

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS BIDE DUDLEY

Frank Albert, who owns theatres and movie houses in Australia, is in New York. He had lunch with Charles K. Harris, writer of "After the Fall" and the man who made Milwaukee famous yesterday. Later, Mr. Harris told all about his friend. "Thank to here to see me," he said. He's going abroad soon and will stop off in London to see the King. "That's much better than what I'm doing," he said. "Well, here looking for a supply of harmonicas—you know—mouth organs." "Wants to hit up a tune or two for the King, eh?" "No, of course not. He wants to sell them. The war has cut off his supply." "And he wants to start Australia sailing?" "Goodness, no! Now gather me! The Australians are great on the north ocean and"— "Do a good deal of blowing, eh?" "Yes, indeed. Oh, no, not at all! They play a lot. Well, most of those instruments come from Germany." "Is that why most of the world is trying to whip Germany?" "Oh, no! But, you see, the war has kept the manufacturers from shipping them." "How about bagpipes?" "Just a moment! Bagpipes don't come from Germany. They're made in Scotland." "Hah! Now, do you understand? Frank wants harmonicas to sell. He hears there's some in Switzerland, so he's sailing Thursday to buy a supply. There's really no harm in mouth organs." "But there's harm in harmonicas." "Sufficiency!" said Mr. Harris.

LOUNSBERRY WAS GENEROUS. Irving Berlin has based his latest song, "When I Leave the World Behind," on the will of Carl Lounsberry, who died some time ago in Chicago. Lounsberry bequeathed the sum \$100,000, starts, fourth of July, Milky Way and other such things to his many friends.

WE'RE VERY PEEVISH. I don't see a trace of the box of Mar. The second it raised and I put it away. I was on the street it was sunny and warm. I took it from a book in my coat up home. I saw it in a book in my coat up home. I saw it in a book in my coat up home. I saw it in a book in my coat up home.

PLAYLET FOR THOMASHEFSKY. Boris Thomashefsky, the Yiddish actor, is to enter vaudeville at an early date under Alf T. Wilton's direction. He will use a condensed version of his Schomer play, "The Green Millionaire," in which he appeared for thirteen weeks at his east side theatre.

GETS "THE SPOILS OF WAR." Olga Netherole, who is in London, has obtained the English acting rights of the new Blanch Walsh sketch, "The Spoils of War," now at the Palace. Miss Netherole will assume the role of the General's wife soon at a London theatre. Louis Netherole and Arthur Houghton control the playlet.

PROHIBITION NOTE. John Mason has named his new motor boat "The Water Wagon."

OUR OWN MOVIE SERIES. Part 1: Malcolm Mason of Muskegon was walking along Broadway when he saw a beautiful girl. He thought she was an actress because she was leading a little fluffy white dog. Stepping up to her, Malcolm said: "You are on the stage, I believe?" "Well, what of it?" she retorted. (To be continued.)

GOSSIP. Maude Odell whom you know well went in pictures for a spell. Clara Joel is to appear in stock in Cleveland at the Colonial.

Ray Comstock wishes to deny a report that a customer financed "Nobody Home." He and Elisabeth Marbury claim that honor.

Murdoch Pemberton and Arthur E. Brown, authors of "Mason's Mystery" are already receiving requests for passages to the show.

Valdeville may soon claim the Watson Sisters, also Howard Thurston, the magician, who has headed his own company for ten years.

Marcus Mayer has come to town from Charleston, N. H. He appeared on Broadway yesterday in a straw hat that was a shining rebuke to the weather man.

The Strand's captive balloon has been put in cold storage. Doc Wilson, the press agent, says it was so troublesome it was making him a balloon-atic.

Larry Giffen has disposed of the film rights for "The Shadow," "Caught in the Rain" and "The Runaway," all books, and for "Pigs in Clover," "Hacquet" and "The Turmoil" books.

HOW JEAN GOT AHEAD—No. Nine—Jean Proves Her Loyalty.



After she has been working for Mr. Denbigh about a month, a young man calls to see him on a day when he is out of town. The young man, whose card reads "Mr. John White," is referred to Jean.

She tells him that Mr. Denbigh will not be back till next day and asks if there is any message. The young man declares that he has an appointment with Mr. Denbigh and will wait to see if he doesn't return.

When the telephone girl has gone out to lunch "Mr. White" boldly approaches the railing near which is Jean's desk, and offers her \$500 for the name and address of a mysterious witness in one of Mr. Denbigh's cases.

She pretends to hesitate, and he raises his bid to \$1,000. Finally she promises to meet him in a certain luncheon room next day and give him the information he desires and which she says she will get by that time.

Well pleased, the young man bids her a smiling goodbye and Jean smiles back. He never guesses that she is playing with him, and that a trap is carefully set for him—to be sprung to-morrow.—Continued to-morrow.

'S'MATTER, POP!



POP THEY ITH A THTWANGE GENTLEMAN IN THE FRONT ROOM AN HE WANTH TO THEE YOU

A STRANGE GENTLEMAN? FOR THE LOVE OF PETE! RUN UPSTAIRS AND GET MY COAT AND COLLAR AND TIE

AHEM!

PIFFLE! STRANGE LOOKING GENTLEMAN IS RIGHT!

THUM CLATH TO HIM, HUH POP? SLEPPH? HEARING SHAYTER POP?

FLOOEY AND AXEL—As Far as Axel Can See, One Telephone Is Just as Good as Another!



YES AND THE DOC SAYS IF YOU USE THE TELEPHONE VIBRATOR AWHILE, THE ELECTRICITY WILL DRIVE THE RHEUMATISM RIGHT OUTA YER BONES! Y'GET THE CURRENT FROM THE PHONE, SEE?

GUAN!

LISTEN AXEL - IF THE PHONE RINGS - DON'T ANSWER IT. GET ME?

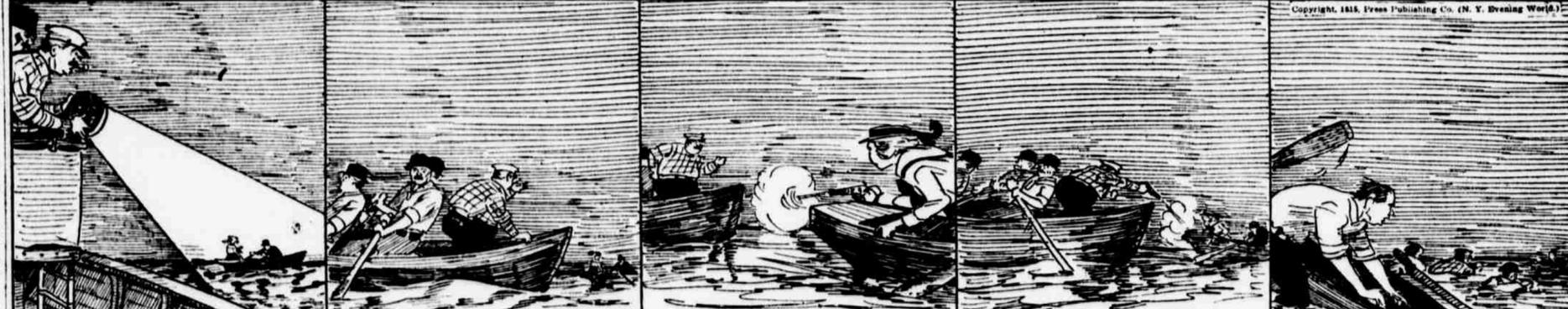
THE THING THAT'S KEPT AXEL FROM GETTING WELL FASTER WAS ME TAKIN' HIS PRETTY NURSE TO THE GAMES. NOW THAT SHE'S GONE HE'LL STAY IN AN RECOVER!

SAY CAN AY SIT BY DAS TELEPHONE?

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER—Part Three—The Sunken Boats.

THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE STORY" COMPLETE EACH WEEK. Illustrated by FERD G. LONG—All Rights Reserved.

By Bernard MacDonald



The schooner is equipped with an acetylene searchlight and this Lawton orders lighted. With it he then sweeps the waters of sea surrounding the vessel, which meantime, at his orders, has been hoisted to the top. Nellie and Ted aboard, is seen less than a hundred yards away.

The schooner's second boat is launched, and Lawton and three of his bullies pile aboard. Swiftly they pull in pursuit of Ted and Nellie. Steadily the gap between the two boats lessens. Ted draws his two automatic which he had regained in escaping from the cabin.

One of these lie hands to Nellie. "Fire at their boat," he orders. Resting the weapon on the boat's stern, she takes careful aim and fires, sending shot after shot into the hull of the pursuers' craft. Lawton curses loudly, then draws his own gun.

But he is handicapped. He dare not fire at Ted lest he hit his own daughter, who is in the line of fire. But Ted "catches a crab" and his boat momentarily swings sidewise. Lawton fires at the hull and hits it just below the waterline. His own craft is sinking.

Now both boats are sinking. The men plunge into the water and swim toward Ted and Nellie, now foundering in the sea. Ted raises his automatic, but finds it has been unloaded! Nellie will be spared, but Fate promises death for him!—Continued To-morrow.

Good Stories Of the Day

Proved by Experiment.

ONE of the young ensigns who was acting as teacher on the battleship Texas asked the question, "What are the two principal parts of a sentence," expecting to get the answer, "Subject and predicate." Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny. "Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court. "No, sah."

Blocked.

A MAN very much out of breath ran into the railroad station and made a wild rush for the ticket seller's window. A few moments later he came back and sat down with an air of dejection. "An umbrella."

Offered to Swap.

TWO Kansas City lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare they were present when the following incident occurred: Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny. "Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court. "No, sah."

Bound to Suit.

WHEN Jones called on the Browns with an important message last night he had no umbrella. It was raining piteously and he was soaked to the skin. Mrs. Brown was sympathetic and hospitable. "I couldn't dream of letting you go away like that!" she cried. "You must come in and get dry and have some supper." "Never," demurred Jones. "I am soaked through and couldn't get dry."

Wind and Water.

THE long-winded member of the Debate Club had held forth for many minutes past his allotted time, and still showed no signs of exhaustion. Feeling thirsty, he reached out for the water carafe, but found it empty. Motioning to the usher to have it filled, he would have proceeded with his speech but for an interruption. A member in the back seat rose and waved his arms excitedly. "I protest, Mr. Chairman," he said. "I protest against what?" asked the Chairman. "Running a windmill with water," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Dispatch.

"GETTING AHEAD AS A BUSINESS GIRL."

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