Evening World Daily Magazine

Monday, October 23, 1916

ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

STUART OLIVIA, President of the Baltimore News Publishing Company, and author of the play "Backfire," now at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, has written another drama, and Broadway hears he intends to see it acted in New York when his current attraction has had its run. The new one is a play of the financial district. It is said Mr. Olivia wrote it in just three days, which is a day more than it took him to write "Backfire." A capacity house greeted "Backfire" Saturday night, by the way, and the production attracted good-sized audiences to the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on other evenings last week. When the play was originally shown to the public it was criticised adversely by some of the dramatic writers, but Mr. Olivia merely laughed.

"I don't mind those notices," he said. "I'm going to advertise this play in the newspapers. As a newspaper publisher I know newspaper advertising pays, so I'm going to use it."

He did. Predictions are now being made that "Backfire" will be here for numerous weeks to come.

LONDON MAY SEE HODGE.

Lee Shubert announces that he is planning to present William Hodge in "Fixing Sister" in London next summer. If he does, it will be Mr. Hodge's first appearance on the London stage. However, summer's a long way off.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

When father eats gravy my mother gets mad. She says it's due time that some manners he had. He sops it with bread and no fork will he use. It stirs mother up from her head to her shoes. She tells him it's awful and begs him to stop, but Pop merely grins and continues to sop. She says that a light on my father should dawn, but he keeps it up till the gravy's all gone. One Sunday the preacher had dinner with us. The cook made some gravy; it started a fuss. Pop couldn't resist, so he broke up his bread, and blushes of shame soon had mother's face red. She kicked him, but that didn't make him desist. She hinted and even took hold of his wrist. "I'm strong for religion," said Pop to our guest. "My dear," said my mother, "you're spotting your vest." The minister finished his hen fricassee. "I'll thank you to pass me the gravy," said he. My father got busy and served him a lot. "It's fine," said the preacher. "I like gravy hot." He picked up some bread that was passed him by Pop and calmly he broke it and started to sop. My mother was almost struck dumb at the sight. She went to the kitchen and muttered, "Good night!"

REWRITES TOLSTOI PLAY.

Edward Sheldon has completed a version of Tolstoi's play, "The Living Corpse," which he saw in Berlin three years ago when Prof. Max Reinhardt produced it in German. The Sheldon version is called "The Man Who Was Dead." It will be held by John D. Williams until next season, when it will be produced with John Barrymore in the chief role.

"TAKE YOUR MEDICINE!"

Henry W. Savage is engaging the cast for a new four-act comedy called "Take Your Medicine!" It is by Ernest Poole and Harriet Ford. Its scenes are laid in New York.

GOSSIP.

Richard Bennett, now in "Zack," says he is through with motion pictures.

The Friars are to organize a glee club to help drive away dull care.

"Dora Deane," which Wee & Reilly are producing, will open at Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 26.

Cyril Maude has rented the Garden Theatre and will rehearse "The Basker" there.

Ernest Hare has been added to the cast of the new Winter Garden production.

Claudius and Scarlet, presenting "The Call of the Sixties," will join the "Midnight Frolic" to-night.

Tabloid burlesques on current Broadway plays are to be given at the Century during the winter. The first will be a take-off on "Turn to the Right."

Beginning to-day there will be no admission charged atop the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, where "The Bull Ring" is the attraction.

LIFE IN GREENPOINT.

Well, Sophie, how's the little dove-cote coming along? Wasn't Mrs. R. the rude creature to bust you in the jaw when she called?—"Barobler," in Greenpoint Home News.

WHY THE SCHENECTADY?

H. H. Frazee is running a line reading "With a typical Schenectady cast" in his advertisements of "Nothing but the Truth." Isn't it stealing Mr. Moroseo's stuff?

RED ONION WRITES US.

A note from William Judkins Hewitt, better known in the show business as Red Onion, states that the late Warren A. Patrick organized the Showmen's League to put show people into politics. All right, Red. What of it?

FOOLISHMENT.

A dressed doll at Whitney's fair
Wanted lightnings from the Polar bear;
But if I did, when I awoke,
My dear Dad made those lightnings cook.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"The widow had the name of the deceased taken off the tombstone."
"Why?"
"It was John Burns."

"'S'MATTER, POP!"

From a Child's Point of View Face Washing Is a Real Calamity!

By C. M. Payne

HENRY HASENPFEFFER

His Nephew Made a Tactical Error, That's All!

By Bud Counihan

FLOOEY AND AXEL

The Very Best Axel Ever Gets Is the Worst of It!

By Vic

THE EVENING WORLD'S Kiddie Klub Korner

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

COUSIN ELEANOR'S KLUB KOLUMN

DEAREST Cousins: After to-day our Klub Korner will appear on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, instead of Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, as in the past. Nothing else about the Klub or Klub Korner will be changed. The Wonder City contest and stories will go on just the same. Kiddies' contributions will still appear whenever it is possible to print them. My letters and question answers will be there—in fact, everything will be exactly as before excepting the Klub Korner days.

The next Klub Korner will appear on Thursday, Oct. 26.

COUSIN ELEANOR.

DICKY AND DOT GOT ONTO ONE OF THE TRAINS.

AT LAST THEY REACHED THEIR DESTINATION.

Dicky and Dot in the "Wonder City"

By Mary Graham Bonner.

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An Underground Ride.

DICKY and Dot had just arrived in the city. They had lived in the country where their neighbors were the cows and pigs and chickens, and where the view from their window was of long stretches of green fields and tiny brooks and streams here and there.

Now they were in the city—the wonder city, the city where dreams came true, where wonders were no longer wonders, but actual facts; wonders that really, really happened, a fairytale in actual truth.

"Well," said Dicky, "we're going in a train with many cars, and it runs along on tracks that go right through the ground."

"Ugh," shivered Dot. "It will be dark and I'll hate it. Let's have another adventure first."

"No," persisted Dicky. "It won't be dark. There are lights in the trains—it is so bright we could read our story books."

So along went Dot. Down some stairs they went into a big, busy, bustling cavernous place. There were trains stopping, there were some going whizzing past as if they were running away. Dick and Dot got into one of the long rows of trains which had stopped and almost were trampled upon by several people. What a rush they were all in! How different from the country! The cows could always wait a few minutes to be milked.

But at once they were off again. A banging of doors, a guard calling out the next step. That was all before they were rushing, rushing through a semi-dark tunnel which they were looking at through the front platform of the first car. Dotted all along were queer mysterious lights, purple, red, green, blue, all signals for the motorman.

And now what was happening? From out of the dark tunnel and the brightly lighted cars they were in the sunlight. They were going slowly upward, until the train was above the houses instead of below. The guard called out, "One hundred and Twenty-fourth Street," and now they were back again into the subway.

It was time at last for Dicky and Dot to leave off their studying. The days had passed so quickly. "Isn't it wonderful?" said Dot. "Just think, on one side we've been way down in the earth and up in the air."

"Yes, it's wonderful," agreed Dick. "It is a wonder city beyond all dreams."

The Dicky and Dot stories were contributed by NORMAN HARTE, age twelve, of No. 414 East One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Street, New York City.

The Evening World will pay one dollar each for the accepted stories for Wonder City members, and one dollar each for the stories about Dicky and Dot. Write only on one side of the paper. Put your name, address and age at the top of your story, and address it to Kiddie Klub Editor, The Evening World, 63 Park Row, New York City.

How to Join the Klub

BEGINNING with any number, cut out one of the pin coupons printed in the Klub Korner on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. When you have six coupons numbered in rotation, like 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 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, YOUR AGE, YOUR ADDRESS. No application will be considered unless these three facts are stated. Do not write anything else in the letter. Do not send any money. Do not send any stamps. Do not send any postal cards. Do not send any letters except those containing the six coupons in rotation, as above. Do not send any coupons except those which are numbered in rotation, as above. Do not send any coupons except those which are in your own possession. Do not send any coupons except those which are in your own possession. Do not send any coupons except those which are in your own possession