

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

ACCORDING to Richard G. Herndon, Executive Manager of the new Theatre Parisien, which is to take possession of the Belmont Theatre early next season...

Griffith picture but is picking up a lot of loose change. For some reason people have been depositing money at his shrine and nobody knows why...

THE THEATRE Parisien differs from the Vieux Colombier materially. It will dispense amusement of the more intimate type and in a lighter vein.

ANTHONY WAYNE, song writer, has sent us a poem that is a masterpiece of the art of poetry. Just looky here: To buy some lovely flowers, folks, My girl's been asking me...

THE ACQUITTAL. Cohen & Harris have placed in rehearsal a new play by Rita Weiman called "The Acquittal." It will open at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, on Monday, June 30.

GOSSIP. The Boy Scouts will be entertained at Luna, Coney Island, Friday. Lou Holtz has been signed up by George White for five years to appear in "Scandals."

HE'D FIX GEORGE UP. George L. French is a fellow we know. The other day while he was walking along a street an automobile stopped at the curb and an old friend of his, whom George knew as a highly successful wine and liquor dealer, called to him from the car.

DIRO, a concertina player, is to depart vaudeville and appear in the musical comedy, "Just a Minute," which John Cort will stage.

BELASCO SHOWS TO CLOSE. David Belasco has decided to break into the suns of "Dart Rosaleen," at the Belasco, and "Daddies," at the Lyceum, by closing these attractions next Saturday night and reopening them early in August.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "In what color should friendship be kept?" "I'll say I don't know." "In violet."

BODDHA, who reposes on a pedestal in the lobby of the Cohen Theatre, where "Broken Blossom" is playing, is not only serving to advertise the

LITTLE MARY MIXUP

She Had All That Worry Over Nothing!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Lake Ought to Practice on a Concrete Drive!



JOE'S CAR

Will One of Our Readers Be Good Enough to Volunteer?



The Day's Good Stories

PLUNDER. THE Gentleman Burglar flashed his lamp in the startled eyes of the aroused head of the family.

THE ETERNAL OFFICE BOY. MR. ROOT is fond of telling this story about himself. One day he said to his office boy, "Who has taken my waste paper basket?"

"Where's your valuables?" he demanded, politely. "For Heaven's sake don't shoot!" pleaded the victim. "My jewels are in that box on the bureau; my money is in the handbag on the dresser; my husband's watch"

Some time later Mr. Root asked, "James, who opened that window?" "Mr. Smith, sir, the window cleaner."

Impatiently shooting a hole in the pillow, the burglar snapped: "Don't kid me! I asked you where you keep your butter and eggs!"

"Now, look here," said Mr. Root, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mist' them in this office. Do you understand?"

THE BUG INDICATOR. IN a five and ten cent store a wobbly individual stood in front of a counter on which was displayed a number of mechanical toys.

UNUSUAL SPARROW. THE minister was telling the missionary in charge of his district that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.

"How much is this?" "Ten cents," the girl replied, and then she asked, curiously: "Taking it home to your little boy?"

"Yes, sir." "Ten minutes afterward the door opened and the shrill voice of James was heard saying, "There's a man as wants to see you, Elihu!"

THEIR EXCUSES. TWO men, who are quite well off, but very miserly in their expenditures, met recently in the gallery of a theatre.

SHOCKING AN ENGLISH VALET. HOW an American serving in the British army gave a London valet the shock of his life was related by a soldier returning from England.

"What brings you here?" each asked the other. "To tell the truth," said the first, "I've got a fearful cold in my head, and as the heat ascends, I came up here where it was warm."

After a good night's rest the American put the valet "over the jumps," ordering his uniform pressed and generally bossing the houseman in a manner far from what that factotum thought a humble soldier should assume.

"Your opera glasses?" "Yes, they enlarge too much. I can't see from the boxes what is going on in the stage. I have to come up here in the gallery to be able to see with ease."

"Dad, I'm busted. Send another thousand. War is hell." The ragged soldier was a California millionaire's son.—Chamberlain's Magazine.

THE OLD FAMILY SKELETON

He Probably Didn't Eat Enough Fish!



DOROTHY

Perhaps He Could Have Made the Home Guard!

