Evening World Daily Magazine

Wednesday, March 21 1917

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

"THE HIGHWAYMAN," a comic opera by Harry B. Smith and Reginald De Koven, is to be revived by the Messrs. Shubert with an all-star cast at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre this spring, following the engagement at that playhouse of the film, "Joan, the Woman." "The Highwayman" was produced originally by the Andrew A. McCormick Opera Company at the Broadway Theatre, Dec. 13, 1897, with a cast which included Joseph O'Mara, Jerome Sykes, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Harry Macdonough, George O'Donnell, Maude Williams, Maud Thomas, Hilda Clark and Nellie Braggins. The cast for the revival will be announced in the near future.

ENGAGES MISS BINGHAM.

Marcus Loew has engaged Amelia Bingham to appear in the vaudeville theatres he controls. She will stay a week at each house. Her salary will be the highest Mr. Loew ever paid a vaudeville act.

MOROSCO'S NEW RECORD.

Oliver Morosco has five theatrical attractions playing in Greater New York this week. No other individual manager has equalled this record in recent years. The Morosco shows are "Canary Cottage," at the Morosco; "Upstairs and Down," at the Cort; "The Brut," at the Harris; Emily Stevens in "The Fugitive," at the Thirty-ninth Street, and "So Long Letty," at the Bronx Opera House.

ARLISS IN A BENEFIT.

George Arliss has arranged a benefit performance to be given at the Knickerbocker Theatre on Friday afternoon, March 30, for the Anti-Vivisection Society. Mr. Arliss will offer the second act of "Disraeli." Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton will be seen in the second act of "Daddy Longlegs," and Tom Wise, Elsie Janis and Clifton Crawford will assist.

FIELDS STILL ENGAGING.

Lew Fields has engaged Willis P. Sweatman, Mme. Mathilda Cottrelly and Helen Lowell for "Bosom Friends."

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

'Way down in my heart I've a feeling for Nellie, the girl who did housework for Mrs. McGrew—who used to distribute bread, butter and jelly to kids who rung 'round her when baking was through. A guardian angel was Nellie, you bet you, who watched o'er the gang with the greatest of skill; who'd say, "Now be good or the devil will get you, an' if he won't grab you, begorra, I will." It seems that I see her again getting busy and taking the clothes line, a spout piece of rope, to tie up some youngster like Mickey or Izzy and treat the kid's mouth to a washing of soap. She did it because she had caught the boy cussing, for that was crime Nellie never would stand. He seldom found mercy in pleading or fussing, for Nellie ruled all with a cast-iron hand. It's years since I saw her, but I, she's still living, I hope Nellie's married and happy somewhere. Just half of my millions I'd gladly be giving if I could but see her. I would, I declare! I used the word, "millions," to make this rhyme classy. The millions I have are a dream or a hope. But gee, how I'd love to hear some kid get "sassy" and see Nellie wash out his mouth with her soap.

OUR OWN MINSTRELS.

Interlocutor—I saw you in a saloon last night Mr. Bones.

Bones—Yes, I went there to get a quiet little drink of whiskey.

"Why do you say 'a quiet little drink?'"

"Because the whiskey was made in a still."

Interlocutor—That's terrible. Oh, Mr. Tambo, I hear your brother is a liquor man.

Tambo—That's right. He sells mint julops—nothing else.

"Why nothing else?"

"Because mints always make money."

Interlocutor—That's fierce! Ladies and gentlemen, Archibald Highnote, our peerless tenor, will sing that touching ballad, "Caused by a Mouse."

On the sixteenth day of May sat a youth and maiden gay,
In a manner bashful hands as lovers do.
He was saying mushy things; she was dreaming of new rings
And was vowing that she's be his only so.
All at once she gave a scoop; love got stunned and flew the coop,
She had seen a mouse; she hoped up on a chair.
When her beau "haw hawed" a bit, she said: William brown, you git!"
Their engagement quit engaging then and there.

CHORUS.

Only a mouse on the porch, love;
Only a girl on a chair;
Only a beau somewhat tickled
Laughing at what he saw there
Only a broken engagement
Called off in less than a trice.
Cupid was foiled by a mouse, love;
Let us make war on the mice.

MAUDE WRITES A POEM.

Maude Fulton has written a poem for this column. She calls it "Criticism," but you, dear reader, may call it anything you like. Here it is:

I do not like the careless way
In which our authors write today
They have no style; they have no wit;
They cannot turn a bon d'esprit.
Nor do their [illegible] compare via
With Bulwer-L[illegible] or a "Pendell"
They certainly should study hard
Or pattern after Mr. Goethe.
Or only—if they want for gloria—
The two Dumas, Pere and Fils.
I will not read the books to-day,
There's nothing in them anyway.

GOSSIP.

Frank Keenan will open "The Pawn" in Stamford, March 30.

Joseph Urban is making a new set of scenery for the Rialto.

An "Experience" company of eighty-two people came to town to-day to see "The Wanderer."

William Harris jr. is going to California for a vacation of six weeks. He'll stage a new play when he returns.

After being separated six years, James T. Kelly and Anna Kent have joined forces again in vaudeville and are doing well.

From the auditor's office of the Hippodrome comes the announcement that Murdock Pemberton is now in the fresh egg business.

Word from London states that Daphne Pollard is making a big hit in "Zig Zag" at the Hippodrome. And Daphne's only about four feet high.

The Dramatic Corrie, an organization designed to stimulate the work of new playwrights, will meet at the Plaza, March 22, and hear a reading of Miss Bell Banaike's play, "The Greater Claim."

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

An Admirer: Writs her New Amsterdam Theatre.

Simon Keenan is at 1400 Broadway. Don't know about the sketch.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"What's that new cigar called?"

"The Sousa."

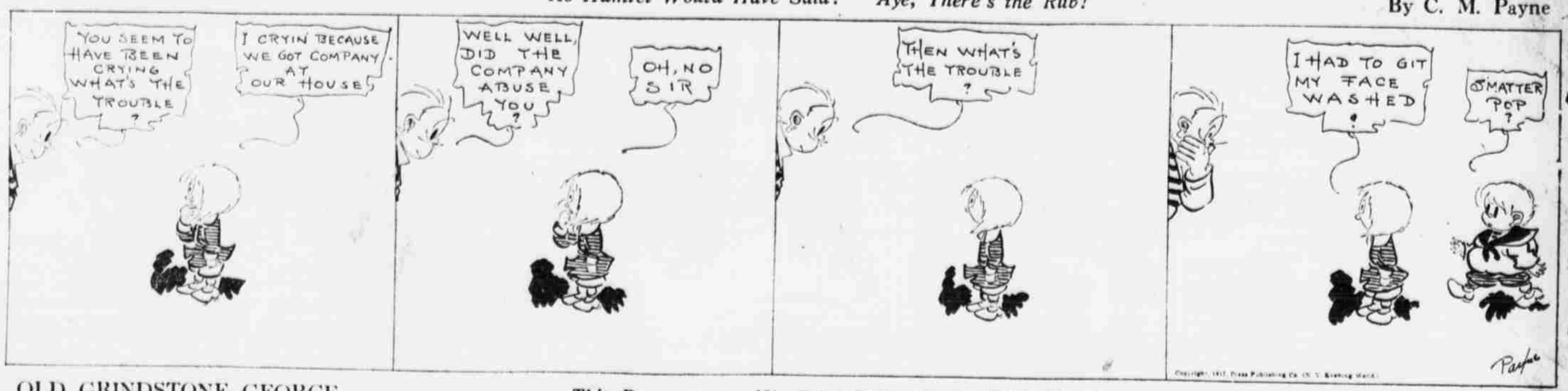
"Any special reason?"

"Yes. Each one has a band."

"'S'MATTER, POP?"

As Hamlet Would Have Said: "Aye, There's the Rub!"

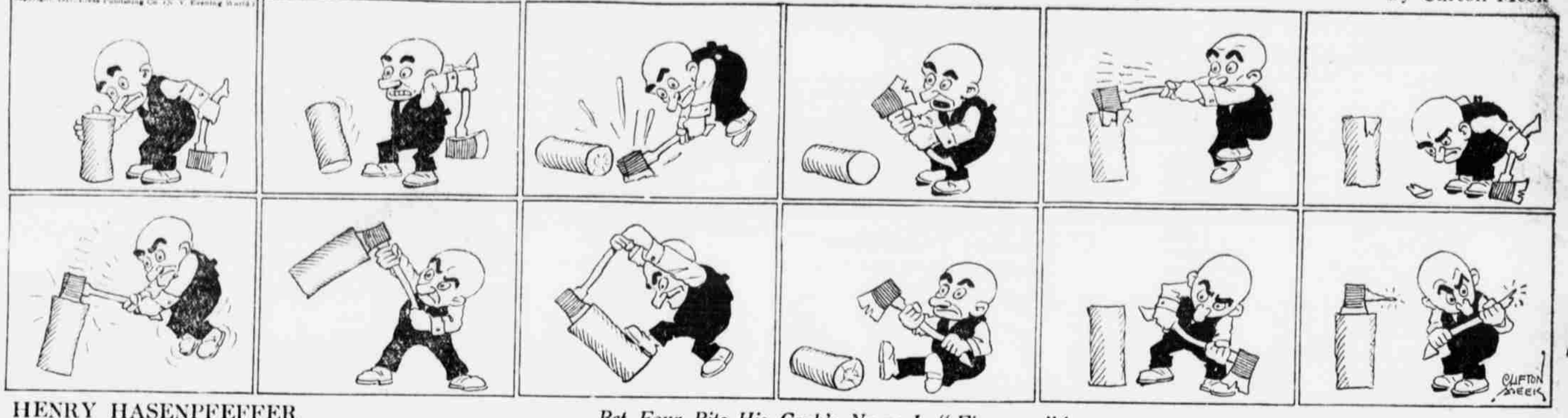
By C. M. Payne



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

This Demonstrates His Total Unfamiliarity With Machinery!

By Clifton Meek



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Bet Four Bits His Cook's Name Is "Finnegan"!

By Bud Counihan

DIAGNOSING A LITTLE COLD!

By Vic

ON THE FIVE-FIFTEEN

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By Gale

Felix Fiehfteen Ran Down All the Chickens in the County!