

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS BIDE DUDLEY

George M. Cohan, down at his summer home at Great Neck, is play-writing at top speed. He has three jobs to complete in time for fall productions. At present he is working on a comedy for his brother-in-law, Fred Niblo, who is to be starred under the Cohan & Harris management.

JONES ENGAGING PLAYERS. Aaron Jones of Jones, Linick & Schaefer, Chicago managers and producers, is in New York engaging a cast to support Lina Abarbanell in a new musical play in which his firm will star her.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES. J. Godinsky—Always typewrite your photoplays. A. H. Adir—(1) Write the Librarian of Congress, Washington, for blanks. (2) Write Martin Sampter, Fryer's Club, No. 107 West Forty-fifth Street, and ask him.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION. He would rather see and hear. He would rather see and hear. He would rather see and hear.

GOSSIP. William Courtleigh has bought a 1915 automobile. Leo Donnelly may appear in the hit play "Poish & Perish."

YES, YOU ARE NOT. "Dear Friend," writes Ben Atwell, "I have discovered why the band, as an attraction for the public, is wearing out."

SHUBERT MANAGERS HERE. The following named managers of up-to-date Shubert Theatres are in New York: E. B. Smith, Boston; Leonard Blumberg, Philadelphia; John J. Garrity, Chicago; Earl Stewart, Kansas City; R. H. McLoughlin, Cleveland; John Oberl, Buffalo; Felix Wundelshaber, Providence; Maxwell Stebbins, St. Louis; and Richard Lawson, Detroit.

OUR OWN MINGSTRELS. Interior—I heard your brother criticizing a big ocean steamship today, Mr. Bones. Bones—Well, he's a baseball player, you know.

WHERE JACK FELL SHORT. Johnnie Eckhardt, formerly a newspaper man, now a follower of the article, was heard telling a story of Jack Dempsey yesterday.

A NEW SUCCESS MOVIE THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T QUIT BY HAZEN CONKLIN ON THIS PAGE NEXT WEEK

THE EVENING WORLD'S NEW ILLUSTRATED MOVIE STORIES, FEATURING REAL MOVIE STARS Mignon Anderson "THE REVENGE OF THE STEEPLEJACK"

THANROUSER STAR, Featured This Week in CONCLUSION The Rescue

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

In This Story MIGNON ANDERSON Appears as DORA MOORE

Scenario by LLOYD LONGERGAN—Illustrated by FERD. G. LONG



Dora's fate to Frank is of greater moment than his own. Disregarding Dick's revolver, he hurls himself upon the steeplejack and a desperate struggle ensues.



Back and forth they fight at the chimney top, the advantage first with one and then with the other. Finally Dick loses his footing and falls to Death two hundred feet below.



Down the chimney Frank climbs at a pace he would not dare attempt were not his sweetheart's life at stake.



He arrives at the quicksands not a moment too soon, for the sands have dragged Dora down so far that she has given up hope.



Over a bridge made of planks Frank draws Dora to safety. She is saved to him and Dick has paid the price of his villainy.—(The end.)

'S'MATTER, POP?

By C. M. Payne



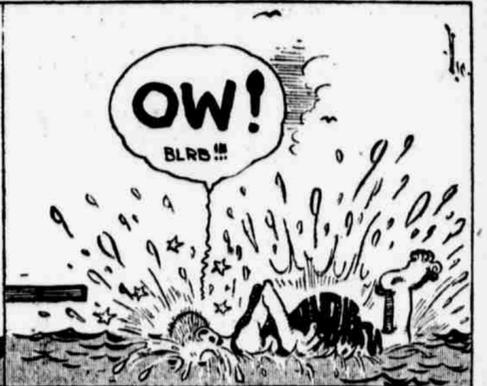
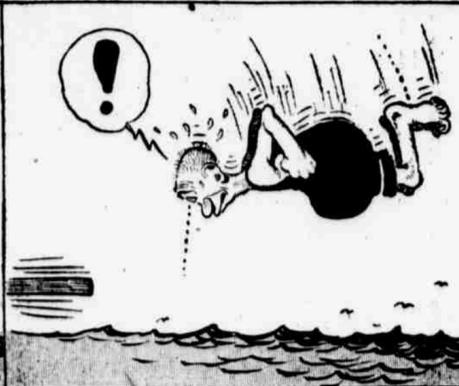
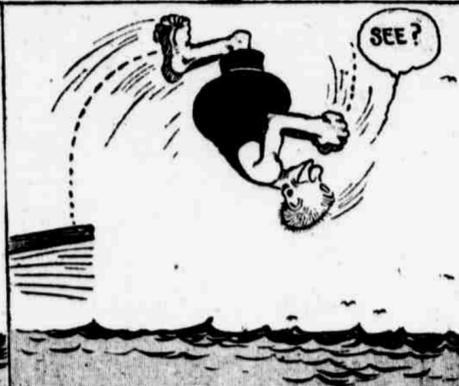
KITTY KEYS—The Boss's Name May Be "Grabb," but He Can't "Grab" a Good Idea Like This One of Kitty's!

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY AND AXEL—When, Instead of Doing a Flip Axel Does a FLOP, It's Time to Quit!

MONDAY HE TACKLES HIS PUTT-PUTT BOAT By Vic



TUMBLE TOM—What Came of Eating Too Many Jelly Tarts

By Eleanor Schorer



FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "When Little heard that his daughter and her beau had eloped he started after them without delay."

"Remember, Mother warned you, said Tom's Mumsie to him when he begged for another tart before he humped into his bilowy bed."

Tumble, tumble. Tom fell sleep. Sizz! Dizz! Boom! 'Twas Stundore sure enough, lying on his back, snoring lustily, with his eyelids closed firmly in the ground.

Quick as a wink up, up he went, while the giant slumped noisily below and Bylowland was closer at hand every minute.

What now? Tom tried to move. Would the great jaws snap closed upon him? Would he be devoured, jelly tart and all? Already the picture had told you of the huge, deep-set eyes staring at Tom.

CHOO-choo-oo! Tom shot out of his jaws like out of a cannon, and the noise was quite as terrific as any twelve-inch gun.