Evening World Daily Magazine

ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY.

OLIVER MOROSCO has decided to bring his new musical farce, "So Long, Letty" to the Shubert Theatre one week from Monday night, instead of on Oct. 30, as originally announced. The company is now at the Shubert, Boston, and is doing well. "So Long, Letty" was produced in Los Angeles at the Morosco Theatre over a year ago. It did some record-breaking business on the Coast and then had a long Chicago run. So much has been heard of it in New York that Broadway is rather eager to see it and get a line on it. The cast includes Charlotte Greenwood, Walter Catlett, May Boley, Sidney Grant, Percy Bronson, Winnie Baldwin, Frances Cameron, Ben Linn, Vera Doria and Dorothy and Magaline Cameron. There is a chorus of twenty-four.

Mr. Morosco, by the way, has just put Owen Davis's new play, "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," into rehearsal. Burr McIntosh has been engaged for one of the principal roles. Eva Le Gallienne and Donald Gallaher will be in the cast also.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

A little rag doll is asleep in its crib, its clothing in sad disarray. Deep down in her trunk mother's tucked a wee bib and there it is going to stay. A high chair's been sent to the garret above; a go-cart went up with the chair. Each one has completed a labor of love and cob-webs must now be its share. A small toy piano is going next door, a gift to a youngster we know. A dozen wee dresses we're going to store to look at as years come and go. We've bowed to a heart-breaking ruling of fate—a ruling that hardly seems fair. The little old home is so quiet of late and, God, but it's lonesome up there.

BEN NEVER MISSES 'EM.

"You miss the pretty chorus girls, don't you?" asked Hal Forde of "The Girl From Brazil" company, of Ben, stage doorman at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre, last night. "The Plasme" is at that theatre now, and it has no chorus.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Ben. "Us doormen don't care nothin' about pretty girls. They comes and they goes, year after year. Shoo! Girls don't amount to nothin'."

"Oh, I see," said Forde.

"But say," came from Ben eagerly, "when is there another musical show comin' to the Forty-Fourth Street?"

HARD LUCK, THIS.

This is the sad tale of a press agent. He "planted" a story in a newspaper. It was a column and a half in length. Before it could be printed the press agent's boss gave the newspaper a quarter-page advertisement and the "ad" crowded the story out.

ANOTHER PLAY FOR ARLISS.

George Arliss is rehearsing in "The Professor's Love Story," the second of the plays to be included in his repertoire. "Paganini," his present vehicle, will continue at the Criterion Theatre until Oct. 21. Mr. Arliss will then go on tour in "The Professor's Love Story," and, after a brief season out of town, will come to a New York theatre. In his support will be Margery Maude, Molly Pearson, Mrs. Arliss, Keith Wakeman, Grant Stewart, Arthur Eldred and Edgar Kent.

GOSSIP.

"The Show of Wonders," the new Winter Garden production, will open at that theatre on Oct. 23.

Raymond Kenny has left the cast of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and is with Emmett Corrigan in "The Van Lowe Diamond."

Willard Mack and Edward Small are forming a producing company to handle vaudeville sketches.

Tom Gill was heard last night remarking that he'd bet Warfield "got over" in his new play, "The Music Master."

Florence Webber is singing prima donna roles in musical stock in Minneapolis.

Al Head appeared on Broadway yesterday wearing a robin's egg blue derby. There was a runaway on Broadway about the time he came along.

Mrs. Mary Opp, mother of Mrs. William Faversham, underwent a successful operation yesterday for appendicitis.

Frances White of "The Midnight Frolic" is to become a "baby vampire" in the movies after William Rock and she play some vaudeville time, beginning with the Palace next week.

Marjorie Moreland (Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin) is going into vaudeville with Douglas J. Wood. They have a sketch called "The Infallible System" which will play the U. B. O. houses soon.

John O'Neill, a popular Friar, was married at Noroton, Conn., Tuesday, and D. Frank Dodge immediately transferred 100 shares of stock in his ice-worm farm to the bride.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Experience—Go to some vaudeville theatre's stage door.

Levin—See Larry Giffen, Knickerbocker Theatre Building.

Florence—Charles Meakins appeared in "The Merry Widow," "The Gay Hussars," "Excuse Me," "My Little Boy Blue," "Oh, I Say," "Sari" and "Miss Springtime."

FOOLISHMENT.

The girl who lives next door to me
Each night sings "Dearie" off the key.
They say she's soon a bride to be,
Which pleases me a heap.
If he will take her miles away,
I know ten men who'll gladly pay
Ten dollars each unto the jay—
They think that much of sleep.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Landlord—I'll have to raise your rent.

Tenant—I wish you would. I can't.

"'S MATTER, POP?"

It Requires Explanation, but the Idea Is Clever!

By C. M. Payne

HENRY HASENPFEFFER

If It Was a One-Step, One Step Was Enough!

By Bud Counihan

FLOOEY AND AXEL

Yes, but He Might Be Tame All of a Sudden!

By Vic

FLIVVERS

They "Stall" When You Least Expect It!

By Jack Callahan

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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A BROOM is merely a whiskbroom with a wholesale handle.

If desiring to keep pets and not caring for the annoying chirping and chattering, you will find that a collection of pet postage stamps will fill the bill.

One of the most charming traits in soup is its ability to adapt itself to circumstances. When served in a flat dish it will be flat, when inhaled through a straw it will be tall and slender and if served in a thimble it will be exceedingly compact. Few of man's dumb friends can boast of the sagacity of this modest and generally quiet institution.

After years of study and concentration a Googlumville naturalist is able to give a perfect imitation of the whimpering sound made by a sad and morose snail.

For practical purposes the distance between the floor and roof of a pie should be at least one-twentieth of an inch.

In the Southpaw country everything is done left-handed. The natives wind the cat up and put the clock out. Orchestras play the soup while the diners spill the cornets and 'cellos down their vests. Umbrellas are never stolen and hatboys tip the public. Gasoline runs wild on the streets and can be easily captured and tamed. Rabbits chase bulldogs until their tongues hang out and get sunburned.

How to Make a Hit

By Alma Woodward

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Buying Furs This Year.

SCENE: A more or less kitsch furrier's shop any afternoon.

(The proprietor, endeavoring to be truly neutral, has adopted the German guttural, Russian whisker, French shoulder exercises and an English stride. He waits at the door so that she who hesitates is lost and hauled into the net. Approaches Mrs. Brown, accompanied by her next-door friend, Mrs. Green.)

MRS. B. (looking in the window)—I've seen this place advertised but I've never bought anything here.

Mrs. G. (plaintively)—If you only knew what you wanted it'd be so much easier. When you don't know what you want everything looks either attractive or very unattractive.

Mrs. B. (calmly)—Naturally. Well, I'm going in. If you want to come, come along—if not, wait outside.

Mrs. G. (shrilly)—Wait outside! Well, I like that. I never waited outside a window for anybody except George when he goes in to buy cigars, and somehow or other I never could get used to seeing women in cigar stores. I think it's an evolution. One thing you ought to decide, Jennie, is whether you're going to get this fur set because your tonsils are weak, or just for style.

Mrs. B. (objecting)—You say such meaningless things. Furs are furs, no matter what they're for. Isn't that a distinguished looking man standing at the door. He looks like a nobleman. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he were, either. You know lots of them are over here since the war, occupying all kinds of positions. Let's go in.

Proprietor (greeting them with Continental fervor—Good day, mesdames. What is it that I can do for you?

Mrs. G. (in an aside)—I can't tell what nationality he is, can you? He's terribly polite—but, then, all those foreigners are. (Aloud) We want to see something in a fur set—not too expensive, yet something odd.

Proprietor (suavely)—I have just what you want. And I will show you them myself, because I have an idea I can please you.

Mrs. B. (making bovine eyes)—Indeed you can!

Proprietor (agreeably)—Very well, madame. Here is mid-season marmoset. So chic! So very trying to most people—but just suited to you.

Mrs. B. (inflating)—Mid-season implies that it will be out of style in the winter. Haven't you got anything a trifle odder than that?

Proprietor (throwing a cosmopolitan convulsion)—Ah, why is it that I have not thought of it before! Just this morning it came in! And, madame, it is as though it were built for you. Wait!

Mrs. G. (as he brings it to light)—That's a pretty thing. What do you call that?

Proprietor (shrugging his imperial shoulders)—It is a whim of the designer to be humorous—Milwaukee musk-hound. There are only two sets in existence, madame. This and one in the possession of the Czarina of Russia.

Mrs. G. (triumphantly)—There! That's what he is. A Russian duke, I bet you. See, he mentioned the Czarina. Take that Jennie. I think it's a dream. It's a little familiar to me somehow. I've seen something like it before. Maybe in the portraits of the Czarina.

Mrs. B. (ponying up the price)—Maybe. Because it seems familiar to me too. I'm going to wear them home.

(The furs are placed about Mrs. Brown's shoulders. The two women exit.)

Mrs. G. (screaming) — Jennie! Look! That dog at the end of that leash. Isn't that just like your Fido that you lost three years ago? That's what was familiar to me about it.

Mrs. B. (tearfully)—Yes! And do you know what was familiar to me about it. I know now. It's the smell of the soap I used to wash Fido with when I thought he had the mange. Oh, the big swindler! A Russian duke! Well, I'll tell him what he really is!

(We draw a curtain over the ensuing scene.)