

Plays, Players And Playhouses

Otis Skinner has signed a new contract for five years with Mr. Frohman, to become operative next season, when he will star in a new play.

"Jim's Woman" is the title of a play of the Yukon which William A. Brady is to produce within the month. It was tried out in Boston last year in stock, under the title of "Jim's Marriage."

Frederic Edward McKay's production of E. Cronin Wilson's play, "The Tricky Mrs. Trevor," will be staged by Bertram Harlow.

Ernest Glendenning has been engaged for "A Modern Eve," which is to open in Boston. He will have the role originally played by Joseph Santley.

Joseph Brooks is evidently one of those who believe that the time is ripe for the re-appearance of the old-time melodrama. At any rate it is said that he will attempt to put new life into "Taken From Love" and "The Soudan."

Harry Corson Clarke and his wife, Margaret Dale Owen, are to make a tour of the Panama canal zone. With a company of five they will appear in a series of short plays.

Two revivals of famous plays of the long ago are prompted in New York very shortly. One is "Tribby," in which Wilton Lackaye, Burr McIntosh and Leo Ditrichstein, who appeared in the original production, will again be seen.

Lawrence D'Orsay, whose work as a heavy dragoon comedian was at one time so popular, is to try vaudeville shortly. "The Rented Earl," in which he was starred, did not last a week, and Salisbury Field, the co-author of "Twin Beds," the comedy with the longest run to its credit of the New York season, will make a sketch for the big Englishman.

After the failure of Mme. Nazimova in "That Sort," the Russian actress followed the lead of many other stars and went into vaudeville. It appears that she found a particular-

ly effective playlet, entitled "War Brides," which concerns the revolt of a mother against the thought of bringing sons into the world to be food for cannons. Not since Nazimova appeared as an interpreter of Isben has she done such fine work, says the critics, and it is now said that Marion Craig Wentworth, who wrote "War Brides," may undertake the task of elaborating it into a three-act play.

In Boston, a drama entitled "The Natural Law," has just been pronounced too strong for the public taste. It was written by a western newspaper man, and given a performance about a year ago by a stock company. Then a manager got hold of it, and his production opened in Boston. The play concerned an artist who was painting the portrait of a marathoner. His manly beauty won her young heart, but he ran away and left her. Moral, never fall in love with a marathoner. There was also a doctor who wished to marry her, in spite of the che-ild. But in the end the marathoner ran back, with many laurels won by his running. Then wedding bells. It was not the story so much as the frank dialogue that proved too much for the great American centre of culture.

There was a story went the rounds of the theatres some years ago, though never published so far as the writer knows, that "Officer 666" was originally intended to be a crook play, and that George M. Cohan advised the dramatist that the subject would be better treated as a farce. Color was given to the tale by the fact that Mr. McHugh has only attempted to write serious plays since his first success, but so far has had no results. The following statement by George M. Cohan in his autobiography in the Green Book, would seem to show how the tale originated. He says: "In its original form, 'Officer 666' was not treated as a farce. It was almost a melodrama, but neither that nor a farce, nor both. McHugh literally ripped the manuscript to pieces, changing it here, there and everywhere, until the play as produced never would have been recognized as the original."

Wild Destiny

It was one of those mornings when everything goes wrong from the first moment of waking. They had overslept and upon entering the kitchen Anne found that the fire was out. Fires always go out when one is pressed for time. The kitchen was as silvery as might be. Anne pattered wildly to and fro in her Juliet, while Adam slivered her some light wood into kindling. It was inevitable, of course, that the hatch should slip and cut a slice of his thumb. The fire making had to be delayed until the thumb was doctored. All this time the hour hand of the clock, was travelling merrily on, and Adam must be at the station to take the first section of the commuters' train at 8.

"No cakes this morning," Anne said. "There's not time."

This was ill news to Adam. He looked on gloomily while Anne sifted breakfast food out of a package into their two dishes, set their eggs and coffee to boiling, and prepared for a struggle with toast.

It was when she was hurrying back and forth that Anne caught her toe in the edge of the rug of the dining room and nearly threw herself. The dishes she was carrying flew from her hand, went half way across the room, brought up against the old sideboard, and promptly disintegrated.

"Let the pieces lie," Adam said. "Come! I must catch that first section of the suburban."

But Anne's glance had been forcibly directed to the sideboard. She had come near to forgetting this very day the new buffet she had ordered was to arrive and she must pay the first installment!

Adam knew nothing of this plan. The sideboard had been his mother's and, though it was distinctly old-fashioned and rather battered, it suited him very well. However, it did

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not suit Anne at all. It had begun not to suit her at the moment she had seen Mrs. Ashley's lovely new buffet with its leaded glass doors and an expense of dazzling varnish that one could see one's face in. And it had suited her each day less. The old sideboard spoiled the effect of her bright, new dining room. She had decided to have a buffet and had once tenderly broached the subject to Adam. But Adam had speedily been seized with an attack of economy. The old sideboard had been good enough for his mother; it was, therefore, good enough for his wife. Certainly it was good enough for him.

Adam had let the matter rest until one day Mrs. Ashley confided that she had bought her buffet on the installment plan. "So much a month, you see. They bring it and set it up for you. And, really, you never know how you pay for it. I buy all my things that way."

Anne had said sadly, that Adam always made her pay for what she got; if she couldn't pay she must go without. Mrs. Ashley had laughingly urged a little more independence on the part of women who had economical husbands. "If you ever want things it's now when you're young and can enjoy them."

That was true, and the very next week Anne's particular friend, who had been her bridesmaid, was coming to visit her. She wanted the buffet; it seemed she must have it. The idea of Alice's finding them with that old sideboard, which she doubtless would recognize at a glance. No, the sideboard must go before Alice arrived.

Anne made a bargain with her washerwoman to take the old sideboard and "work it out." The money thus saved could be paid on the buffet, and in the meantime she would have to ask Adam for the first installment. But how to do it? She must be very clever, and this morning, with so many untoward happenings ruffling Adam's temper, seemed a very poor time for cleverness.

However, when she had Adam seated at his breakfast, she sat down opposite, crumbled her toast, sweetened her coffee twice and began, pianissimo, "Adam, dear, I'm afraid I shall have to ask you for some money this morning."

Adam looked up. "What for?" he asked.

"It was essentially the husband's and the man's question. But when he saw Anne's quick flush he retracted, put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a silver dollar and bent it spinning toward her across the table.

"That much, honey?"

"Oh a great deal more, Adam. I need \$5."

Adam's brow slowly knit. Being the active partner in the firm he reserved the right to handle his earnings as he chose. He kept a strict account of all outgoings and incomings. His country training showed there. Anne, alas, had had no country training. Money was only of consequence as it supplied one's needs. What folly to "salt it down" when there was something new wanted or to be had each day! She looked now at Adam and Adam with that knitted brow of his, looked at her.

"My dear! I thought when we reckoned up last week that you said there were no other demands to be met until next pay day. Five dollars is a fifth of my week's salary."

Anne bit her lip. But she tried to be calm. "What if it is? Haven't I a right to it?"

Adam also tried to be calm. "As my wife you have the right to a great deal more than one-fifth of my income. As your husband I have the right to see that you spend it judiciously." Anne's eyes blazed. "If you've got any scheme going about a new sideboard," he concluded, "you may as well call it off. I'll not consent to it."

"Then you refuse to give me the children."

money!" Anne stood up, gripping the edge of the table as if that could keep her temper where it belonged.

"That depends," replied Adam.

Anne looked down at him. It seemed to her that she had to look a great way down. Adam was a small delicate looking man. His hair was thin on top of his head and he had little wandering wrinkles about his eyes. His gray suit was very neat, yet worn. The silver scarab pin in his red tie was a gift of her own making. He was just where he always had been, although at that moment he looked different to Anne. It was as if his fine, clever, lovable astral body had risen and left his solid, earthly, selfish, natural body sitting there in the chair. After two years of normally happy married life Anne suddenly discovered that here were some things about Adam which she did not like. The discovery shocked and excited her. She was very angry, hurt, and, above all, placed in an uncomfortable position. The man would come with the buffet and she had no money to pay upon it. Adam must give her the money.

"EASTER MORN"

By Alexandria H. Campbell (Mrs. Campbell-Smith, B.E., D.S.C.A.)

The glory of an Easter morning Many hundred years ago, Its brilliancy is still adorning The whole world in its glow. Love vanquished death and Christ is King. "God is Love"—in His Son—The spirit-hallowed clay may sing The victory is won!

Above the thunder roar of battle Rivers of running gore, The blood of nations slain like cattle Mingles forever more; In that mingling brotherhood is born— Man's resurrection morn! Love's reign, which maketh strife to cease, Creation bind in peace.

COMMENTS BY ZACCHAEUS

Who Sees Desolation Now But Freedom's Return Near at Hand.

A—Age of chivalry not yet gone. B—Barbarians being taught it by C—Canadians at the front. D—Dacian daring defied. E—Earth desolate for a time, yet over universe F—Freedom shall again shed her benignant rags. G—Gallant men laying down their lives for this cause. H—Honor eternal to them. I—Impenetrable are the designs of Providence. J—Judge of all knows best. K—Kingdoms arise and fall as the nations remember or forget God. L—Let the foolish and presumptuous pause! M—Men's pride and prevarication shall be put an end to. N—Nothing corrupt can last indefinitely. O—One act of consideration may turn pain to pleasure. P—Power is faint minus love. Q—Quiescence the nurse of thought. R—Respect of happiness—duty done. S—Sinking heart a reassuring word oft will lit. T—The escaping team smiles clouds away. U—Unto us here below trouble must come. V—Vain to try and escape. W—Wise to submit to Divine will. X—Xpianity sure to Y—Yield immortality.

—ZACCHAEUS.

The Call Of Easter. Little seeds unfold, Tender leaves expand, Little buds give birth, Fed by Nature's hand.

From the bud, the flower, Forth her petals bring; For she heard the calling Of Easter tide and spring.

By the brook and by the hill, In the budding wood, Peeps a wondrous flower At the sky's blue hood.

There's the cry of Easter In this new birth of spring, 'Tis the Saviour calling, Bidding Nature sing.

In our hearts are planted, Just such little seeds, Often crushed and trampled By the growth of weeds.

Hear the cry of Easter! Heed the Saviour's call! Uproot offending weeds, Tho' they be but small.

—Frances Rhoades, 93 William St.

Aged twelve years.

Sins Of Commission. Toronto Telegram.

Did the Ottawa drug clerk do less for his commission of \$9,000 on surgical supplies than the middlemen who distributed shoe contracts and claimed a commission of fifty cents on each pair of shoes accepted by the Militia Department?

That Ottawa drug clerk cannot claim that he saved the country money. The drug clerk cannot shelter himself behind the pretence that \$10,000 or \$20,000 is a scant reward for the skill and industry of the specialists who buy \$100,000 worth, or \$200,000 worth, of supplies at the request of the Militia of Militia.

An individual or a firm is said to be underpaid with a commission of ten per cent, in return for the services of a principal or an employee who assists the Militia Department, and gives up his time and talent for a few days in order to help save the country's money.

Wives and fathers and mothers do not claim a commission in return for the services of husbands and sons who assist the Militia Department, and give up their lives in order to save the country's life.

Some families live within their income, but they are crowded for space.

Letter received: "It is proper to walk inside or outside of a lady?"

Politeness opens more doors than fortune—to children perhaps.

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empty, for others rushed in to tell neighbors who had come running in went to answer it. Anne heard her cry. "Oh, thank God!" Then Anne herself had the receiver to her ear. Over the wire jarred a familiar voice. "Tell Anne I'm all right," it said, "missed the first section—look last. So did Moffett and Ashley." It was Adam's voice.

Two hours later there were three reunited couples in as many houses. Anne sat on Adam's lap with her arms about his neck.

"You see, if I hadn't stopped to quarrel with you I'd have made the first section," Adam explained. "I don't know whether Ashley and Moffett quarreled with their wives, but they were late, too. We all pulled out together."

Some one was pounding at the door. Anne ran to the window. "It's the man with the buffet!" she gasped.

There was just an instant's pause. "Say, we want that buffet to remind us—lest we forget!" Adam said. His voice was solemn. "There's my purse, honey. And now I'll run out and help him bring it in."

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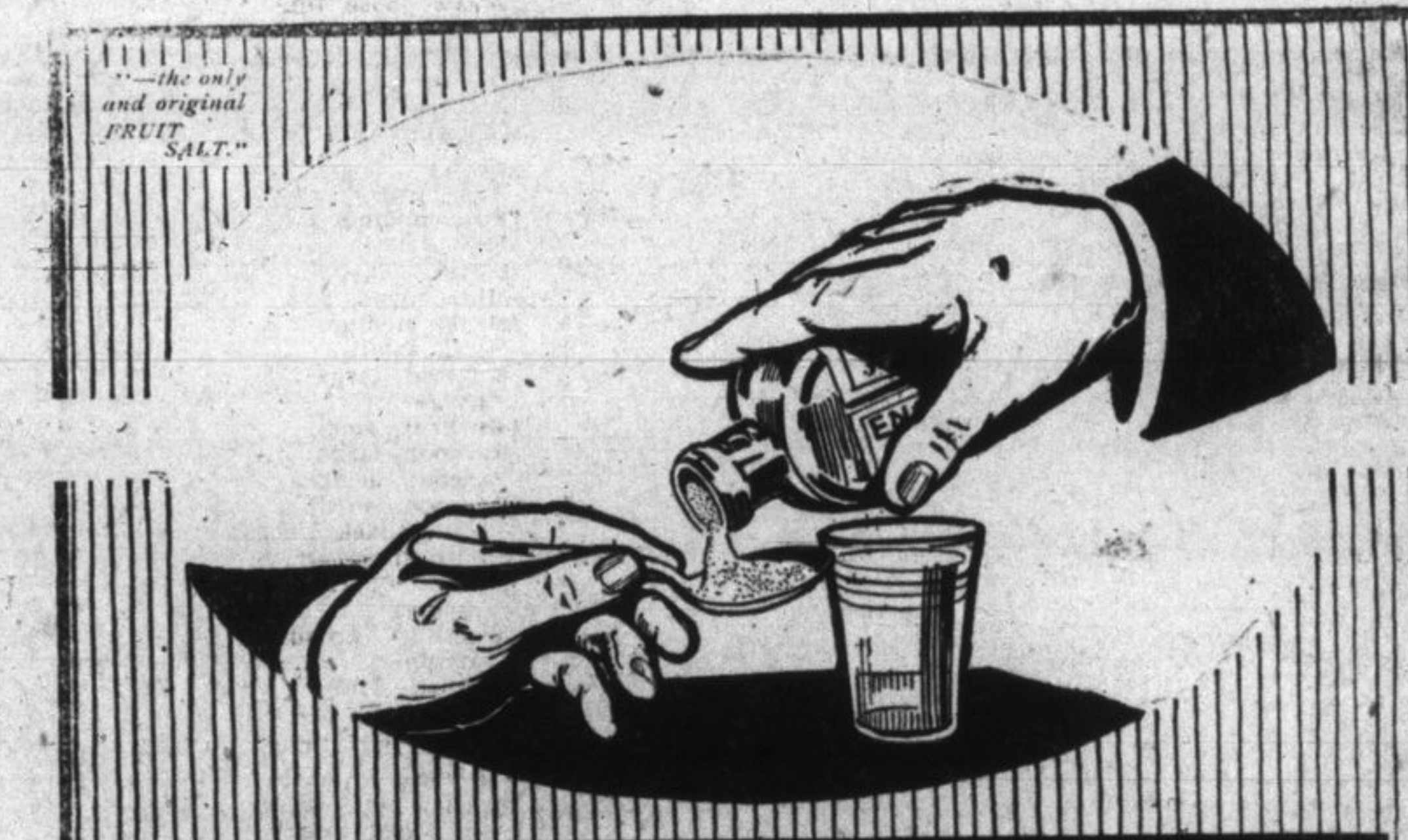
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