# The Conning Tower

THE ACCENTED SYLLABLE

For honesty and fairness
The politicians seek;
They all Demand a Recount—
With the accent on the reek.

Mr. Elihu Root has perfect control. Although, on his return from Russia, he expressed his reverent admiration for the part Russian women are playing in the war, and his hope and belief that the women of America would be equally inspiring, he acted last night as chairman of the anti-suffrage meeting at Utica.

An example of Hearstian camouflage is visible in the headline over the story from Utica—"Root Will Preside at Suffrage Meeting."

The war has made literary slackers of many writers. But among those who have not fluffed their writing jobs is Second Lieutenant A. A. Milne, whose "From a Full Heart" has been reprinted twice in this column, and whose "One Star," from Punch, follows:

Occasionally I receive letters from friends whom I have not seen lately addressed to Lieutenant M—— and apologizing prettily inside in case I am by now a colonel; in drawing-rooms I am sometimes called "Captain-er"; and up at the Fort the other day a sentry of the Royal Defence Corps, wearing the Crécy medal, mistook me for a Major, and presented crossbows to me. This is all wrong. As Mr. Garvin well points out, it is important that we should not have a false perspective of the War. Let me, then, make it perfectly plain—I am a Second Lieutenant.

When I first became a Second Lieutenant I was rather proud. I was a Second Lieutenant "on probation." On my right sleeve I wore a single star. So:

*

(on probation, of course).

On my left sleeve I wore another star. So:

*

(also on probation).

They were good stars, none better in the service; and as we didn't like the sound of "on probation" Celia put a few stitches in them to make them more permanent. This proved effective. Six months later I had a very pleasant note from the King telling me that the days of probation were now over, and making it clear that he and I were friends.

I was now a real Second Lieutenant. On my right sleeve I had a single star. Thus:

*

(not on probation).

On my left sleeve I also had a single star. In this manner:

*

This star also was now a fixed one.

From that time forward my thoughts dwelt naturally on promotion. There were exalted persons in the regiment called Lieutenants. They had two stars on each sleeve. So:

* *

I decided to become a Lieutenant.

Promotion in our regiment was difficult. After giving the matter every consideration I came to the conclusion that the only way to win my second star was to save the Colonel's life. I used to follow him about affectionately in the hope that he would fall into the sea. He was a big, strong man and a powerful swimmer, but once in the water it would not be difficult to cling round his neck and give an impression that I was rescuing him. However, he refused to fall in. I fancy that he wore somebody's Military Soles which prevent slipping.

Years rolled on. I used to look at my stars sometimes, one on each sleeve; they seemed very lonely. At times they came close together; but at other times, as, for instance, when I was semaphoring, they were very far apart. To prevent these occasional separations Celia took them off my sleeves and put them on my shoulders. One on each shoulder. So:

*

And so:

*

There they stayed.

And more years rolled on.

One day Celia came to me in great excitement.

"Have you seen this in the paper about promotion?" she said eagerly.

"No; what is it?" I asked. "Are they making more generals?"

"I don't know about generals; it's Second Lieutenants being Lieutenants."

"You're joking on a very grave subject," I said seriously. "You can't expect to win the War if you go on like that."

"Well, you read it," she said, handing me the paper. "It's a committee of Mr. Winston Churchill's."

I took the paper with a trembling hand, and read. She was right! If the paper was to be believed, all Second Lieutenants were to become Lieutenants after eighteen years' service. At last my chance had come.

"My dear, this is wonderful," I said. "In another fifteen years we shall be nearly there. You might buy two more stars this afternoon and practise sewing them on, in order to be ready. You musn't be taken by surprise when the actual moment comes."

"But you're a Lieutenant *now*," she said, "if that's true. It says that 'after eighteen months——'"

I snatched up the paper again. Good Heavens! it was eighteen *months*—not years.

"Then I *am* a Lieutenant," I said.

We had a bottle of champagne for dinner that night, and Celia got the paper and read it aloud to my tunic. And just for practice she took the two stars off my other tunic and sewed them on this one—thus:

* * * *

And we had a very happy evening.

"I suppose it will be a few days before it's officially announced," I said.

"Bother, I suppose it will," said Celia, and very reluctantly she took one star off each shoulder, leaving the matter—so:

* *

And the months rolled on.

And I am still a Second Lieutenant . . .

I do not complain; indeed I am even rather proud of it. If I am not gaining on my original one star, at least I am keeping pace with it. I might so easily have been a corporal by now.

But I should like to have seen a little more notice taken of me in the Gazette. I scan it every day, hoping for some such announcement as this:

**"Second Lieutenant M—— to remain a Second Lieutenant."**

Or this:

**"Second Lieutenant M—— to be seconded and to retain his present rank of Second Lieutenant."**

Or even this:

**"Second Lieutenant M—— relinquishes the rank of Acting Second Lieutenant on ceasing to command a Battalion, and reverts to the rank of Second Lieutenant."**

Failing this, I have thought sometimes of making an announcement in the Personal Column of The Times:

"Second Lieutenant M—— regrets that his duties as a Second Lieutenant prevent him from replying personally to the many kind inquiries he has received, and begs to take this opportunity of announcing that he still retains a star on each shoulder. Both doing well."

But perhaps that is unnecessary now. I think that by this time I have made it clear just how many stars I possess.

One on the right shoulder. So:

*

And one on the left shoulder. So:

*

That is all.

Steel has been reduced in price, but the price fixers have not got around to the profiteering restaurants yet. Two restaurants near this office charge 30c for ice cream and 25c for pie.

The other day the Chicago Evening Post spoke of "Cleopatrick's Needle"; and Nate Salsbury, the Post's colyumist, suggests that she was the girl who had the affair with McAntony.

The Height of Nerviness, according to Maurice: "Sitting on the fire-escape of a flat overlooking the open-air movies, and hissing when the film jumps off the reel."

Overheard on the University Heights tennis courts: "He'll do like he did to Harry and I."

"If the war continues," says the Kaiser, "it is not Germany's fault."

**That makes us feel terribly self-conscious.** F. P. A.

# The Drama

## "The Riviera Girl" Is Adorned by Wilda Bennett

"The Riviera Girl," a musical comedy, with music by Emmerich Kalman, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Presented by Klaw & Erlanger, at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

THE CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Selva Vareska | Wilda Bennett |
| Baron Ferrier | J. Clarence Harvey |
| Charles Lorenz | Arthur Buckler |
| Gustave | Eugene Lockhart |
| Anatole (English) | Frank Farrington |
| Sam Springer | Sam Hardy |
| Birdie Springer | Juliette Day |
| Count Michael Lorenz | Louis Casavant |
| Cleo | Bessie Gros |
| Julie | Florence Delmar |
| Lorelle | Mae Carmen |
| Babette | Ethel Delmar |
| Victor de Berryl | Carl Gantvoort |
| Old Rigg | William Sadler |
| Claire Ferrier | Viola Cain |
| The Butterfly | Marjorie Bentley |
| Daisy | Marjorie Bentley |
| Paul | J. Lowe Murphy |
| The New Star | Louise Evans |

By Ralph Block

Into a musical stage that is so often drab, so rarely splendid in fulfilment as well as promise, the adornements of "The Riviera Girl" come like a summer wind blowing fresh from a field of flowers. Music that follows the richly devious paths of Hungarian melody, a style of stage decoration so imaginative as to carry the eye and the mind far way from the narrow walls of a theatre, and the charming voice and presence of Wilda Bennett—all these distinguish the new musical comedy at the New Amsterdam Theatre alike from the heavily weighted comedies of yesteryear and the light and frothy musical shows of to-day.

Only the tale that Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse, those twins of the musical stage, have fashioned must take a hesitating scrutiny and the narrowed eyelid; not for what it does lack in itself but for what little measure of good qualify it does present by the side of so much splendor, so much accompanying delicacy and magnificence. It is passable enough, indeed, alone, albeit with memories giving the echo here and there—this tale of a variety singer at Monte Carlo, beloved by a noble youth, who cannot win his father's consent to a marriage. The young man schemes to wed her first to a penniless baron, and, once with a title gained, to get her a divorce and marry her himself. But his father takes a hand in the scheme, making sure the baron is a false one, and that once he has his bride he will refuse to give her up.

It is the baron who is the surprise of the plot, turning out no baron at all, but a prince. Thus the lady weds him after all; the young man is consoled with another, and the finale of convention is achieved without mishap. All this is novel enough, and gives Mr. Josef Urban, the painter, more than the opportunity he needs. But somehow as a story it lacks the grace of its adornments, of those things and people that dress it up. It is just a little mean, with too much passing of bribes, too much of that cynicism which is well enough under its own frank declaration, but seems somehow out of place in what at moments passes into the finer atmosphere of light opera.

Yet it is ingratitude itself to carp at the Bolton and the Wodehouse for the tale they have fashioned, for do they not, after all, create the frame which makes the sight of Miss Bennett possible again? Not that any trick of Fate could have kept her from Broadway, for so much of grace and so much understanding could not have remained long hidden. Her voice is fine and clear, and has grown in richness and range. The Riviera girl acts as well as she sings, with a delicate grace. Only her dancing is sometimes inexpert.

But if Miss Bennett is half of the entertainment of the play, Mr. Urban, once more the silent actor, is at least a five-sixths. Out of the empyrean blue, the golden hue of oranges and those rich purples of the Mediterranean he has fashioned three settings that give new distinction to the art of the stage—an art that until late years was more foolish than learned. Even casually these settings are beautiful, but to a closer scrutiny they disclose harmonies of line and color that can give a deeper satisfaction to a public starved so much in the theatre by the thinness of æsthetic fare.

The remaining one-sixth of satisfaction is composed of the excellencies of the Kalman music, the comedy of Sam Hardy, who relieves the inevitable American tourist of much that is inane and last night sang a very funny song full of all the words rhyming with Quogue; the all too infrequent dancing of a young woman named Marjorie Bentley, and the beauties of intelligent costuming and of a well trained ensemble.

## "Brandel" a Startling Melodrama of the Old School

"Branded," a drama in four acts, by Oliver D. Bailey. Presented by the author, with Christine Norman, at the Fulton.

THE CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Ruth Belmar (Barrow) | Christine Norman |
| Billy Pittman | Dwight A. Meade |
| William Pittman, sr. | Walter Craven |
| Dolly "Dot" Belmar | Blanche Moulton |
| "Velvet" Kraft | Geoffrey Stein |
| Oliver Merrill | Guy Bitner |
| Amos | G. Lester Paul |
| Douglas Courtney, sr. | Frank Macdonald |
| Mrs. Courtney, sr. | Jennie Eliison |
| Douglas Courtney, jr. | A. H. Van Buren |
| "Silver" | John F. Webber |
| Rosolinda | Dorothy Burton |
| Dora | Agnes Findlay |
| Tony | H. H. McCollum |

Chockful of shocks, and quite overwhelming in its entirety, "Branded" is one of the most startling plays since the era of old-fashioned melodrama. It is a direct descendant of the old melodrama, in fact, modified by film methods. The only way to describe it in a phrase is to liken it to a fifteen-reel serial cut to four reels. The story is one of human persecution, the fiendish hounding of an innocent woman until the cup of anguish is filled to overflowing and keeps on spilling over. And the moral of it all is that sweet and innocent young girls cannot be too careful about selecting their parents, especially their mothers.

Now, all this does not mean that large audiences may not fall under the spell of the players, but they must be prepared to find the recent practices in play writing thrown to the winds. It might prepare the minds of spectators if the programme indicated the episodic nature of the entertainment. The first and second acts are practically separate playlets in themselves, while the third and fourth make another.

The drama affords Christine Norman an exceptional opportunity for a display of virtuosity in the various agonies of the heroine's fortunes. At the outset she is a young girl in a fashionable school. At the moment when she is about to admit her love for a wealthy suitor the first blow falls. A woman of coarse manners, ac companied by a young scion of the under world who bears all the earmarks of the conventional cadet, comes to the school to claim her daughter. A providential policeman recognizes the beldame and her coworker as bad eggs and saves the girl, but the caddish suitor has not the moral courage to go on with the marriage.

So far there is nothing to show that there is to be any radical departure from the modern methods of crooky drama in a drawing room set, nor is there in the second, in which, three years later, the unfortunate heroine has made a happy start, and, as Mrs. Courtney, is the wife of a rich and handsome American, living in Paris, who is in a somewhat inexplicable but blissful state of ignorance as to her antecedents. It soon appears that Mrs. Courtney is paying heavy blackmail. She has had to sell some of her diamonds and replace them with paste. Finally, she is unable to pay any more. Her mother's former companion now comes on the scene and declares in a most unfeeling way that he will continue to collect from her husband.

Courtney is a noble fellow. He stands by his wife. Apparently the blackmailers are foiled, but the Fate plays with loaded dice. When the husband learns that his wife has been to the hotel where the blackmailer is "stopping" he loses all faith. It is in vain that she points out the occasion of her visit to the hostelry, which was to pay the hush money. All is ended.

Seventeen years later the persistent villain has Mrs. Courtney still in his power. It might seem that he would take little satisfaction in hounding a poor, broken woman, who is addicted to drugs, but through all his course has been directed by foresight as well as enterprise. Mrs. Courtney's daughter, whom he has given the benefits of an expensive education, is now of an age suitable to a lucrative but unlawful transaction. The agonized mother knows that the trap is about to be sprung, but is powerless to interfere.

The last act finds the young girl at the acme of peril in an infamous den. But the villains have been betrayed by one of their victims. The father, inexplicably absent for so many years, comes to the rescue, and after the gunplay there is a happy ending.

Such a summary is unfair to the players, who do the utmost with their material. The performance, however, has not the cumulative effect of a connected story. It might be well to give it on the plan of the Chinese theatre, so that spectators would not be expected to sit throughout the entire performance, but might drop in casually to enjoy the portions to their taste.

J. A. P.

## Chaplin to Get Million For 8 Screen Pictures

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 24.—Charlie Chaplain, who has been amusing the public for years with his antics on the screen, to-day amused himself by signing a contract with The First National Exhibitors' Circuit, whereby the comedian receives $1,000,000 for a series of eight two-reel pictures.

### The Palace Pleases

Patrons of the Palace Theatre will find several numbers to warm up to this week. Among them are the excellent war films depicting the "Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras," "The Naughty Princess," described as a farcical operetta in five scenes, and Robert Edeson and company in a playlet entitled "Flying Arrow." Wellington Cross also pleases especially with two or three nifty little songs.

The operetta might be taken seriously as a parody on current musical comedy. It is crammed with surprising if vaguely related incidents, the scenes showing "The Flames of Hades," "The War-Ridden Map of Europe," "In the Flames of Hades," "A Honeymoon Cottage at Palm Beach," "The Interior of Honeymoon Cottage." The last scene is reminiscent of "Twin Beds," but not unpleasantly so. The cast and chorus are numerous and the musical numbers plentiful.

The public are beginning to get accustomed to Mr. Edeson as an Indian and like him that way. There is nothing very powerful about the little drama, but it seemed to take. Mr. Edeson's costume shows unequivocally that his accent should not be taken for County Clare. The other numbers include Truly Shattuck and Emma O'Neil, George White and Emma Haig in "A Dance of Ideas," and James and Bonnie Thornton.

### Laurette Taylor Comes Back

"Out There," Hartley Manners's success of last season, was presented last night at the Liberty Theatre for a second run. There is no reason why it should not prove popular again. It is played by the same cast, with Laurette Taylor starring, of course, for otherwise it would not satisfy New York audiences. She has a new speech in the last act, which is all that was required to bring the play up with the hour.

## Plays and Players

"Oh, Boy!" the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern musical comedy, now in its second season, celebrates the 250th performance of its run to-night at the Princess Theatre.

David Belasco presented "Tiger Rose," a play of the great Northwest, by Willard Mack, in the Belasco Theatre in Washington last night. In the cast are Lenore Ulrich, William Courtleigh, Willard Mack, Thomas Findlay and Pedro de Cordoba. The play will open in the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Wednesday evening, October 8.

Edward B. Perkins presented "The Red Clock," a musical fantasy, in Buffalo last night. Val Crawford wrote the book, Schuyler Green the lyrics and Silvio Hein the music.

"The Pipes of Pan," by Edward Childs Carpenter, author of "The Cinderella Man," which is to be the second production of the season by Selwyn & Co., goes into rehearsal on October 1. It will be seen at a Broadway theatre early in November.

## Seminary Girls at Columbia

"Reilly and the Seminary Girls" are at the Columbia this week, with Jack Conway appearing as Reilly and the remainder of the cast furnishing the inmates of the seminary.

The first scene was laid at the seminary, which was quite different from all other seminaries, because strange and often uncouth men wandered in and out, the janitor used the front door and entertained visitors on the lawn and the college gowns were made knee length and worn over pink tights.

But possibly whoever designed the costumes was swayed by motives other than those of holding the mirror up to nature.

The chorus was much in evidence, but not too much, as it is a decidedly good-looking chorus, which can dance and sing. That is more than can be said of some of the principals.

# Enemies Within

## An Idea of How the People's Council Works at, Say, Cincinnati

[Copyright, 1917, by The Tribune Association (New York Tribune)]

A GOOD idea of the manner of working of the People's Council can be got from the organization of the Cincinnati branch. This branch was organized in the offices of Colon Schott, a lawyer, who has been very pro-German in his talk about the war. Another of the organizers was Daniel Kiefer, chairman of the Fels Fund Commission, who is a radical Socialist and prominent in the struggle against conscription. Speeches were made by Schott, Kiefer and others, explaining that the object of the organization was to prevent in every manner possible the draft of young men for service in France. All men present who had registered under the conscription law were instructed to leave their names with the secretary.

"Comrade" Rothenberg, of Cleveland, one of the organizers of the Socialist party, made a speech in which he said that this was a commercial war boosted by Morgan and the munition manufacturers, while the lying press of the country was deceiving the people at the orders of the government and the millionaires. Men in power might put the members of the organization in jail, he said, but that would not stop the movement. Russia had revolted, Spain was about to throw off the yoke of the master, Italy would soon follow, and that might not be the end.

Kiefer and Schott both said that the people should call upon President Wilson to stop the war, apologize for it and declare it was a mistake to get in it. The money that had been invested would be lost, but we could save our men. Schott said the country never was in favor of war, and the purpose of forming these branches of the People's Council was to prevent war and to affiliate with anybody who opposed war.

"We are to get as many people in this body as we can," he said. "We are to hold meetings and stir up all the feeling we can against war, and when we get a large body together we will hold street meetings and parades and demand of our Congressmen and Senators that they demand peace at once."

Kiefer asked for the names of all the men who had registered under the conscription law. He said that the New York office wanted a list of all those who had registered, and would do everything possible to prevent their being taken for the army.

The next meeting was held in the rooms of the Rev. E. J. Bigelow, in the Odd Fellows' Temple. Bigelow is a protégé of Kiefer. It was announced at this meeting that the organization had received a large number of copies of the speeches of Representative Crosser, of Ohio, and Senator La Follette, attacking the conscription law. Crosser, it was said, would let his frank be used for mailing this literature, but La Follette sent instructions that his speeches should be put in another envelope and stamped in the regular way.

Sixteen mail sacks of these speeches had been delivered in bulk to the offices of Daniel Kiefer, and from there transferred to the Odd Fellows' Temple. The members of the People's Council were urged to get a supply of the speeches and mail them around the country.

In a speech made before the Philadelphia branch of the People's Council July 21, Kiefer said:

"We are at war, not because we are attacked, but because certain persons with authority wish to have us at war, regardless of necessity and regardless of the popular wishes. We have been told that it is a war for democracy. Well, any people that are determined to have democracy can have it without war. When Russia definitely decided to send the Czar a-packing she did not need to wait for a victory over Germany to do so. She simply sent him away. We can get democracy in the United States, too, whenever we get as ready for it as Russia is."

Included in the literature sent out by the People's Council is a leaflet addressed to the "PEOPLE OF AMERICA." It carries appeals to the MOTHERS OF AMERICA, the FARMERS OF AMERICA, the WORKERS OF AMERICA, and the LIBERALS OF AMERICA. To the mothers of America it says:

**"The President said in his Flag Day speech, 'We are about to bid it may be millions of our young men,—the young, the strong, the capable men of the nation—to die on fields of blood far away.' Mr. Hoover asks you to "buy less and serve smaller portions" to your children at home. War means hunger and desolation. YOU WANT PEACE!"**

To the farmers it says:

"Your toil feeds war. The food you win from Nature by hours of weariness, in cold and heat, is no longer coming back to you in necessities and comforts. It is no longer making easier the lot of your fellowmen. YOU WANT PEACE!"

To the workers:

"Your labor pays the final cost of the war. You work harder. You get less. Wages do not meet the increased cost of food. Your rights are threatened. Congress has passed a law that can stop strikes. War means your work is wasted. YOU WANT PEACE!"

To the liberals:

"War conscripts your minds and hearts. The hard-won rights of free speech, free press and peaceful assemblage are threatened with violence. At least eight radical papers have been denied the use of the mails. War crushes criticism, halts progress and enslaves the people. YOU WANT PEACE!"

The final declaration of this leaflet is for revolution. It is:

"Together, Americans, we can conquer war. Our hope lies in one great body of millions and millions of men and women, joining their economic power, their political power, their brains and their money for one supreme cause. The Russian people rule. We can rule!"


NEW YORK'S LEADING THEATRES AND SUCCESSES

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, WEST 42 St. Evgs. 8:15. First Mat. To-mor'w, 2:15. The Melodies of Emmerich Kalman The Wit of Bolton and Wodehouse The Scenic Splendors of Urban The Superlatively Competent Cast ARE CAMEO POINTS OF KLAW & ERLANGER'S ONE BEST MUSICAL COMEDY BET THE RIVIERA GIRL IT IS SO DIFFERENT SO BEAUTIFUL SO JOYOUSLY INSPIRED It made the New Amsterdam Theatre last night a scene of the greatest enthusiasm in all its wonderful history. AFTER THE PERFORMANCE ROOF Meeting Place of The World ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC

GEO. M. COHAN THEA., B'y & 43. Evs. 8:25. FIRST MAT. TO-M'W. 2:25. TO-NIGHT at 8:25 HERE COMES THE BRIDE

GAIETY B'way & 46th St. Evenings 8:20. Mats. TO-M'W & Sat. at 2:20. THE TARKINGTON-STREET COMEDY, The Country Cousin with ALEXANDRA CARLISLE. "Will make a million dollars."—Globe.

LIBERTY WEST 42 ST. Evenings 8:20. Mats. TO-MOR'W & Sat. at 2:25. Laurette Taylor in J. Hartley Manners' Play "Out There"

THEDA BARA IN CLEOPATRA

BELASCO WEST 44 ST. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:30. Polly With a Past

HUDSON THEATRE, WEST 44 STREET. Mats. TO-M'W & Sat. at 2:30. GOOD NIGHT PAUL "Laughs Enough to Make Ten Shows."

ELTINGE WEST 42 STREET. Evenings 8:30. Mats. TO-MOR'W & Sat. at 2:30. Business Before Pleasure with Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr

EMPIRE Broadway & 40 St. Evenings at 8:15. MATINEES TO-MOR'W & SAT. at 2:20. JULIA SANDERSON JOSEPH CAWTHORN in the new Musical Comedy RAMBLER ROSE "A distinct hit."—Alan Dale. "Never failed to give fresh delight."—Times. "Succeeded gloriously."—Tribune. "Gales of laughter."—Journal. "The music and the fun kept pace with the ever-changing scenes."—Herald.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, B'way & 38 St. Evs. 8:25. Mats. TO-MORROW & Sat., 2:25. GEORGE ARLISS in his new play "HAMILTON" "FAR FINER, NOBLER AND TRUER THAN DISRAELI"—Times.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK'S 44TH ST. THEATRE To-night 8:15 Matinees TO-MORROW & Sat., 2:15. "HITCHY-KOO" An Intimate Revue, with Raymond Hitchcock, Grace La Rue William Rock & Frances White Leon Errol, Irene Bordoni

FULTON WEST 46 ST. Evenings at 8:30. FIRST MAT. TO-MORROW, 2:15. BRANDED with CHRISTINE NORMAN

COHAN & HARRIS W. 42 St. Evs. 8:20. Mats. To-m'w & Sat. Funniest American Comedy of Recent Years. A TAILOR MADE MAN with GRANT MITCHELL

THEDA BARA IN CLEOPATRA

HARRIS WEST 42 ST. EVENINGS 8:30. Mats. TO-MOR'W & Sat. at 2:30. DAYBREAK by JANE COWL and JANE MURFIN.

LYCEUM W. 45 St., n'r B'way. Evgs. 8:20. Matinee Thurs. and Sat. 2:20. LAST WEEK AT THIS THEATRE THE LASSOO by Co-Author of "The Boomerang."

REPUBLIC WEST 42 ST. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. To-mor'w, Sat. & Columbus Day JOHN BARRYMORE CONSTANCE COLLIER LIONEL BARRYMORE PETER IBBETSON

CRITERION B'way & 44 St. Mats. To-mor'w & Sat., 2:30. ROBERT HILLIARD THE SCRAP OF PAPER A brand new play—not a revival of the old one, dramatized by Owen Davis and Arthur Somers Roche, from the Sat. Eve. Post story.

ALADDIN WILLIAM FOX Presents AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP GEM OF ARABIAN NIGHTS TALES. GLOBE THEATRE B'WAY, 46 ST. Mats. For Comedy at 2; ALADDIN starts 3:30. Prices: Mats. 25-50c. Evgs., 8:30, 25c to $1.00.

CORT. 48 St., East of B'way. TO-NIGHT at 8:25 FIRST POPULAR MAT. TO-MOR'W, 50c to $1.50 MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Rachel Crothers. with EDITH TALIAFERRO.

469th Time! THE MAN WHO CAME BACK Playhouse W. 48th. Mats. To-m'w & Sat. Soldiers & Sailors in Uniform Half Price.

48TH ST. Thea., nr. B'way. Bry. 178. Evs. 8:20. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:20. GEORGE BROADHURST'S NEW COMEDY OVER THE PHONE LAST 7 TIMES.

SHUBERT THEA., 44th, W. of B'y. Evgs. 8. Matinees To-morrow & Sat., 2. First Musical Hit of the Season. MAYTIME Charles Purcell, Peggy Wood, William Norris

BOOTH 45th, West of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Matinees To-mor'w and Sat., 2:30. "DE LUXE ANNIE" A THRILLING MYSTERY DRAMA With Jane Grey and Vincent Serrano.

ASTOR B'way and 45th. Evenings 8:30. $1.50 Matinee To-morrow, 2:30. THE VERY IDEA!! Ernest TRUEX Richard BENNETT "Uproariously laughable throughout."—Tribune.

39TH ST. THEA. Evgs. 8:20. Mat. To-m'w, $1.50. Last Week. Allen Doone in "Lucky O'Shea." Mon., Oct. 1, "Mary's Ankle" (now at Bijou).

LONGACRE West 48 St. Evenings 8:15. Mats. To-mor'w & Sat., 2:15. ANOTHER SMASHING BIG MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS BY THE AUTHORS OF THE FAMOUS "OH BOY." LEAVE IT TO JANE Prettiest Chorus in New York.

BROADHURST Theatre, 44th, W. of B'way. Opens THURSDAY Mr. Faversham Presents Bernard Shaw's MISALLIANCE With Maclyn Arbuckle and Notable Cast. MATS. TUES. & SAT. PHONE BRYANT 64.

CASINO Broadway and 39th. Evgs. at 8:15. Matinees To-morrow and Sat., 2:15. LAST 7 TIMES LOVE O'MIKE

COMEDY 41st St., near B'way. Evgs. 8:45. Matinees Thurs. & Sat., 2:30. THE FAMILY EXIT A SMART COMEDY FOR SMART PEOPLE.

PRINCESS 39th, nr. B'way. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. To-morrow & Sat., 2:15. "OH BOY" "Smartest of musical comedies."—Ev. Sun.

BIJOU 45th, W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. To-mor'w & Sat., 2:30. Moves to 39th St. Thea. Mon., Oct. 1st. MARY'S ANKLE

LYRIC 42nd, West of B'way. Evgs. 8:15. $1.50 Matinee To-morrow, 2:15. GUY BATES POST in "The Masquerader."

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK'S 44th ST. THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, 8:15. Matinees To-morrow and Saturday, 2:15. HITCHY-KOO An Intimate Revue with Raymond Hitchcock, Grace La Rue, William Rock & Frances White, Leon Errol, Irene Bordoni.

Maxine Elliott's 39th, nr. B'way. Evgs. 8:30. $1.50 Matinee To-morrow, 2:30. MARJORIE RAMBEAU IN EYES OF YOUTH

STANDARD B'way & 90th. Evgs. 25c to $1. Matinee TO-DAY, 25c & 50c. A. H. WOODS Presents CHEATING CHEATERS

One of the most remarkable and noteworthy pictures of the year." Morning Telegraph. HERBERT BRENON'S FALL of the ROMANOFFS Based upon absolute facts furnished the producer by ILIODOR former confidant of RASPUTIN and confessor of the CZAR.

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NOW SHOWING POSITIVELY TWO WEEKS ONLY! LAST SHOWING SAT., OCT. 6. NO FREE LIST Seats for Entire Engagement on Sale Now Daily Matinee 3 P. M. Evening 8:30 P. M. BROADWAY THEATRE Direction STANLEY V. MASTBAUM Broadway at 41st St. Tel. Bryant 6841

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MANHATTAN Opera House, West 34th St. LAST 2 WEEKS The Most Wonderful Play in America. EXPERIENCE Bargain Mat. To-m'w. Best Seats, $1. Evgs. and Sat. Mats., 25c to $1.50. 300 Orch. Seats, all performances, only $1.

B. F. KEITH'S PALACE B'WAY & 47 ST. Daily Mats. 25c-$1 Robt. Edeson, Geo. White & Emma Haig, Wellington Cross, "The Naughty Princess," and Retreat of the Germans (3d Episode).

B. F. KEITH'S RIVERSIDE B'WAY & 96 ST. Joan Sawyer, Lucille Cavanagh, Futuristic Revue, 6 others. & Retreat of Germans at the Battle of Arras.

LOEW'S NEW YORK THEA. & ROOF. Cont. 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Roof to 1 A. M. —"THE LONE WOLF"—

Loew's American Roof 42 St., W. of B'y. Evgs. Eve. at 8.15. RAYMOND & CAVERLY, "WHEN WOMEN RULE" Smith & Troy, Great Santoll & 5 Others. All Seats Reserved 25, 35, 50

COLUMBIA B'way & 47th. Twice Daily 2:15 & 8:15. Popular Prices. LIBERTY GIRLS

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Cheer Up! AT THE HIPPODROME Matinee To-day. Best Seats $1 Evgs. 8:15 "Good for any kind of a grouch." Eve. World

RIALTO B'way, 42d. 15-25-50c. TAYLOR HOLMES in "Fools for Luck." Soloists. Educational. Incomparable Rialto Orchestra.

EXPOSITION CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES GRAND CENTRAL PALACE ALL THIS WEEK 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. DAILY ADMISSION 50 CENTS

ICELAND ICE SKATING B'way at 52nd St. Morn.—Aft.—Eve.

GREATEST CONCERT OF THE AGE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN SEPT. 27, AT 8 P. M. These artists have been engaged to appear: Schumann-Heink, Mischa Elman, Frances Alda, Percy Grainger, Giovanni Martinelli, Giuseppe de Luca, The Russian Symphony Orchestra. The only way to secure tickets is to subscribe to the HUMANITARIAN MAGAZINE 1799 Broadway or Tyson's Agencies (no extra) or Box Office, Carnegie Hall. 1 Ticket with 1 year's Subscription—$2.50. 2 Tickets with 3 years' Subscription—$4.50. ALL SEATS RESERVED. Phone Col. 5140.

PARK THEATRE, COLUMBUS CIRCLE, 59th ST. LAST 5 DAYS RASPUTIN 12 to 11 P. M. 25c & 50c

STRAND B'WAY & 47th ST. MADGE KENNEDY in "BABY MINE." Grace Hoffman, Herbert Waterous. Adv. Concerts Prices 15 Strand Symphony Orch. Adriano Artani, Cond.