About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

AS THE result of a visit made by Sir Herbert Tree to the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island yesterday, it is probable that the Actors' Benevolent Association of England, of which Mr. Tree is the head, will have a place of refuge for its superannuated members. At present no such institution exists in England. Mr. Tree was deeply impressed with what he saw at the Staten Island place and announced he would take steps, soon after he arrived in England, to establish its counterpart on the other side.

The English actor was a member of a party which went to the home on the invitation of Joseph Brooks. The latter went along, as did Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund, and F. F. Mackay, another of its officers. Also in the party were Mrs. Brooks, Virginia Fox Brooks, Iris Tree, daughter of the actor, and Claude Beerbohm Tree, his nephew. After a luncheon, participated in by the visitors and the guests of the home, Sir Herbert recited two parodies on Falstaff and Hamlet and made a little address expressing his admiration for the home and its management. Mr. Frohman delivered an address, also, and Mr. Mackay recited. The trip to and from the home was made in automobiles.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Bill Johnson is happy; Bill Johnson is gay. He'll smile with you; laugh with you; sing, any day. He'll grin at your story and swap you a tale. He never acts soggy, disgruntled or stale. He's tired at night when he tumbles in bed. His mind goes to sleep free from worry and dread. You don't hear him kicking; you don't see him fret. The reason is this—Bill is never in debt. The man who can look 'em all square in the eye and know his account with each one isn't shy, can feel he's the equal of all he may meet and he is the fellow who finds life a treat. They've got nothing on him; his conscience is clear. He turns no short corners with creditors near. He gets out of life all it has, you can bet—this fellow who's licked that old man-killer, Debt. Your income is small, we'll assume, Mr. Man. You say you can't live on it! Nonsense! You can. And if you are wise you will bank small amounts. It's not what you earn—what you save is what counts. I've been deep in debt and from debt I've been free. I've worried a lot, so just take it from me, to emulate Bill is the sane thing to do. Bill Johnson is happy and you can be, too.

NEW SHOW ALMOST READY.

The Winter Garden's next production, "The Passing Show of 1916," will be ready for presentation at that theatre during the week of June 19. "Robinson Crusoe jr." will close Saturday night and the house will be dark for a week in order that it may be used for the new show's rehearsals. In the cast of the coming attraction will be Ed Wynn, Florence Moore, Lillian Lorraine, Fred Walton, William Philbrick, Hussey and Boyle, George Baldwin, Dora and Mabel Ford, Saranoff, Ruth Randall, Augusta Dean, Bly Brown, Dorothy Godfrey, Billie Dehon, Elida Morris and Countess Thamara Swirskala.

A NEW COMEDY.

Comstock and Gest have obtained the rights to a new comedy called "A Happy Thought," by George Middleton and Guy Bolton.

NOT A WORD.

Said Mrs. Smith to Mr. Smith
"I need some cash, my dear;
Two hundred dollars, if you please.
For dresses—do you hear?
I've grown so shabby here of late
I've really got the blues."
Then Mr. Smith looked serious,
And emulated Hughes.

Jim Taylor wabbled home one night
Unsteady as could be.
He scratched and fumbled at the door,
He couldn't fit the key.
His wife answered armed with the broom.
Said she: "You're full of booze."
Jim Taylor smiled a sickly smile,
And emulated Hughes.

The pugilist was haled to court
They thought his mind was gone;
Next day he woke up in a cell
In Bellevue, with the dawn.
It seems that he'd been asked to give
The papers interviews,
And all he'd done was sit and grin
While emulating Hughes.

GOSSIP.

Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock is a saleslady at the Armenian booth of the Allied Bazaar, now on at Grand Central Palace.

The Washington Square Players will take possession of the Comedy Theatre to-night and present four playlets.

The trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" is to be played at the New Brighton Theatre soon.

Margaret Illington's new comedy, in which she will star next season, is by Avery Hopwood.

PHIL LIKES JULIA.

Philip B. Dooner, who lives in West Ninety-seventh Street, this city, has sent us a poem about Julia Sanderson. Perusing it one gets the idea that Philip considers Julia some pumpkin and a couple of squashes. Space prevents our printing it all, but in order that Julia may experience a genuine thrill we're going to give her a sample. Will the Frohman star kindly prepare to blush?

Her pretty hair—those locks so fair!
Julia Sanderson!
Her smile so sweet, her dainty feet!
Julia Sanderson!
Her pretty eyes I idolize,
Julia Sanderson!
Her lovely form by gowns adorned,
Julia Sanderson!

MORE GROUND FOR PARK.

Baber and McGarvie, managers of the new West Farms Exposition and Amusement Park proposition, at the Bronx River and One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street, have found it necessary to acquire more ground. Several acres have been added to the original plot, giving the company nearly twenty-five.

A JOLT FOR ARCHIE.

Archibald Percival La Bellfontaine, actor, called on a young woman last night and told her all about his wonderful success on the stage.

"I have made so much money," he said, "I don't know what to do with it."

"You remind me of the telephone number of a friend of mine," said the sweet girl.

"Of a telephone number? I don't understand," said he.

"Four Flushing," said she.

And that ended the call.

THE SAFEST PLAN.

All the lodge members who took part in the show last night paid to get in so that the audience would have nothing on them. — Kenyon (Kan.) News.

FOOLISHMENT.

When Joseph Jones was only three,
He tried to climb a cherry tree.
His mother said, "Here, quit that, child!"
And say, it made Joe almost wild.

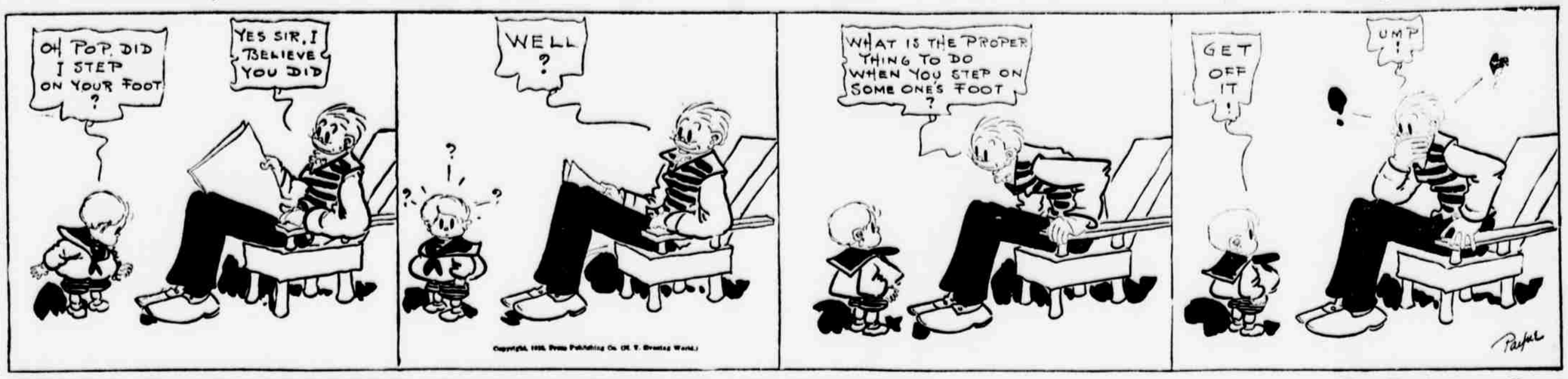
FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Have you ever heard the story of the feet?"

"No."

"You have two."

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



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—*We're Inclined to Think He Made a Very Natural Mistake!* By Bud Counihan

FLOOEY AND AXEL—*We're With Axel This Time!* By Vic

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY By Jack Callahan

THE EVENING WORLD'S *Kiddie Klub Korner* CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

COUSIN ELEANOR'S "KLUB COLUMN"

MY DEAR COUSIN KIDDIES:

To-day, as you can see, we have published the first of the award-winning pictures in the Kiddie Klub Korner. The little artist who made it is only four years old, and I think that it is as pretty a picture as any little girl of four in the whole world can make.

Now, I know that you are all inquisitive to know the names of all the prize winners and I will not keep you waiting. Here they are:

HELEN ZADEK, age four, 1925 East Fourteenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ELEANOR VAN WICKLE, age eight, 806 East One Hundred and Eightieth Street, New York City.

KASHMORA KHADIALE, age eleven, Hillsdale, N. J.

JOHN L. MILLER, age thirteen, No. 669 Washington Street, West New York, N. J.

ARTHUR MACK, age fourteen, No. 408 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J.

These are all the prize winning Kiddies, and the following names are of the Kiddies who have received honorable mention: Harry Hartman, age six, No. 8 McKinley Avenue, Glendale, L. I.; Alfred Egelund, age nine, Amityville, L. I.; Clifton Maynard, age eleven, No. 137 Ocean Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.; Saul Marks, age twelve, No. 114 Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Julia M. Kass, age fifteen, No. 86 Ackroyd Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.

The pictures of the make-believe Kiddie Klub House drawn by these Kiddies will be published in the order in which their names appear above.

To all my many Kiddie cousins who sent in drawings but were not so fortunate as to receive a prize award, I want to say that I enjoyed looking at every single one of your designs, and only regret that there were not prizes enough for each and every one of you. I hope that you will try again in the June contest with better luck. Your

COUSIN ELEANOR.

They played indoor baseball with the King. It was fine fun.

THE KIDDIE KLUB'S JUNE PICTURE CONTEST.

SUBJECT FOR THE JUNE PICTURE CONTEST
"How You Would Like to Spend Your Vacation."

The Evening World will give five one-dollar awards for pictures drawn this month by KIDDIE KLUB members only. One dollar each for the best picture drawn by a member not over seven years old; eight to nine years old, ten to eleven, twelve to thirteen, fourteen to fifteen years old, five classes in all. Pictures must be received not later than June 30, must illustrate the idea suggested above and must be accompanied by a note stating your name, address, age and the number on your membership certificate. Address pictures to KIDDIE KLUB PICTURE CONTEST, Evening World, 63 Park Row, New York City.

SLEEPYLAND STORIES

Written Especially for THE "KIDDIE KLUB" By Uncle Bill

Pascal Dascal Told a Fib and Had to Pay Double.

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ONE day Timmy called for Downy Dim and Pascal Dascal the Rascal and they got a flag and a tin fife and a drum and marched down the road. Munner made soldier hats for them out of paper and long feathers. They had a parade down the lane and across the big lot and up into Sleepyland Forest. There they found the King of the Woods and his grandchild Edie waiting to review the parade.

After that they marched, with the King and Edie leading, deep into the woods to the new playhouse. Just as they got there the sky grew black with big clouds and the wind blew and fat drops of rain began to fall. They all ran into the house, and everybody closed windows as fast as he could. The King went to a closet and got a big, soft ball and a thin bat, and they played indoor baseball while the rain was falling. It was fine fun, almost as good as playing out doors.

While the King was in the storeroom looking for some apples Pascal Dascal the Rascal hit the ball very hard and it broke a pane of glass in the window at the side of the play room. When the King came back with the apples he saw that the window was broken and the rain coming in.

"Who broke the window?" the King asked.

"I didn't break it," said Timbo.

"I didn't break it," said Downy Dim.

"I didn't break it," said Pascal Dascal the Rascal.

The King picked up the long, thin bat. He said: "I'm going to hit the boy who broke the window." Pascal Dascal the Rascal turned and ran away. Then the King was sure that he was the boy who broke the window.

"Why did you tell a fib?" asked the King.

"Because I was afraid," said Pascal Dascal the Rascal.

"That is the reason why people tell fibs," said the King. "But they always get punished twice as much when the truth comes out. Now, Pascal, you stand in a corner with your face to the wall and say 'I will tell the truth' over and over again while we play ball."

So Pascal Dascal the Rascal had to stand and keep saying the words a long, long time while the King and Tim and Downy Dim and Edie were playing a fine game of ball. And Tim made up his mind that he would always tell the truth.

HOW TO BECOME A 'KIDDIE KLUB' MEMBER

PIN COUPON
EVENING WORLD
"KIDDIE KLUB"
NO. 16
Name .....

Save six pin coupons like the one above, printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The numbers will be printed in rotation. You may start with any number. When you have six coupons numbered in rotation, like 16—17—18—19—20—21, write your name on each and send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note, in which you must state your name, address, age and the name of your parent or guardian. We cannot send you your pins until you have given us ALL the information requested above.

When your note and coupons are received you will be presented with a Klub pin and a certificate of membership.

THIS IS THE KIDDIE KLUB PIN.

Every kiddie who joins the Klub will receive a silver colored pin like the one shown in this picture.

MAY PICTURE CONTEST AWARD WINNERS

Class A, Helen Zadek, age four, No. 1925 E. 14th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.