

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THESE are piping times in vaudeville. There appears to be no limit to the salary you can get from the Keith interests or the Shubert organization if they want you. To-day we are in a position to inform you that one Babe Ruth, of whom you may have heard, has signed contracts calling for twenty weeks in Keith vaudeville at a salary of \$3,000 per week. At the same time let us notify you that one Will Rogers, the gum-chewing (in comedy) has come East to take a whirl at Shubert vaudeville, also at \$3,000 per week. Babe will be teamed up with Wellington Cross, who will pitch jokes at Father Landis, a bad boy and assist him in scoring comedy home-runs. Babe will sing, too—at his debut, anyway. Rogers doesn't need anybody to assist him. His "prop" consist of a pair of chaps, a lariat and one wad of gum. Babe and Cross will begin at Keith's, Boston, on Nov. 7 and come to the Palace here a week later. Tommy Gray has been warming the battery up with some rapid-fire patter. Rogers will start at the Shubert-Belasco, Washington, next Monday, with the Winter Garden to follow. Incidentally, Nick Altrock and Al Schacht, baseball cut-ups, will be Tommygrayed into Keith vaudeville at the Prospect, Brooklyn, Monday. Their salary will not be \$3,000 a week.

THEIR "MYSTERY MAN." The cast of "Just Married," at the Nara Hayes Theatre, has had a mystery to solve ever since the play moved to that house. At every performance they noticed a big man sitting in the same seat in the front row and they all wondered why he was always there. He made it a practice to come in near the end of the first act, sit through the second and leave as the curtain rose on the final one. He never applauded and he never smiled. Last night Dorothy Mortimer, of the cast, made up her mind to solve "the mystery of the fat man." When the curtain descended after the first act she went out in a box and watched him. The man arose, sighed and stepped down in the orchestra pit. Miss Mortimer hurried back stage and called the cast together. "The mystery man!" she said excitedly. "He—he's the bull hddis player."

HE SHOULD WORRY! Theodore Kraemer, who wrote nearly all the melodramas A. H. Woods produced in days gone by, has returned from Europe. Emil Ankemiller met him on Fifth Avenue recently. "Writing anything?" asked Mr. Ankemiller. "No," replied Mr. Kraemer. "Why should I? I've got enough money to keep me the rest of my life." "Well, what are you doing?" "Oh, I go to the opera, visit the art galleries and read good books at the library." "Where are you living?" "At the Ambassador."

MISS WYCHERLY IN IT. Margaret Wycherly will head the cast of "The Veil" by Susan Glasspell, which will open at the Macdougall Street playhouse of the Provincetown Players Nov. 14. "The Veil," we are told, is "a play in which a woman speaks." From this we judge another appropriate title would be "A Married Man's Home."

GOSH, HOW APPROPRIATE! Max Mucin, playwright, is frequently called "Cap." As he stood in the lobby of the Bijou Theatre last night where his comedy, "The Night-Cap" is the attraction, a young man looked in the door and said "Good night, Cap!" There was much excitement, but could learn nothing.

VANDERBILT GETS IT. Eugene O'Neill's latest play, "Anna Christie," will be presented by Arthur Hopkins Wednesday evening at the Vanderbilt Theatre. This probably means that the New York opening of "Christies" is the new Montgomery-McCarthy-Tierney musical piece, which was delayed a while. Pauline Lord, George Marion and Frank Shannon will have the principal roles in the O'Neill play.

RHYMED PROPOSALS

L. B. of Harlem accepts Anna of Brooklyn. Bless you, my children! see what L. B. writes: Oh Anna, dear you call I hear; You're the answer to my prayer, Forget your sighs; just dry your eyes. Be mine, oh, maiden fair! You're just the type; the time is ripe, No further shall you seek. The love you crave for you'll find Night, day and week to week. And then comes Herman S. of Harlem with a plea for a wife. Read it, girls, and let's see what we can do for him. He seems to prefer Mary O., but love-sick men are usually changeable and might switch if properly tempted. Look: I love your eyes, As blue as skies, I love your every feature, From head to toe, My Mary O., You are a dazzling creature. My happiness Lies in your "Yes," Just send the word to Bide, I'll stick like glue If only you Will be my loving bride.

THE CLUB TO ATTEND. The Helen Hayes Club, composed of twelve little girls, will attend the

JOE'S CAR



Joe Is Crazy—Like a Fox!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



Then He Wouldn't Suffer!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP



After This, Mary, DON'T!

KATINKA



What a Tragedy!

New Yorkers For A Day

Two Civil War Veterans Marvelling at the Progress of New York Can Think of It Only as They Saw '61 While Passing Through It on Way to the Front—Western Buyer Reports Good Business in West. By Roger Batchelder. They sat in the smoker of the train from New Haven, two old men with drooping white mustaches and C. A. R. buttons in their lapels. As the train went through the commuting towns they talked casually, but as soon as it entered New York they became vastly interested in the view from their window. The reporter soon learned that, to each other, they were Bill and Jim. "Well, Bill," said one in a loud voice, "pretty soon we take the subway to Borough Hall." "No," objected Bill strenuously, "we go to Flatbush Avenue, in Brooklyn." "All right, Bill," agreed the other,

than half a century after their, he added, "Let's go." And the reporter did not have the heart to suggest the shorter route. For Bill was in command. BOLSHEVISTS AT WORK. "In the schools of Transylvania, Bolshevists have been spreading their propaganda among the students," reports Cletus E. Jennings, American Consul to Bucharest, who is at the Pennsylvania. "They work upon the dislike of a proud people to be in subjugation to any other nation, and there is little concealment of their efforts to stir up animosity against the Roumanian Government." "The constant warfare and unrest in Roumania and Hungary has almost done away with any real business," he went on. "Even when matters look good on the surface there is always an undercurrent of ill-feeling." OUR NORMALCY DEPARTMENT. Mrs. E. W. Cade, at the Waldorf one of the largest buyers for women's departments in Kalamazoo, reports that business is booming this year. "Our September business showed a great increase over that of the same month in 1920," she said, "and October's figures for last year were equalled ten days ago, and this was in spite of the warm weather of early fall, which was expected to retard the sales of our department."

TO-DAY'S STORIES. LOOKED LIKE PERPETUAL MOTION. YEARS ago Champ Clark was in a little Missouri town when a farmer and his wife came in to see their first passenger train. While they were inspecting it the engineer and the fireman leaped into the cab, shovelled in some coal, pulled the throttle wide open and started at a rate of thirty miles an hour. "What do you think of it, Abner?" the farmer's wife inquired. Abner studied the situation carefully for several minutes, saw the train was out of sight around a curve, and then replied: "Mandy, they'll never stop 'er in the whole world!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer. MAKING IT EASY. MRS. KILLIPER decided that the picture be hung to the right of the door; Mr. Killifer wanted it hung to the left. For once the husband proved to be the more insistent of the two, and Henry, the colored man, was summoned to hang the picture according to Mr. Killifer's order. Henry drove in a nail on the left. This done, he also drove one in the wall on the right. "Why are you driving that second nail?" asked Mr. Killifer. "Why, boss, dat's to save me de trouble of bringin' de ladder to-morrow when you come 'round to de 'missus' way of thinkin'," said Henry.—Harper's.

FARTHEST FROM HOME. The "New Yorker For a Day or Two" who is farthest from home to-day is E. R. Yakk, who is at the McAlpin. His home town, Bombay, is nearly 10,000 miles from Broadway. AS OTHERS SEE US. "I have noticed the gradual passing of the 'seagoing' back in New York," remarked T. K. Hen-

Screenings

SOME CONTRAST. Want to do a little studying in contrasts? Just drop into the Capitol and gasp through Grant Rice's reel called "Speed"—absorb some of the atmosphere—and then take a Broadway surface car home. THAT'S contrast, all right. SWEET MEMORIES. A movie fan gazed fondly at a poster of "The Jolt." He sighed and something peeped on his eyelashes. "Wot a name!" he almost sobbed. "Wot a WONDERFUL name!" We looked closer. The fan had been reading the name of Johnny Walker. (The screen star, of course.)

WHOA, SAW! Larry Simon, who used to draw on the stage of the stranded Sunday night following the showing of the latest thriller, "The Iron Trail." He is going to say a few words. CALL NIPPON 4000. Just glimpsed the salary list of Sessue Hayakawa's newest R. C. production, "The Street of the Dragon." Listed on this highly important roster are Tsuru Aoki, Goro Kino, Misao Soki, H. Konishi, Taro Fujita and, of course, Sessue himself. Heads just like a Japanese telephone book—doesn't it?

WATCH SAMSON EMOTE. Samson is celebrating his tenth birthday. He stands sixteen hands high and is as white as the driven snow. He's had many a prominent part in the movies, but now he's sharing honors with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Swamp." Oh, yes! Samson is a horse. BILLY NO CANARY. Billy Elmer, one time fight promoter, has a comedy role in "The Foolish Age." During the unrelenting he's called upon to sing a song. Luckily the song is seen, not heard. AIN'T IT A —? "Shame," a picture new to Broadway at popular prices, will be the attraction at the Capitol next week.

DISTRIBUTE HAPPINESS. Children of the Stage Children's Fund give performances two Saturdays each month in different theatres. They distribute joy and enable to help these little patients who cannot leave their beds to visit the theatre. HE'LL PROBABLY CONSENT. Alexandre Oumansky, Capitol Theatre ballet master, has been approached by a motion picture producing firm with a request that he allow the family to screen the historical ballet "Scheherazade" as it's being danced at the Capitol. Oumansky is thinking it over.

STILLS. Jim Marcus, who played the part of a groceryman in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has been engaged to play a similar part in R. A. Walsh's "Kingdom of the Dust." It is understood the Atlantic and Pacific chain stores are also angling for his services. "Would you rather be interviewed by a man or woman?" some one asked (Chicago) Chaplin, "yes!" answered the comedian. Jane Novak has completed her first starring picture for Associated Photo-plays. It is known as "School of Woman." Its no half-sow, either—say the producers. The Talmadge sisters are getting homelike for one another. They plan a big family reunion in California soon and Constance is already slipping westward. She will be followed shortly by Norma. They will all visit Natalie, now Mrs. Buster Keaton. Marchese Alfredo di Bagnano, member of the Italian Senate, here to stand on one another during the American Conference, saw "Theodora" at the Astor yesterday. He liked the lions. Bill Montana is said to be the homeliest man on the screen. Somebody told Bill that the other day and Bill knocked him into the middle of 1922. Raoul Paoli, the newest great-giant, makes Maciate look like Tom Thumb's little boy. He stands over seven feet high and is built in perfect proportion. Just wait until that boy grows up.