

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

RACHEL CROTHERS has gone to Lakeville, Conn., where she is hard at work on her new play, "Old Lady No. 31," which Lee Kugel is to produce in July. It will be a dramatization of Louise Forland's novel of the same name. In the cast, according to Mr. Kugel, will be thirty old ladies, not one of whom will be less than sixty years of age. Some of these have been tentatively engaged. Several of them have been theatrical stars in their time. Emma Dunn will have the leading role. However, Miss Dunn isn't an old lady. Gus Thayer and Leslie Hunt will be prominently cast also. But speaking of the old ladies, every day sees a few of them in the Kugel office calling Mr. Kugel "Sonny."

A MAN WITHOUT ENEMIES. The death of Meyer Livingston, auditor for Klaw & Erlanger, caused many expressions of keen regret in the theatrical district yesterday. He was a clean, quiet, sincere man, respected by all who knew him. Of him A. L. Erlanger said: "I cannot express too strongly the affection that Mr. Klaw and I have always had for Mr. Livingston, whose death is a great personal loss to us. He was more than a business associate. He was an intimate lifetime friend and a valued counselor. In a long association I have known no more loyal and capable man than he. His death is not merely a personal loss to Mr. Klaw and me, but to the whole theatrical world. He was a man without a single enemy. His friends were without number and the most beautiful epitaph of his goodness and worth will always be written in their hearts."

PRESIDENT THANKS THEM. President Wilson has written Charles Dillingham thanking him, H. Burnside and Raymond Hubbell for the souvenir copy of the Burnside-Hubbell song, "For the Honor of the Flag," which was dedicated to the Chief Executive. The song is used in "Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

HARRIS HAS SOME VISITORS. Somebody circulated a report among the colored folks of Harlem that William Harris Jr. was to use real negroes in his new play by Laurence Eyre and Raymond Hubbell. Harris was sought by enough negroes to stock half a dozen "Black Patti" shows. They say—we repeat, they say, mind you—that Mr. Harris was seen coming down a fire escape. Everybody in the play is to black up, but they'll all be white people.

WITH THE MINSTRELS. Interlocutor—Where is your brother, Mr. Bones? Bones—He's gone to England to work. He wants to gain some weight. "Does he think he can do it in England?" "Oh, yes! He'll gain a few pounds each day."

Interlocutor—That's fierce. Well, Mr. Tambo, I have a question to ask you. Tambo—Let us have said question. "Why are your ears so large?" "I was born and raised in Erie."

Interlocutor—That's inexcusable. Archibald Highnote, our peerless tenor, will sing his latest ballad, "Submarine Sue." I would caution the audience that swimming is not permitted in this theatre. A submarine was anchored at a pier down on the beach. When Susan Burns came along, some long and short bunting, you see. She had the little submarine and said so to a friend. And Susan Burns, if you please, was not one to be fooled. She jumped the Captain on the deck; she pined the periscope. The sight was most surprising and it filled the girls with hope. "I think I'll take a ride on your submarine." But when she got to board it, she was bit off her own lead.

CHORUS. Submarine Sue—what did you do? You proved yourself as only as this song; still, as the rain or the sun, I wish you and I will realize the life you got was wrong. Will realize the life you got was wrong.

"JULIUS CAESAR" PLAYED. "Julius Caesar" was played in the immense natural amphitheatre, in Beechwood Canyon, Hollywood, Cal., a few nights ago. Well known players who are out West acting in films, had the principal roles. Among them were Theodore Roberts, Tyrone Power, Frank Keenan, De Wolf Hopper, William Farnum, Sarah Truax, Constance Crawshaw, Virginia Fairbanks, Arthur Maude, Tully Marshall, Charles Gunn, Mae Murray and Marjorie Riley. The play was given on a scale of magnitude never before attempted in the coast section. It was an Actors' Fund benefit.

DAME RUMOR SAYS. That Philip Bartholomae is preparing to stage a big scenic production. That Walter Wanger of Elisabeth Marbury's forces is getting ready to do some producing on his own account. He used to be the moving spirit in the Dartmouth College Dramatic Association.

GOSSIP. There was a dress rehearsal of the Friars' Frolic last night. "Treasure Island" will close its engagement at the Punch & Judy Theatre to-night and open a week from Monday at the Colonial, Chicago. E. H. Sothen will bid the stage adieu.

SOCIETY NOTE. Bayard Veiller and his wife, Margaret Wyche, were the hosts at a pretty little dinner given yesterday

THE SATURDAY NIGHT BRIDGE CLUB By Ferd G. Long

Comic strip titled "THE SATURDAY NIGHT BRIDGE CLUB" by Ferd G. Long. It depicts a group of people playing cards. A woman says, "I DON'T LIKE TO BE TOO PERSONAL, BUT SOMEBODY IN THIS ROOM OUGHTA WEAR A GAG!" Another woman replies, "OH, THAT REMINDS ME, MRS. JONES! I'VE DISCOVERED THE CUTEST LITTLE BAKERY OVER ON THE AVENUE—WHERE YOU CAN GET THE LOVELIEST HOME MADE WATER CAKE—AND THE BUNS!" A man says, "SAY! WADDYA THINK THIS IS? A TEA PARTY!" A woman says, "IT'S YOUR TURN TO PLAY, MRS. GLIB!" A man says, "SHE OUGHTA GET A SPECIAL PRIZE FOR THE LONG DISTANCE CONVERSATION RACE." Another man says, "CUT OUT THE LOOSE TALK, GIBBY! THERE!" A woman says, "IT'S THAT MRS. GLIB AGAIN! HOW CAN ANYBODY PLAY CARDS WITH SILLY CHATTER GOING ON?" A man says, "ISN'T IT DREADFUL!" A woman says, "MRS. GLIB—WHO KEEPS UP A LIVELY RUN OF TRIFLING GOSSIP AT EVERY STAGE OF THE GAME!"

"S'MATTER, POP?"

Comic strip titled "'S'MATTER, POP?" by C. M. Payne. It shows a woman talking to a child. The woman asks, "MAMA'S BOY LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?" The child replies, "YES'M." The woman asks, "MAY I HELP?" The child replies, "YES'M." The woman asks, "WHAT IS IT?" The child replies, "MOUSE." The woman is shown holding a large mouse.

HENRY HASENPFEFFER—The Smelts Were Fresh, but They Had Nothing on the Waiter!

By Bud Counihan

Comic strip titled "HENRY HASENPFEFFER" by Bud Counihan. It shows a man at a restaurant. He says, "YES I DREW A SAD LOBSTER IN HERE TH' OTHER NIGHT—BUT THEY'VE GOT 'FRIED SMELTS' TO-DAY—THAT'S US JOE! THEY CAN FRY SMELTS! I'LL TRY 'EM IF THEY AINT WILD SMELTS!" The waiter says, "WONDER WHEN THAT WAITER'S GONNA BRING OUR TWO ORDERS OF FRIED SMELTS? GUESS TH' FATHEAD MUST HAVE GONE 'AUSTRALIA' FOR 'EM!" The man says, "Mebbe he's out fishin' for 'em 'hen'!" The waiter says, "HEY! WATER! Y'AIN'T FORGOTTEN US HAVE YUH?" The man says, "OH! WHY NO GIR!" The waiter says, "YOU'RE TH' TWO 'FRIED SMELTS'!" The man says, "HOW DYE MEAN THAT?"

FLOOEY AND AXEL—Not Always, Floeey, Not Always!

By Vic

Comic strip titled "FLOOEY AND AXEL" by Vic. It shows two men, Floeey and Axel, in a boat. Floeey says, "FOUL!" Axel says, "GET OUTA MY WAY!!" Floeey says, "OH WELL, HE'S ALWAYS SORRY FOR IT WHEN HE HURTS ME!"

to Mr. and Mrs. Crosby Gaige, James Forbes, Edgar Selwyn and Margaret Mayo. It took place at one of the fashionable automats.

OUR OWN AUTO DEPARTMENT. Theodore Andrews, seven years old, of Burlington, Vt., on Thursday, when experimenting with the levers and other things connected with an automobile, started the car down a hill. It struck a telephone pole and brought it down with all its wires and then went across the street and knocked down an electric light pole, bringing its wires across those of a trolley line, which time the car was a wreck. Theodore left it when the procession started.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

MUSIC NOTE. Several horses belonging to A. S. McKinney, the Grand Overyman, were stricken the other day with a strange melody.—Warren (O.) Chronicle.

FOOLISHMENT. Bill Jones, who's till, says he can't at all. If Bill is getting on the track, it's very plain to see.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "He lectures on whiskey." "Yes, and he's usually full of his subject."

farwell to-night when he appears in "If I Were King" at the Shubert. This final performance will be for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. "Civilization," the ince film which will open Friday night at the Criterion, has played six weeks in Los Angeles. Ralph Kohn and his bride will arrive in New York next Wednesday. At present they are honeymooning "somewhere in Washington." Margaret Illington will be assisted in her new comedy by Walter Jones and Editham Pinto. Sydney Greenstreet will leave the cast of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to-night and go to St. Louis, where he will act in Shakespearean plays with Margaret Anglin. Cecil King will succeed him in the Tree production.

AMOS CRABB SAYS— By Hazen Conklin. Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). There are some folks who give a regular vaudeville performance just tryin' to entertain an idea. A woman don't need athletic training to jump at conclusions. If it wasn't for bill collectors some folks couldn't have many callers. When a wife "goes up in the air" she usually "lights on her husband." The natural leanin' of some men is accomplished by puttin' one elbow on the mahogany and one foot on the brass rail. Love and baseball may both be games, but there's this difference: In love, a strikin' blonde usually makes a hit. I've generally found that the fellers who are the blindest to their faults are those who use their "I's" the most.

SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES EGG NO. 38. Before the letters in this egg were scrambled they spelled the name of something which is often expressed but not sent by freight. See if you can arrange the letters to spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Thursday's egg spelled "CORRESPONDENCE."

Brudder Bill. DINAH had not seen her old mis-tress for two or three years, says the Woman's Home Companion. "For de lan' sake, missy, I sure is glad to see you again! How's all de folks?" "All just about de same, Dinah and how is it with you?" "Oh, we's all 'bout de same, 'cept Bill. You 'members my brudder Bill? Well, he sure has growed. Lor' missy, you jest ought to see him! So big and tall, folks all think for sure he am older dan what he is." "Is that so?" "Yas'm, dat's de Hvin' truth. He sure does look older dan what he is, but he ain't."

Prescription Necessary. DETECTIVE "BILLY" BURNS, who returned the other day from a tour through the country, in the interest of the Bankers' Association, was profoundly impressed with the merits of Western Brandy-Vanilla as a place of residence. "Nothing like it for a man that's

inclined to be a bit low-spirited," said Mr. Burns. "They don't take any chances with you there at all. Why, if you get into a store and ask for a bit of clothing, the storekeeper will open a big book. "What do you want this rope for?" he asks. "The old woman needs it to hang the wash on." "And what's your name?" the storekeeper asks. "Herman Wilhelm Pfister." "G'wan," says the storekeeper, closing the book. "You can't get no rope here without a prescription."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

True Fighters. THE Black Watch are fighting so well in France that even the Germans praise them. Wonderful fighters, the Irish! The speaker was W. Bourke Cockran. "When I think of the valor of the Black Watch regiment, I recall the story of Pat Mc'ann. "Pat came home one night with a black eye, a broken nose and a split lip, a front tooth was gone as well. "Tim Sullivan done it," he told his

wife, as he began to bathe the wounds in a basin of water. "Shame on ye, Bridget, cried. 'A big feller like you to be licked by a little hard-drinkin' cockroach like Tim Sullivan! Why, he— "What," said Pat from his basin, softly. "Don't shpake evil of the dead."—Washington Star.

Where the Cheese Was. "I AM so sorry, Mr. Portly," apologized the hostess to her unexpected but influential guest at dinner, "but I have no cheese in the house." "Pray do not mention it, Mrs. Phipps," smiled the genial old boy. "I am sure"— His little compliment was interrupted by the appearance of the small son of the hostess at his side, bearing a piece of cheese upon a plate. "Well, now, that is very kind of you, little man," he said, as the child stood there, delightedly watching him swallow the bit-bit. "You knew more than mother that time. Where did you find the cheese?" The youngster intently watched the last morsel disappear before he answered. "I found it in the rat trap," he proudly asserted.—Kansas City Times.

YOU! By Arthur Baer. Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

Comic strip titled "YOU!" by Arthur Baer. It shows a man in a wheelchair. A woman says, "YOU!" The man says, "HOW IS THAT THE ONLY THING YOU CATCH ON A FISHING TRIP IS MARRIAGE?"

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY By Jack Callahan

THE TIME TEACHER PUT GUM ON YOUR NASAL ORGAN FOR CHEWING IN THE CLASS ROOM.

WHY DON'T YOU PUT IT IN HIS HAIR, TEACHER? NOW SMARTY—YOU JUST KEEP THAT GUM STUCK ON YOUR NOSE—I'LL HAVE NO CHEWING IN THIS CLASS, IF ANY IS TO BE DONE I'LL DO IT.

THAT MUST BE GOOD GUM—HARRY, YOU SEEM TO BE STUCK ON IT— I GOT RID O' MINE—I PUT IT ON 'DINKY'S' CHAIR— HE WAS CHEWING THAT GUM FOR THREE DAYS.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MISS DINKELGOOF CAN STAND FOR THAT YOUNG BRAT. IF HE WAS IN MY CLASS I'D HAVE HIM EXPELLED. IT'S A WONDER HE DOESN'T GET LOCKED UP. HE'S EITHER CHEWING GUM OR CHEWING THE RAG.

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