About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE Greenroom Club's annual dress rehearsal attracted a capacity audience to the Astor Theatre last night, and, as a result, the club's coffers hold about $3,000 more to-day than they did yesterday. The programme was long and entertaining. The four playlets, "A Broadway Samaritan," "Titles," "Antonio, the Gypsy," and "The Unknown Quantity" were all interesting. Among the "singles" on the bill were Beerbohm Tree, Irvin S. Cobb, Edwin Markham, Will Oakland, Belle Story, Elizabeth Murray and Ed Wynn. George M. Cohan closed the show with the "Cohan Revue" girls. Mr. Cohan took the place of Fred Santley and sang and danced in the usual Cohanesque manner. He forgot the words now and then, but he put in others that "went" just as well.

And out in the lobby was Bijou Fernandez peddling programmes.

FERGUSON'S FAUX PAS.

W. J. Ferguson used to play Mortimer, the valet, to Richard Mansfield's Beau in "Beau Brummell." On the opening night he made the mistake of handing Beau his hat hindside before. It resulted in a new piece of "business" which crept into the play and stayed there.

"Just fancy," said Mr. Ferguson, "the immaculate Beau Brummell walking down Picadilly and Bond Street with his hat on wrong! At the thought of the faux pas I turned pale under my make-up. At least, I felt that I did. But Mr. Mansfield was quick to grasp the situation, and with one of his most courtly bows he returned the hat to me that I might turn it around. This I did with a most abject apology in pantomime. As Mr. Mansfield passed out the door he smiled at me.

"'That's a good piece of "business," Ferguson,' he whispered. 'Keep it in.'"

A CABLE FROM SHAW.

Robert Warwick, who has been playing in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" with the Grace George Company, and in motion pictures, cabled Bernard Shaw in behalf of the World Film Corporation recently, asking his best terms for film rights to a number of his plays. In reply Mr. Shaw, according to Harry L. Reichenbach, the press agent with the pep, cabled merely the following:

"My plays are known all over the world. They have life; they are life and they are played wherever the human tongue can frame words."

Mr. Warwick is still wondering.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

De apple tree es buddin' an',
De bluebird come erlivin',
De sunshine tell yoh Uncle Eph
Dat Mistah Cold es dyin',
Ah's mighty glad for Ah es one
Ob dem dar Wintah hatahs
It's nigh on time Ah spaded up
Ter plant dem sweet pertatahs.

De frost es quit de ground fo' good,
En wahmah winds es blowin',
It won't be long till Uncle Eph
Must git dat gahden growin',
O' cos Ah'll set out pese an' beans,
An' likely some tomatahs,
But, bet yoh life Ah doan' fo'git
Ter plant dem sweet pertatahs.

HENSHAW WRITES MURPHY.

Tim Murphy, who plays the roll of Bill Bones in "Treasure Island," has received a letter from Bristol, England, signed by James Henshaw, who states he is a great-grandson of the former proprietor of the Admiral Benbow Inn which figures in the Stevenson story. Mr. Henshaw writes he has seen a review of the Punch and Judy Theatre's production in an English magazine, accompanied by a picture of Mr. Murphy, and he wishes to offer his felicitations to all concerned in the play.

WHERE MERCEDES FAILED.

Mercedes, who "uses mind influence" to do some remarkable tricks in vaudeville and also is supposed to read minds, was at the Friars Club yesterday when a box to the Greenroom Club's Dress Rehearsal was disposed of. It was awarded to Mercedes.

"I used mind influence on you," he said to A. L. Jacobs, who had selected the winner by number. Then the delighted vaudeville man invited ten friends to occupy the box with him. After they had all accepted, Mercedes learned the box would hold but six and he had to buy five tickets at $3 apiece. He was considerably disturbed.

"I wish I'd known there were but six seats in that box," he said.

"I knew it," replied a friend. "Why didn't you read my mind?"

No reply from Mercedes.

GOSSIP.

Mlle. Rita Zalmani, Russian dancer, is coming to America.

Helen Holmes is to enter vaudeville in a sketch called "Jim's Girl."

B. S. Moss announces he has engaged Henry B. Walthall for a new serial film called "The Birth of a Man."

W. C. Fields, the eccentric juggler, has been re-engaged for the "Ziegfeld Follies," which will open early in June.

When Richard Bennett finishes his engagement in "Rio Grande" he will act in several feature films for the American Film Company, Inc.

Edna Goodrich has been engaged for picture work by the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company. She is in Los Angeles.

By the middle of June "Ramona" will be on exhibition in seven cities. Chicago will be the next city to get it.

A well known portrait painter is painting a picture of Ruth Fielding, now appearing in "The Fear Market."

The annual meeting of the Actors' Fund of America will be held at the Hudson Theatre at 2 P. M. on May 9.

Francisco Acosta of Havana, Cuba, is in New York engaging musical artists for a course in Havana next fall and winter.

The management of the Winter Garden denies the story that Al Jolson is to appear in the cast of the new summer show at that theatre. When "The Passing Show of 1916" opens there in June Mr. Jolson will go on tour in "Robinson Crusoe Jr."

Pauline Curley, one of the youngest leading women in films, is playing a girl of eighteen in a forthcoming Fox picture entitled "Where Love Leads." She is but twelve.

J. Warren Kerrigan, a Blue Bird photo play star, has insured his face for $100,000, says an announcement from his press agent. If you ever get in an argument with J. Warren, don't hit him. You might black his eyes several thousand dollars' worth.

Richard Carle has declined to auction seats for the Friars' Frolic at the New Amsterdam Theatre May 28. He hopes the seats will all be sold, but he won't agree to be an auctioneer. Why? Well, he tried it once for a Lambs' show and nobody would purchase. Chagrin made him buy his allotment himself and it cost him $600.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

H. H. L.—Forty-fifth and Broadway.

Brownstein—So. Meyer Cohen, care Harry Von Tilzer Company.

FOOLISHMENT.

While on the street car stood,
The brake was firmly set,
"I'll turn it loose," he yelled in glee,
"I hope the car, I'll bet."
He let it fly and got a rap
Upon his cocoanut,
Poor little Willie found that in
'Tis seldom safe to butt.

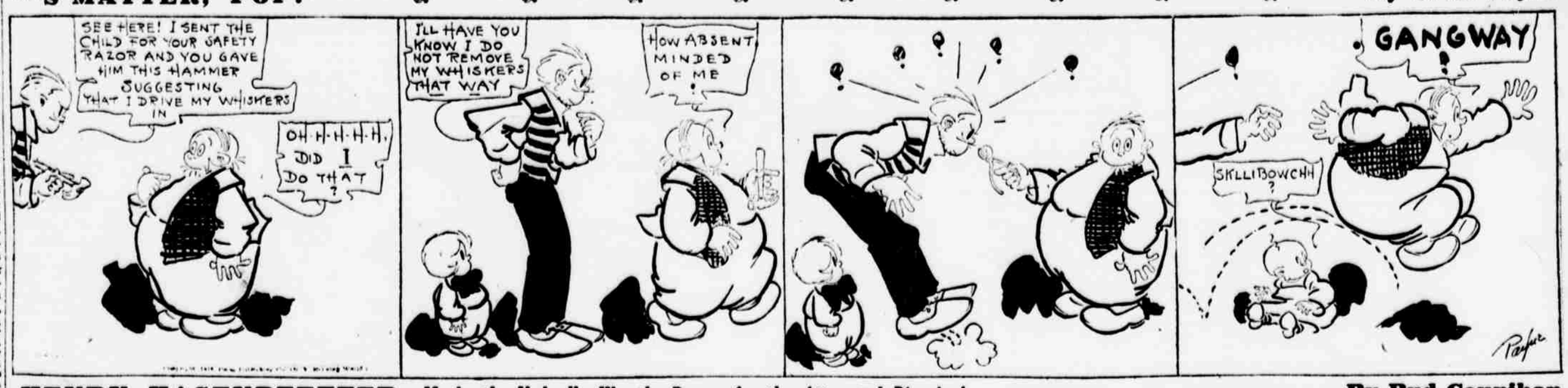
FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Ma girl done gimme a kiss ovah the telephone terday."

"Huh! Ah prefuhs ma 'lectricity direct frum the battahry."

"'S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—*Maybe the Umbrella Was the Reason for the Attempted Disguise!*

By Bud Counihan

FLOOEY AND AXEL—*Does Any One Care to Dispute Axel's Statement?*

By Vic

LIFE STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL WOMEN

No. II.—Part One

By Eleanor Schorer

MISS LUCILLE PUGH, Attorney, Who Won High Standing in Her Chosen Profession Through Determination and Will Power.

She Takes the Commercial Course at the Normal College. She Studies Law in Her Uncle's Office. She Discovers That She Needs a College Law Course.

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Ambition and Study.

"IT is pretty hard to tell just how you came to hit it off right." The speaker was a dark haired, gray eyed slip of a girl whom no one would ever accuse of being among New York's most successful lawyers. But such is the case, and Miss Lucille Pugh sat in her smartly furnished offices at No. 68 William Street and told me the following story of her successful career.

It began when she, Miss Pugh, at the age of sixteen, entered upon the commercial course at the Normal College of North Carolina. Here her bright, quick perception and energetic, decisive manner at once grasped the studies at hand and arrested the attention of the instructor, Prof. Yoni, who asked to have her as his assistant.

In this way Miss Pugh paid for the first year of her course. It gave her a taste of independence that was highly delightful.

The next year she took over even more of the professor's work and by the end of that term "had some real money in her jeans." She also possessed a smattering of law, gathered from the stenographic dictation at school, which was all extracts from law books.

With this real money Miss Pugh went to Washington. The big law library of her uncle, Senator Small, held his niece fascinated. "I'm going to be a lawyer," she announced.

"What d'you say?"

"Never heard of a woman lawyer, at least not in our part of the country," answered her uncle.

"Well, I'll show 'em," Miss Pugh declared.

"Go ahead," was the reply as Senator Small patted her slim shoulder in a way that told that he did not take his niece seriously. But she did "go ahead" and "showed 'em," too.

Wasting time is unknown to Miss Pugh. If I am any judge of people and if her alacrity in starting her new studies counts at all. Before leaving her uncle's library she had borrowed Blackstone, which most law students begin with. It is a huge, weighty volume and she carried it away with some difficulty. But this difficulty was nothing to that of understanding its contents, which brought Miss Pugh to the conclusion that she must have a law course in order to be a lawyer. And she determined to get it, knowing full well that it would mean fighting to conquer paternal objections as well as four years of college.

(To Be Continued Wednesday.)

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan

He Was Some Sick.

GEORGE SIDNEY, the actor, tells a story, for which he confesses a particular fondness, on one of the players of his company in his Bizzy Izzy days.

"My friend was hopelessly addicted to his cups," says Mr. Sidney, "and nothing that we could say to him ever seemed to reform him much. But sometimes we could get him on the wagon for a couple of months, till temptation came too strong, and he'd go back to his sins with a terrible bump.

"Once we had him sober for four or five months, so that when he went on his spree it hit a lot harder than usual. He disappeared just after the performance, and when I came into the theatre the next day he was lying across the floor of my dressing room. He was moaning and groaning, and for a minute or two I thought I'd have to send for a doctor.

"I lifted him up, however, and carried him inside. 'You're feeling pretty sick, old man, aren't you?' I said sympathetically.

"'Sick, George? Sick? Why, thousands have died who were not as sick as I am now.'"—Indianapolis News.

YOU!

By Arthur Baer

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