

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

MUSICAL REVUE unusual in its make-up, will take possession of the Johnson Theatre soon after Al Johnson and "Bombo" go on tour. The troupe will be called De Wolf Hopper's Funmakers, and their entertainment will include bits of light opera, grand opera, drama, musical comedy and burlesque.

DALE WRITES ANOTHER. A. H. Woods has bought a new comedy in three acts by Alan Dale, of whom you may have heard, and will produce it early next season. It is called "Unsanctioned."

WHITESIDE'S DISCOVERY. While playing in "The Hindu" in Chicago recently Walker Whiteside made a discovery. He found out why the receipts at the Loop theatres drop every Thursday evening.

THEY NEED A SHOW. The lads at Great Meadow Prison, Comstock, N. Y., are to stage a show for the public late in May and have written us for a manuscript of some sort. They may make it a musical entertainment. Won't James Madison kindly oblige? Ed T. Hill is chairman of the committee.

A LADY WRITES US. An up-State young lady writes us to say she has composed a song called "My Little Radiophone" and that she will sell it to the radiophone people for \$100.

HISTORY'S NOTED PEOPLE. LAUGHING ANNIE—Her name was Annie B. McSwatt and she was physically unable to control her giggles. Her home was in Washington, D. C., and every time a new President took possession of the White House she would go up there and laugh all day. She frequently went to funerals and giggled. At the burial of Sir Wallis Wimpole, the British diplomat, her giggle affected the entire assemblage and, as the corpse was carried out of the church, the laughter became general.

WHISTLING MARTIN MURPHY—Murphy was a Congressman from Cooley County, Mass., from 1866 to 1870. He was noted chiefly because of the whistling sound he gave forth each time he used a word with the letter "s" in it. Each morning he would start downtown alone, but let him greet a friend with "Hello, Sam!" and immediately dogs would begin to follow him and taxi drivers would stop their cars. Invariably the dogs would ruin his clothes with their muddy paws, wishing to be friendly. Speaking in Congress was always difficult for him, as the pages invariably thought he was summoning them. One day he jokingly attempted to say, "She sells sea shells," and a policeman arrested him for blocking the street with a calliope imitation. When he died the Cooley County Advocate claimed him with "Whistler," the artist, and the editor's nose was broken from a smash administered by Mrs. Murphy.

GOSSIP. Have a letter here for William McLeod Raine. Yesterday was Ned Wayburn's birthday. Leonard Bergman has water on the knee at Stern's Sanitarium. Irene Olsen will have the ingenue role in Arthur Hammerstein's "The Girl in the Shoe" starring Frank Tinney. Harry Corson Clark of "The June Bride" has written a farce which will be produced in the fall. Elsie Thiede has replaced Frances Halliday in the role of Kitzl in "Blossom Time."

The Stevens Institute lads have

JOE'S CAR



So THERE Now!!!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



A Load on His Conscience!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP



What's Expected of Aunt Edna?

KATINKA



Spoken Too Soon!

RHYMED THRILLS

Ray Brook Matty, having promised us never to try to put over a bad rhyme on us, is back in our good graces and we are printing his latest thrill to-day. This content is nearing its end, so if any one of our readers intend to try for the song, "You May Hold Me Tight If You Get Me Tight," they'd better hurry. Now for Matty's thrill:

I heard a wild, heart-rending cry
That made my blood run cold.
Come shrieking from a house nearby,
As midnight gently talled,
I took no time to hesitate,
But rushed into the house.
Until I reached room number eight,
Now quiet as a mouse,
I thrilled with horror when I thought
A cutthroat vained at large,
Perhaps some woman feebly fought
To foil his deadly charge.
I smashed to bits the padlocked door
To give vent to my rage,
And saw there cowering on the floor
A parrot in a cage.

voted Mary Beth Milford of "The Music Box Revue" the prettiest girl on Broadway.

We have been informed that the chorus girls of "Good Morning,

Dearie" dance about five miles at each performance.

"The High Lights of 1922," a satire on the season's hits, will be given at the Green Room Club's "Revel," if enough hits can be located.

Crosby Galge has called the Selwyns from London that he has signed a contract with A. A. Milne for the American rights for the next three Milne plays.

Exhibitions of classical and interpretative folk dances will be given tomorrow afternoon at Carnegie Hall by 200 of Louis H. Chail's dancers.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
Yesterday we spoke of a well known book as "When Winter Comes," but it wasn't ignorance. Invariably, if we aren't careful, we get the substance confused with the present gender.

FOOLISHMENT.
There was a young fellow named Schmoel,
Who tickled the foot of a mule.
The day it occurred
Was a hot one, I've heard,
But the day he was buried was cool.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
"She has had three husbands. They all died and were cremated."
"Huh! Had husbands to burn."

The Day's Good Stories

THE LEADER.
It was the custom of the congregation to repeat the 23d Psalm in concert, and Mrs. Armstrong's habit was to keep about a dozen words ahead all the way through.

A stranger was asking one day about Mrs. Armstrong. "Who," he inquired, "was the lady who was already by the still waters while the rest of us were lying down in green pastures?"

KNEW DAD'S WEAK POINT.
A young and eligible bachelor was planning to reform his father and to decorate his apartment and wished to have the walls newly papered. Knowing his landlord very well socially, he resolved to call one evening and make his wants known.

On his arrival he found his landlord was out. However, the charming daughter admitted him and after the usual exchange of greetings she said: "I have come, Mr. ... I wish to ask two very important questions of your father and hope that both may receive favorable answers."

Miss Bentworth replied: "Oh! I'm very glad to deliver any message on father's return."

"Oh!" she continued in a peculiar vein, "one of these questions relates

to you. I was going to ask your father for your hand, and for some new wallpaper as well."

"If that's all," she flashed back, but knowing him as she did, I can offer you no encouragement about the wallpaper."—Judge.

GETTING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.
ENTERING a grocery store in a great hurry, a man walked up to a clerk and asked for five pounds of butter. The butter was prepared for carriage, and the man, asking it, started for the door. The clerk called him back.

"Here, mister, you didn't pay me for the butter."

Apologetically, the man returned: "I'm awfully sorry. I do that kind of thing now in a while. I'm so sorry to make you extra trouble, but it is over here I wanted. My wife thought she'd better have home twenty pounds of sugar. I don't see how I could have made such a mistake!"

The clerk returned the butter to the man and watched out the sugar.

"Here, mister, you didn't pay me for the butter."

"I'm awfully sorry. I do that kind of thing now in a while. I'm so sorry to make you extra trouble, but it is over here I wanted. My wife thought she'd better have home twenty pounds of sugar. I don't see how I could have made such a mistake!"

The man took it and again started for the door. Again the clerk, laughing at his persistent absent-mindedness, called him back.

"Mister! You didn't pay for the sugar, either!"

"What? Oh, the sugar? Oh, didn't I? Dear, dear! But look here—you see I gave you the butter in exchange for the sugar."

"Well, I didn't take it,"—Judge.

CAP OR SKIN?
IN probably the last speech Booker T. Washington ever made, an address at the anniversary exercises of the American Missionary Association in New Haven, with that quiet humor so characteristic of him he satirized the prejudice against his people.

"A member of my race," he said, "wanted to go from New York to San Francisco. He wanted to travel first class in a Pullman sleeper. He bought a red cap-fox. I think you call it—forget the English language, and went as an East Indian; and no one objected. It appears that it is not the color of the skin, but the color of the cap to which you object."—The Outlook.

IN PRINT-SHOP LINGO.
AN Oakland printer colluded with a street car in that city and got all "pled up." They lugged him to the hospital, where the doc picked three-em slivers, two-points wedges of glass and four or five sticks of ground-up bone from his anatomy and then attempted to send him out

Screening

By DON ALLEN

AND NOBODY LOVES 'EM. This being a fat man in the is roshblamed expensive. Ask Walter Hiers, he knows. Not only do the poor guys has a eat a lotta rich, heavy food, but not studs in dress shirts will insist popping out when the obese oomp-cown.

Walter lost another one yesterday. It was 18 karat, too. "The only consolation," he says "is that I can charge 'em off income tax returns."

COISE!
Yesterday Casson Ferguson down lunch with us. The engagement at 1. At 11:55 the director of the shooting of scene in which son down a bottle of what on of screen will be beer, but on the was not even adjacent beer.

We waited patiently while the was being taken. As far as we see the scene looked perfect. The rector didn't think so and order retaken. Down went another five times more Casson was pelled to swallow a bottle of liquid. By the time we were to leave Casson's appetite was a It's ill near-beer that foams good.

We were supposed to pay for lunch the draught ruined.

KEENAN BROWSES AROUND. Frank Keenan, the screen talkie actor, drifted in from the Coast yesterday. His object in ping in on screen Broadway so denly is threefold. He is looking new screen material, stories an time he scans he shakes hands Ed Wynn, his son-in-law, and making arrangements to Broadway stage successes in the Coast.

Keenan will spend his time "Cracked Ceilings," magnificent of son-in-law Ed, down Long way. His stay will be an ext one.

GOOD SWIMMING. The Ballins, Hugo and Mabel, busy on their next picture—as y named—and yesterday were plan to shoot a scene in a thieves' den. "All right, Mabel!" yodded "Get ready for the dive scene." Well, Mrs. Ballin's maid, stood near, turned a startled upon the actress.

"Why, mam," she asked indignously, "you never told me you fancy swimmer!"

MANY ANSWERED.
For the past few days "Screening" has been inundated with letters up-State, the writers of which seek information about "The Big a Nation."

In answer to B. Marcus of George, N. Y., and many other can positively announce that it were Mac Marsh who played the young ter who jumped from the cliff, that it WAS Walter Long who pitted the part of the giant Negro man forced her to jump.

Many persons are still under the notion that one of the men who took the leap and that Lon Ches played the villain.

The above information is half from the D. W. Griffith office and half can be settled on it.

IT HAPPENS IN FILMS.
They are— "Choked" with emotion. "Shoved" into notoriety. "Struck" by a resemblance. "Chilled" by an "I-see" look. "Drowned" in a flood of tears. "Poisoned" by the breath of scandal.

CUT-INS.
The manager of the motion picture theatre in Toccoa, Ga., made a re the early part of this week by creating more persons in his house during the day than the population of some town figures. His played a differer scene in the afternoon and night house caught 'em double. There are their persons in the town and there will 5,845 paid admissions.

All principals in the cast will be hand when the "Orphans of hey Storm" celebrates its 200th show on April 13.

Celebration of the tenth anniver of feature pictures will end to- with a ball at the Commodore, by the Paramount Club. All spec will be broadcasted via radio, so won't have to attend to hear w Adolph Zukor has to say.

A series of short stories by Peter-Kyne will furnish Jack Holt with starring material for some month-comes.

Mary Johnston's famous novel "Hive and To Hold" will be made a film with Betty Compson in the who role.

Thomas Meighan's next film will known as "The Man Who Saw Jer-Morrow." It is from the facile typhic writer of Beverly Sheehan, seen write "If You Believe It, It's So." J. L. Frothingham's "Man I Not smiled" is finished. That doe mean that he is frowning, just t of the film of that name is through shooting stage.

Joseph M. Schenck announced "My Wife's Jid" was finished at noon. B. J. Reardon, the star, says that the titles tacked on to wives' films wouldn't look nice on the set like all; but it's different with level. "Who Am I?" asks one film "Who Care?" flashes back not, be "The Valley of Doubt" is probun- located between "The Hills of to to night."

Eugene O'Brien has discover motion picture called "The Mammy And it's full all the time.

Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel were just started "People" Reading the list of the film seems a little raged.