About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE new musical production which John Cort has in preparation is to be called "Flo-Flo." It will open out of town on Thanksgiving Day, or thereabouts. The piece is based on a vaudeville skit known as "The Bride Shop." Fred de Gresac has furnished the book, Edward Paulton the lyrics and Silvio Hein the music. In the cast are Holly Castles, Oscar Figman, Robert Ober, Fenita de Soria, Lola Wentworth, James B. Carson, George Renavent, Thomas H. Handers and Arthur C. Millis. The Cort Theatre here is its ultimate destination.

A CHANCE FOR WEALTH.

A Broadway theatrical producer received a letter yesterday from a Youngstown, Ohio, woman offering him a chance to get rich. Read it:

"Dear Sir—I have written a drama that will make you a fortune if you will put it on the stage. It is 'The End of the World,' and in it I show everybody a finish. Those who have been good go above on wings, and people who have been disreputable are chased on the stage by red devils. A young couple are in love in it. If you do not like the drama, it could be made into a musical comedy by adding songs and lyrics, all going to hell and dancing around, and other funny scenes like that. Let me hear from you, please.

"P. S.—There is a good composer of tunes here, but he drinks."

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

They swooped down on our boys at night with bayonet, knife and gun. The Yanks put up a stubborn fight, outnumbered ten to one. Each was a hero to the last and at the break of day the Huns picked up their dead and left. They paid and they will pay. The jeers that came from German throats served but to fan the flame. Your Uncle Sam has hitched his belt about his massive frame. Let Germans taunt, if taunt they must. There'll come another day. They'll square that debt a hundred times. They paid and they will pay.

HOBART FARCE COMING.

William Faversham and "The Old Country" will leave the 39th Street Theatre Saturday night, and next Monday "What's Your Husband Doing?" produced by the Hobart-Jordan Company, will be presented there. It is a farce by George V. Hobart. In the cast are Hale Hamilton, Virginia Hammond, Charlotte Ives, Clara Mackin, Jane Cooper, Alice Lloyd, Jed Prouty, Walter Lewis, Joseph Conyers, Augustus Hego, Thomas Clarke, Peter Craig, Martin Molloy and David Adler.

OUR OWN POPULAR SONGS.

The Fire Department was quiet,
On a hazy summer's night,
When, without a blaze, burst forth
Just six blocks to the right.
Boys, Joe McCann, a fireman,
While some basket delays,
Leaped out of bed, pulled on his pants
And hurried to the blaze.
And when he saw the house
He muttered with a frown:
"Why, that's the home of Mamie Pitts,
The girl who turned me down."

CHORUS.

Bypass with Joe were ignorant,
He saved her from the blaze,
And when he got her out of it,
He said, "Lines are not, Mamie!"
Next day at half past seven,
Joe married Joe McCann,
Since then he's heeded many dare
To find the nick who owned that blaze,
And if he ever finds the nick,
That guy will surely have to lick
Jim Dale's gentleman.

GOSSIP.

The one hundredth performance of "Business Before Pleasure" will be given at the Eltinge to-night.

For film purposes an auto blew up under Fatty Arbuckle recently. It never even budged him.

Sam L. Rothapfel of the Rialto will leave to-morrow for California to hunt with Douglas Fairbanks and look after film business.

The "Jack O' Lantern" girls' election to select a press agent was a flivver. Every girl who voted received one vote.

Minna Valleri, the Spanish dancer in "Maytime," is awaiting replies to the challenge to dance a contest with any other Spanish stepper in town.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Whalen—Harry Fox is of Jewish descent.

Joe V.—See Jean Havez, Strand Theatre Building.

E. O. Ue—Chauncey Olcott has a telephone. He selects his own songs. Don't know where the other man is.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

An Arrow gender who played an [illegible] of an Omaha deaf and dumb asylum was arrested for using profane language.

FOOLISHMENT.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to milk the cow and calf."
"What are you going to do with the milk, my pretty maid?"
"Buy calf food with the price of milk!"

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Bejorum, Maine, yer baby is so little!"

"Do you think so?"

"Shure! Why, while Patsy was horned he was as little as two of yer baby!"

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THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Being a Phony Opal It Can't Bring "Real Bad" Luck!

By Bud Counihan

"'S MATTER, POP?"

Probably the Growling Concession Has Already Been Claimed!

By C. M. Payne

BACHELOR BILL

He Couldn't Stay—His "Time" Passed Too Quickly!

By Clifton Meek

"SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK"

It Takes Two to Make an Election Bet, but Only One to Pay It!

By Jack Callahan

Camp Comedies

By Alma Woodward

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"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME."

SCENE: Camp Upton. TIME: Afternoon.

(In the barracks six boys are sitting over the remains of a homemade chocolate layer cake. By "remains" is meant the waxed paper and cardboard box it came in.)

A. (SHOVING his hands into his pockets)—On the level it IS enough to turn any red blood you've got kind of purple and apoplectic to sit here stuffing your face three times a day, sleeping on good beds and going through a bunch of gymnasium work, while the chaps over there are——

K. (from the doorway)—Our time will come.

B. (sotto voce)—It's the new guy who blew in this morning. I like his face. I wonder who he is.

A. (cordially)—Come on in. Sorry there isn't any chocolate cake left. But you'll have a cigarette, won't you?

K. (coming into room)—Thanks, I will. I couldn't help overhearing what was said. We have to be patient just a little while—and then, when our time DOES come—oh, boy!

A. (going up to the stranger)—Let me shake your hand. You've stirred up more pep in the last two minutes than any of these quinces have displayed in weeks. I congratulate you. I like your looks. I like your manner. I like your spirit. What's your name?

K. (modestly)—Bill Kelson.

Chorus (electrically)—Wh-a-a-a-t!

K. (shielding himself)—Can't help it, boys—it was born on me.

A. (unbelieving)—And that's your real, honest-to-goodness name—no kidding?

K. (indignantly)—Do you think I'd kid about that now? During the last two years whenever any one started to introduce me I'd have to get chatty right off the reel so the other fellow wouldn't catch it.

A. (grabbing him by the collar)—Boys, this chap's out of luck on monickers. We gotta remedy it.

Chorus (vociferously)—Sure! That name's gotta be washed off!

(Forming a flying wedge, with the unfortunate as the apex, they dash through the doorway, into the open, toward the biggest, coldest, wettest trough on the grounds.)

A. (holding his squirming victim by the collar button)—Fill the pails! One pail for each name—so it'll be a good job.

K. (gurgling, though almost submerged)—What' ye mean "for each

A (addressing the crowd)—A representative name from each of our Allies making him a composite exponent of victory. Ready! First pail—first name from Italy.

Chorus (loudly)—Antonio!

A (dousing first pail over victim's head)—I christen thee Antonio—ready—second pail—second name—from Russia!

Chorus (eagerly)—Serge!

A (dousing second pail on same head)—Serge—ready—third pail—third name—from France!

Chorus (delightedly)—Gaston!

A (third pail—same head)—Gaston—ready—fourth pail—fourth name—from England!

Chorus (wildly)—Cyril!

A (fourth deluge, identical head)—Cyril — ready (fifth pail)—fifth name from America!

Chorus (deliriously)—Wilson!

A (fifth Niagara, original noddle)—Arise—Antonio Serge Gaston Cyril Wilson—you are purged.

K (breathing bubbles, but game to the end)—"A rose by any other name

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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A LITTLE child walked nervously along Rosemary Avenue, in Delhi. It was a girl of ten, a gentle, shrinking thing. Finally she stopped and looked at a house. It was a large, quiet white house with green shutters and an air of uplift about it. The little child went through the gate, kicked at the dog, stepped up on the porch and gave the door bell a pull.

Clang! Clang!

The door opened. A woman of fifty, weighing 180 pounds, confronted the little child.

"Why, howd'y, Trixie Perkins!" she said.

The woman was the mother of Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, Delhi's noted poetess. Trixie Perkins was the daughter of Hod Perkins, the junk man. And now let us see why Trixie Ellabelle Mae Doolittle's home.

Why? (The child slunk back.) Was it bread and jelly she sought? No. Hers was a literary mission.

"What can I do for you, Trixie?"

Mrs. Doolittle's tone was kindly. At times she was rough, but that was with Peter P. Doolittle, her husband. Never was she cranky with children.

"I want to see Miss Ellabelle."

The woman turned and cleared her throat.

"Oh, Ellie! Trixie's here to see you."

And a moment later Trixie Perkins was face to face with the most noted woman in Delhi.

"Oh, Miss Ellabelle," she said, reluctantly. One tooth was gone and her accents whistled. "I got to speak a piece in school to-morrow. Won't you write me a poem?"

was some accommodating when it came to such things.

"The subject?" Even eagerness was displayed in her manner.

"Anything you like."

Up the stairs went Miss Doolittle. She seated herself at her literary table, and there, while little Trixie threw mud at the O'Brien children next door, she dashed off the following, entitled, "The Undertaker's Child":

The undertaker's child was sick,
She had eaten too much pie;
"Oh, father," she said to her father,
"Will you be [illegible] if I die?
It would bring you no profit, you see,
On the other hand, should he a loss,
I am very sad this morning,
Because I know the cost."

Miss Doolittle's niece, Teeny Ricketts,
Is sometimes very wild.
She is not like her dear auntie,
Who is very sweet and mild.
But pity the undertaker's daughter!
She almost passed away,
But she didn't and it pleased her father,
She was cured that very day.

Finishing the poem, Miss Doolittle gave it to little Trixie.

"Speak it, my dear!" she said. "Electrify the entire school. But be sure and use the sympathetic delivery."

"I will and I am much obliged," the cunning tot replied.

Trixie spoke the poem at school next day. Many ladies were in the audience. They applauded with great gusto.