

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS RIDE DUDLEY

"Hey," came from Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaper man picked up his satchel. "Some of those actors are smart guys, ain't they?"

"I don't know. Are they?" he returned.

"I should say so. Let me tell you what one of 'em does in here to-day. He's red-headed an' he loves to brag. When I go to get his order he says: 'Well, I got a good job in a vaudeville playlet now. It's called 'A Hundred in the Shade.'"

"A hot stretch—that!" I answer. When I ask: "What do you do—look over the fence an' be the moon?"

"Cheese it!" he says. "I play the leading role."

"Oh, I slip him, 'you lead the beautiful lady's dog around the stage, eh?"

"Don't do that!" comes from the red-headed one. "I have the principal role. It's a sad part."

"Partin' is always so sad," I tell him, just to sort of ruffle his temper.

"Aw, forget it!" is his come-back. "I'm a student in the play. I know all about every book published."

"Anybody can see yer well-red," I say. "Then he gets a smart."

"What kind of pie you got?" he asks.

"I never did like that question. Anybody ought to know we got all kinds here. Pie is the foundation of this mighty institution's success. There's a lot of kinds an' I hate to chronicle 'em. But I go through the list for him."

"We got apple, lemon, pumpkin, peach, chocolate, custard, raisin, mince, cream, cocoonut, blackberry, apricot, rhubarb an' prune," I tell him. "What'll you have?"

"How's that?" he replies. "What kind you got?"

"I get mad. Listen, I say. I'll repeat the names of those present once more an' that'll be the last time. If you miss it you get apple."

"At that I go through the list again. When I'm done he looks up innocent-like."

"I'd like to have a piece of magpie," he says.

"Now whaddya think of that, kid? He tryin' to be nice to him an' him handin' me a gag like that! I think he was a non-gentleman. What about it?"

"It wasn't exactly the thing to say to a lady," replied the newspaper man.

"Right you are," said Lucile. "But I'll get even. What you goin' to have, kid, as the brand of yer dinner? Don't ask for roast beef hash. We ain't got any. The crowd's been pretty hungry lately an' the leavin's have waned."

"MAGDALENE" NOV. 1.

Belwyn & Co. will put "The Eternal Magdalene" in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre Monday evening, Nov. 1. Julia Arthur will return to the stage in this production. Others in the cast will be Emmett Corrigan, Lucile Watson, Louise Randolph, Harry Harwood, Arnold Lucy, Lowell Sherman, Alphonse Ethier, Claire Burke, Robert Hudson, Albert Brown, William J. Phinney and Howard I. Smith.

A STEVENSON SHRINE.

Aprapas of his forthcoming production of "Treasure Island," Charles Hopkins announces that movement has been started to preserve, as a shrine, the cottage at Saranac Lake, N. Y., where Robert Louis Stevenson lived in 1877. On Oct. 30 a ban-relief of the author will be unveiled there.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Billie Burke will return from the West to-morrow.

Cyrus Townsend Brady will write exclusively for the Vitagraph.

"Mrs. Holtz's Daughters" will open at the Comedy Theatre, Oct. 23.

Charles Comstock, Winter Garden dancer, who sprained a tendon Thursday night, will resume work to-night.

Ben Teal will to-morrow begin engaging people for the projected road company of "The Girl Who Smiles."

Emmanuel Reicher will launch "When the Young Vine Blossoms" at the Garden Theatre Nov. 16. The theatre is being renovated.

Dodson Mitchell has been engaged for "Sherman Was Right." H. H. Frazer has deferred the New York opening until Oct. 24.

George R. Sims, an English play-

wright and song writer, has returned to New York from England after an absence of five years. He intends to do some scenario work.

Cecil Kern, assisted by John R. Phillips, tenor; Elin Lynn, soprano, and Gustavo Henrichs, musical director, has gone into vaudeville in her own musical offering, "A String of Pearls."

With Jeanne Eagles playing Miriam, the Thomas W. Ryley production of "Outcast" will open in Trenton Oct. 21. Miss Eagles was selected for the role out of more than fifty applicants.

Mercetta Emonde of "The Duke of Killcrankie" stepped into the role of Dame Quickly in "Roseland" at an hour's notice the other night and played it without a hitch.

E. E. Pidgion has engaged Josephina Stevens, daughter of the late Ben Stevens, for the role of Dora Power in Andrew Mack's new play, "The Irish Dragon."

S. Rachmann, a theatrical manager of Berlin, is in New York to induce American actors to visit Germany and Austria. He says the war has not closed the theatres over there and declares business is good.

There is to be a dog show at the Hippodrome during the first three matinee performances next week. R. H. Burnside, the director, invites young women to parade their dogs in the Fifth Avenue scene. Judges will award a cup to the owner of the best dog.

Amelia Bingham, who was taken ill in Chicago while on her way to Los Angeles with "The New Henrietta," has regained her health. After two weeks at her Riverside Drive home she left Saturday for Salt Lake City, where she will resume her role.

FRISCO TO TELEPHONE.

Half an hour before the Friars lay the cornerstones of their new club house, at No. 110 West Forty-eighth Street, Thursday morning. Ashot George M. Cohan will receive congratulations for the club over the telephone from the President of the San Francisco Exposition.

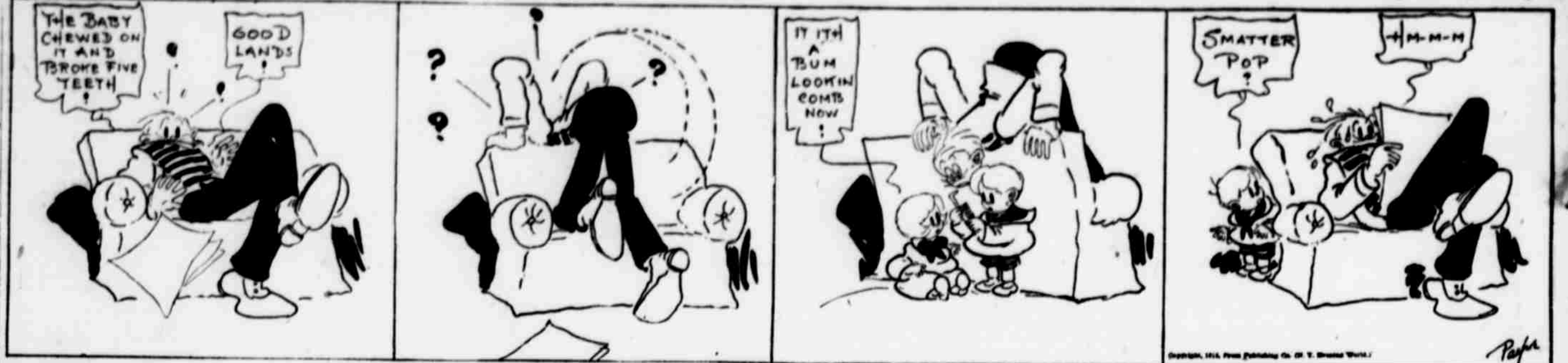
FOOLISHMENT.

I wouldn't wear a red necktie. I wouldn't even on the 27. I believe you are mistaken to doubt it. All right, but don't get fresh about it.



"S'MATTER, POP!"

By C. M. Payne



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—Sure! Weren't the GUESTS There to "Warm the House?"

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY AND AXEL—If Flooey Is Gonna Teach Axel to Be an Acrobat He'd Better Do It Over a Phone!

By VI



THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK Page 3 By Eleanor Schorer



"I well remember," said Mother Goose, "the night that Bessie (a child who is very fond of me and my dear ones) opened her nursery windows to let the moths and bees and butterflies come in to dance and frolic. My Little Nancy Etticoat begged to go to the party. So I nipped her wick and tidied her petties and Bessie's Nurse carried her upstairs.

"Every wing-man's head turned to gaze as bright-faced, golden-haired Nancy entered and every heart beat faster. To them she was more beautiful than was Cinderella to the Prince. After Nurse left, beaus flocked about Nancy, buzzing sweet nothings and quarreling to kiss her golden head. So doing they fell in a swoon at her feet and died for love of their brilliant loved one.



"What a mess!" exclaimed Nurse next morning, seeing the tattered wings of Little Nancy Etticoat's dead lovers. Nancy, her petticoat all crumpled and soiled, was quite dead too. "It is time you slept without a light," she told Bessie. Bess looked sad, but said nothing of Nancy's romance, knowing Nurse to be too grown up to understand Mother Goose folks."

Wiping away a tear, Mother Goose finished, saying: "The winged-women folk, jealous of her conquests, said that Nancy wore herself out coquetting, winking and smiling at winged-men folk. Fairies claim that she died broken-hearted at the sight of her lovers expiring at her feet. But grown-ups say that she just burnt out like lighted candles always, have done and will always continue to do.

FACT AND FICTION By Hazen Conklin

WE have a hunch that the main difference between an optimist and a pessimist is largely a matter of digestion.

OUR OWN ENCYCLOPEDIA.
 MUCK—Political pie crust.
 MAZUMA—The connecting link between hunger and appetite.
 MALICE—The fruit of the envy tree.

WHY IS IT that the ginks who can really carry a tune do the least of the whistling?

FAMOUS CONTEMPTUOSITIES.
 Heavens! Ain't she a SIGHT!
 Humph! Is THAT the guy!
 Who ever heard of HIM!
 Oh, SHE don't count!

GOOD BYE!
 A family residing in Gary Engaged a green kitchen canary; Kerosene—fire—Clergyman—choir—Closed carriages—ride—cemetery.

HICKVILLE DOINGS.
 Learning of the fame of Ellabelle May Doolittle, the Leesville poetess, Miss Euphemia Hicks, who can sling verse further than most of her readers can bring it back, has writ a challenge to the Leesville prodigy to smite the stings of her poetic liar and laud her native heath more ably than Euphemia's euphemistic eulogy of Hickville which follows, but which is hard to follow. To wit:

HICKVILLE.
 Oh, village of a thousand charms, With quite a number of houses and barns,
 When thy virtues I in song would acclaim, I turn to thee—thou givest me a pean!
 Most of thy sunny-souled inhabitants Wear neither frown nor scowl, nor paga

RESULTS.
 "W H A T'S Prof. Diggs doing these days?"
 "He's trying to decipher a Babylonian tablet."
 "Any results so far?"
 "Yes. Mrs. Diggs has nervous prostration and the children have been sent to the home of a relative."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

AMOS CRABB, who lives to annoy, says: "There's only one critter on this footstool who can out-gossip a woman, and that's a man."

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