

MASKS ^{AND} FACES

“The White Elephant.”--Darkies
at Dockstader's--Flor-
ence in 'Frisco.

ACTRESSES AND NOVELISTS.

Ben Collins' Ballad...July Juleps...
Paul Dresser's Plaint.

UNDER THE UMBRELLA.

In front of Dockstader's I met genial Paul Dresser, the comedian and song writer. He told me the origin of his song, "Here Lies an Actor." "I was down in Petersburg, Va., one night," said he, "feeling very blue. It was raining. The hotel room in which I sat was gloomy. The furniture was old. The curtains were in shreds. The carpets were in shreds. The windows were cracked and dirty. I felt blue; I had little money in my pocket. I felt devilish blue and melancholy. I left my room and went down stairs into the parlor. The parlor was more cheery than my room, and in a corner it stood an organ. I sat at that organ. I let my fingers run over the keys.

My melancholy mixed with the music. I played this, that and the other. I thought of the hard lot of some actors. Finally I struck an original tune. Slowly the music of "Here Lies an Actor" was found, and before I went to bed that night I scribbled the tune on dingy note paper, and that's the origin of that popular song."

As I left Mr. Paul Dresser and strolled down Broadway, I ran across Bloke, who told me he was to get the magnificent salary of sixty a week next season.



I looked at him for a moment and then, as I passed on, I hummed to myself, sarcastically, the persistent refrain:

"Here lies an actor!"