About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

WILLIAM H. CLIFFORD, head of the scenario department of the Famous Players Film Company, used to be a sentimental cuss. Five years ago he was Mary Pickford's film director. He was single then, and Miss Pickford was unusually pretty and lovable. All right! Now that we have the stage all set, let's trek along with the narrative.

One day little Mary was late in arriving at the studio. When the director became peevish, she said:

"Please forgive me! I'm awfully sorry. Really, I'd like to give you either a kiss or a rose."

Mr. Clifford couldn't see much good in roses just at the moment, but he was doomed to disappointment.

"But I musn't kiss you," continued little Mary, "because—because I'm married. Owen Moore is my husband."

It was the first time the marriage had been announced. Mr. Clifford swallowed hard and accepted the rose. That night, in the solitude of his room, he wrote a song about the rose and Miss Pickford. He called the ditty "Mary," and put it away tenderly in his trunk and the archives of his memory. Then he proceeded to fall in love with and marry another young woman.

But follow us, please! It has come to light that the song, "Mary," is still legible, and when Mary Pickford appears at the Hippodrome in person Sunday night Mr. Clifford's love ditty will be sung by Robert Cavendish, a baritone, with William C. Polla at the piano and Sousa at the band.

Fond memories!

SOTHERN TO AID FUND.

Daniel Frohman announces that E. H. Sothern proposes to appear in his romantic drama, "If I Were King," for two weeks in New York for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. In this way he will mark his retirement from the stage. It is expected he will open this engagement about May 1. Mr. Frohman, under whose management Mr. Sothern began his starring career in 1887, will again be his manager on this occasion.

NO ROOM FOR THEM.

Albert Whelan, who recently arrived from England to appear in the Keith vaudeville houses, was apprehended telling a story to Bert Levy yesterday. It concerns an old lady named Watson who keeps a theatrical boarding house in London. One day her daughter ran into the kitchen and said:

"Mother, the Zeppelins have come."

"I can't help it," replied Mrs. Watson. "I can't take them in. Tell them every room in the house is gone."

MISS WOOD RE-ENGAGED.

Peggy Wood, who was in "Young America," which closed a few days ago, has been placed under contract by Cohan & Harris for next season. She will play a special engagement in musical stock at Waterbury, Conn., this summer.

NOT YET, SAYS KELLY.

John T. Kelly, now a film comedian, once remarked that he'd like to spend his last days in Los Angeles. The other day he received an offer to go to that city and act in pictures. Being busy here he turned the offer down. Paul W. Egues, his friend, was surprised.

"I thought," said Paul, "that you wanted to spend your last days in Los Angeles."

"Oh, I do," replied Mr. Kelly, "but I don't believe my last days have arrived yet."

FILM FOR THE GLOBE.

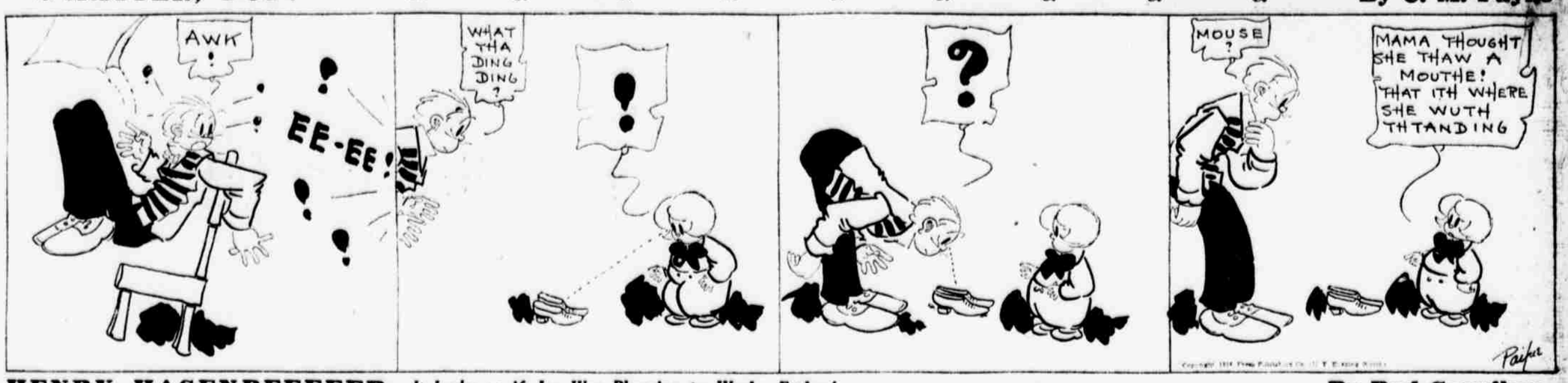
A film called "The Dumb Girl of Portici," with Anna Pavlowa as the star, will begin an engagement at the Globe Theatre April 3.

W. P. DODGE EXPLAINS.

Wendell Phillips Dodge, the Belasco press representative with the hirsute disguise, has written us explaining why he goes about with his beauty thus marred.

"You see," he writes, "I ride for half fare on the railroads because the conductors take me for a clergyman, and I buy soap, tooth powder, &c., at half price at the drug stores because the proprietors think I'm a physician. In more ways than these the seaweed serves me well. Some day, perhaps, I won't have to wear a necktie. The real reason I acquired the alfalfa, however, was to hide my blushes when I meet pretty ladies of the stage."

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



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—*It Looks as if Joe Was Planning to Work—Father!* By Bud Counihan

FLOOEY AND AXEL—*We Didn't Have the Heart to Show the Sixth Scene in This Incident!* By Vic

BOLIVAR BROWNE'S ESSAYS.

(By War of Dromedo.)

The lawyer are an orator whot lives off'n other people's trubbles. About all a lawyer duz is argew. Ain't it queer that they ain't moar wimmen lawyers? One day a mish shott our dogg and my father went to a lawyer.

"Why, he ain' gott no right to shute yure dogg," says the lawyer.

"But he's dun shott it," says my father. "Whot shell I do?"

"Ten dollars, pleze!" says the lawyer. My father gave him the money. "Now," says the lawyer, "go and shute his dogg. Gud morning, Mister Browne!"

My father come hoam and says to my mother: "Jewlia, the lawyer says to shute Tompkins's dogg. Where are my gun?"

"Tompkins ain't gott no dogg," says my mother.

"Well, why ain't he?" demands my father.

"I doan't no," says my mother. "I am nott dogg bookkeeper for Mister Tompkins."

"Ha! ha!" come from me.

Did you ever have ocashun to notice how hard the soul of an angrie man's shew is?

GOSSIP.

Grace George has engaged Robert Warwick for "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

Edwin T. Emery is staging a new Midnight Revel for Castles-in-the-Air.

Ainsley Lambert is to be the juvenile with "The Violet Girl," a musical show.

Grace Bryan, leading woman, has taken up playwriting lately. She has three sketches going.

Owing to the illness of James K. Hackett the Friars' complimentary dinner to him has been indefinitely postponed.

Eva Mae Francis has left the cast of "Nothing but the Truth," and will not in films.

E. J. Tait of Australia is in New York negotiating for the Australian rights of "The Blue Paradise" and "Alone at Last."

May Thompson, who has been dancing in "Katinka," is in the Alston Sanitarium with appendicitis.

J. Victor Wilson, press representative of the Strand, has written a sketch called "The Apache," in which Ellen Gherum will appear at Proctor's, Yonkers, next week.

FOOLISHMENT.

I know a young fellow named White,
Who hangs around Broadway each night.
His habits are loose,
But he raises the deuce,
And "most always gets home rather tight."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Phrenologist—By the bumps on your head I see you have a violent temper.

Patron—You're wrong. It's my wife who has the violent temper.

PREPAREDNESS By Thornton Fisher

Pepper and Salt

PASSED BY

HAZEN CONKLIN

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FEW LEFT-HANDED MEN EXERCISE THEIR RIGHTS— YES, YES; GO ON — —MOST OF THEM GET MARRIED

A police station blotter bears the record of many a sock.

* * *

"Wait a moment!" cried the captive as the soldiers aimed to shoot;
"If marriage is a 'union,' is divorce a 'union suit?'"

* * *

They play a wedding march at the altar ceremonies, but the real one comes later when wifie learns how to make hubby step along without music.

* * *

A bride stood in her kitchenette, her eyes were wet with tears;
She hadn't cried so much in all her two and twenty years.
What awful grief; what sorrow great; what overwhelming woe
Do you suppose had caused those tears her eyes to overflow?
Fear not, no broken heart was there to form that Great Salt Lake;
'Twas slicing onions to be fried for dinner with the steak!

* * *

Our idea of a "strategic blunder" is for hubby to phone wifie from "the office" while the nickel-in-the-slot player piano is going full tilt in the back room.

* * *

At his early morn home-coming hubby sometimes gets a shock
When his wifey dear discovers he's "a liar by the clock."

* * *

SOFT ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS.

Editor "Pepper and Salt":

You are so wise and clever (boss, please note)—(thank you, madam) that maybe you can tell me what to do about my husband. He is so unconventional in his behavior, always doing things which startle me and cause me much worry. Sometimes he gets himself in trouble, and every time the phone rings I dread answering it lest it is some policeman calling up to tell me that my husband won't be home that night. It has got me so nervous that I don't know what to do. MRS. VERA LITTLE.

Advise you either to put on shock absorbers or equip your husband with skid chains.

* * *

Editor "Pepper and Salt":

What is meant by the expression "the various walks of life?" O. I. C.

I don't know for sure, but it seems to me I have seen a cheese or two that might be among 'em.

* * *

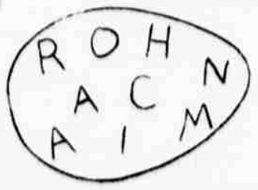
Editor "Pepper and Salt":

I notice that there are some electric eels in captivity at the Aquarium. How is it that they thrive so far from the current of their native river? A. C. E.

I am even to overlook the fact that the Aquarium is at the Battery.

* * *

SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES—NO. 8.



SCRAMBLED EGG.

Before the letters in this egg were scrambled they spelt the name of something from which most youngsters get considerable enjoyment.

* * *

See if you can put the letters together again so that they will spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Monday's egg spelt "TELEPHONE."

THE GREAT DOT MYSTERY

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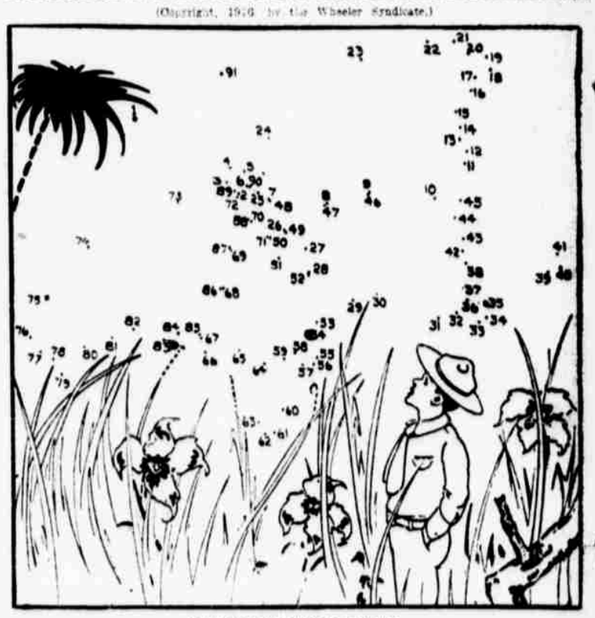

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT.

THE crane which the boys saw flopped lazily away on hearing them. It was a pretty place, but there were no signs of the goat. The boys couldn't help exploring, and one of them who had wandered off in the jungle returned with the news that he had found a beautiful——

(Join the dots with a pencil line, beginning with dot No. 1 and following them in numerical order. Chapter Fifty-nine will be printed Friday.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN By Ferd G. Long

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