 inches long. Instead of following the popular idea regarding coloring, he is a brilliant yellow, in black, red and yellow, which n often supposed to be a mark of a harmless reptile. Yet he is more dangerous than a rattler, because he never warns and his poison is fully as deadly as that of a sidewinder. Now, lest some boob mistake a useful king snake for a coral and kill him, here is a rule that works correctly. If the yellow is between the red and black, look out. If the black is between yellow and red, pick him up.

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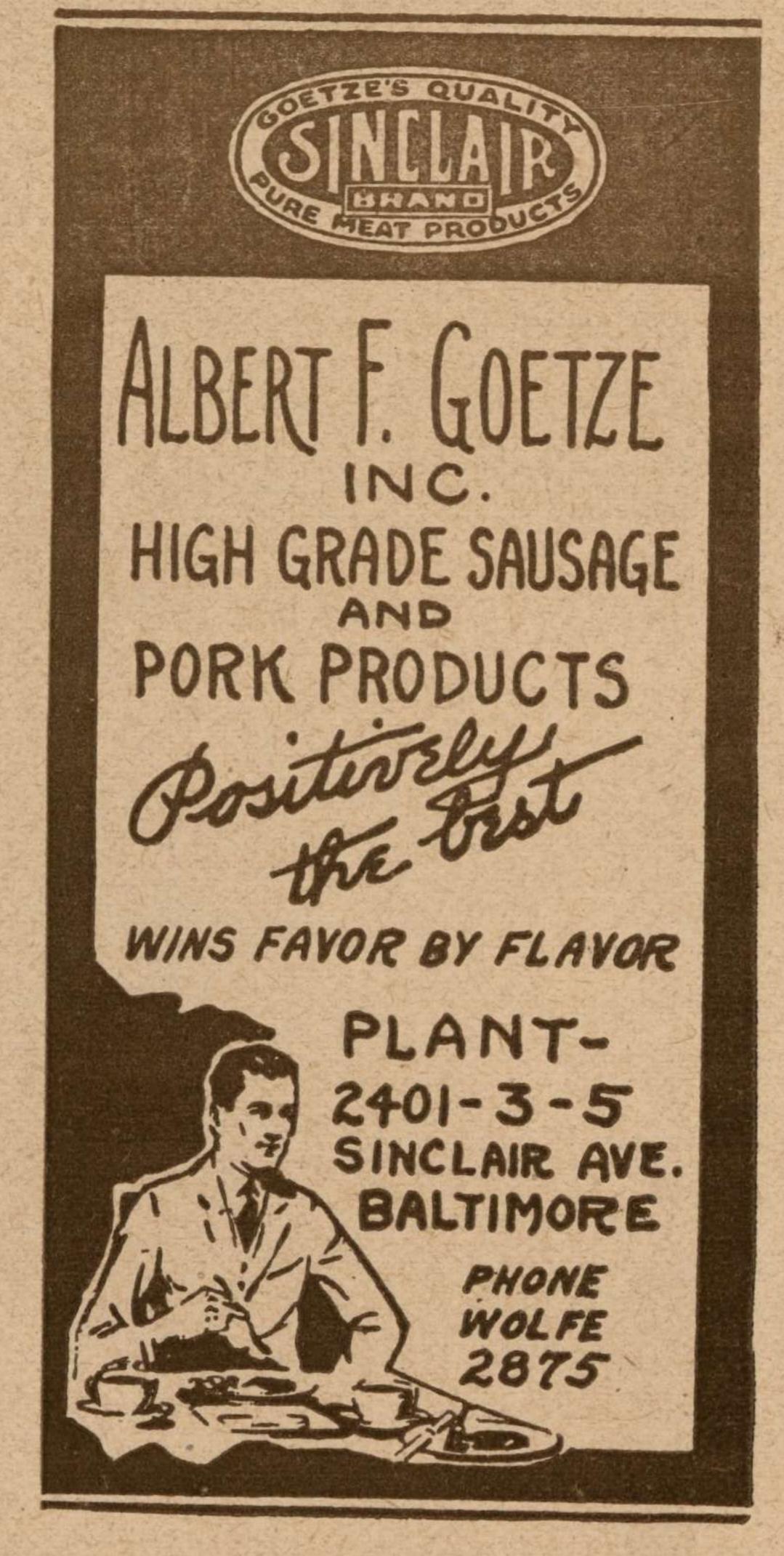
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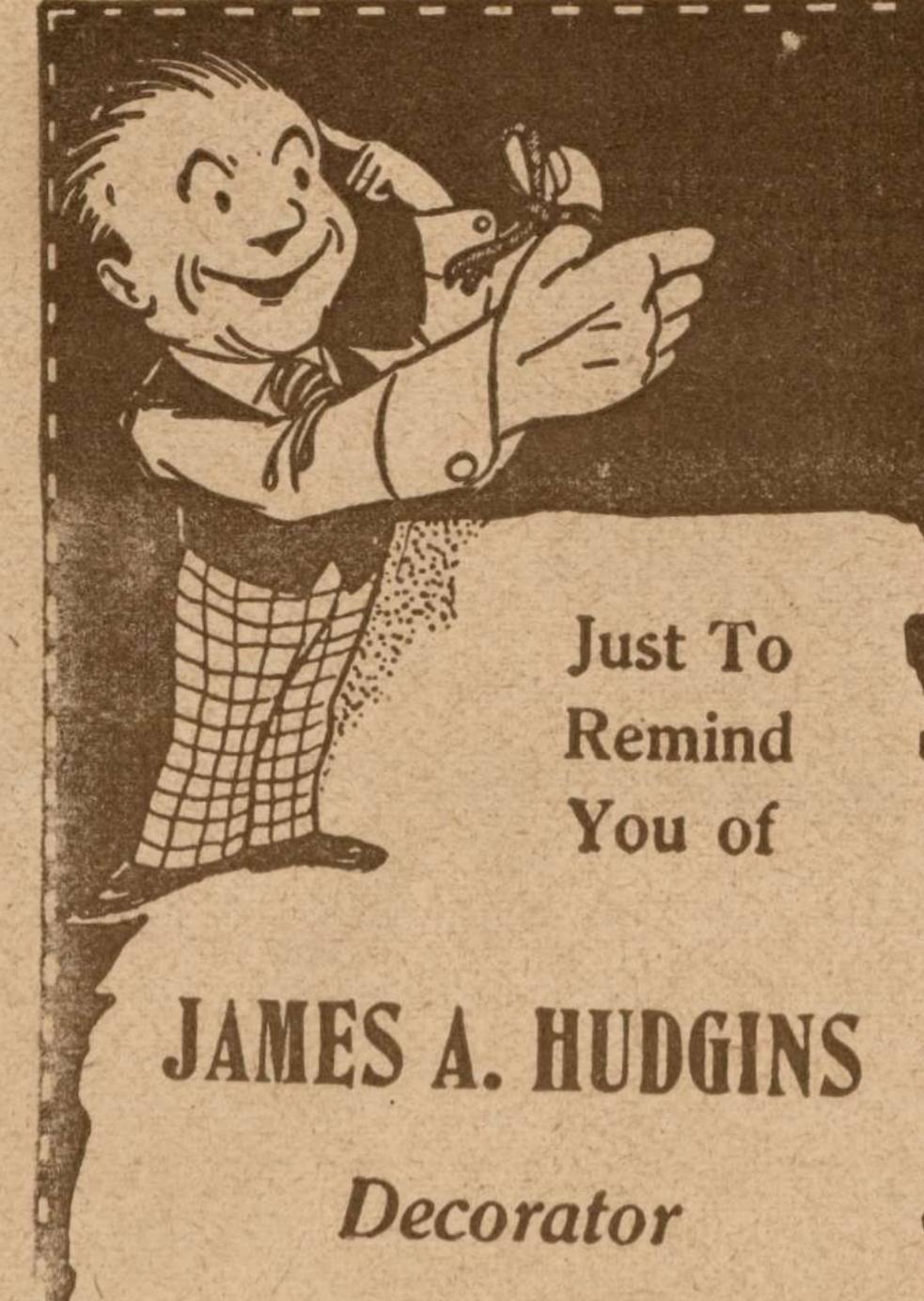
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