

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS BOLD DUDLEY

"There's a lot of people," said Lucille the waitress, as she handed the newspaper man a paper napkin, "who can't stay put. Get me?"

"Don't believe I do," he replied. "Well, take these theatrical people who eat here every one of 'em wants to do something he ain't doing. Now, this morning, Miss Dupree, who dances all those new dances and extra steps as a business comes in and sits down like as it were weary. 'Howdy, Mome,'" she says, 'Hello, Jerry Callahan! You see, his real name is Jerry Callahan, but the Mome Dupree stuff helps him out in the social state. He says he ain't feeling very good. 'Ain't you dancing?' I asks 'Oh, sure,' he says, 'but they don't deprecate me—me who has danced before the King and Queen too.' You mean you danced before the royal heads did, I presume, I says. You see, I noticed he was cranky, and says, 'Well, I certainly do love to prefer a cranky man.'"

"At that he frowns. 'Sit on the comedy!' he says. 'I danced before the King and Queen and those managers know it, yet what'll they offer me?' 'Thirty per cent and hopes. You know, I've always wanted to be a juggler. These managers will drive me to it yet?'"

"Can you juggle?" I asks. "That was what started all the trouble. Mome sees a bowl of hard boiled eggs on the counter and tells me he'll show me. He takes three eggs and begins to toss 'em up. He does 'em for about three tosses and then it happens, the egg gets out of its course and lands on the most convenient laid head, the same belonging to an auto salesman eating strawberry shortcake two feet away. 'Look out!' yells Mome, after it happens. The auto salesman is crazy. 'What for?' he shouts. 'You going to drop another?' The other two eggs have collided in midair and their engines have stopped. They come down on the counter and are completely ruined."

"Mome sees some sort of an apology is coming to the auto salesman, so he says: 'I never meant to let that egg hit you on the head.' 'Which egg had it poked out to land on his dome?' I asks. 'You see, kid, it was a delicate situation and me being neutral had a chance to enjoy a few minutes of pleasure that don't happen along every day. The auto salesman grows red in the face. The other customers are all laughing. 'I believe he meant to do this,' I sings out the while. 'I don't say I lowers my voice. 'Tell him about your ambition to be a juggler,' I says. 'It was an accident,' says Mome. 'I was just showing the little lady here that I missed my calling.' 'Well, miss me hereafter,' says the bald one. Everybody in the place bows in dire respect and stand it, so he beats it for the great out of doors. Right there along comes the boss."

"Who's going to pay for them eggs?" he asks. "Honest, I'm dumfounded. 'You got me,' I says. Then I point at the auto man. 'This gent bought one of them,' I says. 'Who'll he'll pay?' 'I will like Helena, Montana,' says the auto man. The boss says to make Mome pay the next time he comes in, and after that the place quiets down. 'Three good eggs wasted, eh?' was the newspaper man's comment. 'Not on your life. They went into the salad,' replied Lucille. 'What kind of salad?' 'Now don't be that way, kid. Egg and potato salad, of course! You just et some, didn't you?'"

BY WAY OF DIVERSION. They're busy for a wedding. Across the road from us. An' 'er one's ready. An' 'er such a fuss. I know I ought to be here. But just 'seen me an' 'er. There ain't no sense in me. I'm 'feelin' pretty lone. The feller's from the city. He's due in 'er night. I guess he'll be here. An' 'er to treat 'er right. I'm ain't no sense in me. An' 'er for me it's 'er. You see, he's the one who's. But there—'s no sense.

HONORING AL SANDERS. One hundred and twenty-five friends of that well-known newspaper man and wine agent, Al Sanders, gathered at the Friars Club last night to hear his past uncovered by a cathechism of slyly-tongued orators. The occasion was a dinner given in honor of Mr. Sanders. The speakers were John J. Gleason, Bert Feibelman, Jean C. Haver, Max D. Steuer and Loney Haskell. The revelations they made must be passed over by virtue of a poem, said to have been written by Ralph Trier, may be printed. All right, then—let's have the poem:

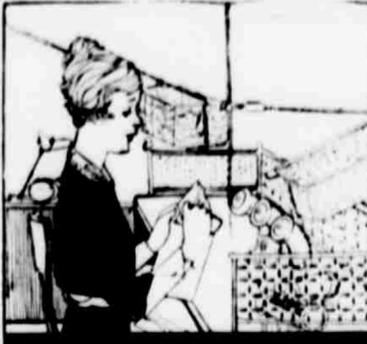
Just turn your mind away a lot From warfare out in Flanders. Remember that we're here to eat And make it worth for Sanders.

OFFICIALS VISIT FUND HOME. The President and Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund made their annual visit to the organization's home on Staten Island yesterday. Those in the party were Daniel Frohman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Grier, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. William Harris, Edwin D. Minor, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Nobles, James Young, Clara Kimball Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wilkenson, S. B. Hamburger, Henry W. Savage, Mrs. Kimble Smith, J. J. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Master Armstrong, Anna Friedman, Mrs. S. H. Stern, Anna Westing and W. C. Austin. President Frohman made an address after a luncheon had been served.

A SIDE-STEPPER. Said his bride: "George, I've learned to make pie. Which was simply a beautiful lie. And I'll give you a slice by and by." He replied: "Sorry, dear. Pie's a thing I don't eat."

GOT AWAY WITH NO. 9. The band boys did well at the theatre last night. They played Number 9 in the red book without a stop—Elton (L.A.) Boy.

GETTING AHEAD AS A BUSINESS GIRL—No. 1—From Cash Girl to Buyer



After leaving school, to help support my widowed mother, I obtained employment as cash girl in a large department store. My wages were \$3 a week, but I satisfied myself with the hopes of making better progress later on.



Some time later I became discouraged with the small prospects of an opportunity to make good and decided to ask my employer for a position as saleslady. To my delight the request was granted and I began my career as a saleslady the following day.



As a saleslady I tried always to do my work as well as possible. I made it a particular point to always be on time, to keep my person neat and tidy and to make the best efforts to satisfy the customers.



After a few years, many girls had given up their positions and new girls had been hired to take their places, but I still held my position and, having received several promotions, had become head saleslady in the suit department.



Many customers whom I had always pleased and satisfied would often ask the manager to call me that I might wait upon them. This pleased him and one year later the owner informed me I was to be suit buyer of my department and receive a substantial raise in my salary.—Another story tomorrow.

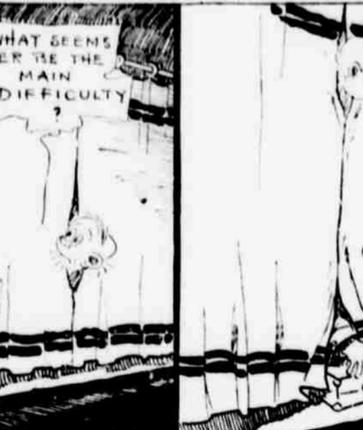
'S'MATTER, POP!



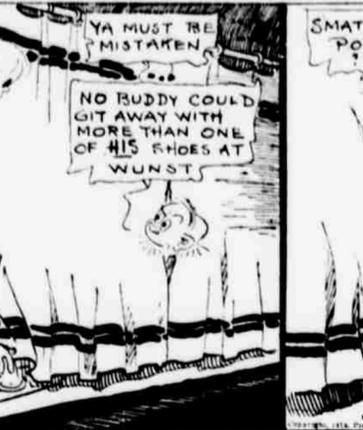
POP! THE PORTER SLIPPED UP AND TOOK YOUR SHOES



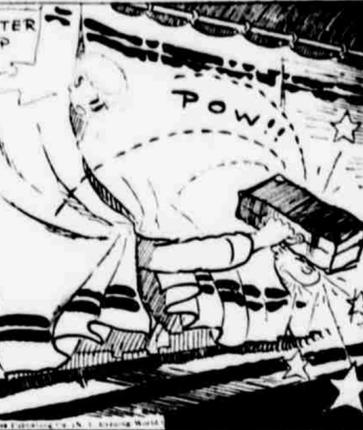
SOME ONE CARRIED OFF POP'S SHOES



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MAIN DIFFICULTY?



YA MUST BE MISTAKEN. NO BUDDY COULD GIT AWAY WITH MORE THAN ONE OF HIS SHOES AT WUNST

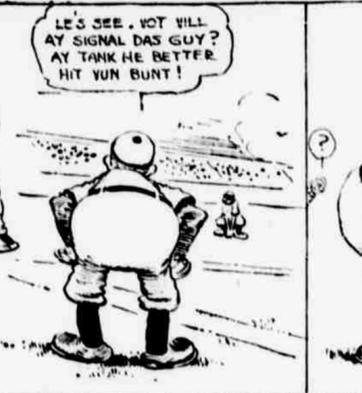


SMATTER POP! POW!

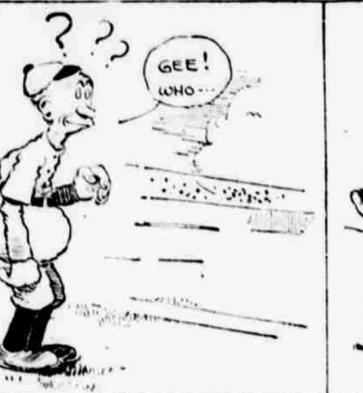
FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel May Love Honor and Dough, but He Loves "Eats" More!



SEE AXEL! D'YA REALIZE, WOT AN HONOR IT IS TO BE COACH FOR THE GIANTS? NOW USE YER BASEBALL BRAINS AN' MAKE GOOD! THINK OF THE FAME AN' THE DOUGH YOU'LL GRAB!!



LE'S SEE. WOT WILL AY SIGNAL DAS GUY? AY TANK HE BETTER HIT YUN BUNT!



OH SURE!



SURE! IT BANE HER HAT - HER VOICE!



AY KNOW YUN FINE NEW PLACE FOR EATS!

THE LEMON RINDS—Part One—An Uncomfortable Encounter



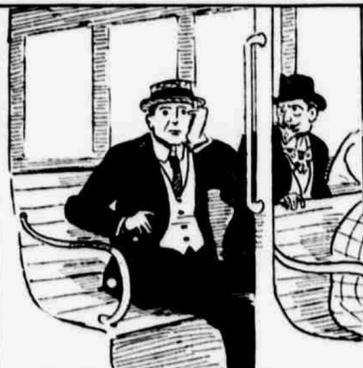
Larry Bartlett, a young instructor in a college in New York City, accepts an attractive offer to enter the business world. His first act is to shave off his Vandike beard and mustache which, in his college work, he had worn to give him an appearance of greater age and dignity.



For a day or two he finds amusement in his friends' failure to recognize him. Rid of the necessity for constant reading and study, he finds that he can dispense with the eyeglasses he had been in the habit of wearing.



His new work is downtown and, being a lover of fresh air, he makes part of his daily trip on an open surface car. This morning, as he climbs aboard one, he makes room for a second passenger who glares at him with peculiar intensity.



Bartlett interprets the glance as one of unmistakable animosity, and the man being an utter stranger to him, the circumstance arouses his curiosity. Several times furtive glances reveal the man's gaze still riveted on him. He begins to feel somewhat uncomfortable.



At the office, happening to thrust his hand in his pocket, his fingers encounter something which he draws forth. It is a circle of lemon rind. Wondering where it came from, he gazes at it, little dreaming of its significance or the trouble for him that it portends.—Continued tomorrow.

GOSSIP.

Frances McGrath has joined the Empire Players, Syracuse, as leading woman. Anselm Gostiz will direct the big orchestra at the Madison Square Garden film show. Frank Daniels is acting in a picture by Mary Roberts Rinehart called "What Happened to Father." Alfred Head is H. H. Fraxon's publicity disseminator at present. E. A. Wood is honeymooning abroad. An original poem by Edwards Davis will be read by the poet at the Green Room Club's benefit. It won't take long. Julian Mitchell will collaborate with Leon Kroll in staging the new edition of the "Follies." Tody Hamilton is going back into the press agenting business. Coney Island will be the scene of his activities. Dorothy Donnelly may not appear with Arnold Daly in "Lauda," after all. It is said it's a question of black type in the billing. Clifton Crawford, who has a new automobile, says he won't believe the car is all the dealer promised unless he is arrested for speeding. The Messrs. Shubert will stage two new plays in Philadelphia to-night.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

She (as they sit in the parlor)— Shall we turn out the lights, dear? He—No. She—Why not? He—I bought some stock in the electric light company to-day.

Good Stories Of the Day

Willie's Doubts. WILLIAM'S uncle was a very tall, fine-looking man, while his father was very small. Willie admired his uncle and wished to grow up like him. One day he said to his mother: "Mamma, how did uncle grow so big and tall?" His mother said: "Well, when uncle was a small boy, he was always a very good boy, and tried to do what was right at all times; so God let him grow up big and tall." Willie thought this over seriously for a few minutes, then said: "Mamma, what kind of a boy was papa?" "Associated Sunday Magazines."

That Settled It.

In a business men's club in West- London, one which criticized the steward because he did not provide the members with good meals, and one which denigrated him jolly. The dispute got hotter and hotter, until the club wished to fire the steward at once. The other half said he was efficient. Then, without warning, the steward himself decided the momentous question. One day at lunch time a member of the club asked a waiter: "Where's the steward?" "He ain't here," replied the waiter.

As She Is Spoke.

WILLIAM LACKAYE, the player, is a stickler for correct English on and off the stage, and he never loses an opportunity to put the erring on the right path in this respect. One afternoon Mr. Lackaye walked into a New York drug store and stated to a clerk his need—a man's comb. "Do you want a narrow man's comb?" was the inquiry addressed to him. "No," said Mr. Lackaye with the utmost gravity. "What I desire is a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."—Lippincott's.

His Demonstration.

MR. BROWN had just had a telephone put in connecting his office and house, and was very much pleased with it. "I tell you the telephone is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening, and I will show you

He Could Hear That.

A CHINAMAN was brought before a Magistrate in a court of a Canadian city and received a fine for a slight misdemeanor. The judge had great difficulty in making the Oriental understand, for he pretended not to know a word of English. "Look here, man," he said disjunctedly, "that is it. Do you see? Pay it—otherwise in jail. Understand?" The Chinaman signified that he did not understand and the Magistrate repeated it. "Let me talk with him. Your Honor," said the party officer who had arrested the man. "I'll make him understand." When the Judge had given him leave the officer approached the Chinaman and shouted in his ears: "Say you, with the teakettle face,

can't you hear anything? You're sick to pay a \$2 fine!" "You're a liar!" cried the Chinaman, forgetting himself in his rage. "It's only \$1!" Youth's Companion.

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