

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

WERE you ever in intimate contact with the first night vicissitudes of a musical show? If you have been you will realize that a certain amount of excess fat is an absolute necessity to prevent your coming through it all as a candidate for the position of living skeleton in a sidebow. Also, if you relish advice, try your hand as an author of one of these musical entertainments. You'll get a supply that will last you seven years. Immediately after the fall of the curtain on the initial performance there forms in the theatre a "You'd Better Club," and it loses no time in offering its suggestions accompanied by slaps on the back and expressions of brotherly love.

"Come Along," a new musical comedy of which the writer of this column is the author and John Louw Nelson the composer, had its initial performance at the Apollo Theatre Monday night before a large audience composed, to a great extent, of New York people. Among those present were Marc Klaw, Joseph Klaw, Arthur Hammerstein, Otto Harbach, Samuel Shipman, Percival Wilde, Lincoln A. Wagnahls, Isadore Wittmark, Moyer Cohen, Dr. Goetzl and "Yours Meritly" John Rogers.

The ideas expressed by these men, all of whom know theatricals thoroughly, were excellent. Each was of the opinion that "Come Along" will prove a big hit before the week ends. As it was, the audience was enthusiastic from the start of the prologue to the fall of the curtain on the final scene. But back to the original theme of this story! After the show a young man approached us and said:

"Fine! The show's a hit, but you want to put some milk in those cans." "The milk doesn't show," we replied.

"True enough, but the audience imagines it's there, so it must be there."

"That isn't a defect," said somebody else. "What you need is a feather in the Frenchman's cap. I understand some of them wear feathers—just little ones."

"Aw, that's a minor matter," came from a third. "Tell that chorus man with the ball on his neck to use white court-plaster instead of black. As it is now, everybody watches the court-plaster instead of the show."

"Court-plaster makes no difference," said another. "Get an army mule into the first act somewhere and teach him to kick. People always like to laugh at a kicking mule. I'm from Laclede, Mo., originally, and I know."

"You need another musical number," volunteered one more critic. "Get the girl, when her lover finds her, to sing something like: 'Let's Shimmy Back Into Loveland.' Then they'll have a good excuse for a

dance that will set the whole town talking." "I'd suggest," said one more, "that you get some chewing gum and"— He was interrupted by James Whit-tendale, manager of the company, who smiled and said: "Capacity to-night!"

That was the answer. We pleaded fatigue and adjourned with Edward Royce, the director, to Charley Moore's emporium. As Charley set out the lemonades, he said: "Great show, boys!" "Have something yourself, Charley!" we shouted. And before we left we had absorbed six of the delicious lemons.

VION MAY TRY IT.

Joe Vion, at present connected with the managerial end of "The Little Teacher," in which Mary Ryan has the principal role, may try his hand at producing next season. He has a comedy which he will have set to music.

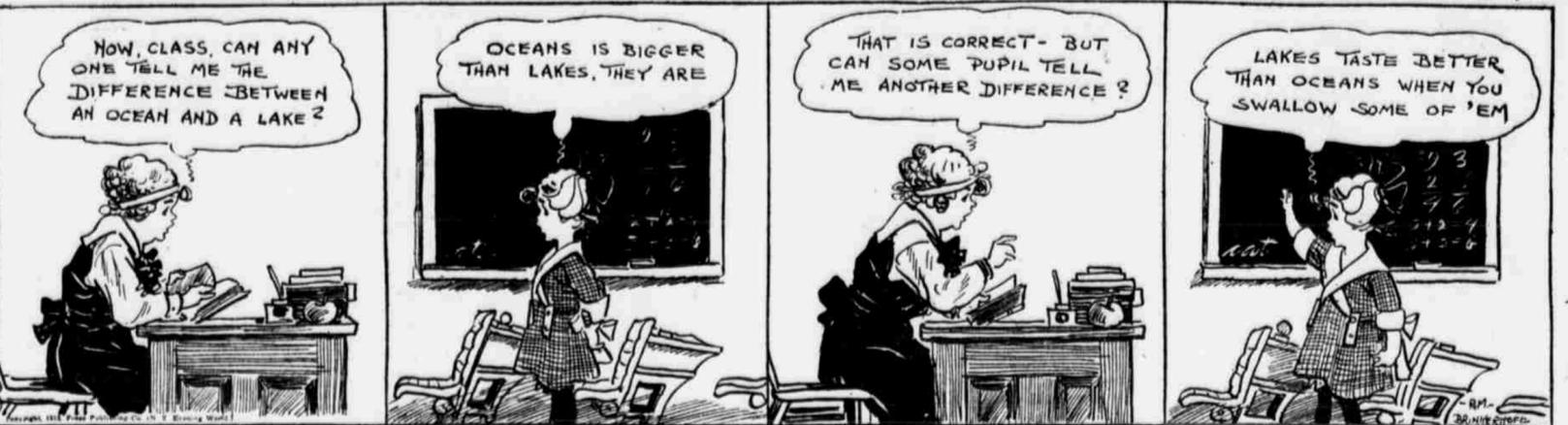
BY WAY OF DIVERSION. Said Silas McDuggin, in Peewee's store, "The women don't care for their birthdays no more. It's those who've passed thirty I'm talkin' about. They seem to prefer just to cut birthdays out. Today I went home and I says to our Sue: 'My dear, it's your birthday. Best wishes to you!' She turns and she says, actin' furrible cool: 'Just keep your best wishes. Don't act like a fool.' Now, Sue's thirty-three and it makes the girl sore. She tells ev'rybody she's just twenty-four. She's crazy, I think. Say, I'm sixty—now why should I say I'm younger and thus tell a lie? Old Grandpa Meete gave a couple of ancers. Said he: 'You been sixty for eight or nine years.' Said Silas: 'That's plenty, you feeble old frog!' And as he went out Silas kicked at a dog.

JOE'S CAR. Jepp Henry of Wellville says that if the United States Government sells its army mules to French farmers it better open a Safety Trust school in France for the farmers.

FOOLISHNESS. The horse ran away with Joe Mac, Streeting wagons all over the place; It seems rather weird, But the horse disappeared— He left them not even a trace.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "Can your horse run?" "Say, he'd finish fifth in a two-horse race."

LITTLE MARY MIXUP



It Was the Right Answer Given in a New Way!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



The Term Was Martial, but It Sounded Marital!

JOE'S CAR



Joe Doesn't Seem to Count for Much, Does He?

The Day's Good Stories

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE. VENERABLE citizen of the Straddle Ridge neighborhood entered a luncheon in Parkville, Ark., dragging after him a gander-backed, top-eared youth.

"What kind of pie have ye got here?" he asked of the brick waiters. "Peach, apple, mince, raisin, pumpkin, spercot, cokernut and custard!" she answered with considerable rapidity.

"Pful—wacht!" returned the old fellow. The young lady repeated the list with still greater speed.

"Please say that over ag'in, if you'd just as liv'," requested the ancient man.

"Say, looker here!" demanded the waitress. "Can't you understand anything?"

"Oh, yes'm; I understand, all right!" He turned to the top-eared youth. "There, now, 'tis triumphantly said. 'You see, it's just as I told you; a person kin talk as fast as he pleases without stutterin', if he'll only take keer!"—Judge.

SUDDEN AS THE MOVIES. HE HAD never seen her before, but he fell in love with her as she stepped from the surface car. "Come," he said, grabbing her by the arm. "We will take a taxi to the nearest clergyman and be married."

While waiting for the minister to put on a clean collar, wash his hands and otherwise prepare for the ceremony, the young man telephoned to the nearest furniture store. "Hello! Is this the general manager? Well, I want you to furnish a three-room apartment in this morning's Planet, No. 42 West One Hundred and 'Steenth Street. Yes, it is not very far from you. Have the furniture there in ten minutes, please."

Eleven minutes later a taxi raced through One Hundred and 'Steenth Street, and the bride and bridegroom entered their new home.

"Doesn't this seem—er—a little bit sudden to you?" asked the bride as she sat down to get her breath.

"N-no, not exactly," replied the bridegroom. "In fact, it seems the most natural thing in the world. You see, for the past five years I've done nothing but write moving picture scenarios."—Film Fun.

Makes Good Things to Eat



FROM Soup to Nuts—every-thing you make with Sawtay is good. And you don't need any special recipes—just remember that Sawtay takes the place of the finest creamy butter in every form of cooking. Try it to-day for delicious mashed potatoes, like a tablespoonful of Sawtay and a little hot milk—RICH—and creamy—um!

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A PROFITEER.

"I WAS endeavoring," says the teacher of a night school in a country town, "to instill into the minds of certain of my discouraged pupils some notions of ambition."

"Do you know," I asked of a disreputable looking lad of nineteen, "that every boy in this country has a chance to be President?"

SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN

