

By C. M. Payne

'S MATTER, POP?'

Would That Rule Apply Also to a Hot Frankfurter?



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Editor's Note: We Dare Not Comment on This—We're Married, Too!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

Considerable Results, Say We—Considerable!!!

By Vic



FACTS NOT WORTH KNOWING

By Arthur Baer
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YOU can make a foot of water reach up to your neck by standing on your head.
It is practically impossible to play the entire sextet from "Lucia" on a bass drum.
When your piano becomes empty never throw it away. There is a great demand for empty pianos in Umbagogland, where the natives string them together and wear 'em around their necks.
By diligent application and constant practice it would be possible to balance peas on a knife, at the same time playing sweet music on a harmonica, but the neighbors pre liable to talk.
When jumping across a river care should be taken to do it in one jump, as two jumps are fatal.
A Geofusburgh man has invented a windshield to protect henpecked husbands from their worse half's chatter.

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan.



HOW TO MAKE A HIT.

By Alma Woodward.

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Preparing for an Ousting.
Mr. A. (calling into kitchen)—Say, mother, haven't you got that lunch packed yet? Don't put up such a raft of stuff. We always have too much, anyway. And I don't want to go and cart a lot of stuff home again.
Mrs. A. (with scorn)—Well lot of stuff there'll be left to cart when you get through with it! Last time there was a thin slice of jelly roll and a half of a hard-boiled egg!
Mr. A. (apologetic)—Oh, I enjoy picnic eats, of course; but it takes so long.
Mrs. A. (with some irritation)—Oh, for goodness sake don't be so impatient! Remember you've got only yourself to get ready, while I had to dress Hazel and Harry and myself and—
Hazel (wailing, from the dining room)—Mamma, do I got to keep sitting on this chair?
Mrs. A. (sharply)—Yes, you do! What do you suppose I spent a half-hour whitening your shoes for? And don't go near papa or it'll all rub off on his blue serge pants.
Harry (plaintively, from the bedroom)—Mamma, can I have a cracker?
Mrs. A. (impatiently)—No, you cannot. I've packed all the crackers in the lunch and, anyway, you didn't drink your milk at breakfast.
Mr. A. (with sudden compassion)—Why can't the kids sit together while they're waiting? Why have you got them marooned in separate rooms?
Mrs. A. (shrilly)—Why? Because we'd never go on a picnic if I turned them loose. You know how long their clothes last when they get into a friendly argument. And, anyhow, when I tell them to do a certain thing you mustn't pass any remarks. It's ruinous to their upbringing.
Hazel (patiently)—I'm being good, mamma, isn't it? Isn't I being good, Harry?
Harry (on the defensive)—You ain't not!
Hazel (loudly)—I is, too! I hear you playing with the talcum powder and it all gets in the rug and—
Mrs. A. (instantaneously)—Harry! Put that talcum powder down immediately. I can't bother to get the vacuum cleaner out before we go. I declare all the fun is taking out of an outing for me long before we start!
Mr. A.—Well, you're the one who always proposes them—aren't you? In the list of buchanalian joys they take a blamed lowly place in my estimation!
Mrs. A. (coming on the scene)—That's right—try to inustinate that self-sacrifices are really selfishness. What do I get out of it?
Mr. A. (facetiously)—I never was strong on answering riddles, but if you will tell me where any 14-carat diamond-studded trophy gets pinned on me, in these wild sprees, I'd be eternally grateful.
Hazel (in a distressing minor key)—Mamma, isn't we going right away?
Harry (taking his cue from sister)—Aw! its awful hot in here—my eyes is all perspiring!
Mrs. A. (coldly)—If that's the way you look at taking your family on an outing, suppose we don't go?
Mr. A. (jumping up deliriously)—Now, that's the best thing you've said to-day! I'll be in time for the morning game if I hurry.
Mrs. A. (bravely)—I tell you what we'll do. We'll have our picnic on the roof, and we'll pretend that we're on top of a mountain and the clothes on the lines up there will be our tax and—
Harry (interrupting)—An can we bein' to eat our lunch the minute we get up there?
Mrs. A. (sadly)—Yes, dear.
Duo (with great enthusiasm)—Oh, then, it'll be a beautiful picnic!

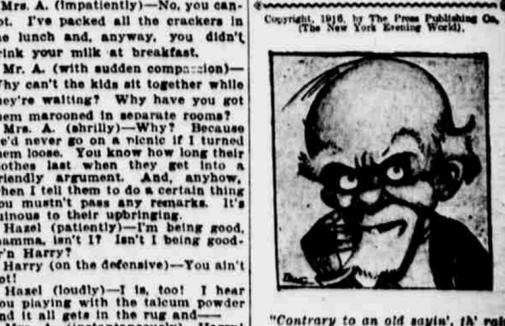
GOOFUS BIRDS

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
Tom Kane, after forty-one weeks in the South ahead of "The Birth of a Nation," has started back over the same territory.
Herman Leib's small son, who is less than seven, lost his mother in a department store the other day. When they found him he was at home telling a big policeman of the acting ability of Pop.
Joe Weber would like to find an operaetta suited to the talents of Emma Stevens, a Cleveland society girl who can sing. While he is looking for it she will appear in vaudeville.
Robert Grad is to spend two weeks at Asbury Park writing a book. It will be his first vacation, as he calls it, in twelve years. The shark scare isn't bothering him. He's a tub swimmer.
Ernest Ball will sing a new song called "Mrs. Holmes Taught Sherlock All He Knew," at the Palace next week. Alex Sullivan, a newspaper man, wrote the words and Harry De Costa the music.
Trickie Smith, one of the principals in "Step This Way," is a graduate nurse. Almost every night she attends some member of the company who doesn't feel well.
Frank Abbott, who is also a poet, has been appointed manager of the People's Theatre, Philadelphia, and will take charge Aug. 21. The best shows in the Columbia burlesque wheel play this winter.
Gertrude Vanderbilt and George Moore have a new vaudeville offering written for them by Earl Carroll. It is what might be called a novelty singing act, although they'll do much dancing.

LIFE'S LITTLE "IFS"



AMOS CRABB SAYS:



ABOUT Plays and Players

By HIDE DUDLEY
The present writing it looks as though there will be a scarcity of disgraced capable actors and actresses in New York during the next three months. The increased activity among the producers for the regular stage, coupled with the fact that the movies have gobbled up hundreds of players is already creating a shortage that is quite noticeable. The legitimate producers are even now finding it difficult to cast their plays properly, and by the time the season opens there will be a shortage which will undoubtedly be worse. Certain girls are also becoming very scarce. All in all, the next three months should prove highly profitable to the acting profession. But wait till the storehouses begin to get busy!

A CHANGE IN TITLE.

E. H. Frago has changed the title of his new vaudeville play, in which Henry Kolker will have the chief role, from "The Victim" to "How Will You Be?" The latter name used the former name for a vaudeville act.

NEW YORK OPENINGS.

A. H. Woods has decided upon the following "New York" openings: "Cheating Cheaters" will go into the Striving Aug. 7. "His Bride Night" will occupy the Republic Aug. 14, and "The Guilty Man" and "King, Queen, Jack" will be brought to Broadway on Aug. 14 and Sept. 4 respectively. Theatres are yet to be announced for them. Jane Cowi will open in "Common Day" at the Strand Opera House Sept. 2. Mr. Woods is silent on the subject of "The Squad Farm," which he gave a try-out recently. It is presumed he has dropped it or has deferred its production.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Marthy's bought a shirt-waist suit since the boarders came. Put aside her old blue frock. Why is now for him. Me an' Ma don't like to kick 'bout our daughter's duds, but we don't intend to raise no fine social buds. Marthy puts her shirt-waist on early in the day. Acts just like a regular queen. Has a haughty way. Course, for dressed up lady folks enough floors is rude. Spends her time out on the porch gossipin' with a duds. Marthy's looked to get a lot some of these fine days. Me an' Ma ain't no one's fools, though we're country jays. Some fine mornin' when she wakes 'bout the break of day, that old frock will be on deck. Shirt-waist will be gone.

MISS GORDON QUITS FILMS.

Broadway hears that Kitty Gordon may soon be back in the regular drama. It is understood she has left the W. A. Brady film interests. The parting came rather abruptly.

POLLY CAME BACK.

Olive Thomas of "The Midnight Parrot" owns a parrot. Recently the bird decided to do a little visiting, so she took French leave for a few days. Miss Thomas searched the neighborhood, but could get no news of Polly. Day before yesterday, however, as she danced in the living room of her apartment trying to decide which of her automobiles to use on a trip downtown, she heard a scratching noise at the front door. Her three maids being busy, Miss Thomas opened the door herself. There stood the parrot. "Well," said Polly, "here I am, Olive."

MISS Thomas was overjoyed, but she didn't show it. Instead, she assumed a stern air and said: "Very well, you may come in."

A JOB LEW DIDN'T GET.

Low Cooklander, who does what you'd call a Roosevelt monologue in vaudeville, had a wire from W. C. Cole, head of the Detroit Board of Censors, recently, in which Mr. Cole asked the comedian to send him the manuscript of his act in order that it might be read before 5,000 policemen in a convention there. "We will give you full credit," said the telegram.

Cooklander isn't in the habit of submitting amusement for credit. So he replied: "I would be pleased to Cooklander for \$500 and fares both ways."

The comedian received no reply. Later he read in the newspapers that President Wilson had spoken to the 100 soldiers.

"I presume," said Mr. Cooklander last night, "that Wilson underbid me and got the job."

GOSSIP.

Lola Fisher has been added to the cast of "King, Queen, Jack." Blanche King in "Broadway and Butterilk" will open at Maxine Elliott's Theatre Aug. 7. Cecil King came in from his cottage at Northport, L. I., yesterday to get his hair cut. Wallace Munro is to be advance man for Mary Ryan in "The House of Glass." Mike Cohen has gone to his old home town, Wheeling, W. Va. He is known there as "a breath from Broadway." Harriet Sterling has been engaged for the Tully play, "The Flame." She has been in films for a year. Irving Berlin has written two songs for "The Palladium." Bernard Granville will sing them. Henry P. Nelson, who quit acting last season to manage a burlesque company, will be the comedian of "The Thoroughbreds" next season.



ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

Julian J. K.—Sam Bernard never played in "Polish an' Perlinutter." It was Barney Bernard.

FOOLISHMENT.

Quite foolish was Sam Bernard. He was work at a Sunday school teacher. But rewarded was the right here on earth, too. For she finally married the preacher.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Judge Brown is breaking up house-keeping." "He is?" "Yes, he's decidin' divorce cases."

AMOS CRABB SAYS:

Contrary to an old sayin', th' rain don't fall alike on th' just and th' unjust. The unjust mostly are campin' th' umbrella of th' just.