

By C. M. Payne

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

UNLESS all signs fail, E. E. Lyons, general manager for Winthrop Ames, will soon become a producer in his own right. It is understood he has obtained the newspaper comedy drama, "The Correspondent," which E. A. Weil tried out in Washington recently, and will produce it again. While the play was in Washington Mr. Lyons and Mr. Ames saw it. Later Mr. Lyons considered buying a half interest in the production, but afterwards across the deal was made by Mr. Weil, who wishes to get a New York chance for the play, so the company was disbanded and the scenery stored. Mr. Ames will not be financially interested in the new production. However, if Mr. Lyons puts the play on, it will likely get a showing at the Booth Theatre, which is an Ames-Shubert house.

SIGNS MISS MACDONELL.
A. H. Woods has engaged Kathleen Macdonell, now appearing with Robert Hilliard in "The Pride of Place," to play the principal role in a new season. Miss Macdonell has made an excellent impression in the play at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. She also attracted attention when she appeared in "Just Outside the Door" at the Gaiety.

HUBBELL AS A KISSER.
Raymond Hubbell, who made the Hippodrome orchestra in a happy frame of mind last night. The only fond he had ever engaged in had been called on. True, it was only a "making faces" kind, but it was nothing new, just the same. The other party to it was Charlotte, the little skater at the Hip.

Up until a week ago Mr. Hubbell and Charlotte were the best of friends. While skating she playfully kicked little pieces of ice at him, as he stood directing the orchestra, and he'd grin at her. But one day something went wrong and Charlotte got a "kiss" on. After that the two merely made faces at each other. The other day Mr. Hubbell composed the music for a Russian skater dance for Charlotte and yesterday morning she tried it at a rehearsal. The music pleased her so that she went to her mother and cried. A moment later the mother came down to the stage and addressed Mr. Hubbell.

"Charlotte like dar music so much," she said, "dat she is sorry she had dar mad at you. She will kiss you if you wish."
"But," said Shrinking Violet Hubbell, "I don't care to kiss any lady."
The orchestra musicians began to play him. That was too much. He jumped on the stage and gave Charlotte a big smack. The orchestra played "Love's Old Sweet Song." After the kiss, the skater's mother said she'd kiss him, too. She did, while the orchestra rendered terrific discords. Mr. Hubbell jumped off the stage, blushing violently.
"Oh, Hay," said a man who had seen it all, "Charlotte's father is in the rear of the house. Maybe you'd better kiss him, too."
"Wow!" shouted the bass horns and "boom!" rumbled the bass drum.
Mr. Hubbell went out and drank a big slur of ginger ale.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.
I know an old man who has lived all alone for fifty-five years of his life. A bachelor's existence is all he has known. He's roofed at the thought of a wife. He smiles when he tells of the fun he has seen-how he and "the boys" made things size, but down in his heart is a yearning still keen for something that's never been his. He has never had time to get married, he'll say, for courting does take up one's time. His work, he declares, always got in his way. Expenses like these are a crime. There's always a moment to hold some one's hand and whisper sweet nothings to her. And Cupid is ever abroad in the land, out hunting for hearts as it were. This fellow I speak of is waiting to die. There's all he holds nothing for him. He thinks of what might have been his, with a sigh. He's sorry; he's cynical-grim. He's rich, but his money can't do any good. It's cost him far more than it's brought, and gladly he'd trade it, if only he could, for that which his heart's ever sought. And now for a postscript! You're a welcome, fair one! I'm boosting the cause all I can. It's leap year—the astrologer will show many runs if you will but follow the plan that custom maps

"S'MATTER, POP?"



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—He Wasn't Giving Anything Away Except Himself!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL—We'd Like to Make a Bet That Axel's Illness Is Entirely MENTAL!

By V.I.



out in the search for a mate. "The folly for you to slow. What's that—am I married? Oh, hesitate—wait! I'm terribly busy, you know."

TO PRODUCE "PETE."
Derwent Hall Caine, son of Hall Caine, is preparing for a production of his father's play, "Pete." Whether he is to have an associate in the enterprise hasn't been announced, but he is seeing stage people at his office.

GOSSIP.
Ed Wynn is juggling with a London engagement under Albert de Courville's management.

Charles Chappell has gone into "Fair and Warmer" in the place of Robert Fisher, who is ill.

Mr. Herbert Berthoff (Free is on his way East from California to direct the final rehearsals for "King Henry VIII."

Harry Guttenberg, who buys the

costumes of shows that fail, says the good times are making it hard for him to get rich.

Jerome Lynn, younger sister of Emma Lynn, will play the role of Melissa in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

Alice Johnson, a model of the Spring Fashion Show at Castles in the Air, won the \$100 offered the most beautiful model. Miss Johnson has a habit of winning beauty prizes.

Edgar Selwyn has issued a statement denying a report that Selwyn & Co. would soon retire from business. Archie said they would. Go to it, boys!

Edgar Selwyn says he is seeking a play for his temperamental star, Geraldine O'Brien. The little lady is now doing film work, but she won't let that interfere with her regular pattern after "Love" himself.

George Richardson, press agent for "Very Good Eddie," is puzzled. She

doesn't see how other plays, which haven't been in town as long as "Eddie," can celebrate their hundredth performance when this same "Eddie" shows it to give its eighty-first tonight.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.
T. Fawn—If you know the name of his company call it up and save us the trouble.
E. E.—Write the editor of Case, No. 1402 Broadway. He may be able to give you the information.

FOOLISHMENT.
Don't worry about the story about "The Best Man Ever" and "The Best Man Ever." It's a mistake to be foolish.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"George has bought a bankrupt clock store."
"What's he going to do?"
"Wind up the business, I presume."

BOBBY IN ALPHABET LAND

By Eleanor Schorer



unaffected self always. And "Love for Mumsie" was because—because—when he does get to be like Daddy he means to take care of her that way. Maybe that she spansk him sometimes, just when he needs it, is the reason. Or because—well, the truth is—Bob don't know, but it is always bigger and different-er than the Never!

The queerest happening of any of Bob's dreams now occurred. No less than four "Loves" came marching over the hill toward him. Bobby knew them all even before they unfurled their standards telling which they were "Love for Mumsie," "Love for Dad," "Love for Granny," and separate from these was "Love for Bo-Bo," Bob's own playmate doggie.

Having them all before him, Bob saw just why reach one was. "Love for Bo-Bo" was because he was faithful, devoted, made a rollicking good playmate and thought everything Bob did very clever and right.

"Love for Daddy" was because Dad was big and strong and brave and smart. Because he took care of all of Bob's loves and Bob too and seemed to love to do it. And because he was like what Bob wished to grow up to be.

"Love for Granny" was just because she was awfully dear and different from everything and everybody else. Because she was just his own

rest, much! Perhaps it was cause for Mumsie's was because—because—Oh, because of a thousand million big and little reasons that seemed to come upon him in heaps, and yet he could not tell one from 't'other. It was bigger and different-er than the

there, whether he thinks of it or not, and it's the most different-est of all. And Bob thinks that when he grows up and has gone through two or three colleges he'll learn. "When that happens," Bob said to his Dad at breakfast, "I'll write it in a big book and tell all those that are little Bobbies then why "Love for Mumsie" is so unusually wonderful!"

AN INSPIRATION.
THE kindly old squib was giving a little treat to the village school children. After tea he stepped onto the platform and announced, with a beaming smile: "Now, I am going to perform certain actions, and you must guess what proverb they represent. The boy or girl who succeeds first will receive a smiling."

That did it. Instantly every eye was fixed on him.

First of all the old gentleman lay down on the platform. Then one man came forward and tried in vain to lift him. Two others came to his aid, and between them they raised the squib, who was rather portly.

The actions were meant to represent the motto "It is in strength." When they had finished the squib stepped forward and asked if anyone had solved the puzzle.

PREPAREDNESS

By Thornton Fisher



FIRING PARTY PLANNING AN ATTACK ON AN EXHAUSTED DETACHMENT CAUGHT SLEEPING ON ITS ARMS AFTER AN ALL NIGHT ENGAGEMENT.

ILLUSTRATED UNPOPULAR SONGS
BALLAD PATRIOTIQUE
A MOTHER FONDLY GAZES AT HIS PICTURE.
AS IN HIS UNIFORM OF RED HE MARCHED AWAY,
AND SHE GLADLY WANTS HIS PAY
THAT HE EARNED FROM DAY TO DAY,
FOR HE'S WORKING FOR DENIAL FIRM ON BROADWAY.