ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BY BIDE DUDLEY

Julius Hopp, who is ever seeking to better the condition of the masses, has come to the front with a plan to make the god of war ashamed of himself for what he is doing over Europe way. He has written a play called "The World Aflame," which is meant to be a strong argument against war, and is trying to arrange for its production. To this end he recently visited the Church Peace Union and unfolded his scheme. Frederick Lynch, Executive Secretary of the union, thinks well of it and is lending Mr. Hopp his moral support. The organization itself has not officially dipped in, but it was stated last night clergymen connected with it have fallen in line and are indicating they will do what they can to help finance the proposition. It has been proposed that they see if some of their wealthy parishioners won't assist. Incidentally, would it be sacrilegious to suggest that clergymen are just the ones to locate "angels?"

BILLY IS ENTERPRISING.

Billy B. Van will soon take thirty film actors to his country place at Lake Sunapee, N. H. He says he's going to take some pictures. However, Billy owns the hotel there.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Yes, I licked him—good an' plenty.
Shut now, mother, dry yer peepers;
I was right an' Billy knowed it,
Yet he wouldn't "polegize."
Shame, yes, you say? Well, listen—
He'll be back, I'm very sure,
There now, mother—quit yer grievin',
He'll soon realize he's wrong.

Must admit the boy was pretty,
Never had a word to say;
Swelled up his chest, you tell me?
Kissed you an' then went away?
Yes, I licked him, but God bless him!
Makes my own heart want to start.
'Polegize! Say, had he done it,
He'd a' broke this old man's heart.

MISS FARRAR LEAVES MONDAY.

Geraldine Farrar will leave Monday for Hollywood, Cal., to act before the moving picture camera for a production of "Carmen." She will travel in the private Pullman car Superb. Accompanying her will be her personal manager, Morris Gest, Mrs. Gest, Mrs. David Belasco, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Farrar, James Sullivan, Will A. Page and Frank Connor. They are going to the Lasky studios. At three or four stops along the route Pathe Weekly News Service men will take motion pictures of the party, and when Los Angeles is reached hundreds of school children will shower Miss Farrar with flowers. The private car will be equipped with a piano, but there will be little room for turkey trotting, Morris.

MISS JOHNSON RETURNS.

Speaking of Hollywood, Rida Johnson Young has just returned from that enterprising California settlement, hoping to gather in quiet little old New York composure enough to finish a play for Comstock & Gest. She went West eight weeks ago, intending to do the work out there, but she found about 10,000 film players in and about Hollywood with their own automobiles, and it seemed that they all wanted to entertain her. Result—no work.

FOOLISHMENT.

Willie saw a squirrel,
Baby saw it first;
Willie quickly ate it up
Mr. Baby cursed!

GOSSIP.

By the way, dear contributors, it's "Dudley" not "Dudey," "Dordley," nor "DuSaly."

Julian Johnson is here from Chicago to write up Mary Pickford's life for a magazine.

Louise Dresser and her mother will go to San Francisco next week to see the Exposition.

Madison Corey has returned from French Lick Springs, Ind., completely renovated.

Joseph Harris of Chicago is in the city. He is making a film of "The Garden of Allah."

Rehearsals for "Back Home," by Irvin Cobb and Bayard Veiller, have begun under Selwyn auspices.

"You Know Me, Al," the Ring Lardner base-ball letters, have been worked over for the movies.

A. C. R.—Lack of space makes it impossible to print the words of the two songs here. Chaplin is an Englishman from London.

James Westcott, press agent of the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, is the father of a new boy of the 50-lung power variety.

Ed Howes's bay gelding Henry Arthur Jones, ridden by a real jockey, won a race from some country horses, piloted by town boys, at Ossining Monday and the whole town is talking. There is much indignation.

Mabel Wilber, after nine months of starring in musical stock in St. Louis, will return to New York late this month. Her engagement has been very successful.

William Norris of "A Modern Eve" celebrated his fifth wedding anniversary last night with a party on the stage at the Casino. Among the guests was Mrs. Norris.

James K. Hackett will, on Saturday night, close his production of "The Hannock Mystery" in Detroit and bring it back to New York. He expects to stage it again next season after it has been tinkered with a bit.

LOCATING LAFAYETTE.

Richard Barbee, who has succeeded William Elliott as Youth in "Experience," will play the role all next season. Mimeographed material just at hand says he was born "in Lafayette, Ind., near George Ade's farm." The farm, by the way, is in that country called the United States, near Cuba.

SHE "MADE GOOD" QUICKLY.

Julia Hay, leading woman for George Nash in "Three of Hearts," came to New York several years ago from Washington with no stage experience and no intention of gaining any. A well known playwright was struck with her personality and suggested that she attempt acting. Four days later she was leading woman in "The Witching Hour," which is going some in these days of theatrical office boys and "Come around next weeks."

YES, HOW?

"You can teach a parrot to say 'Pretty Poll,'" C. N. H. writes us, "but he won't know what he's talking about."

How do you know he won't?

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Young man, why don't you take a wife?"

"I'm afraid some husband might shoot me."

FLOOEY AND AXEL—*To Chase Away a —— To Chase Away a —— a Couple of Boobs!*

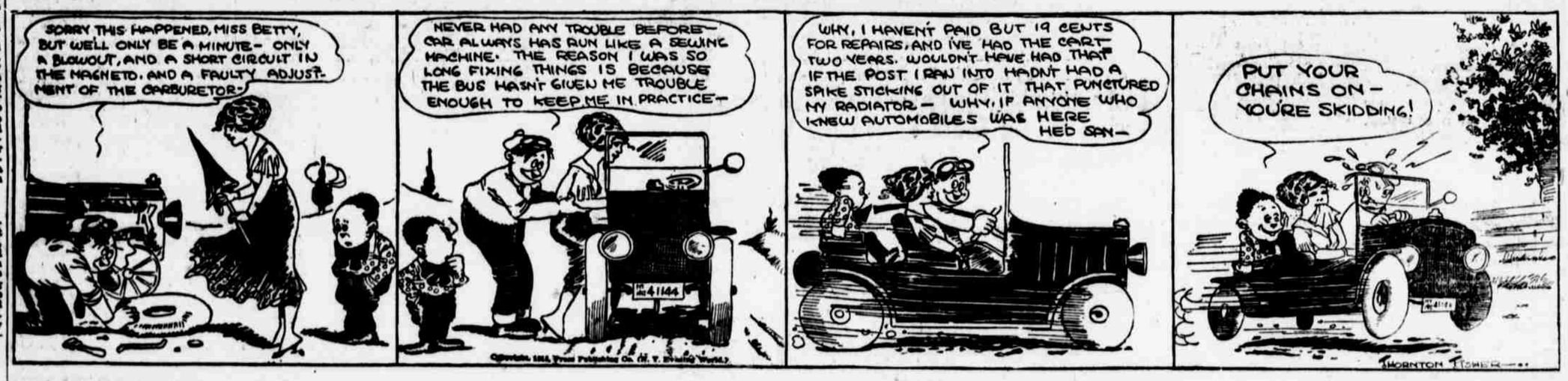
(NEXT WEEK AXEL WILL BE A JOCKEY) By Vic

"'S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne

BETTY'S BROTHER BOBBIE—*A Wide Open Throttle on the Alibi Stuff Is Quite Apt to Result in "Skidding"*

By Thornton Fisher



JUANITA'S LEGACY—*Part Three—The Nocturnal Visitor*

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

By Hazen Conklin

Exploring the cellar of the house, Juanita and Bartlett find in a barrel of rubbish a stout, cudgel-like cane with a band bearing the name "Ferdinand Perez." It apparently had been thrown away by Perez. Laughingly, Bartlett retains it, afterward taking it upstairs with him and placing it in his room.

Although hunted by the police, members of the band to which Alvarez had belonged find a new meeting place. They have secretly been keeping Juanita and Bartlett under constant espionage, for the band has not abandoned the quest of Perez's money. They detail a member to visit the house that night.

That night Juanita, unable to sleep, hears a noise downstairs. Slipping on a kimono, she decides to investigate its source. Down the stairs she softly creeps. A light burning in the library once used by her uncle shines through the keyhole of the closed door

Thinking it probably is Bartlett, she unhesitatingly opens the door. A figure is seated at the desk Bartlett had placed there for his own use. But it is not Bartlett, for the man turns at the sound of her entrance. It is one of the men she had often seen with Alvarez!

With a snarl of surprise the man springs to his feet. Whipping out a revolver, he "covers" Juanita, shutting off her escape by moving toward the door by which she had entered the room. She screams in terror. —(*Continued tomorrow.*)

GETTING AHEAD AS A BUSINESS GIRL—*No. 15—Application Pays*

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"Real Life" Stories by Young Women Who Have "Made Good" in Business—Illustrated by ELEANOR SCHORER

By Anna R. Baller

While working with my hands in a jewelry factory I always had a book, studying subjects that I took up in the evening high school. I learned stenography and typewriting. Laid off during the dull season I determined to seek a position as stenographer, even though I had not finished the course.

I secured a position as a stenographer with a well known dentist. Although I tried hard to please he found fault with my work and did not hesitate to sarcastically make known his estimate of my ability. When he left town for the summer I sought another position.

I found one with an advertising agency. There was plenty of typewriting to do. When the other girls chatted with the men and rested their chins on their hands I kept plugging away, looking neither to the right nor the left. With all that work to do SOMEBODY had to be busy.

The manager noticed my application to my work and made me his secretary. I oversaw all correspondence, superintended the sending out of advertising matter and attended to the many details incident to an advertising office.

The manager resigned and I remained at a larger salary to act as assistant to the new manager. I never have regretted my coming early and staying late, for it has been repaid in the appreciation of my employers and in my pay envelope.—(*Another story to-morrow.*)