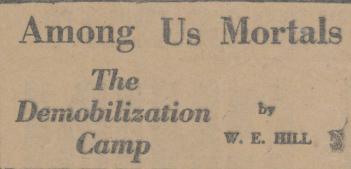
FEBRUARY 23, 1919.

Private Herman Kidney of Polkcenter hopes the company commander will get his point of view and hand him transportation to New York instead of Polkcenter. Polkcenter being fifty miles from this camp and New York five hundred, Polkcenter

'Now, then, you men, snap into it!" Lieutenant Lovely has been detailed to take the depot brigade out on the parade ground to play games—to keep up the morale while the final papers are being made out at headquarters. There's no telling when they will be ready to sign, what with the two men who know all about making them out home on furlough. In the meantime Lieutenant Lovely, who was never very good at games, has started the men on "Drop the handkerchief." Some one in the crowd has just suggested a game of "Postoffice."





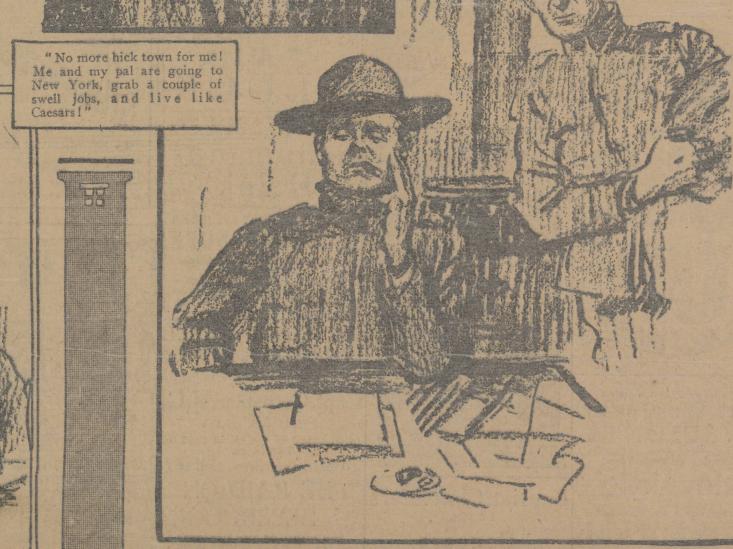
"Well, be good to yourself, sergeant!" Things begin to look rosy even to the guy who, the minute he was out of the army, was going to "knock hell out of the top sergeant"; with your discharge in your pocket, the red stripe on your arm, all ready to go home and pull the hero stuff-O, boy!



"All them pretty lookin' second lieutenants have better jobs than they ever had before, that's why they're keepin' us here in camp so long-for them to have somethin' to do!" "Red," whose discharge has been sidetracked, believes he has got at the bottom of things.

"Next morning the bride says to the groom, 'O, Henry,' she says "

A busy day in the personnel office, where no one is interested in rush-



It took three senators, a member of the military committee, and a governor to get Lewis this far out of the army, and now, the personnel office having lost a part of his service record, there's no telling when he will be discharged. Lieutenant Pratt, just refused a week's furlough, is unsympathetic when consulted. "It may be three months, it may be a year," he

"The Better 'Ole"; Theater Gossip

By Sheppard Butler

Wolf Hopper in all his comic majesty advice: "Well, if yer knows of a betas its leading figure. Essentially a ter 'ole, go to it."

break of the theater—the kind of thing the biologists, I believe, call Five Chicago theaters will be bereft a "sport"—it started its career in of their present occupants at the end this country some months ago as an of this week-a proceeding which unclaimed waif that nobody wanted would seem to amount to a sizable and has wound up, to every one's job of housecleaning. In the case of amazement, as the most persistently at least two shows the players depart

Readers of The Tribune, of course, ing offices.
are familiar with the droll war "Fiddlers Three," at the Olympic, sketches which Capt. Bruce Bairns. and "The Overseas Revue," at the father sent back from the trenches Princess, were doing nicely, every one most casual fashion.

In school Bairnsfather had earried eastward, with Broadway, the players a sketch book about with him, as Nirvana, on the horizon. But the many Englishmen do, but had never taken his drawing very seriously. Nor did it seem a matter of any particular moment when, early in 1915, he against hope that they might be pertook to scribbling things on the walls where he was quartered. To his feltobe definitely scheduled for the Olymber by the did not be defined for the Olymber by the did not be definitely scheduled for the Olymber by the did not be defined for the low soldiers in the hard pressed Brit- pic.
ish army, however, a man who could The Follies leave, too, but that was make them laugh was a Godsend, and ordained in the book of fate, for it wasn't long before everyone pp are shekels to be gathered elsewher and down the line knew about Bairns. and Mr. Ziegfeld, like a good poke father. Some one argued him into player, always quits while things sending one of his sketches to a Lon. coming his way. Mr. and Mrs. Dre don paper, and the artist promptly and "Old Lady 31" complete the roste became a national figure.

later on put some of his characters gaging tales of boyhood ar After a time he wrote a book, and into an aimless sort of play, punctuated with an occasional sons. Old cence should have no fault to Bill, the role in which we shall see the order of things hereabout the order of th Hopper, was played by Arthur Bour- only is the play made from the chier, one of the London dependables, stories chier, one of the London dependances, "Seventeen," the look and the originator of another part "iam Sylvester Baxter's ever we are to see soon, that of the central liam Sylvester Baxter's ever figure in Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal," reer, is making the rounds of lying theaters, giving 'em a light the company of the Carrick.

London didn't go wild over the show. better things in the drama. London didn't go wild over the show.
One critic dismissed it by observing that "it is not worth five minutes' consideration." The war was nearly over by the time it was brought to the attention of American managers, the reaction against war plays had set in, and for months the really crude Bairnsfather manuscript went beg.

turned it down, for reason: that by Marvin Taylor, about whom is seemed unanswerable, until Charles nothing, called "Luck in Pawn" Coburn thought he saw an appeal in ford, Conn., will see it first, if the quaint soldier characters. Coburn terests you. estimating the popular taste. His Miss May de Sousa, one of forts has been staging things for the cherished native daughter highbrow university communities who from Australia that she has knew what they like and don't care for hit of her career in Melbourn 'shows."

The play was put on at an out of the telling the interviewers the way New York theater down in Green-Chicago politics, her debut a wich village, with Coburn himself play- of Ald. Coughlin's "Dear M. ing Old Bill-and then came the del- Love," and the discovery th uge. To the profound astonishment distant relative of John of the managers who didn't want it, the bandmaster, all of which "The Better 'Ole" drew prodigious intrigue them mightily. A larger theater had to found. Then a second company, with James K. Hackett, was sent to Canada; a third, with Edmund Gurney, to Boston, and a fourth, with Maclyn Ar. the longest tour of her care buckle, to Philadelphia. The Chicago will play all the way across the company, for which Hopper was innent this spring, visiting the duced to leave his employment at the coast for the first time since the coast for the coast for the coast for the first time since the coast for the New York Hippodrome, is the fifth of When she was Sit-by-the-Fire." the series.

And in all the records of recent seasons there is no play that has hung ing light of the late lamente up so high a mark of unvarying suc- Too Late," has joined the cess as this makeshift piece which the which will appear with M

be seen. All I know is that it centers Sidney Booth also are of the about the figures of Old Bill, Alf, and Bert, the Three Musketeers of twentieth century war literature, and that White are to be reunited this the apparently cryptic title has to do vaudeville. You remember with the wheeze that accompanied one out in Chicago, of course,

CURIOUS entertainment with a of the Bairnsfather sketches—that curious history is "The Better Old Bill in a shell hole, with bedla 'Ole," which comes to the Illi- cut loose around him, withering a nois tomorrow night with De scared companion with the sarcas

popular and profitable of all the war-reluctantly, with audible mutterings about the inscritable ways of the book-

in Flanders. In England the young seemed to think, and each had settled officer (he's only 30 now) is haited as down for a pleasant bit of a run when the creator of characters which rank word each that they must pack their with Dickens' Micawber and Kipling's lares and penales and go touring again.

Mulvaney, and he blundered upon the In the case of the latter entertainment fame they have brought him in the there was a degree of solace, for Miss most casual fashion.

Brice and her company are headed in school Bairnsfather had earried eastward, with Broadway, the players

> of those who hope they leave us an ing when they say good-by.

Admirers of Booth Tarking

One after another the producers to the stage on March 7 in a

Miss Ethel Barrymore's succ "The Off Chance" has been s her sponsors have arranged when she was seen there in

Tim Murphy, the bright pundits of the theater unanimously Chatterton in George Scarcast aside.

Just what it is all about remains to May." Miss Laura Nelson

William Rock and Miss

Burns Mantle's New York Let

TEW YORK .- [Special Corre- interpolated is by Dr. Anselm time for a good, old fashioned remantic opera comique, with the dare devil I cannot vouch for the truth prince of Bargravia in leve with Annot having been present, but the itza, the milliner, and masquerading is being told of Jack Earrymore as Ferenz, the bandit, in order to be has been playing the impr

When it was running fairly well is probably getting a bit on his a young George (he's 40 odd, now, but During the "flu" epidemic we still think of him as a youngster) the audience was unusually went to the city in which it was play- coughing, sneezing, blowing it ing, looked it over, and saw that it noses continuously, especial not only was quite awful but that the quiet scenes. it would lose a lot of money if per- At the end of the play I sisted in. Yet, on the other hand, there as the unhappy Feder, disg was a considerable investment to be life, having made a failure considered. How was that to be saved? attempts at self-regenerated

sideration and then decided to bur- from the scene his wife wi lesque his comic opera and turn it into to arrest and punishment a modern musical comedy with an old-mist, shoots himself through fashioned setting. To do this he had and dramatically falls pron to write several new ensembles, all stage. of them having to do with the liberties The night of the coughing he was taking with the plot. The open Jack proceeded as usual wi ing chorus, for instance, now introduces the minor characters and the speech eloquently and with merry villagers humorously and in and then, as he turned away person, as "I am Marcel, the barber." person, as "I am marce, the barber, and ignce to adjust the revolve and when the soldiers are announced they come trooping in with a Cohan trained seals." Whereupon he hop-skip and admit in song that they himself and dopped down in the are not really soldiers, but merely of a company straining every dressed that way.

But so far as the plot is concerned, that is permitted to stand. Ferenz, the bancit, is still the prince in disguise, which Anitza discovers when she guise, which Anitza discovers when she visits the palace in the second act. But he is a modern prince, for in the third act he not only resigns the throne to marry the milliner, but per the hero of "The Net" a remits the populace to elect him first president of the new republic.

By giving this happy and really This is the sort of play clever twist to "The Royal Vagabond" trigues your interest, even Cohan has turned the entertainment may hold it a quite pre into what promises to be one of the big fair. successes of the year. His cast in ranged meeting cludes Frederick Santley, Tessa Costa, husband and the nd Louis Simon. The

spondence.]—Ceorge Cohan is and very good. A gentleman na getting himself talked about Ivor Szinneys and William Cary I again. Thinking it might be can wrote the original cook and by

near her, his firm bought one such gloomy rôle of the hero in and put it in rehearsal. tion" for many weeks, and the

Cohan gave the matter a night's con- izing that unless he remo

audience to adjust the rev to keep its faces saddened by his

Gentlemen with uncertain me world, on the stage and off. the hero of "The Net," a drama recently come to tow