

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

A Japanese musical play from the pen of Mary Lee Wertheimer is to be produced in New York about the middle of June. It is called "The Romance of the Etsa," and the Etsa Producing Company has been formed for the purpose of staging it. Mrs. Wertheimer has written both the book and the music. She is the wife of Leo Weidon Wertheimer, a prominent member of the New York bar. Mrs. Wertheimer comes from the South, the family home being at Cobbs Hill, Va. Her maiden name was Lee, and her father was a cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The story of "The Romance of Etsa" is based on the wanderings of a band of Japanese gypsies, which was known as the Etsa tribe. This piece will be Mrs. Wertheimer's first contribution to the stage.

LCU-TELLEGEN ILL.

No performances of "A King of Nowhere," the current attraction at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, were given yesterday. Lou-Tellegen, the star of the play, was reported ill with tonsillitis. His physician, Dr. James T. Russell of No. 37 East Sixty-first Street, said the actor might be able to resume his work to-night. Geraldine Farrar, in private life Mrs. Lou-Tellegen, has had tonsillitis for about a week, but is about well.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

They've got the dearest pair of boys at Scruggs—Bill and Bert just as fat as butter. They love to do a dollar dirt. I never get to work, it seems, a'grubbin' with the hoe but what they get their Benin' poles an' down the road they go. To see them bobbin' danlin' long feet high on sets me wild. But still them Scruggs never know that they have got me riled. I give 'em just one look of scorn an' grip onto my hoe. But in my heart I'd give the world if I could quit an' go. Them Scruggs know, while Dad's on hand, that there I'm bound to be an' yet they'll walk an' extra mile to rub it in on me. Some day when them two grin at me, at work an' out of breath, I'm either goin' fishin' or I'll beat them kids to death.

GOSSIP.

Lee Harrison has returned from Australia. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" may be produced again soon. Betty Callah has been engaged to succeed Virginia Brooks in "The Great Lover." Vivian Prescott, who has been seriously ill at her home, No. 640 Riverside Drive, is recovering slowly but surely. Wanda Lyon of "Robinson Crusoe Jr." has been engaged for three years by the Messrs. Shubert. Brandon Tynan will read Hamlet's soliloquy at the annual dinner of the Play School Teachers' Association Saturday night at the Waldorf. William (Buster) Collier will be a film star at the Biato next week. The picture will be "The Millionaire." Pop Collier coached him in the acting. Justin Huntley McCarthy, author of "If I Were King," which E. H. Sothern will present at the Shuberts two weeks for the Actors' Fund, will contribute his royalties to that same charity. More than 300 Yale men were in the audience last night when "Come to Bohemia" was presented in New Haven. George S. Chappell, who wrote the book and lyrics, is a Yale graduate. The play comes to Maxine Elliott's Theatre this evening. Maggie Mitchell was in a box at the Criterion last night to witness a performance of "The Melody of Youth." Nearly sixty-five years have passed since she made her debut on the New York stage as the child, Julia, in "The Soldier's Daughter," at Burton's Theatre.

Saturday and Sunday evenings the Neighborhood Players will repeat their new bill of four one-act plays. The Junior Group of Players of the Henry Street Settlement will act "The Goose Girl" Sunday afternoon at No. 466 Grand Street. Eddie Leonard, the minstrel, wanted his wife to retire from the stage and take life easy. She (Miss Leonard) refused to quit. So Eddie up and writes her a sketch called "There

"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—Was His Wife Kidding Him or Was She Kidding Herself?

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Under Any OTHER Circumstances Flooey Would Gladly Accommodate Axel!

By Vic



You Are! Now Call It What You Like, and now both sections of the family are gathering skeels hand over fist.

OUR OWN POPULAR SONGS.
Lullie McArthur was seated one night. By the side of her sweetheart, Joe Brown. They'd just had a vigorous sort of a fight. In which she had knocked the boy down. But wrath had been conquered and love reigned supreme.
And though he had one purple eye, He said he'd show her and called her his queen, And told the girl he'd never let go, 'Till she was a widow and he was a toad.
Chorus.
If I were a dentist and you were a tooth, I'd give you a beautiful crown, For you are a gem—so tell you the truth, I'd give the most tender and gold the tooth.
If I were a dentist and you were a tooth, I'd give you a beautiful crown, For you are a gem—so tell you the truth, I'd give the most tender and gold the tooth.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.
G. R. W.—They all use lots of "extras."
H. B. C.—The family name of Tempest and Sunshine is James.
M. Key—Walter Kingsley was never a professional dancer.
FOOLISHMENT.
A girl with a quarter west shopping, And long hair a dition class looking, She went just one time, But she had a good time, Oh, she was an expert at shopping.
FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"While, do you know where had little boys who steal pennies go?"
"To the penny-tentary, don't they, mamma?"

Pepper and Salt
PASSED BY
HAZEN CONKLIN
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We often hear of a young man being "intoxicated with love"
But marriage brings "wider second thought."

TWO HEROES.
ONE had the heart to play the part demanded of a viking; Within him burned a soul that yearned at giants to be striking; To do the stunts done only once and never then forgotten; To toy with fate and demonstrate that fears are stuffed with cotton; To every day go forth and slay some devastating dragon; To reach up far for some high star to harness to his wagon; To arm his hand and scourge the land till villains numbered zero; To stand dare then calmly wear the laurels of a hero.
He wanted to, but, sad to say, These chances never came his way, Despite his warlike thoughts and looks, He earned his living keeping books.

The OTHER yearned to be interred in soft, suburban quiet; Though never blessed with day-long rest he thought he'd like to try it; To live a life apart from strife in occupation humble; To twirl his thumbs and take what comes without a single grumble; To always be supinely free from every sort of worry; To lay himself upon the shelf and never have to hurry; To smooth his way from day to day and never get excited; To simply be like you and me and all the "poor benighted."

He wanted to, but, sad to say, They kept him busy every day, At "hero stunts"—and "thrillers" are So boring to a "movie star!"

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY
By Jack Callahan

REMEMBER THE TIME THE TOUGH BOYS FROM THE OTHER NEIGHBORHOOD HELD YOU UP?
WHO ARE YOU WITH THE GAS HOUSE GUYS OR THE CHOLLY BOYS HUH?
I'M WITH YOU FELLERS, I ALWAYS WANTED TO HANG OUT WITH THE GAS HOUSE BOYS.
LET'S TAKE HIM DOWN TO DER CREEK AND TROW 'IM OVER.
WOTTA YA LAUGH 'IN' AT?
DIPLOMACY
DAT GUY MUST A RUN AWAY FROM HIS NOICE GOIL.
YOU SED IT, ANDY.
YOUR K PAL

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT THE ZOO

By Ferd G. Long

TUESDAY TOMMY SAW AN ALLIGATOR—WHAT DID HE SEE TODAY?

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Landlord's Way.
JOHN BARRYMORE, the actor, was talking about Germany's submarine policy in New York.
"When Germany told us we Americans might cross the seas in safety provided we used such ships as she offered, I nearly died laughing," he said.
"I was irresistibly reminded of the poet who complained to his landlord: "Landlord, I really must insist on your repairing my doors and windows. They close so badly that it interrupts my work. It blows my hair all about my face."
"Humph," said the landlord. The easiest way out of that difficulty is for you to get your hair cut off."
Washington Star.

She Recognized It.
THE young daughter of a prominent New York financier, who has passed most of her years in the city or at the large summer resorts, recently paid her first visit to a real country home, says Harper's Magazine. She was anxious to show that she was not altogether ignorant of rural conditions, and

Logical Conclusion.
"O D D how one's clothes react on one's mentality. Now, when I'm wearing a business suit I'm all business; when I'm in evening dress social matters occupy my attention, and when I'm in golf togs I don't think of anything but the game."
"And I suppose when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank."
Boston Transcript.

Ideal Fishing Holes.
A YOUNG woman who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that she liked all the Italian cities, but most of all she loved Venice.
"Ah, Venice, to be sure," said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with the gondolas and St. Mark's and Michael Angelo."
"Oh, no," the young woman interrupted. "It wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit down in the hotel and fish from the window."
Philadelphia.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE WORD?
(Suggested by A. Van D., N. Y. City.)
My eagerness to hear one word keeps my attention steady—When mother puts the dinner on and tells the family "READY!"
(Contributed by B. M. F. Jones City, N. J.)
Some words I like but there is one that I'll be always hating—When "central" keeps me half an hour and then cuts in with "WAITING!"

AMOS CRABB SAYS: "Whenever you hear a married couple saying especially nice things to each other in public you wonder who it was they quarrelled about at home."

GOOD IDEAS GONE WRONG.
Fire sales.
SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES—NO. 13.
Before the letters in this egg were scrambled they spelled the name of something which doesn't afford as much pleasure in the winter as it does in the summer—at least, in this climate.
See if you can arrange the letters to spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Tuesday's egg spelled "AERO-PLANE."

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