

THE NEW PLAY

Mr. Sothorn Subjects an Audience to the Third Degree.

ANOTHER hope gone to Siberia! There's no use trying to warm cold type into words of praise for what Mr. E. H. Sothorn did at the Lyric Theatre last night in the mistaken idea that he had something of dramatic interest to offer, namely—very much namely—"The Fool Hath Said, There Is No God."

This light and airy title was chosen by Mr. Laurence Irving in placing Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment" on the dramatic calendar for a second trial, though the first by an American adapter was never brought to a very successful issue by the late Mr. M. J. Hart and Mr. Sothorn's attempt to do more last night only subjected an audience to "the third degree," as the pleasant little practice of our police department is called.



E. H. Sothorn as Rodion Raskolnikoff. Virginia Hammond as Sonia.

Sonia never struck a spark of love. Miss Virginia Hammond seemed to prefer religion, while Mr. Sothorn acted as though he had no time to bother with trifles. You might as well have left your sympathetic heart at home in the ice-box.

There was nothing to do but sit through long conversations between Rodion and a Russian sleuth who seemed to have come from Indiana. They began their chat in a concert garden, where the tune that rattled Rodion was the only number on the programme. This was "Christ-offert Island," but it looked like "College Point." Rodion was having a good time reading the murder news in his favorite paper when the Russian gentleman from Indiana took a seat beside him and pleasantly pointed out that the story of Gromoff's killing needed a little editing. To add to the racy "flashy story" tripped along and formed friendships with soldiers and gentlemen in full view of the audience. Finally all fled before the police when threatened with arrest for some revolutionary singing—all but Rodion, who pushed out a boatload of his friends and then looked defiance at the agencies of liberty. The police were about to take him when the Belgian countryman came to his rescue. Their surprise was justified when they learned he was Bezak, the detective-magistrate. He was saving Rodion for himself.

Mr. Adolph Lestina, as the truly rural Bezak, was almost as funny as Rodion's comedy mother, who felt her "head coming on." There were any number of bad actors, but the offender of all was Mr. Lestina. His case was aggravated by long speeches which merely served to delay matters. Every murder trial has its dull day. Rodion's examination by Bezak reminded one of this fact. There was no interest in the two peasants who had been arrested, and the whole process of the cross-examination was so clumsy, so full of repetitions and so utterly lacking in subtlety that it became almost unbearably tiresome. It was simply "the third degree," brutal and irritating, without a single clever twist or turn to catch the poor wretch in the snare of his own making. The magistrate hammered away, and now and then Rodion cried out under the torture of it all. Only once did the scene approach anything that might be called "a dramatic moment," and that was when one of the half-crazed peasants broke out into a "confession" and Rodion walked out laughing derision at the defeated magistrate. Rodion's confession, under the religious influence of Sonia, in the last act, came as an anti-climax, and the fact that he might return to her in three years was a matter of extremely remote interest.

Mr. Irving's play is a melodramatic jumble of criminology and religion. He has taken an unbecomingly interesting character with advanced ideas and fine courage and made him a conscience-stricken, nervous wreck. The fact that Rodion "gets religion" may save his soul—but it doesn't save the play.

CHARLES DARNTON.

Adolph Lestina as Bezak.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

She Wants to Meet Him.

Dear Betty: I noticed a young man passing my way, and in return he noticed me. I have learned to love this man dearly and from his actions he seems to care for me. He has never gotten an introduction to me. Would it be right for me to ask one of the gentlemen of my firm to get acquainted with him and have him introduce us? A. H. C.

Too Young to Marry.

Dear Betty: I am twenty and in love with a girl six years my senior. Would we be happy if we married? We are both very fond of each other. W. C. A.

Wait for Three Years.

Dear Betty: I am twenty-one and am keeping company with a pretty girl of twenty-nine. She loves me very much. I am making \$9 a week. Do you think I should marry on that money? X. Y. Z.

A Family Quarrel.

Dear Betty: I have two daughters, and they want to pay me board. Is it proper for children to pay board to their parents or to give their salary, keeping some spending money out of it? I am a hard working mother, but they are never satisfied. A. C.

Loves His Pupils.

Dear Betty: I am in love with a young man most every Friday night at the masquerade. I am the mas-

Fashion's New Girl Will Have a Big Fluffy Ruff Around Her Neck



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND. THE FUR RUFF. MARIA DE MEDICI. THE MARY STUART RUFF.

LARGE RUFF OF MALINE

By Diane de Morigny. PARIS is preparing to startle the world of fashion by something so odd that it's really new again. If you want to be just a little ahead of the fashion wear a ruff. You need not wear a ruff like Queen Elizabeth's. You can imitate that of any Queen you prefer. The beautiful Scottish Queen Mary, for instance, wore a ruff that was only a little exaggeration of the ruffling which has been so popular, and this will probably be quite the vogue

among people who don't go to fashion's limit.

But others will wear a much wider ruff of very stiff maline, almost an exact imitation of Marie de Medici's in her younger days, before she grew so fat that the ruff had to be expanded to make up for a total absence of neck. Paris has led up to this sartorial coup de theatre in the most insinuating way. Last month one of the latest fur concerns in Paris made a small collar of fur, nothing more than a little neckband, tied at the side with a large bow of ribbon. This was so chic that it was at once taken up by

PICTURES POSED BY MISS ELSIE HAMILTON, OF THE "SOUL KISS" COMPANY.

the smartest of Parisiennes, headed by the Baroness Henri de Rothschild. It was soon copied by every one and so, of course, discarded by the really elegant women. But it had lived long enough for them to point the fact how distinctly becoming is a narrow band of furry material just under the chin. The next thing after fur was lace or maline. And now ruffles of four-inch wide lace, slightly stiffened and upheld by an under ruff of maline, are being worn with afternoon frocks just as the little neck-pieces of fur

wearing of ruffs, and that is the Huguenot bonnet.

If you will look at any of the shop windows to-day among the millinery display you will see at least one of these small hats turned up at the side, with a huge feather, aigrette or else a bunch of flowers. These hats are copies of those worn during and just before the reign of Henry IV of France. This hat was the headdress peculiar to the time of the ruff. A large hat can't very well be worn with a ruff. It would look too much as if the head were of far less importance than the clothing. Sometimes, of course, it is, but it oughtn't to look so. So with a wide ruff a small hat or cap was adopted, and it would not be astonishing if the widow's cap worn by Marie Queen of Scots were

copied for some of the spring and summer bonnets.

This was a most becoming affair, with a point that came down the middle of the forehead, with the sides slightly raised and quite wide. It was ornamented with large pearls, according to the pictures. To make one of the new ruffs, have first a foundation of ribbon the exact size of the neck and made to fasten with hooks and eyes. Get five yards of maline and cut lengthwise in half. Fold the outside edges together and stitch with even stitches so that the ruffles when drawn together will be quite even too. The folds can be large or small as desired and there should be two rows of gathered or pinned maline, the under one slightly wider than the upper. Sew onto the ribbon foundation and finish with a bunch of narrow ribbon of a different color.

20 Tales of the Plains By Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody)

No. 8

Wild Bill's Fight With Ten "Bad Men"

THIS story is not about myself. It is about one of my best friends and one of the greatest plainmen of the century. He was "Wild Bill" Hickok. His name forty years ago was better known than that of the President of the United States.



And, by the way, that name was not "Bill" at all. It was "James." He was called Bill by people who confused him with his elder brother, William. Hickok was six feet two in height. He had a fifty-inch chest, and a waist no larger than many a schoolgirl's. His feet were as small and shapely as a woman's. His hair was like spun gold and fell to his broad shoulders. He had the strength of a prize-fighter and the quickness of a catamount. In pistol or rifle shooting or knife-fighting he had not his equal in all the West. I have sometimes been asked if "Wild Bill" was a desperado. The question always makes me hot under the collar. He was, perhaps, the squarest, most honest man I ever knew.

I first met him when he was scouting for Uncle Sam. Later in the civil war he was captured by the Confederates and condemned to hang. He killed his father and the officer of the guard with his bare hands, put on the officer's clothes and calmly rode across to the Union camp.

In Abertin, Kansas, the "bad men" were rampant. They caught a United States Marshal who was sent against them, put his head on a block and chopped it off as they might a chicken's. After that the office of Marshal in that district went begging. "Wild Bill" announced that he was ready to fill it.

As Marshal, Hickok became a mighty power for law and order. "Bad men" and Indians alike felt the weight of his authority. Often he was forced to serve not only as Marshal, but as judge, jury and executioner, all in one. The "bad men" swore to down him. But it was a good deal like downing an angry hornet. Little by little he made Abertin a decent place. An exciting book could be written just on his fights in bringing this reform about.

At last the only bad men worthy of the name who were left in the neighborhood were the notorious Jake McCandles and his gang of nine backguards. These ten men were only waiting a good chance to ambush Bill where help couldn't reach him.

One morning Hickok was riding to

Fort Hayes when he stopped for a drink of water at a friend's cabin out on the prairie. His friend was not at home, but his wife was. She rushed to the door with the news that McCandles and his gang had passed the house not ten minutes earlier.

Before Bill could get to his horse the whole gang (who had hidden in ambush just beyond the cabin) opened fire on him. He had barely time to jump indoors before they made their rush.

The woman of the house thrust her husband's loaded rifle into his hands. This and his two revolvers formed the men's armament of defense. By this time the gang was hammering at the

door. Bill flung the door open, levelled the rifle and shot McCandles through the heart, jumping aside before the rest could recover from their surprise at his unexpected move. It was a lightning-quick play, but left the odds nine to one against him. There was no time to reload his rifle, so he dropped it and pulled out his two revolvers.

If he had thought to discourage the gang by dropping their leader, he was wrong. For the whole nine rushed the open door. It was to be a fight to the death. As they surged across the threshold, Bill emptied his revolvers into them, killing four more. Then the

remaining five threw themselves on him.

One of them landed a blow on his head with a rifle-butt that sent him reeling and nearly broke his skull. His bleeding at nose and mouth and wounded by bullet and buckshot.

But, like Paul Jones, he "had just begun to fight." Bowie-knife in hand, he was among his foes, slashing and stabbing with all his tremendous strength. The small room was full of powder-smoke, whirling assailants and assailed alike. This helped Hickok and confused his enemies. For he could stab at any object with which he might come into contact in the gloom, while the smoke-

for made the others doubtful as to whether they were shooting and stabbing friend or foe.

Up and down the room Bill dragged his knot of would-be murderers, tearing himself free only to plunge at them once more, red knife in hand.

From wall to wall, into corners and over unset furniture he followed the "bad men," lunging and slashing as coolly as though he was giving an exhibition performance, making every blow count with deadly effect. One fallen desperado caught him about the knees. Down he went, stumbling as he fell.

When he staggered to his feet, peer-

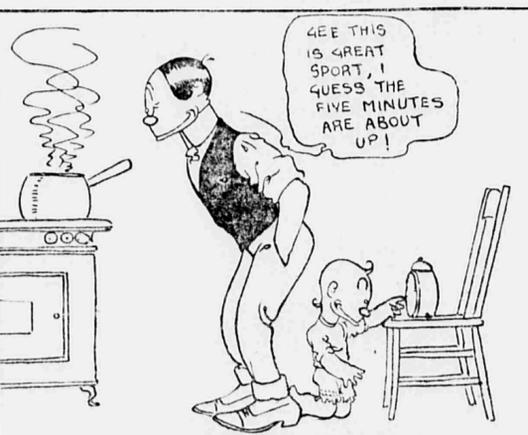
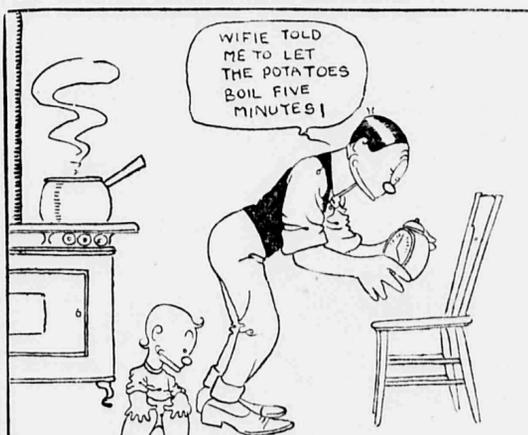
ing through the strangling smoke, no man was on foot to oppose him. Of the whole gang every man was dead or dying, bleeding, weak and dizzy.

Bill reeled out to the well for water. A dingy outlaw had crept there before him, mad with thirst. Bill gave the fellow "first drink" from the bucket before slaking his own terrible thirst. Then he called to his horse, Black Nell, made her kneel while he managed somehow to mount, and, clinging to the mane, rode to the fort, where his wounds were dressed. Three pistol bullets, eleven buckshot and thirteen stabs or cuts had he received in that immortal battle. For nearly six months he hung between life and death, but finally got well.

This fight in which Bill Hickok, single-handed, killed ten armed foes, is to me one of the greatest exploits in the history of the West. It is not a "romantic yarn," but gospel truth, every word of it.

Do you wonder I was proud to be the friend of such a hero?

The Newlyweds and Their Baby By George McManus



Back numbers of this series may be obtained by sending application and one-cent stamp for each number to circulation Department, Evening World.

Beauty Hints.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

To Reduce Hips.

M. G.—Try these exercises for about fifteen minutes every day: With arms hanging limply from the shoulders, bend the body sideways as far as possible, first to the left and then to the right. (Repeat ten times.)

Lie flat on your back either on the floor or on a couch, and without bending the knees, lift the feet until your feet are straight up, raising the arms at the same time. Do this with the breath exhaled and inhaled slowly as you lower them. (Repeat ten times.)

Broken Veins.

B. V. W.—A great many people have broken veins on the upper lip. This, due usually to some sort of violent exercise or running. The condition will not cure itself, and there is no swelling or soreness connected with it if you had better leave them alone.

Yellow Mouth Stain.

F. M.—This may be a moth patch due to biliousness, and if that is the case no cosmetic will help you. But the bilious condition should be checked at once by any of the old-fashioned remedies. Try cleansing the stain with lemon juice.

For Red Hands.

S. S.—Scrub your hands in warm water with a pure soap (you will find the best Castile as good as any), rinse in clear water and apply the following ointment: Lanoline, 100 grams; paraffine (liquid), 25 grams; extract vanilla, 10 drops; oil of rose, 5 drops. Mix and apply when necessary.