About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE theatrical managers of New York will begin to-day a Liberty Loan campaign in all metropolitan theatres. For ten days every manager and every player will do his utmost to further the movement to sell Liberty bonds. Addresses will be made in every theatre and there will be bond salesmen present. The campaign will be conducted by what is known as the Theatrical War League. The committee in charge is composed of John L. Golden, Chairman; Marc Klaw, Lee Shubert, E. F. Albee and Alf Hayman. The organization's slogan is "No man who is not fighting and who does not own at least one Liberty bond can call himself an American."

THE PAGEANT PICTURES.

The American Red Cross is to take a dip into the film business. The motion pictures of the Rosemary Pageant, made under the supervision of William Christy Cabanne, are almost ready, and Mr. Cabanne will take a set of them to St. Louis, leaving Saturday, to show them to Henry P. Davison, who is now devoting his time to Red Cross work. Mr. Davison is visiting the organization's units all over the country and will be in St. Louis Monday. Mr. Cabanne and he will confer as to the best plan for distributing the films. There is a demand for the pictures from exhibitors everywhere. It is believed the film will prove to be the best money making asset the Red Cross has.

MISS ARTHUR RETURNS.

Julia Arthur returned to New York yesterday after a long season in vaudeville on tour, presenting "Liberty Aflame." She will rest several weeks and then begin active preparations for the production of a modern play, in which she will have the stellar role.

POSTPONE "CHU" AGAIN.

Owing to the need of more time on the preparation of the scenery, Elliott, Comstock & Gest have been compelled to postpone the opening of "Chu Chin Chow" again. It is announced the first performance will be given at the Manhattan Opera House next Monday evening.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

When Winnie drives her little car the walkers must beware. At breaking rules she is a star, but Winnie doesn't care. The corner cop will shout: 'Hey, Miss! Keep to the right! Why act like this?" But when she smiles he stops his hiss, for Winnie's wondrous fair. Then Henry Brown will come along and break the selfsame law. At once the copper, big and strong, has Henry in his claw. He's summoned up before Judge Jones, who listens; then in solemn tones assesses Henry fifty bones, which Henry thinks is "raw." Oh, woman fair, the universe is yours if you'll but smile. 'Twill yank from man his heart, his purse. He can't resist your guile. And yet man's equal you would be. Why you should wish it I can't see. 'Twould be a come-down. Holy gee! You've got us beat a mile.

RATHER ODD, SAY WE.

A. E. Anson, who plays Beverley, and Henry Stanford, who plays Standish in "The Barton Mystery" at the Comedy, needed collars badly before the Monday night performance. They procured them at a nearby haberdashery, and, returning to the theatre, made a strange discovery. Mr. Anson's collar was of the Beverley style and Mr. Stanford's a Standish.

THE DOCTOR STOOD UP.

Dr. J. Lewengood, well known in amateur theatricals, dropped into a Harlem picture theatre recently to kill an hour's time. As he sat down the pianist began playing "Auld Lang Syne," and the doctor, who is very patriotic, stood up immediately.

GOSSIP.

Richard Lambert has engaged Frank Mills as leading man in "Art and Opportunity."

The "Land of Joy" company has left Havana for New York. Valverde, the composer, is in the party.

The interior of the Winter Garden has been redecorated in preparation for the opening of "Doing Our Bit" to-morrow night.

A new troupe of Greek dancers will be seen in "Over The Top" when it opens on the Forty-fourth Street Roof.

A girl named Olive Osborn has joined "Miss 1917." It makes her mad to hear the other girls call her "the mysterious Olive Osborn."

Now that she has launched "The Claim," Mrs. Henry B. Harris proposes to go to France and do Red Cross work.

Beginning Oct. 27 Sam H. Rothapfel will inaugurate a series of orchestral concerts at the Rialto for children. The best music will be rendered.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Mrs. Rambler, of the Greenpoint Home News, told a man recently that he wasn't what he used to be, and when he asked her why he wasn't, she said he used to be a boy.

FOOLISHMENT.

Willie said to Sister Sue
"I'll play pum-pum, dear, with you.
I'll be Leonard—take that 'bear.'"
Then he asked her to be his.
When she asked he said, "Why, girl,
I won't but my head." Why, pet?"

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"What's the difference between a Scotchman and a banana?"

"Give it up."

"You can skin a banana."

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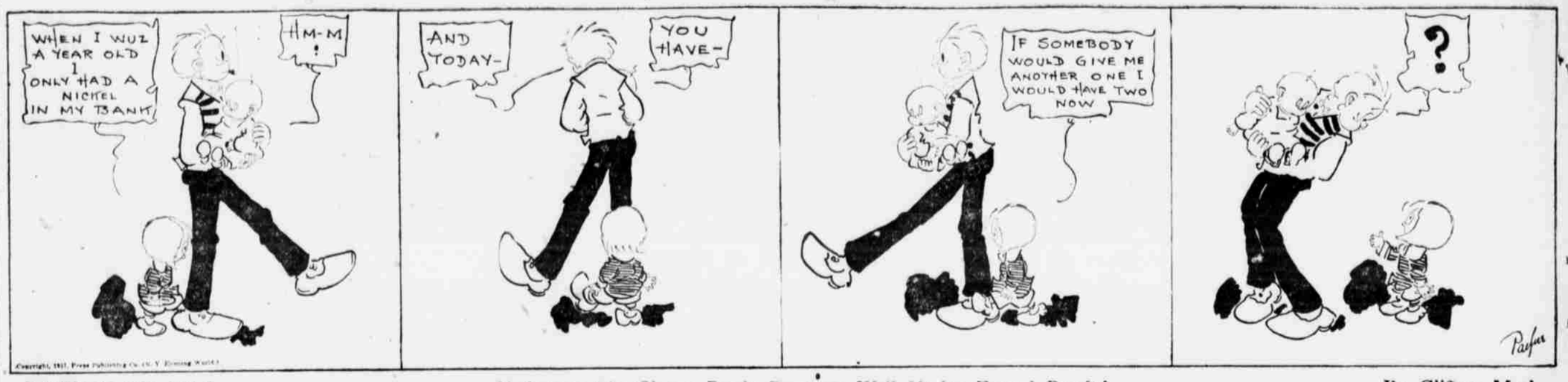
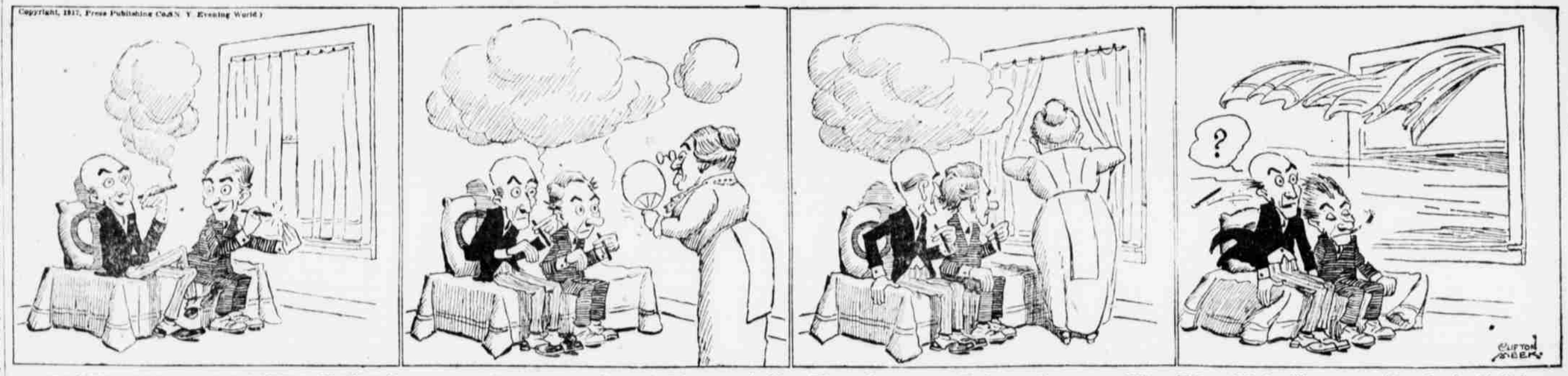
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY — *Apparently the "Blow" Was More Than His Wife Could Stand!* — By Bud Counihan

"'S'MATTER, POP?" — *The Question Is, Would Both Be in the Bank?* — By C. M. Payne



BACHELOR BILL — *Unfortunately Cigars Don't Burn as Well Under Forced Draft!* — By Clifton Meek



"SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK" — *Along the "Date" Line, and Yet They Say "All Things Come to Him Who Waits!"* — By Jack Callahan

Camp Comedies

By Alma Woodward

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AND JUST THEN—!

SCENE—Camp Wadsworth. Time—Late afternoon.

(A group of visitors have waylaid a young Lieutenant and are plying him with questions. The usual "sweet young thing" is effervescing with praise about patriotism, plus giggles.)

SUE (wildly)—Oh I DO think you boys look just too stunning in your uniforms—and I DO think it's every girl's duty to do things for you—comfort—and I DO, you know—I fair—and everything!

Lieutenant (brilliantly) — That's nice.

She (babbling on)—Yes—and I'd cook lovely little theme for you boys—only they say it isn't practical. I make just the darlingest little omelettes and I'd be so appropriate to serve little American flags in them—but some one who knows says that the Government wouldn't like it—that it'd demoralize the morale of the army—and my little brother said that was the classiest name for the stomach he'd ever heard—but I don't mind him—you see, I don't know how to cook baked beans and that seems to be the favorite dish—although why it should be I can't see—there's nothing cold or fascinating in the taste of baked beans, is there?

Lieutenant (with fervor)—No.

Mother (beaming on the scene)—I assure you, Lieutenant, that my little girl is one of the most indefatigable workers Uncle Sam has—she's the pride of Flatbush—she'll send you things when you are "over there"!

Lieutenant (eloquently)—Lovely!

She (gurgling)—I send all my beautiful magazines now—you know—all I do is put a cent stamp on them and——

Lieutenant (grabbing her arm excitedly)—Sh! Sh! Don't mention the word "magazines!"—here comes poor Mac!

Mother (amazed)—Who's "poor Mac?"

Lieutenant (earnestly)—Not a word, I beg of you—it's such a tragic case!

(A man in uniform haggard, dust-bitten, the picture of concentrated woe, approaches. The women look upon him with tenderness akin to tears.)

Lieutenant (putting his hand on his shoulder)—Any luck to-day, Mac?

Mac (staring vacantly before him)—None.

(His voice breaks. He moves toward the horizon—searching—searching—always searching!)

She (breathlessly)—Oh, I just know it's something swell and exciting—some message that he's got to carry through the enemy's lines or something! Tell us!

Lieutenant (sadly)—No, it's something worse than that.

Mother (wiping away a tear)—Oh, how could it be—your boy! Tell us.

Lieutenant (impressively)—You see that boy who's out on reading. That was his one moment. He missed it so when he came to camp and then they began sending bundles of magazines out to him—bribed to death. Then one day when he finished reading the third installment of a serial he was so excited he couldn't set at mess—that installment had left the heroine hanging from the fifty-third story of the Woolworth Building with a strong gale blowing and a bunch of man-eating sharks mewing in the street below——

She (eyes distended)—Well?

Lieutenant (with great difficulty controlling his feelings)—Well, since that everything they've sent has been on household mechanics or needlework! The poor boy spends his days searching for the fourth installment—and he won't be quite right until he finds it!

She (sobbing aloud)—Oh, how awful!

The Day's Good Stories

A PROSPECTIVE OPTIMIST.

"I'M surprised to find you working over a gun," commented the gentle stranger at Crimson Gulch.

"Well," replied Broncho Bob, "Three-finger Sam is on a rampage and he has dropped some hints that he is particularly irritated against me."

"But you ought to be an optimist."

"What's an optimist?"

"An optimist is a man who smiles and believes everything will turn out for the best."

"Well, I ain't an optimist this minute. But I will be as soon as I get the automatic oiled an' some cartridges into her."—Washington Star.

SUBLIME ORDERS.

COLONEL CORKI was, as colonels go, not a bad old stick to have about a regiment, says London Ideas. Recently he had three men of his company in to help him remove the grand piano, and, as this gift of Aunt Eliza's was of hefty size, he signed a blank order that pattern the men might obtain beer from the canteen, leaving the amount thereof for the warriors to fill in themselves.

Here was a dispute.

"Put down six pints," suggested Private Dumps.

"More like a barrel!" growled one of the others.

But at last the sergeant came along with the right idea. He filled the paper up thusly:

"Please fill these men with beer."

IN MODERN LANGUAGE.

A GIRL was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained this sentence:

"Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food."

The teacher was puzzled and called the girl.

"Where did you get that sentence?"

"Why, that's what it says in the history."

The book was sent for and the passage was found. It read:

"Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."—Tit-Bits.

RECIPROCITY.

A TALL, thin lieutenant reported in Flanders to a Canadian battalion commanded by a bald, elderly colonel. After a few days he approached his commander and asked permission to air a grievance.

"I wish you would use your influence, sir, to restrain my platoon from referring to me as 'Legs,'" he said.

"Sure, my lad, sure," replied the colonel solemnly, "if you'll use yours to stop my whole battalion calling me 'Old Baldy.'"—Youth's Companion.

Moving Picture Funnies

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Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2 and so on. Fold each section underneath accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result.