

NEW PLAYS "An Englishman's Home" Bombarded by Volleys of Laughter.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

God save the pieces! In addition to shot and shell, "An Englishman's Home" was bombarded by volleys of laughter at the Criterion Theatre last night.

If its gallant author, Major Guy du Maurier, had been on the firing line he would probably have been both astonished and bewildered at the amusement that his play kicked up.

The audience was not disposed to "apply the lesson" of national defense. Apparently, only its sense of humor was stirred. It saw the fun of the thing. It refused to take even the most serious moments seriously.

One could readily understand why this rapid-fire war drama had sent all England marching to the theatre on the double-quick, but it was not so easy to understand why Mr. Charles Frohman had shot it over here as a sort of closing gun of his theatrical campaign.



William Hawtrey as Mr. Brown.

spool upon a cord in the absorbing practice of "diabolo," a son of studious age stowed over a limerick, and searched in vain for a word to rhyme with "scrubs," when he had only to look about him to find "dubs," a much sillier young grew wildly excited over a conventional account of a football game; a girl joined in his ecstasies and ate jam; another, who lapsed, added to a ridiculous discussion of arms and the man by remarking, "My brotha had an air pilot."

But Paul Robinson had a real gun and the conviction that he should spend his holidays shooting at a target. He wore khaki and took himself and the situation seriously. He was a bit of a prig, but he was doing his best to prepare for war. Old Brown said it was all nonsense to talk about war. He was full of nonsense, but he didn't know it. It was enough for him to know that he was a respectable, peaceable citizen—a solemn ass who insisted upon standing on his rights even when the invaders came.

Everybody was careful not to call them Germans, but they spoke for themselves in a dialect that needed no identification. There might have been some doubt about the sergeant, who was told by Brown to keep off the grass in the front yard, but the matter was settled when Prince Yoland took possession of the house. In this part Mr. J. H. Bealimo was very good, but he seemed too good to be true for a soldier when he called for an expense account and settled for everything before he moved on to other quarters. (One of these days our big hotels may compete for the patronage of invading armies by offering them professional rates.)

Old Brown threatened to call the police when the bombardment began. Smith, the hopelessly silly chap, thought it great fun until a bullet popped him off the table, where he had been dancing with delight, and stretched him dead on the floor.

The firing was heavier in the third act, when the volunteers arrived to make fools of themselves. The biggest fool of the lot was the fussy old captain. He didn't know his head from a hole in the wall. For his capital work in this part Mr. Ernest Stallard deserves to be made a general. The color sergeant was the only one who had any sense, military or otherwise, and Mr. Frank Shannon convinced you of the fact.

This scene, with the heavy guns of the enemy knocking holes in the house, and another dwelling on fire in the distance, looked like the real business of war. Even the volunteers began to show that their backbones were in the right place. There was no attempt to make the scene "thrilling"—it was just grim. Reggie Brown, the limerick fiend, went about picking up his papers, and when a shell crashed through the ceiling he paused to remark: "See that, pa!" Most of the ceiling stayed up, but Mr. Edgar Norton brought down the house with this "line."

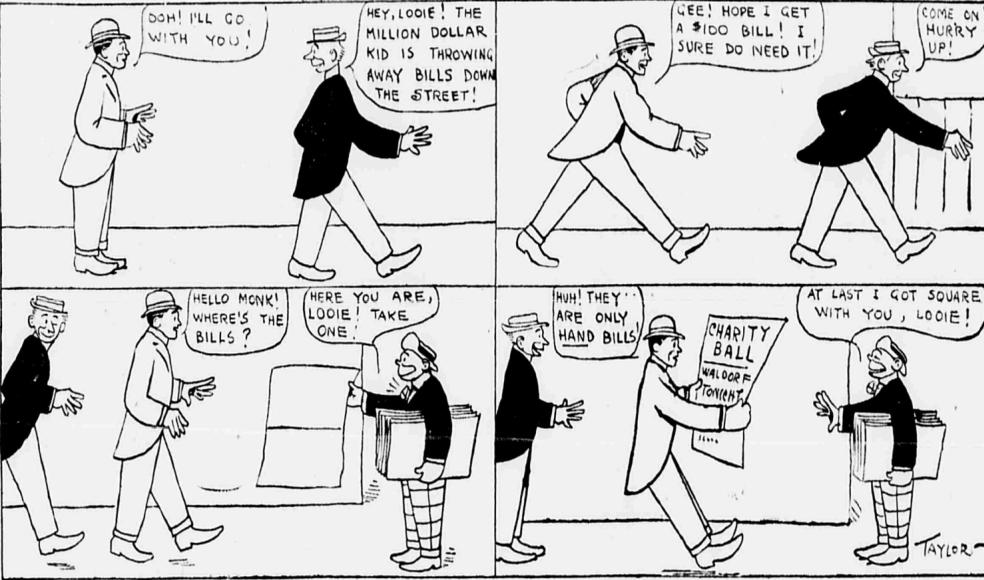
As the fatuous householder, Mr. William Hawtrey was merely amusing at first, but when Brown was left to defend his home alone he really seemed the "British bulldog." His grim determination was unchanged when, in his first attempt to handle a gun, he sent a ball through the mirror. He looked as though he would like to shoot the audience for laughing at him. When he was led out to be shot he took his medicine like a soldier. Brown was a good character in the hands of a good actor.

The play should have ended with his death. A stupid attempt to bring about a "happy ending," by having the volunteers rush back and overpower the enemy, was nothing short of ridiculous. The volunteers should have remained a joke.

The author seemed to express his opinion of the British attitude toward defense in the silly character of Smith, who was shot for his nonsense. While Mr. George Graham played this part well enough, it was a relief to have him out of the way. Miss Dorothy Fraleigh, as the lipping girl, was much funnier.

It may sound odd to talk about the funny side of "An Englishman's Home," but this was the only side, judging by the laughter, that last night's audience could see.

The Million Dollar Kid By R. W. Taylor



Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship And Marriage

A Lover's Quarrel.

LETTER signed "A. S. O." in my mail this morning tells me: "I am a young lady seventeen years old, in love with a young man. Through my own fault we parted. Now he replies to my correspondence but does not make any effort to see me."



Ask for Permission.

A VERY sensible young man, who signs himself "A. R.," writes me: "I am eighteen years old and am acquainted with a young lady of sixteen. A few days ago I took her out with her mother's permission. Afterward I heard that she has been forbidden to see any more boys. I promised my family to bring the girl up to see them. Would it be proper for me

then change your mind about it. Probably the young man thinks that you are fickle and does not care to run the risk of having you ignore him once more. You had better cling to your decision now and make up your mind to do without him.

to call on her mother and ask for permission to do so? The last time that we went out together the young lady herself asked her mother's permission. Certainly it would be perfectly proper for "A. R." to call and ask the permission of the young lady's mother to take her out. Probably there will be no objection to his doing so if he asks. He is certainly a very sensible young man to recognize that parents are usually the best judges in such matters.

A Telephone Acquaintance.

A YOUNG lady who signs herself "L. L.," tells me: "I am seventeen years of age and was introduced to a gentleman over

the telephone. Our acquaintance developed into a correspondence, in which I finally showed my love for me. I reciprocated his affection. He now wishes to call on me and my mother objects. Kindly advise me what to do."

"L. L.," mother is quite right, for her daughter is certainly too young to entertain with any definite intention of matrimony. "L. L.," in the first place, was exceedingly indiscreet to permit anyone to introduce a young gentleman to her over the telephone. She was also exceedingly indiscreet to correspond with a young man whom she had never seen. The only proper way for a young lady and a young gentleman to meet is through the personal introduction of mutual friends.

Soldier Boys By J. K. Bryans



Drummer—They tell me you are an awful blower. Bugler—And they say that when the enemy's sighted, you always beat it!

"General, the enemy is retiring!" "What! Tell them to get up at once. It isn't bed time yet!"

Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen.



A SMALL boy dining in a new place—for her—with his wife: "Same wine for the lady as she had the last time, sir?"

A Difference: When a man is a nagger he generally knows it and has his moments of self-contempt. But when a woman is a ternaunt she goes to her grave without ever finding it out.

When you hear a woman declaiming that she regards men as "the dirt under her feet" you have no difficulty whatever in understanding why they've all given her such a rough deal.

Did any married woman ever put on a new pair of evening slippers that she didn't thrust out her foot and say to her husband: "I haven't such a hideously homely foot as some women have, I, hun?"

A woman is as eager to have her picture taken in her first Empire gown as a young fellow is to be photographed in his first evening suit—and that's going a few.

Why is it that a woman will begin, at the breakfast table, to tell her husband an interminable, intricate and meaningless dream that she has had when she knows that he is already twenty minutes behind his office-reaching schedule?

Many a woman who imagines that she is the apple of her husband's eye is really only the crabapple of his vision.

Another reason why a woman hates to have a cold in the head is that, her olfactory powers being out of commission, she can't find out by kissing her husband when he comes home whether he's had a drink or not.

Familiar Quotation: "You poor, dear boy, I certainly am going to see to it that you get yourself a fur-lined overcoat next winter. Er—by the way, there are a few little things I should like to get to-day, and"—&c.

MY "CYCLE OF READING." By Count Tolstoy. Translated by Herman Bernstein.

Sorrow. SORROW is an essential condition for physical as well as spiritual growth. VERILY, verily, I say unto you, that ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.—St. John, xvi., 20-21.

THE symptom of growth is suffering. Without suffering life cannot pass from one form to another. It cannot because growth is called forth by suffering itself.

THE cause is the effect and the effect is the cause in spiritual life for which neither time nor space exists.

IF there were no suffering man would have known no limitations to himself—man would not know himself.

EVER more and more life is added to man in the same measure as he is performing acts of wisdom.—Ruskin.

IN times of painful spiritual suffering it is necessary not to break down, not to unburden yourself before anybody except God. It is important to suffer in silence. Otherwise your sufferings will pass to others and will cause them suffering. If you suffer in silence your sufferings will burn out. You are helped a great deal by the thought that this is your task, your opportunity to rise, to come a little nearer to perfection.

SEEK in sufferings their significance for your spiritual development and the bitterness of your sufferings will disappear.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Advertisement for May Manton's Daily Fashions, featuring a detailed illustration of a woman in a high-collared, long-sleeved blouse with intricate detailing. Text describes the blouse as a pointed yoke blouse, pattern No. 6285, and provides information on how to obtain it from the Bureau at 132 East Twenty-third Street.

Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson's Great Love Romance of an American Knight.

The Man From Home

By Booth Tarkington and H. Leon Wilson.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Daniel Pike, a shrewd Indiana lawyer, secretly loves his wife, Ethel Simpson, who, with her brother Horace is at Sorrento, Italy. Ethel and Horace have taken into the snare of a group of fortune hunters, headed by the penniless Earl of Hawcastie. Ethel becomes engaged to Hawcastie's son, Almeric St. Earl's acceptance, the Countess of Chambray, Hawcastie demands that Ethel leave her home. She refuses to do so. He and a Russian Grand Duke who has been in Sorrento, insist, under the name of Von Grolierhagen, that an escaped Russian convict, named Ivanoff, has stolen the name of Ethel and threatens to send them to prison unless Pike will yield the \$10,000. Pike recedes to his late, Ivanoff had been convicted through the testimony of the lady Crech, an Englishman named Glanwood, who had been in business in Russia. Since Glanwood's disappearance, Pike has been in a final appeal to him for the surrender of the name. She sneers at his "romanticism."

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

"He is a Russian Noble!"

"M" echoed Daniel in surprise. "You can't comprehend! But you can comprehend I could have no hope, can't you?" "One never knows," replied Lady Crech loftily. "We had thought to over her an alliance with a family that for seven hundred years..." "Yes, ma'am, I know. Crech and Almercourt," interjected Pike, but she paid no attention.

"Has never been sullied by the low ideals of trade and barter!" "Wait a minute, Mrs. Crech!" said Daniel quickly, tugging at his coat pocket. "I've got a letter right here that tells me your brother-in-law was in business—and I respect him for it—only a few years ago."

"A letter from whom?" demanded the lady, angrily, rising.

"Jim Cooley, our Vice-Consul at London. He says Mr. Hawcastie—"

"Mr. Hawcastie!" ejaculated Lady Crech.

"Well, I can call a person Cap or Doc or Colonel, but I don't just know how to use the words you have over here for those things. I don't mean any disrespect. Just let me run on in my own way. Jim says your brother-in-law was in business in Russia!"—he stopped suddenly, for an idea had occurred to him. "In business in Russia?" he repeated dazedly. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Since some of your officials have been spying," Lady Crech began, but he interrupted.

"Never mind. He was in business in Russia. I don't say he was peddling sheetings or wieners!"—she screamed—"He was probably"—he stopped a moment and looked at her—"He did not have contracts with the Government for hydraulic machinery, I suppose?" he asked tensely. The old woman tossed her head.

"Even if he did, he neglected the historical name," she replied proudly.

"I believe you," said Daniel fervently. "Have you ever heard the name of—Glanwood?" he asked quickly.

"By your mind wandering?" asked Lady Crech. "Glanwood Priory is the

name of the property Hawcastie inherited from his mother. Can you state its connection with the subject?" Daniel almost staggered with the thought—the knowledge that came to him. He looked up. "That's how he protected it," he said. "He took the name of—Glenwood. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform! Lady Crech, tell your brother-in-law he can have his answer here—in ten minutes."

CHAPTER XVII. A Whisper of Vengeance.

THE moment Lady Crech had gone Daniel smiled broadly for the first time since he had set eyes upon Ivanoff. He could see his way clear now to the thorough accomplishment of his mission, and he mentally thanked Heaven for putting into his hands such a weapon as the Russian fugitive.

Glenwood, eh? And he protected the historical name of St. Aubyn, that noble Earl, protected it on the surface while he dragged it in the mire of another man's disgrace and humiliation in private. He was a sweet lot, that noble Earl! He carried himself high, and his keen eye lost no whit of its dignity and importance from that consciousness that must be uneasy within his breast. And the woman, too, "Helene," Ivanoff had called her. So they had stuck together all those ten years, with Lady Crech as a most complaisant and discreet chaperon—but that couldn't be

for, whatever else Lady Crech might be, worldly wise and haughty, she was at least an English gentlewoman at heart, and she would have starved rather than connive at a scandal of that sort. No, Daniel reflected, he would have to leave Lady Crech out of the mess, even though she was a bitter old dame. But Hawcastie should feel the touch of the iron. It should burn him deeply and the scar would remain. And the fair Countess, who was angling for that adrift-pated Horace and his share of the estate! That woman, who had deliberately sent a good man to what was worse than death, should he have any pity for her? Not for a single instant.

He leaped up and crossed the room hastily to the writing desk, scribbled a note hastily, and before he put it in the envelope rang the bell.

As he sealed the note Mariano tapped discreetly at the door and Pike called: "Come in!"

"Look here, Mariano, I want you to take this note to Miss Simpson," he said, quickly.

"To Miss Granger-Seempson?" asked the maid, deferentially.

"Yes. Do you know where she is?"

"She walks upon the terrace alone, sir," replied Mariano.

"Then give it to her yourself!—to no one else—and do it now!" he went on emphatically, pushing the servant out of the door in his haste. When he had closed it he went to the door of the suite, threw it open and called: "Ivanoff!"

Almost immediately the Russian came into the room, and Pike took the subject upon the spot. (See the look of

apprehension with which he glanced furtively about. For him there was a carabinieri in every corner. "Have they come?" he whispered, tensely. Daniel went over to him and laid a hand upon the bent shoulder, looking him triumphantly in the eyes. "Not yet," he answered, and paused. "Ivanoff, you prayed to see your wife and your friend Glenwood before you went back to Siberia."

"The Russian tore himself away with a gasping cry, but Daniel caught his wrist.

"If that prayer is answered through me," he went on, "will you promise to remember that it's MY fight?"

Ivanoff covered his face with his hands, and his breath came chokingly. "It is impossible! You wish to play with me!" he gasped.

"Do I look playful?" demanded Daniel, and as he spoke a bugle sounded sharply outside the window off to the right. At the sound Ivanoff shrank into himself and his figure trembled in the other's grasp.

"The carabinieri—for me!" he cried. "To Miss Granger-Seempson?" to the window, and Pike thrust Ivanoff behind him as he drew aside the heavy curtain.

"Don't show yourself!" he commanded, but there was a smothered exclamation from the fugitive, and he pointed over Pike's shoulder.

"Look! Near the lamp, yonder—there by the gates—the carabinieri!"

His arm trembled as it rested for an instant on the American's shoulder, and Pike returned quietly: "You? They've been there since we did you benefit the machine." He

stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand from the glare of the lamps inside the room, then started. "Why—who on earth—who's that they've got with 'em? Why, good Lord, it's Doc!" Ivanoff strained over his shoulder to look, and then replied bitterly: "It is Herr Von Grolierhagen! Did I not tell you he was a Russian? He has betrayed me himself! He was not satisfied that others should. Ah, I knew I was in the wolf's throat here!"

Pike swore emphatically and exhaustedly.

"Don't you believe it!" he snarled. "They've arrested poor old Doc! Got him as he went out!"

"No!" cried Ivanoff. "They speak respectfully to him! They bow to him!"

"They'll be bowin' to us in a minute. That's probably the way these colonias run, you inn?" snarled Daniel.

As he spoke there was a sharp knock on the outer door, and he seized Ivanoff by the arm.

"Back into the room with you! Wait until I call, and remember it's my fight!"

He was about to add more when the door opened and Mariano appeared. Instantly the American changed his tone to one of severe command.

"And don't you forget what I've been telling you; you get the sand out of that gear-box first thing to-morrow morning or I'll see that you draw your last pay Saturday night!"

Ivanoff caught the idea and bowed silently, and then turned and entered the door to the inner chamber. Mariano came forward and bowed.

(To Be Continued.)