

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

The next eight days will see the closing of numerous productions now playing in the Broadway district. To-night "The Century Girl" will call it a season and close up shop, and Robert Mantell will leave the Forty-fourth Street. To-morrow night the Negro Players will forsake the Garrick, bound storehouseward. Next Saturday night will see the end, for this season at least, of "The Wanderer," at the Manhattan; "The Fugitive," with Emily Stevens starred, at the Thirty-ninth Street; "Come Out of the Kitchen," Ruth Chatterton's starring vehicle, at the George M. Cohan; "The Big Show," at the Hippodrome; "A Kiss for Cinderella," in which Audé Adams is starring at the Empire; "The Very Minute," Arnold Daly's play, at the Belasco, and Sir Herbert Tree's season at the New Amsterdam. Nearly all of the aforementioned attractions have enjoyed successful runs. Just why so many are to close at once is unexplained, but it is probably due to the fact that there are numerous new productions waiting to open on Broadway for spring engagements.

CAPRICIOUS AMELIA!

Philip B. Dooner, our West Ninety-seventh Street correspondent, dropped in the Riverside Theatre the other evening and was captivated by the work of Amelia Stone, of Stone and Dallas, whom he saw act out. When he reached his home he doped out the following delicious rhyme about Amelia:

Your capricious smile,  
Which I saw when she smiled,  
Of all capricious smiles,  
I could never believe my eyes,  
Make a wonderful hit for your act.

And your capricious voice,  
Was a great credit to you,  
I never, ever heard that I know,  
Your act was such a surprise,  
I could never believe my eyes,  
That I was not at the box "Follies" seats.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Said Silas McGuggin, in Peewee's store: "Be quiet, now fellers, for I have the floor. I just want to say that if I had the time I'd scatter those U boats, I'll bet a smooth dime. I'd rig up a skiff that was painted dark green to look like the water and thus be unseen, and then in the bottom I'd be with my gun and pick off those U boats; I'd sink 'em every one. But I'm far too busy just now for the work. I'm raising some chickens—a job I can't shirk. But maybe next fall, when my work is all through, I'll go after U boats and bring in a few." "Hush, Silas! Yer dreamin'," said Grandpa McGee. "I'll care for yer chickens; so hurry to sea. If possible, ketch us a U boat alive. We'll show it for ten cents of which we'll cheer five." "And so you're not goin' to make sport of my plan?" "Well, that's 'cause you ain't got the brain of a man. You don't understand what it is to be brave. I'm going out now, so get busy, now!" "Hush yer noise!" I went out with a sneer for McGee. Said Grandpa: "It's awful how Sil picks on me." Jed Peewee grinned and replied: "Hush yer noise! I reckon he thinks yer a U boat. Eh, boys."

"THE TIGER ROSE."

David Finasco will produce a play called "The Tiger Rose" at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, on May 3. Lenore Ulrich will head the cast. It is a story of the Northwest, written by Mr. Belasco and Willard Mack.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

1. S. S.—"Dance and Grow Thin" is his name.  
H. A.—She is married, but has started divorce or separation proceedings, I believe.  
Henson—To be a screen actor one usually begins as an "extra." Apply at the studios.

GOSSIP.

Guy Standine, now in London in the army, is to return to this country for a brief stay soon.  
Walter S. Pagan and Joe De Milt, Cohan & Harris company managers, are again to be seen on Broadway.  
Arthur Cunningham has been engaged by F. C. Whitney for the role of Gen. Allen in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."  
A. Baldwin Sloane is completing a musical piece called "Dew Drop Inn."  
Robert Warwick, picture star, is to return to the legitimate stage in an A. J. Woods production next fall.  
"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," one of the Barrie plays, which will be produced by the Frohman company at the Empire May 7, was staged recently at the New Theatre, London, by Dion Boucicault.  
The sixty members of the Hippodrome ballet class will receive their diplomas at the matinee of "The Big Show" next Saturday.  
The Messrs. Shubert will produce "The Pawn" in Wilmington, Del. May 5. It is intended for Broadway consumption.  
Edwin T. Emery has been engaged as general stage director for John Cort's attractions.

"S'MATTER, POP?"

Nails Could Be Driven Into Many a Head That We Know!

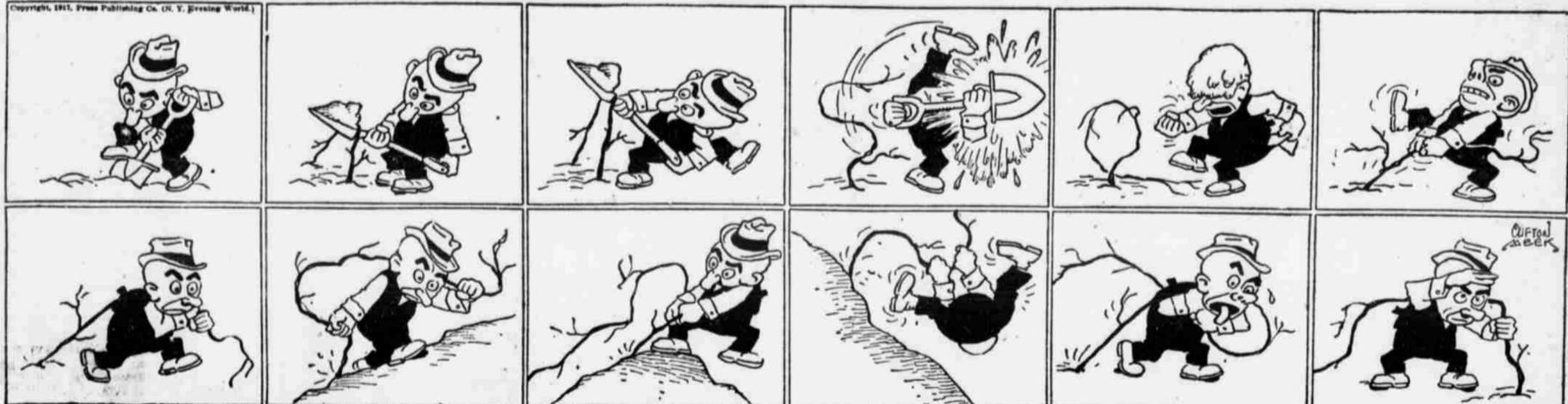
By C. M. Payne



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

As a Rooter He Can't Pull Strong Enough!

By Clifton Meek



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

At This Rate Fifty Cents Would Have Bought Him Happiness!

By Bud Counihan



PATRIOTS COME IN ALL SIZES

By Vic



Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

I HAVEN'T got much use for going to eat? "Beans?" he says. "Got a bad stomach. Gue... I need a tonic." "Listen, squire! I shoot at him. You don't need a tonic. What you need is a job in a drug store where you can dip into all the cures and enjoy yourself unlimited. Now, if you don't tell me what you're going to eat, I'm going to quit you. I only dropped in on you to make a briar call."

Good Stories

ALL DOUBLED UP.

"SPELL your name!" said the court clerk sharply. The witness began: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double O." "Wait!" ordered the clerk; "begin again!" The witness replied: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O."

GETTING RIPE.

The scene is laid on the top of an omnibus. The girl seated next to the rough workman had a bunch of wheat in her hat which, protruding from the side nearest the man, persistently tickled his ear. At last he could endure it no longer, and, taking a penknife out of his pocket, he proceeded to sharpen it upon the

FOOLISHMENT.

He'd sell at old books "oldies" and fill the old home a stiff rag. When looking would great. He'd said: "That's an effort." Now, what do you think of the rag?

MORE FOOLISHMENT

(By Elmon Gillette.) There was a young dame from Brazil. She wanted a doll right a dill. She wanted and about. You called it a crack. You called it a crack.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

The police are guarding the Public Library closely. "Why?" "They found dynamite in the dictionary there."

NOT ABASHED.

The "sit-up" drama was in full swing, when the impassioned rantings of Theophilus Jones, the seedy hero, were interrupted by the boings of a rude urchin in the gallery. This was an outrage that could not be allowed to go unrebuked, even in the midst of a tragedy. Pausing in his speech, and advancing to the oil lamps, Theophilus addressed his audience: "Ladies and gentlemen," he hissed, "five years ago I lost a monkey, and it has turned up here to-night in the gallery. The applause that greeted this brilliant remark had hardly died away when the voice of the small boy rose on the air. "What did you do with the organ?" he asked, blandly.—Tid-Bits.

Keep Baby Healthy! Clothes washed with VAN'S NORUB will not irritate or roughen their delicate skin.