

# My Funniest Story



It Came from My Interest in English.  
BY ALLA NAZIMOVA.



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A prompt and witty pleasantry at my expense uttered by a member of my company a couple of seasons ago, has been since then the most popular story in my small list of amusing anecdotes, and is the one most enjoyed by my friends.

In acquiring command of the English language I have derived great assistance from tracing new and unfamiliar words back to their Greek or Latin roots, and this habit was turned to my discomfiture by the actor who sturdily opposed my admiration of Philadelphia as one of the most charming of American cities.

The actor was bewailing the fact that we were shortly to play an engagement in the City of Brotherly Love, and heaping opprobrium without reserve on the entire town—its architecture, its government, its climate, its citizenry, its sacred "scrapple," and even to the Quaker faith.

I sprang at once to the defense of my dear Philadelphia. "You must admire its charming houses," I cried, "its shaded trees, its great park, its lovely suburbs, its schools, its colleges, its atmosphere of culture and refinement! Why, the Quaker City is unique—"

"Yes, that's just it," interrupted the actor, "'unus' meaning 'one', 'equus' meaning 'horse'; 'unique' meaning 'one horse.' You are quite right, madam, Philadelphia is a 'unique town.'"