

**HOW'S YOUR
SECOND ACT?**

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How's Your Second Act? by Arthur Hopkins

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ARTHUR HOPKINS

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SECOND ACT?**

HOW'S YOUR SECOND ACT?

**PLAYS PRODUCED
BY MR. HOPKINS**

**ON TRIAL
THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL
GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE
THE SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY
THE GYPSY TRAIL**

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SECOND ACT?
BY ARTHUR HOPKINS**

**WITH A FOREWORD BY
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**



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FOREWORD

One of the cardinal arguments—if not *the* cardinal argument—poised generally against the theatrical manager of the old order was that he was guilty of the gross misdemeanor of smoking large, black cigars and not merely that, but smoking them in his side teeth at a tilt of thirty-five degrees. The relevance of this devastating deposition has always baffled me, since it appears Mark Twain was guilty of the same *faux pas*, and yet at the same time contrived to be one of the greatest geniuses America has produced. True enough, the tilted cigar did not make of the old order manager a picture to cerise the cheek of the flapper nor to stimulate the esthetic sense of a Sargent, but it is still pretty difficult to figure out just what bearing it had upon his talent or, more pertinently, his lack of talent.

The fact remains, however, that cigar or no cigar, the theatrical manager of the yesterday is rapidly passing out of the

field of drama. He is passing out of the field of drama, where he doubtless never belonged, and into the field of theatre management, the field in which he had his beginnings and the field to which he is unquestionably best suited. The old-time manager is, in short, passing once more into the state of mere business man. His ramble into the drama as a producing manager shows signs of being at an end. And while this end may not yet be directly at hand, it is daily looming larger and larger; and it would, indeed, seem safe to predict that his evanescence into his pristine shape—the shape of business man pure and simple—is even nearer at hand than our eyes may lead us believe.

The day of the new order is here. The old manager, who thought Dan Nunzio the name of the Italian bootblack on the corner and who believed Sue Dermann was probably the name of some German manicure girl in a Broadway hotel, is being relegated to the counting room, and in his place there has come, or at least there is coming, the new manager, a fellow of taste and of ideals, a man to whom the