DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A Bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

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Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

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An Abraham Lincoln Story

"The Son of Democracy"

Novelized by Albert Payson Terhune

From a Series of Film Stories by Paramount, of America in the Making, with Charlie Chaplin as Lincoln

—BEGINS IN—

THE Evening World Next Monday.

THE NEW PLAYS

"Madonna of the Future" Freakish but Witty

BY CHARLES DARNTON

IT doesn't matter in the least that "The Madonna of the Future" was written by a dramatic critic. What does matter is that this play at the Broadhurst Theatre is the work of a man who can put the sparkle of a diamond into the point of his pen. Frankly, I don't like the theme of Alan Dale's so-called satire, but I do admire the way in which it is done.

The first act is a delight rarely found in the theatre. It bears the mark of an author who can get away from the cheap and common style of playwrights given body and soul—not brain—to the box office. It has a flash, without being "flashy." In other words, it reflects intelligence with wit. Quite aside from any professional prejudice, I am only too glad to hail any fellow, well-met or otherwise, who knows the art of writing.

As a dramatic critic Dale has always been sensational. But, bless you, "The Madonna of the Future" is so obviously shocking that its author should blush for the wrath he brought down upon "Mrs. Warren's Profession," when Bernard Shaw's most sincere play, if not his best, first startled this starched community. Now, Mr. Dale does his utmost to shock us with an idea as new, or as old, as Ellen Key's central thought in "Love and Marriage," but unfortunately he cheapens it with such terms as "ruined," "betrayed" and so forth. As a matter of fact, shocking playgoers these days is much like trying to frighten people with new subway blasts. If they manage to keep their feet they say, "Here we are and there we go"—and that's the end of it! Even Al Woods has failed to shock us with some of his "productions." It must be very discouraging!

To make the theatre interesting is the real task that confronts playwrights. This, I take it, is what Dale has tried to do, not with his tongue in his cheek but with his heart in his work. He may loathe, as I do, the word "brilliant" applied to the sort of play we expect to see when we go to the theatre. But we certainly do not pull ourselves out of the house at night to find a play as dull as ourselves.

"The Madonna of the Future" is not dull—you may be sure of that. It is freakish, but witty. The more or less eccentric heroine named Iris Fotheringay—after Pinero and Thackeray, perhaps, is a rich, healthy, good-looking young woman who wants to be the mother of a child, but doesn't want to be bothered with a husband. Shocking? Nonsense! Iris is in love with a very decent sort of chap acting as her secretary, and she goes away with him. For my part, I don't think she should come back with a baby in "full view of the audience." Something should be left to the imagination. The fine thing about it all is that Iris and Rex really love each other before they start on their journey. There isn't any nonsense about cupidity, and satire is realized in "the happy ending" when Iris is willing to marry Rex because he tells her that he has decided to marry some one.

The play is essentially feminine, with a great deal of chatter in place of action. Yesterday afternoon women, who were in the majority, seemed to enjoy it immensely. But the play has its faults. Although the Tarrytown "gents" are amusing in the opening act, they become irritating when they get together again after the return of Iris.

Emily Stevens suggests the impatience of a sensible person, so far as her associates are concerned, and gives a delightfully unsympathetic performance. She looks like a houri when she returns to the fold, but as the whole setting of the play is freakish, she is quite in the picture. Mrs. Van Duzen's drawing room in Tarrytown is enough in itself to make any person jump gladly into the Hudson. Jerome Patrick bears up bravely in the role of the reluctant father, and other parts are in good hands.

"The Madonna of the Future" is both extraordinary and entertaining. Why bother about the "race"?

OPERAS and CONCERTS

Galli-Curci's Lucia; Mary Garden's Melisande; Mr. Gatti's New Tenor

BY SYLVESTER RAWLING

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI'S fame has spread over New York like a wildfire. To hear her sing the name part in Donizetti's "Lucia," with the Chicago Opera Company at the Lexington Theatre last night, the place was besieged by a multitude; hundreds of them turned away disappointed after the auditorium had been packed to far beyond the limit. The firemen must have been blind of an eye, for even the aisles were held by an unyielding mob, through which seat-holders had to fight their way in and out. At the Metropolitan Opera House such a condition never would have been tolerated by the officials. Hundreds in the serried mass could not see the singers. They had to be content with hearing.

Those of us who had heard Mme. Galli-Curci's Dinorah on Monday night got a bit of a cold douche at the beginning. Her voice seemed to have lost something of its fullness. She looked and acted as if she were tired. It was the reaction from the triumph and the excitement of her debut we thought, but it was learned afterward that she was indisposed. In the sextette, however, her voice soared clear and bell-like above the others, penetrating, so some friends who were there told me, even to the outer lobby. In the mad scene she came into the full glory of her vocal agility, weaving a breathless spell that was broken by a tumult of applause that halted the action for a long time. At last she repeated the end of the duet with the flute, only to evoke another such demonstration. The scene from a rational point of view is so inane that to bother about artistic verities is absurd. After the curtain Mme. Galli-Curci was recalled innumerable times and acclaimed with waving of handkerchiefs and scarfs, and with hoarse shouts, as well as with volleys of hand-clapping.

Except for the singing of the prima donna the presentation was anything but noteworthy. Juan Nadal, new to us, who was Edgardo, disclosed a white voice that was grievously disappointing until it was learned that he was ill enough with a severe cold and swollen tonsils to have kept him in bed, and that he had consented to sing only to save an abandonment of the performance. Giacomo Rimini was a vigorous Enrico and Octave Dua was a tuneful Arturo. Vittorio Arimondi was Raimondo, Alma Peterson was Alisa and G. Minerva was Normanno. Mr. Sturani conducted, forgetting, like all his confreres, the splendid acoustic properties of the house and permitting his brasses and drums too much license.

Mary Garden has made us her debtor by appearing again as the heroine of Claude Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande." Thanks are due to Mr. Campanini, too, for presenting at the Lexington Theatre yesterday afternoon, in the course of the season by his Chicago Opera Company, this obsessing lyric drama, denied to us since Oscar Hammerstein was driven to retire from his ventures in opera production. The cast was excellent and the performance was admirable. A large and distinguished audience fell immediately under the spell of the mystery that begins with the finding in the forest by Golaud of the unknown, distraught maiden, Melisande; that is followed by his marrying of her, by the mutual love that Melisande and Pelleas, Golaud's brother, fell into; by Golaud's killing of Pelleas, and by Melisande's death, leaving Golaud distraught because he is not sure whether the love was innocent. The death of Melisande is awesome, a remarkable bit of realism, a haunting memory.

In the near decade that has passed since the first performance of the work here, our Ornstein and Schoenbergs have encouraged such musical evolution that now Debussy's whole tone scale and odd dissonances seem almost classic. We have learned, thanks to "Boris Godunoff," that Debussy got much of his inspiration from Mussargsky, and we can smile over the borrowings from the French composer by Puccini. The drama can be absorbed and enjoyed without qualms.

Miss Garden had such a cold on Wednesday night that there was some doubt as to whether the performance could be given. The affliction did not detract from the beauty of her impersonation. Her variety is infinite. In look, in action, in voice inflection this Mary Garden is not herself. She is Melisande, wistful, wondrous, dreaming, mystifying, ending, as she began, a mystery. Once I said if Miss Garden had never done anything else, Melisande would have justified her existence. It is true now, as then.

Alfred Maguenat established himself as an artist of front rank by his fine impersonation, vocally and dramatically, of Pelleas. Our old friend, Hector Dufranne, as ever, was an impressive Golaud. Gustave Huberdeau, as Arkel, left nothing to be desired. Dora de Phillippe was fascinating as Little Yniold. Louise Berat was a satisfactory Genevieve. Constantin Nicolay was the Doctor. Mr. Charlier conducted.

The appearance of a tenor new to the Metropolitan Opera Company, Hipolito Lazaro, and the reappearance this season of Maria Barrientos, drew a crowded house to hear "Rigoletto" at the 40th Street Opera House. There was enthusiasm to burn for the tenor, despite evident nervousness, disclosed a velvety voice, of good size, resonant and sympathetic. Besides that he is young, his stage presence is good, and, after he had been forced to repeat the "Donna e mobile" he became at ease in hearing, while his voice in the famous solo and in the quartette proved him to be a real acquisition to the thinning ranks of tenors.

The fairy-like voice of Barrientos is still the same, capable of evoking a veritable ovation, which she got last night after the third act, though there were calls for Lazaro, who, for some reason, never appeared before the curtain after that act. De Luca repeated his fine performance of Rigoletto and Sophie Braslau was a tuneful, sprightly Maddalena. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

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HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. 24 Tablets for 25c.

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You who tire easily; are pale, haggard and worn; nervous or irritable; who are subject to fits of melancholy or the "blues," get your blood examined for iron deficiency.

NUXATED IRON taken three times a day after meals will increase your strength and endurance in ten days in many cases.—Ferdinand King.

F. King, M.D.

NUXATED IRON recommended above by Dr. King can be obtained from any good druggist. The manufacturers guarantee the success of the first dose or money refunded. It is usually prescribed for iron deficiency. Ordinary tablets may be taken three times per day after meals.

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For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

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However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention The New York Evening World.—Advt.

SAYS HOT WATER WASHES POISONS FROM THE LIVER

Everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it, before breakfast.

To feel as fine as the proverbial fiddle, we must keep the liver washed clean, almost every morning, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins, says a noted physician.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you catch cold easily, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath, or stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion, watery eyes all denote liver uncleanliness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected, organ of the body. Few know its function or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins.

Every man or woman, sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of Vmestone phosphate in it, to wash from the liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, the poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Limestone phosphate is inexpensive; any pharmacist will sell you a quarter pound, which is sufficient for a demonstration of how hot water and limestone phosphate cleans, stimulates and freshens the liver, keeping you feeling fit day in and day out.—Advt.

Evolution of Knitting Bag

First It Was a Little Affair About a Quart Deep and Two Pints Wide, but Now It's as Big as a Two-Family House and Soon We'll Have 'Em Tenement House Size—Which Partly Accounts for the High Cost of Living and Explains Why They're Eating Horse Meat in Brooklyn.

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER.

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OVER in Brooklyn they are eating horsemeat. Which is a direct result of the high cost of living. About the only way to cheat the high cost of living is to boycott living. This living stuff is rather expensive, but it seems to be popular anyway. And in order to continue existing some Flatbushites have been forced to unhook old Dobbin from the chaise and pat him on the come with a cobblestone.

We don't know what a one-horse power meal tastes like, but we will testify that we have found everything in a plate of turkey hash but turkey and a piece of harness. And with a little practice it should be easy to learn to eat a dapple gray breakfast with newly shod eggs slightly lame in the rear hind leg, a dinner about fourteen hands high and thoroughly broken to harness, and top off the day with a Percheron supper guaranteed to stand without hitching. The only razzberry in the ointment is that utilizing man's best friend as eats is kinda reproaching one old pal Hennery Ford.

Hennery has made a Ford everything but edible. But no doubt he has already picked up the gauntlet and even now is evolving a plan whereby drippled flivvers can be sent to the abattoir instead of the junkatoir. If you can ride old Dobbin down to a whisper and then cook the whisper for dinner, there is no reason why you shouldn't be able to make flivver stew out of your Ford after all the mileage has been extracted from its career. And science can do it. Right now, Detroit engineers are working on the new 1919 knitting bag with a wheelbase of 132 inches and seating capacity for an entire family of knitting needles.

This knitting bag epidemic started in very modestly like all the rest of the stylish idiosyncracies. When heels first became fashionable they were merely used to separate your broken arches from the cold turf. They gradually grew taller and taller until the blond voters were wearing heels that were at least two jumps to the ground and that had rungs on 'em like ladders. The same with hats. When hats first busted out they were about as big as a cancelled postage stamp, but they gradually took on weight until the Duchess of Gainsborough wore the hat that busted the camel's shoulderblades. The Duchess wore a skullpiece that was at least three laps to the mile. Same with knitting bags. The first knitting bag was used to hold knitting yarn, knitting needles and thimbles. It was only about two quarts deep and a pint wide. But knitting sacks have grown and grown until 1918 knitting purses are at least four looks high and big enough to use as a convention hall. The latest models have to be kept in the garage because the front door ain't made of rubber.

They call 'em knitting bags because you can find anything but knitting in 'em. If a knitterine happens to be caught out in a blizzard she merely crawls into her knitting bag like a turtle and sends out for her meals until the blizzard abscends. Some of 'em have armholes in 'em so that you can wear 'em for opera cloaks. The very latest crocheting bags have revolving doors, mezzanine floors, southern exposure and steam heat.

And the big advantage of a knitting bag is that you are your own landlord. Anybody can do their own cooking in a knitting sack without getting a bawling out from the janitor. Besides accommodations for your Pomeranian, powder puff, lip stick and rouge, the crocheting bag affords lodging for a peck of potatoes, a small bathtub, canary bird, pianola, a spare room for guests and a rear veranda where you can lurk and see what the neighbors are doing.

Knitting bag architects are building 'em with mansard roofs, open plumbing and hardwood floors. Real estate agents are renting knitting bags to desirable tenants and are willing to change the wallpaper provided that the prospective customer signs a lease.

Originally, the knitting bag was an individual affair, but now they are building two-family outfits. And if the bug keeps up, the first thing you are wise to we will be having tenement knitting sacks.

Yes, bo.

POOR RICHARD, JR.

In spite of the high cost of living, thee findeth no one who is anxious to stop.

* * *

Flat feet exempteth thee not from the income tax.

* * *

One thing that is in reach of the public are the straps in the subway.

* * *

Thee generally discovereth that the man with the weakest jaw exercises it the most.

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hawking, snuffling, blowing; no more headache, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.—Advt.

NEW YORK GIRL BRIDE OF CAMP DIX OFFICER; WED IN QUAKER CITY

Mrs JOHN N WHEELER

Miss Elizabeth Wood Thompson, secretary and executive head of the Bell Newspaper Syndicate, and daughter of Mrs. Smith Thompson of No. 240 West 102d Street, became the bride of Lieut. John Neville Wheeler, O. R. C., in famous Christ Church, Philadelphia, on Wednesday. Lieut. Wheeler founded and later sold the Wheeler Syndicate. He is stationed at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with Lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Advt.

CONCERTS AND MUSIC.

Chicago Grand Opera — LEXINGTON THEATRE 51st St. & Lex. Ave.

Cleofonte Campanini, Gen. Director. Tonight at 8. Sat. & Mon. Mats. at 2. Tonight: Aida. Rabaud, Dufranne, Sibiri, Gentile, Ripley, Conductor Sturani. Sat. Mat.: Monna Vanna. Garden, Maguenat, Baklanoff, Huberdeau, Conductor Charlier. Sat. Night (Popular Prices 75c to $3): Cavalleria Rusticana, Raisa, Lazaro, Maguenat and Pagliacci, Rimini, Lazaro, Arimondi, Conductor Moranzoni. Sun. Night Concert, N. Y. Hippodrome.

—NEXT WEEK—

Special Matinee, Monday, at 2, only performance of Louise. Vix, Dalmores, Berat, Dufranne, Dua, Cond. Charlier. Mon. Night: Faust. Melba, Marsteine, Maguenat, Baklanoff, Sparaka, Berat, Conductor Charlier. Wed. Night: Barber of Seville. Galli-Curci, Nadal, Rimini, Arimondi, Trevisan, Conductor Polacco. Thurs. Night: "Jongleur de Notre Dame." Vix, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Conductor Moranzoni. Fri. Night: Carmen. Gordon, Macarthur, Maguenat, Sparaco, Huberdeau, Nicolay, Conductor Polacco. Sat. Mat.: Rigoletto. Galli-Curci, Raisa, Rimini, Sparaco, Arimondi, Conductor Moranzoni. Sat. Night: Tosca. Fornarina, Lazaro, Sparaco, Arimondi, Conductor Polacco. PRICES $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3 and $5.

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DON'T LET WIFE DIE OF LOCKJAW

Warn her against cutting corns because they can be lifted out.

Women wear high heels which buckle up their toes and they suffer terribly from corns. Women then proceed to trim these pests, seeking relief, but they hardly realize the terrible danger from infection, says a Cincinnati authority.

Corns can easily be lifted out with the fingers if you will get from any drug store a quarter of an ounce of a drug called freezone. This is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. You simply apply a few drops of freezone directly upon the tender, aching corn. The soreness is relieved at once and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts out without pain.

This is a sticky substance which dries in a moment. It just shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. Cut this out and pin on your wife's dresser.—Adv.

THEATRES.

EMPIRE B'way & 40th St. Tonight 8. Mats. Mon., Wed. & Sat. at 2. ETHEL BARRYMORE in THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS.

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HUDSON W. 44th St. Evenings at 8.20. First Matinee Saturday at 2.20. The Indestructible Wife

FULTON B'way & 46th St. Eve. at 8.20. Mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2.20. Margaret ANGLIN 'Billeted'

HARRIS W. 42d St. Eve. at 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2.20. "SUCCESS" BRANDON TYNAN

REPUBLIC W. 42d St. Eve. at 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2.20. PARLOR BEDROOM & BATH with Florence Moore & John Cumberland

LYCEUM 45th St. & Broadway. Eve. at 8.20. Mats. Mon., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.20. DAVID BELASCO Presents TIGER ROSE

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THEATRES.

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PRINCESS B'way & 39th St. TO-NIGHT at 8.20. 8th Princess Musical Production OH LADY! LADY!! Book & Lyrics by Guy Bolton & P. G. Wodehouse. Music by Jerome Kern. Fine Mat. Tomorrow. Extra Mat. Monday.

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BROADHURST 44th St., W. of Broadway. Mts. To-m'w, Mon., Thurs. EMILY STEVENS in the MADONNA OF THE FUTURE by ALAN DALE.

NORWORTH W. 48th St. Bryant 48. Eve. 8.20. Mats. To-m'w & Mon. ODDS AND ENDS OF 1917. TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES 10th. Mats. To-day, 2.30. Sat., 11.15. Seats now.

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SHUBERT 44th St. W. of B'way. Eve. 8. Mats. Sat., Mon. & Wed. MAYTIME Charming Play with Music. Charles Purcell, Peggy Wood, William Norris.

BOOTH Mats. T-Mor., Mon., Wed., 2.30. 45th St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8.30. The Stuart Walker Co. in Tarkington's SEVENTEEN

WHY MARRY? Nat C. Goodwin. Edmund Breese, Estelle Winwood, Shelley Hull, Ernest Lawford, Beatrice Beckler, Lotus Robb.

ASTOR 45th and B'way. Eve., 8.15. Mat. Sat. Mon. & Wed., 2.15. TELLEGEN "Highly effective, dramatically intense."—Sun. in "BLIND YOUTH" by Willard Mack and Lou Tellegen.

MOROSCO 45th St., W. of B'way. Eve. 8.20. Mts. Wed. & Sat. at 2.20. BIGGEST COMEDY HIT IN YEARS. LOMBARDI, LTD. With LEO CARILLO.

LONGACRE West 48 st. Tel. Bryant 23. Mats. Sat. Mon. & Wed. YES OR NO A PLAY OF WIVES AND THEIR HOMES.

Maxine Elliott's 39th st. B'way. Eve. 8.20. Mts. Wed. Sat. Mon. & Wed. MARJORIE RAMBEAU in EYES OF YOUTH

CASINO 39th & B'way. Eve. 8.15. Mats. Sat., Mon. & Wed., 2.15. ON BOY

Prices: 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. POP. MAT. WED. REG. MAT. SAT.

COMEDY—Wash. Sq. Players. W. 41st. Eve. 8.15. Mats. Sat. Mon. & Thurs. ALL COMEDY BILL 8 WEEKS ONLY.

CORT W. 48th St. of B'way. Eve. at 8.20. Mats. Sat. Wed., 2.20. FLO-FLO "Has humor, love, rhyme and fashions."—N. Y. Sun.

"THE GIPSY TRAIL" Followed by "A TRENCH FANTASY." PLYMOUTH B'way at 45th St. Mts. Sat. Mon. & Wed., 2.15.

STANDARD B'way & 90 St. Eve. 25c to $1. Mat. Sat. 25c to $1. FAIR & WARMER. Next Week: Emma Dunn, "Old Lady 31."

LOEW'S 7th Av. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT in Mat. Sat. 25c to $1. Eve. 25c to $1. Next Week, "PETER IBBETSON."

Today's Bigger Matinee 2.30. 25c & 50c. RITA JOLIVET IMMORTALIZER OF THE LUSITANIA IN LEST WE FORGET. LYRIC THEATRE, West 42d st. Matinee Every Day. 25c to $1.

CENTURY THEATRE, 62d st., near Broadway. Eve. 8. Mats. Today, Mon. & Wed. World's Most Beautiful Production. CHU CHIN CHOW. Evenings, 8.30 to $2. Matinee Today, 2.30 to $1. Mon. & Wed. Mat. 25c to $1.

MANHATTAN Opera House. Evenings 8.15. Mats. Today & Wed. Sat. EXPERIENCE. NEXT WEEK—THE TEST.

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