

By C. M. Payne

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

Jacques Cohn, impresario, manager to keep busy these chill winter days. Having seen the Khyva St. Albans production of "Romeo and Juliet" through its three weeks at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, he has turned his attention to musical comedy and is preparing to stage a new one called "Come to Bohemia."

Miss Fisher, actress and cousin of Pauline Frederick, is to marry and leave the stage on Jan. 22. She is to be the bride of Harold Van Kennan, a Cornell graduate, and they will live in Pittsburgh, where Mr. Van Kennan is to go into business. The wedding will probably be celebrated in the Little Church Around the Corner. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast will be held at Miss Frederick's apartment, No. 448 Park Avenue.

TO BRING IN "TOWN TOPICS." Finding it impossible to whip "Robinson Crusoe Jr." into shape as per schedule, the Messrs. Shubert have arranged to put the second edition of "Town Topics" in the Winter Garden on Jan. 24, where it will remain until the new show is ready. "A World of Pleasure," now in the Winter Garden, will go on tour after Jan. 22.

HE WRITES "OFFICIAL" SONGS. Earl Carroll is writing the official song of the Elks Convention, to be held this year in Baltimore. Mr. Carroll, by the way, seems to have a penchant for writing "official" ditties. He wrote one for Los Angeles called "Welcome Back to California," and one for Pittsburgh, entitled "The City of Black and Gold."

HAYES DINNER JAN. 30. According to a herald, got up in regular circus style, which has reached our desk, the dinner to Charles (Pink) Hayes, to be held Jan. 30 at Healy's, Sixty-sixth Street and Columbus Avenue, will be an exhilarating, paralyzing, exciting, assisting affair. It is also promised that "astounding feasts will be performed." Frank Ward O'Malley, who cuts up journalistic didoes for the show and institutes theatrical dinners and dances, has been made treasurer of the Hayes function because there will be no money handled. Those invited will be admitted free.

AS TO THE MINSTRELS. Four persons so far have written answers to our rhymed complaint about the dearth of minstrel shows, printed in this department Wednesday. One of them is Herman J. "Chief" Gerken, who insists that the All-Star Minstrel Show to be given by amateurs at the McKinley Square Casino in the Bronx next Thursday night will be just as good as any black-face entertainment ever offered by professionals. It is reported that during the process of the show, Gerken will explain to the audience where he got all those names.

RHINELANDER GETS IT. The one millionth ticket to "Hip, Hip, Hooryay" was sold at the Hippodrome yesterday. Philip Rhineland of No. 16 East Fifty-fifth Street

"S'MATTER, POP?"



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Probably Thought of "Safety First" When He Made Up His Mind!

By Vic



'T'WAS EVER THUS!—He May Have Been Just Stupid—or—He May Have Been Very, Very Wise!

By Bud Counihan



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FOOLISHMENT. While dropped a little bag from his slacker's back. "Lose a jumping jack. While said "These, never mind! I can get another bag. Somewhere—never fear!"

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. She—Now that you've asked me to marry you, what's your income? He—Forty dollars a week. She—I could live on that, I guess. He—That's fine. She—But what would you live on?

OUR OWN MASKED MARVELS. No. 1. The man who never forgets to mail his wife's letters.

MIXED PICKLES. Life isn't long enough for some people to stut telling how important they are. Sometimes when a man, worsted in an argument, thinks up a crushing rejoinder an hour or so afterward, he remembers it, then goes around hunting for trouble just for the chance to sprig it!

FACT and FICTION. By Hazen Conklin. Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co., The New York Evening World.

HUMAN NATURE. By Thornton Fisher. THAT'S WHAT'S GOIN' TO CRASH THE WHOLE SHOW GUYDE, TAKE IT FROM ME! THAT'S A SCREAM, HARRY, ON TH' LEVEL, THEY'LL MAKE GOOD CHASERS! NO-NO-LISTEN, ARTIE, YOU DON'T ASK ME THAT JOKE UNTIL AFTER I KID THE INTERLOCUTOR! WELL, IF THIS SHOW'S A FLIVVER THEY CAN'T BLAME IT ON ME, THIS ALL! WELL, READ THIS MANUSCRIPT FOR YOURSELF-IT SAYS-I ASK YOU WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YOU WITH TODAY? AND YOU SAY THAT WAS NO LADY THAT WAS MY WIFE? READ IT, THESE!

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