

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Shakespeare in films, portrayed by some other than America's recognized exponent of the Shakespearean drama, Robert B. Mantell, is what William A. Brady is planning...

SHE WAS CURIOUS. During the show at the Columbia Theatre last night a woman in the audience turned to a man by her side and asked: "Who are those two fellows on the stage?"

BY WAY OF DIVERSION. "What's that?" he replied. "Which is Morton?" "I don't know."

"NATION" FILM TO LONDON. E. E. Davis, a London motion picture man, is in New York arranging to present "The Birth of a Nation" in the British metropolis late in August or early in September.

A "FEMALE CHAPLIN." Belle Gold is to act in the films. She has under way a plan to appear in a series of pictures, playing the same character—that of a highly eccentric girl—in each edition.

YES, WHY DIDN'T HE? Arthur Barney, manager of the Broadway Theatre, was telling a girl friend yesterday about two mad gamblers in which he participated last week.

GOSSIP. William Fullwood has returned from Australia.

Joe Drury is again to be seen on Broadway. He is from the West.

A. H. Woods reiterates that Tom Wood will be with "The Song of Songs" again in New York soon.

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THE EVENING WORLD'S NEW ILLUSTRATED MOVIE STORIES, FEATURING REAL MOVIE STARS

Edna Mayo

ESSAYAY FAVORITE, Featured This Week in "THE TEST"

PART THREE Homeless

GERTRUDE McCOY "THE BLACK PEARLS"

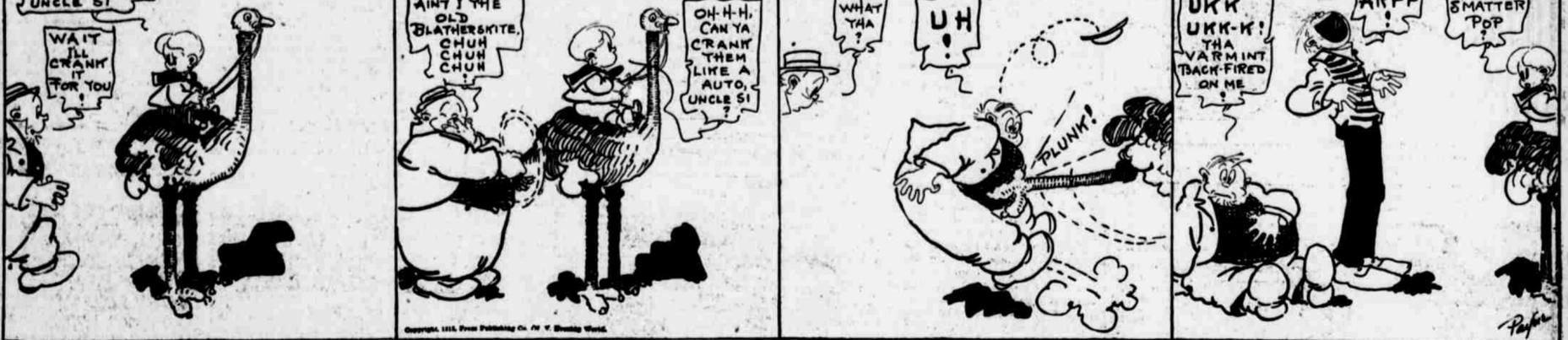
YOUR SCREEN FAVORITES PRESENTED EACH WEEK IN "MOVIE STORIES" WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING WORLD

Scenario by STANLEY FORSYTHE—Illustrated by FERD G. LONG

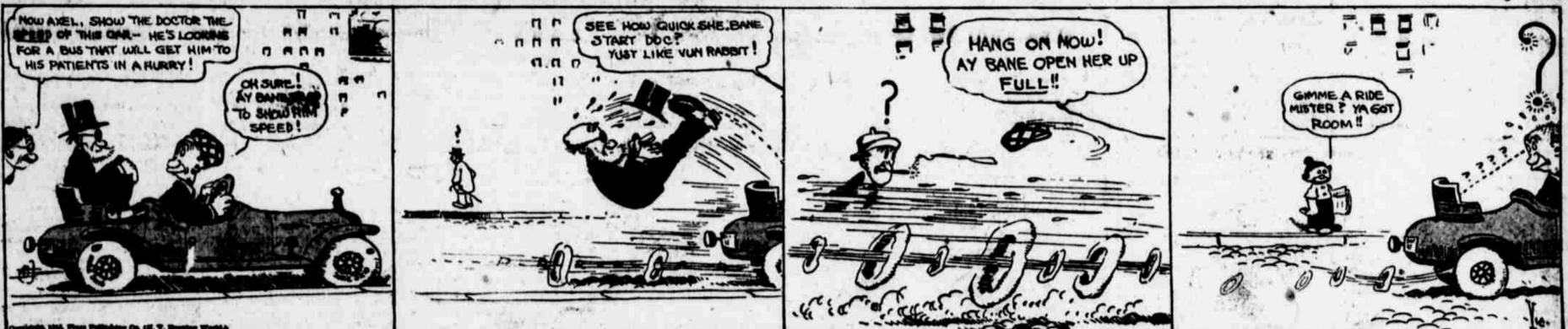


Edna Mayo is Alone and Friendless in the Big City. Three weeks pass. Penniless and unable to find work, Edna dejectedly sits in her room. The landlady appears in the door and delivers her ultimatum. "By the end of the week you must pay for your room or get out." When the landlady departs Edna struggles with her great problem. She cannot bear to face her folks at home, nor can she, without work, pay her way, have food or shelter in the city. She resolves to try once more for work. But again she meets with the same ill success. At the very first place she applies—a business office—she hears the same story, "You have no training—we cannot use you." The end of the week comes and with it ejection from the rooming house. For days Edna has not eaten and now she has no place to sleep. The bookshop windows with their appetizing displays only increase the pangs of her hunger. At length, exhausted and faint from hunger, she drops on the steps of a great church and lies there, heedless of the rain sweeping over her.—Continued to-morrow.

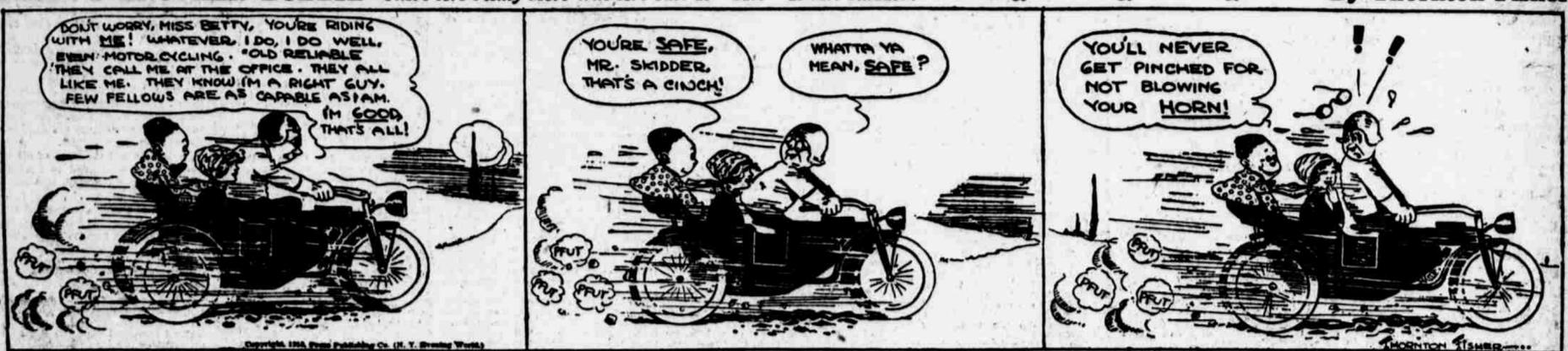
'S'MATTER, POP? By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Flooey Is the One You Should Blame for This; He Got Axel the Job! By Vite



BETTY'S BROTHER BOBBIE—There Are Plenty More Who Are Just as "Safe" as Mr. Skidder! By Thornton Fisher



you imagine it? A friend of his dropped in the Strand the other night and saw a moving picture called "Chinmie Fadden." Suddenly there appeared on the screen a policeman, and from under the helmet peeped Hector Turnbull, formerly dramatic critic of the Tribune. Mr. Turnbull went to the Lasky studio in Hollywood, Cal., several weeks ago to study photo-drama, with the idea in view of writing scenarios. Evidently he believed his course wouldn't be complete unless he acted in a film. So he did it.

HE SETTLED THE ARGUMENT. Ernest Rommel of Will Archie's "Fee-Wee Players" is only about knee high to a grasshopper, yet he's old enough to remember the first election of Grover Cleveland as President. Ernest was driving his little kidabout on Broadway yesterday when a policeman stopped him and informed him children are not permitted to drive autos. The argument was becoming warm when Capt. Auger, also of the "Fee-Wee," who is over 7 feet tall, came along and tried to convince the cop that Ernest was an old man. Finally, the Captain just picked up the auto-driver and all—walked away.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. Mr. "T" was seen in the snow of last winter.

THOSE GUSSEN NAMES. Frank Stevens was announced in a big chair in the lobby of the Knickerbocker Hotel yesterday when he heard a man discussing Russian names. "They're actually outlandish," said the man to a friend. "In a list of Russian aviators I saw such names as Ovatashaki, Runovitch and Petrovitchewski. I had to laugh!" "Mr. Pipsey" called a heliboy. "Here I am," said the man.

Good Stories Of the Day His Kind of Comfort. JOHN R. K. SCOTT, the lawyer, who is an ardent automobilist, tells a story of a man he met while on a trip about thirty miles outside of Philadelphia. While driving out a little frequented road the lawyer says he came upon a car that evidently was brand new, and which, at the same time, was evidently out of commission. Seated on the step was the driver, properly gotten up in the style considered most correct by the auto fashion magazines. The new auto, the ultra rig and the man's evident helplessness all proclaimed the beginner. Scott brought his machine to a stop beside the idle car, and noticed that its driver held in his hand a sheet of printed paper which he had been reading. Inquired the lawyer pleasantly. "No," replied the stranger. "I'm taking comfort." "Taking comfort?" repeated Scott, puzzled. "Yes," said the other. "You see, this is my chauffeur's license, and it certifies that I am competent to drive a machine. I just thought if I would read it I would feel better."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Two Can Play. "WAITER," called the frate diner, "there seems to be a dollar on this bill I can't account for." "Oh, that's just a joke, sir," apologized the waiter, "just a bet the cashier and I have. I'll have it fixed right away, sir." "What do you mean by a bet?" asked the diner, detaching him. "Well, sir, I bet the cashier 50 cents you would see the mistake, and he bet you wouldn't, so I win, sir." "Suppose I hadn't noticed it?" "Oh, I see. Give me your friend." "He's having gotten the dollar, sir." "Oh, I see. Give me your friend." And he wrote a few lines on the back of the bill, folded it up and handed it to the waiter. "Take that to the cashier."

Little and Big Religion. THIS story comes from Austria, where all conversation turns eventually to matters educational, because every parent is painfully anxious that his sons shall pass the standard which will free them from certain years of military service, says the Manchester Guardian. A visitor was conversing with his host's small son, and opened, as a matter of course, with the words, "Do you go to school now?" "Yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman; "and I am also frequently drawn into an examination of rept confluence and beaific incantation. I just thought if I would read it I would feel better."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Piling It On. HE had been on a hunting expedition for several days in the backwoods, roughing it rather severely, and on taking a seat in a railway carriage returning homeward he looked as begrimed and weather-beaten a trapper as ever brought his skins into a settlement. He happened to find a seat next to a young lady—evidently belonging to Boston—who, after taking stock of him for a few minutes, remarked: "Don't you find an utterly passionate sympathy with nature's most incarnate aspirations among the sky-topping mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon-teaching forests, my good man?" "Oh, yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman; "and I am also frequently drawn into an examination of rept confluence and beaific incantation. I just thought if I would read it I would feel better."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Had More Hide Than Money. THERE was one time when Capt. Bill MacDonald, United States Marshal for Northern Texas, who was Mr. Wilson's bodyguard during the latter's campaign for the Presidency, and who, it is related, would "charge hell with a bucket of water," was almost bluffed by a fellow Texan. "Capt. MacDonald made several requests for the money, but I was not forthcoming, whereupon he suggested that he would take it out of the doctor's hide." "The courageous MacDonald, however, was not prepared for the answer. "Go to it," replied the man who owed the money. "I have more hide than money, and I am more willing to part with the hide than the money I have." "It is said that Capt. Bill did not notice the baby out of the doctor's hide."—Washington Post.

