

Romance in Diplomatic Circle



The latest diplomatic romance in cosmopolitan Washington will make Miss Anita Ravenscroft Henry, daughter of J. William Henry and prominent in Washington society, the bride of Edward von Seizum of Darmstadt, Germany, secretary of the German embassy in Washington.

Amateur Nights Fast Dying Out

Most Amusing Feature of Theater Will Soon Be but Fragrant Memory.

St. Louis.—One of the most cherished institutions of the stage is passing, and it is only a matter of time until it is entirely in the discard. Amateur night, that most amusing feature of the theater, will soon be a fragrant memory, a memory redolent with the aroma of sizzling "hams" who indulgently permitted themselves to be "put on the pan" for the edification of an audience that laughed with devilish glee at the crude antics of those who would be actors and were willing to pay the price of public harassment to attain the goal.

Amateur night is an institution as old as the theater itself. As its name suggests, it affords an opportunity for those who have ambitions for the stage to display their skill, a none too sympathetic audience sitting as judge and jury and by its vote of approval or disapproval denoting the degree of success with which the neophyte has put over his act. For some there were resounding bravos and tumultuous applause, and for others a silence that damned.

The Announcer's Speech. The scenes at all amateur nights are virtually the same. The regular program is curtailed and some one steps out of the wings to the center of the stage. His speech is always the same:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We have a little something extra on the program tonight, something that we think you will appreciate. We will ask you to give as close attention as possible, as we shall take a vote at the end of the performance to see what you like the best. First on the program tonight is little Margaret Brisk. Step out, Margaret, I thank you."

He retires and little Margaret skips toward the footlights. Margaret, it appears, is a mother's darling who is supposed to have a rare voice. So, in child soprano, she sings about "little birdies in the trees," and for an encore—she takes it whether she earns it or not—she vocalizes again on the influence a full bloom moon has on the spooning propensities of the sterner of the sex.

Wide Variety of Acts.

Five or six other acts follow in succession. Elmer, the demon hooper from the levee district, does a buck and wing. The McGoofus sisters do a double—Cecilia at the piano, Molly with her mandolin. They both try to sing, too. Tom and Jerry do a tumbling act and narrowly escape death as they essay a giant swing in midair. Arthur Tremont is a versatile chap. He sings tenor; he plays the saxophone; he juggles six balls simultaneously, and he can clog dance. Arthur is pretty much of a vaudeville show in himself.

Sylvester and his crooning troubadours conclude the bill—an ambitious kang of syncopators who may be commended for laudable zeal, but not for the harmony they dispense.

The announcer again steps out of

the wings and raises his hand for silence. He requests all the performers to come back on the stage, and they obediently line up in a semi-circle behind him. He is speaking:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Well, you have seen the boys and girls perform, and now we will see who gets the big prize. I will pass behind the performers, and I will ask you to show by your applause whom you think is best." Only he doesn't say "whom"—"who" is better.

Picking the Winners.

He places his hand on little Margaret's head. A burst of handclapping, Margaret smiles and sticks her thumb in her mouth. Mother, in the front row, is gesturing wildly for her not to swallow it. Elmer apparently didn't register much with his hoofing—or maybe he didn't bring many of his friends to the theater. He doesn't do so well. The McGoofus sisters likewise get a lukewarm reception, and they make a sudden shift from dental display to sullen glares.

Tom and Jerry are remembered for that remarkable swing in midair and get a big hand. Arthur Tremont, the boy with the curly blond hair and the Ascot tie, goes over big, clearly outdistancing Sylvester and his crooning troubadours, who are obviously piqued at the inability of the audience to appreciate their syncopation.

Unable to Decide.

The announcer is speaking again:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Well, I can't quite decide who wins the big prize. Seems like Margaret and Tom and Jerry and Arthur Tremont are the favorites. So I'll ask you to vote on these three."

He places his hand on Margaret's head. The audience is more discriminating this time and she gets just a ripple of applause. Tom and Jerry also fail to make their first quota, and Arthur Tremont wins in a walk.

"Arthur Tremont get the big prize," says the announcer. "Who wins the second prize?"

He points to Margaret. A few friends remain faithful, but she loses to Tom and Jerry. The announcer tells the audience as much and everybody is satisfied with the exception of Margaret's mother, who quite volubly insists that her daughter didn't get a square deal or something of the sort.

Reason for Elimination.

Such is amateur night and, if St. Louis showmen are to be believed, such nights are passing from the theater never to return. The reason for their demise is simple, if one may take the word of the musical and stage director of one of the theaters.

"There is no longer an excuse for amateur actors to make a public show of themselves in order to get a hearing," he says. "The reason is found in the motion-picture theaters, which, within the last two years, have enlarged their field to include much more than the mere cinema presentations."

"Take St. Louis, for example. Originally all the motion-picture houses in the city were just that, theaters in which motion pictures were shown with an orchestra to furnish incidental music. But a great change has come

over the profession. As soon as a theater ceases to be more than a mere neighborhood playhouse it goes in for stage production.

Stage Management a Problem.

"The best of theatrical talent is obtained for these shows. Stars from the legitimate willingly go to the movie houses because they make more money, even though they have to work harder. Stage management, strange as it may sound, has been a big problem for motion-picture theater managers for some time, and the field has by no means been expanded to its limit."

All of which being true, the question is, what does that have to do with the passing of amateur night?

He answers the question readily:

"Because of the fact that all the large motion-picture theaters are making stage presentations, they are naturally trying to recruit as much of their talent as possible right at home. Economic reasons, if no other, would prompt such action. The result is that in our theater, for instance, I hold semi-weekly auditions at which local performers are given ample opportunity to show just what they can do on the stage. The same is done elsewhere in the city."

Steamship Captains

Have Queer Hobbies

Tacoma, Wash.—When is a ship captain not a ship captain? When he is raising silk worms, collecting rare woods, weaving lace tapestries or painting marine pictures. Sea skippers are supposed to be busy most of the time taking observations or writing up the log, but masters of numerous French liners touching port here have various hobbies.

Captain Cochrell of the Marseilles has a hand loom in his cabin upon which he weaves out delicate, valued lace tapestries, carrying intricate and beautiful designs.

Captain Le Baron of the Georgia is a talented artist, exhibiting numerous marine paintings here recently. His ocean colors are true and his technique striking.

Captain La Roche of the Rhenburque collects rare species of wood to incorporate into small pieces of furniture.

Captain Corbin of the Alaska raises silk worms on his farm in France under subsidy from the government.

Captain Simon of the Mississippi has a bent for raising chickens and carries an incubator on board to hatch out special collections of eggs.

A collection of world-wide butterflies adorns the quarters of Captain Duchesne of the Notre Dame de Fourviere.

Several other skippers carry with them monkeys, canaries, parrots, turtles, goats, dogs, and cats.

Store Man Puts \$215 in

Bag; Goes With Order

Savannah, Ga.—C. L. Brown, manager of a branch store here, has lost \$215 in an unusual way. During a rush Brown took the amount named from his cash register and put it in a paper bag. The bag got mixed up with an order of groceries and was packed away in a basket of the purchaser. Now nobody in the store knows who carried off the money. All that Brown knows is that it is gone and that he had to make the loss good to the company.

Scout Saves Father

Worcester, Mass.—Isadore, fourteen years old, practiced the first-aid lessons of his boy scout troop when he returned from school to find his father unconscious from gas. Hospital surgeons say the father would have died otherwise.

Stop Apple Stealing

St. Paul, Minn.—Apple stealing days in Minnesota would be ended under the terms of a bill now being considered by the state legislature. The bill makes it grand larceny in the third degree.

Pigeons Come for Meal Same Time Each Day

Milwaukee, Wis.—Thomas Koefel, an assistant in the city building inspector's department, is certain that pigeons think.

For a year he has been feeding the birds that hover about the building, perched at times on the window ledge. He has noticed that the birds start coming to the window just before the clock in St. Mary's church, a block away from his office, strikes the noon hour.

They seem to know, he says, that noon is time to eat and he has found the pigeons as good as a watch in marking the noon hour.

Koefel was curious to see whether or not the birds came around on Sundays, and made two trips to the office on the holiday. The birds did not appear either time.

Adrift With Humor

A HAPPY ENDING

It was their first quarrel, and it lasted longer than post-honeymoon spats generally do. But finally it was over, and the wife was confiding to a friend:

"It was terrible while it lasted," she said, "but it was worth it. Just look at the fur piece John gave me."

"Ah!" exclaimed the friend, surveying the gift, "a cloud with a silver fox lining."

SHE OUGHT TO KNOW



Wife—John, in the use of English what does the Active Voice mean?

Hubby—Great heavens, don't you know?

Old and New Troubles

Grim trouble lasteth but a day. Cheer up! Cheer up, ye blue ones. Your sorrows soon will pass away. And then you'll have some new ones.

A Wise Choice

"I will grant you one wish," said the good fairy.

"Can you make me a millionaire?" asked the youth.

"I can, but with the usual accompaniments of dyspepsia, worry over your investments, indigestion over your income tax and that tired feeling."

"Gimme a ticket to the football game," exclaimed the youth, "and call it square."

Practical Accomplishment

A pacifistic gentleman stopped to try to settle a juvenile row.

"My boy," he said to one of the combatants, "do you know what the Good Book says about fighting?"

"Aw!" snorted the youth, "fightin' ain't one of them things you kin get out of a book, mister."—American Legion Weekly.

A Quick One

"And how long were you engaged to Fifine?"

"I don't know—I forgot to look at my watch."—Buen Humor, Madrid.

Precious

Stock Clerk—Why do you say your pay envelope reminds you of a map? Delivery Man—Because it's all the world to me.—Good Hardware.

NOT FOR A LUNCH



Hobo—Will you give me a quarter for a little lunch, madam?

Stout Female Party—I'm reducing my man, and couldn't think of eating a lunch.

Bull Creek Pleases

I've never seen the ocean. I've never seen the sea. Just livin' down on Bull creek, is good enough for me.

Wanted Specific Charge

Lawyer—You say your wife has received a letter informing her of some misdeed in your past. Perhaps the best thing would be to confess.

Client—I would, but I don't know what to confess. She won't let me see the letter.

Descriptive

Hardware Merchant—I slept like a log last night.

His Wife—Yes—a log with a saw going through it.—Good Hardware.

Keep Eliminative System Active

Good Health Requires Good Elimination.

ONE can't feel well when there is a retention of poisonous waste in the blood. This is called a toxic condition, and is apt to make one tired, dull and languid. Other symptoms are sometimes toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Many people have learned the value of Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, when the kidneys seem functionally inactive. Everywhere one finds enthusiastic Doan's users. Ask your neighbor!

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A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth.—Shelley.

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"How was that entertainer who appeared before the veterans?"
"He had some veteran jokes."

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