GENEE DANCES IN NEW PLAY

"THE SILVER STAR" TO BE SEEN HERE TO-MORROW.

"Idols," a Dramatization of Locke's Novel, Opens at the Bijou, and Bert Williams Is Featured in a Musical Piece—News of Plays That Remain.

Adeline Genee, the dancer, will begin an engagement at the New Amsterdam theatre to-morrow evening in "The Silver Star," with Bickel and Watson, the comedians, in the big cast. Mlle. Genee herself is of course the wonder of the whole performance. Her dances will still be of the thistledown sort that first endeared her to her audiences, but they are said to be more varied, personal and less in the manner of the old French ballet. The five divertisements in which Genee appears are varied. The first, the fairy dance, is the twinkling, elfish measure of two years ago. The second is the "march militaire." The hornpipe in a gay little sailor's costume is the third She ends the first act by dancing up an incline backward on her toes, a feat of pure skill unparalleled on any stage in any country. The dance of the "Spirit of Champagne" in the second act is even more interpretive. In the third act Mlle. Genee as "Spring" reaches the zenith of her power. The play, by Harry B. Smith, with music by Jerome and Schwartz, Robert Hood Bowers and William A. Helon, is in three acts with four scenes. In the cast are Bickel and Watson, Barney Bernard, Lee Harrison, Mortimer Weldon, Nellie McCoy, Emma Janvier, Grace Ormonde and Clara Dayton.

"Idols," a dramatic version of William J. Locke's novel, will have its first New York presentation at the Bijou Theatre to-morrow night. The play was made by Roy Hornimann and was first produced in London more than a year ago, where it had long a run at the Garrick Theatre. The company which will produce it here includes Mabel Roebuck, Leonore Harris, Blanche Weaver, Orlando Daly, H. J. Carvill, Sheldon Lewis, Alexander Frank, S. F. Klawans, Harold Mead, Helen Orr Daly, Imogene Coleman and Joseph K. Whitmore. The scene of the play is laid in London and the story tells of the experience of *Hugh Coleman*, who is in danger of the gallows because of the selfishness of a woman he has secretly married, but is saved by the sacrifice of the wife of his closest friend. A trial scene furnishes the climax of the play.

"Mr. Lode of Koal" is the title of the new musical fantasy in which Bert A. Williams of Williams and Walker makes his début as a star to-morrow night at the Majestic theatre.

The only scene of the piece is laid in the courtyard of the *King Big Smoke*, ruler of the mythical Island of Koal, and the plot is as full of complications as is usually the case in a comic opera kingdom. Shipp and Rogers are responsible for the book and lyrics, and Rosamond Johnson furnished the score, which includes several numbers said to be worthy successors to his "Congo Love Song" and "Under the Bamboo Tree." There are also several additional numbers that have been furnished by Mr. Williams.

William Faversham's presentation of "Herod" at the Lyric Theatre is the biggest dramatic effort successfully accomplished that has been attempted on the New York stage this season. The training by Mr. Faversham of a company numbering two hundred people has been an arduous labor and that it was performed with great skill was made manifest at the first performance. The three productions that he has made since becoming an actor-manager have all been most artistic.

Margaret Anglin has in "The Awakening of Helena Richie" at the Savoy Theatre a production which has drawn capacity audiences ever since the first night. The hold which this play has on the public is due to its sympathetic quality, its bright scenes, pathetic moments and the excellent acting of Miss Anglin.

In his new play "The Builder of Bridges" even more than in his earlier play "The Walls of Jericho" the playwright Alfred Sutro has combined the safe ingredients of a successful comedy. While there was no thought of Kyrle Bellew when the play was being written, it is a safe saying that an entire canvass of the field of available American actors would not reveal a finer *Edward Thursfield*, gentleman as well as civil engineer, than Mr. Bellew.

Augustus Thomas's newest play, "The Harvest Moon," at the Garrick Theatre has taken a permanent hold upon the interest of every playgoer to whom the theatre is a place for the dramatic exposition of ideas as well as ideals. The process of hypnotic suggestion seems to have spread among playgoers who are drawn to the play.

The attendance upon John Drew in "Inconstant George" has had the result of postponing to another year Mr. Drew's intended appearance in a new Somerset Maugham comedy. "Inconstant George," at the Empire Theatre, has crowded out of all immediate consideration Mr. Drew's intended revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" as well. The rôle serves the purpose of exhibiting the comedian in a good example of genteel comedy.

Leo Fall, who wrote the score of "The Dollar Princess," has to thank New York for the fact that he is now a well known composer of light opera music. Fast upon the favorable reception of the piece at the Knickerbocker Theatre came the duplicate reception in London. Donald Brian and Valli Valli share the singing honors of the production here.

Charles Frohman's promise that in Bernstein's new play, "Israel," New York would see a play with all the technical perfection of "The Thief" and possessed of an even greater humanness than "Samson," appears to have been fulfilled. Constance Collier, Graham Browne and Edwin Arden take the leading parts. Action is to be seen in abundance at the Criterion Theatre as long as "Israel" remains.

To-morrow night "Arsène Lupin" will begin the eleventh week of its engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, and Charles Frohman plans that there will be several other periods of eleven weeks before "Arsène Lupin" changes its residence. One of the chief delights of the play has turned out to be the perplexity on the part of its audience as to the real identity of this prince of thieves.

Lew Fields's production of "The Midnight Sons" at the Broadway Theatre continues with its company of more than 200 people and its big scenes. Among the leading members of the company are Maud Lambert, Lotta Faust, Lillian Lee, George Schiller, Joseph Ratliff, Harry Usher, George Monroe and Vernon Castle.

Bertha Galland in "The Return of Eve" is the second of the Shubert attractions to be offered at the Academy of Music, where it will be seen for a week beginning to-morrow evening. This "modern fantasy" by Lee Wilson Dodd, in which Miss Galland is now appearing for her second season, tells the story of a girl brought up in a kind of modern Eden, sequestered from the world and worldly influences, who inherits an immense fortune and finds herself thrust into New York society.

In "The Girl and the Wizard" Sam Bernard is appearing at the Casino. Bernard appears as *Herman Schultz*, the "wizard" lapidary, and in addition to being funny he interprets the serious passages of the play with distinct pathos. "The Girl and the Wizard" is by J. Hartley Manners.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's New York season at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, which was scheduled to terminate at the end of a month's run, has been so successful that the run of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" has been indefinitely prolonged. It is extremely unlikely that the desire generally expressed for Forbes-Robertson's revival of "Hamlet" can be consummated this visit, owing to the absence of his scenery, properties and costumes and his popularity in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

James T. Powers in "Havana" will return to New York to-morrow for an engagement of a week at the West End Theatre.

Winchell Smith's play, "The Fortune Hunter," is at the Gaiety. This comedy contains the gospel of personal salvation preached whimsically and convincingly. John Barrymore, Mary Ryan, Hale Hamilton, Forrest Robinson, Eda Bruna and Edgar Nelson take the leading parts.

Nell (Mabel Taliaferro) in Frederic Thompson's production of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson's latest play, "Springtime," is at the Liberty Theatre. The dainty love story of *Gilbert* and *Madeleine* affords Nell scope for the full play of her talents. Earle Browne, Bijou Fernandez, William B. Mack, Joseph Brennan, Samuel Forrest and the others in the cast render able assistance. The scenic equipment is big and artistic.

Elsie Ferguson in "Such a Little Queen" at the Hackett Theatre continues to attract enthusiastic audiences. Miss Ferguson's delineation of the little Queen of Herzegovina, who finds herself a political refugee in America and is compelled to earn her bread by manual labor, affords many a laugh and a tear to the spectators of Channing Pollock's comedy.

"The Chocolate Soldier" is now at the Herald Square Theatre. The efforts of George Bernard Shaw and Oscar Strauss lose nothing at the hands of Ida Brooke Hunt, Flavia Arcaro, Edith Bradford, William Pruette, George Tallman, Francis J. Boyle and Thomas D. Richards.

"The Fourth Estate" is firmly established in favor at Wallack's. Charles Waldron, Pauline Frederick and Charles Stevenson interpret the leading rôles in the newspaper melodrama. The composing room scene in the last act never fails to draw out prolonged applause.

Viola Allen and her associate players in "The White Sister," James O'Neill, William Farnum, Minna Gale and the rest of the company, have only one more week at Daly's. After that the Marion Crawford play will go on the road.

Only one more week remains of William Hodge and "The Man From Home" at the Astor. On November 6, after a run of seventy weeks in New York at one theatre, *Daniel Voorhees Pike* will begin a swing around the circle of other cities.

Walker Whiteside and "The Melting Pot" have settled down for a run at the Comedy. Israel Zangwill's play is written around the making of the American. Sermons are being preached about it.

Raymond Hitchcock in "The Man Who Owns Broadway," is adding new drolleries to his performance at the New York Theatre. The musical play is purely and simply an entertainment, and the manner in which the author jests with the principles of technique and interpolates gags upon the unities of time, place and action is enough to make Aristotle, Boileau and Lessing groan in their graves.

Carl Milloecker's tuneful operetta, "Poor Jonathan," will be played most of this week at the Irving Place German Theatre. Friday evening will bring the first performance this season of Planquette's famous operetta, "The Chimes of Normandy," and it will be repeated on Saturday evening. Arthur Schnitzler's comedy drama in three acts, "Libelei," will be the attraction at Saturday's matinée.

"The Climax" continues at Joe Weber's Theatre. It will remain indefinitely. Leona Watson, who created the rôle of *Adelina*, and Effingham Pinto, the original *Pietro*, the young Italian composer, return to the New York cast to-morrow evening.

The attraction at the Metropolis Theatre this week will be "Two Women and That Man," recently seen at the Majestic Theatre. The same company and production will be seen. Henry D. Carey plays "that man," while Lucy Milliken and Fern Foster are the "two women."

Anna Held in "Miss Innocence" will be seen for the last times this season at the Grand Opera House, commencing to-morrow evening. Miss Held will be assisted by the New York Theatre company, which comprises Charles A. Bigelow, Lawrance D'Orsay, Gene Lunesca, Frances Farr, Alice Hegeman, John Reinhard, Maurice Hegeman, Millie Baker, Eunice Mackay, Elsie Hamilton, Violet Jewell, Beatrice Gladstone, William Powers, Marjorie Bonner, Bessie Fennell, Bonnie Hoyt and a large chorus.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" is now drawing near to the fourth month of its success at the Belasco Theatre, and the various members of the David Belasco company constituting its cast are happy in the anticipation that they will not have to leave New York until the summer vacation season.

Frances Starr, who is now in her second year with "The Easiest Way," continues to draw enthusiastic crowds at the Belasco Stuyvesant Theatre.

The last of his series of lectures at Carnegie Hall will be delivered by R. G. Knowles to-night. Next Sunday he begins a new series at Weber's Theatre.

Dwight M. Elmendorf begins his lecture series at Carnegie Hall on Sunday, November 14.

The Hippodrome continues to attract big audiences to the three spectacles "A Trip to Japan," "The Ballet of Jewels" and "Inside the Earth." The playhouse begins the ninth week of its season to-morrow. Among the scenic novelties may be mentioned the departure of an ocean liner from the dock; the Mikado's garden in Tokio with the fête of chrysanthemums in progress; the United States battle fleet on the move; the palace in the centre of the earth; the waterfall of living women, and the finale, when an army of silver clad soldiers, men and women, march into the water, disappearing from view.

Percy G. Williams throws open the doors of his new Bronx Theatre to-morrow night and the inauguration bill is evidence that the architectural features and furnishings of the theatre have not absorbed all of his attention. Chevalier, the great English mimic and impersonator, is the feature. Other acts include Jesse Lasky's Pianophiends, Ryan and Richfield, presenting a new skit entitled "Mag Haggerty, M. D."; Avery and Hart, colored comedians; the Farrell Taylor Trio in "The Minstrel Man"; Wormwood's Monkeys, Ed Morton, singing comedian; Ryan and White, dancers, and Wentworth, Vesta and Teddy, comedy acrobats

At Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre this week the offering includes Dazie, presenting her latest dance, "L'Amour de L'Artist," a pantomime in two scenes, with a company of twelve and augmented orchestra. The second and last week of the Johnson-Ketchel fight pictures is announced Other features include Ward and Curran in "The Terrible Judge," Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls in a young comic opera entitled "Graduation Day"; Oscar Loraine, the violinist; the Six Dixie Serenaders, Mallie and Bart, acrobats and Altus Brothers, club jugglers.

Howard and North in their skit, "Back in Wellington," will head the week's programme at Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre. Closely pressing them for honors will be The Great Lester, the ventriloquist; Ray Cox, the Dixie Girl; the Eight Palace Girls; Macart and Bradford in a tabloid comedy drama, "A Legitimate Holdup"; Warren and Blanchard, comedians with vocal and dancing ability; Bert Sheppard, Australia's whip crack, and Mareena, Navare and Mareena, equilibrists. On Tuesday evening election returns will be read from the stage.

George Beban and his associate players are featured at the Colonial Theatre this week in the dramatic playlet "The Sign of the Rose." Nella Bergen, the prima donna, will entertain with a budget of songs and Albert Whelan, the Australian comedian, will present his specialty. Peter, the man-monkey, is here for another week. Charles and Fannie Van will be seen in a comedy skit called "A Case of Emergency," Jones and Deely, blackface comedians, will offer their sketch, "Hotel Reckless," and the balance of the bill includes the Mermaids, Work and Ower, comedy acrobats, and the Daleys, expert skaters.

Yvette Guilbert, the Parisian chanteuse, makes her first Harlem appearance at the Alhambra in a number of English songs. Lottie Williams and company will offer a dramatic sketch by Edmund Day entitled "On Stony Ground," and Raymond and Caverly, the German comedians, will entertain with their talking skit and burlesque opera singing. Barrows, Lancaster and Company have a sketch called "Tacticks" and the Carmos, a European novelty juggling act, will perform.

At the American Music Hall "The Great Severin" will make his reappearance, the French pantomimist's present vehicle being entitled "One of the Infantry." Maude Odell, "the $10,000 beauty," will present a series of living pictures and physical culture demonstrations. George Fuller Golden will deliver his monologue and Sam Curtis and company in "After School" have a sketch full of mirth provoking situations. Rafayette's dogs, W. E. Whittle in "Nine P. M. at the White House," Josie McIntyre, singing comedienne; the Ishakawa Japs, gymnasts, and McCarthy and Major, singers and dancers, are others billed.

The Plaza Music Hall's programme is headed by Arthur Prince, the ventriloquist. Julian Eltinge in his feminine characterizations is retained for a second week. Sophie Tucker, a "coon shouter," will provide plenty of songs. The Marco Twins have a funny act and Walter James will offer an international monologue. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forbes have a comedy sketch entitled "A Wild Rose." The three Richardinis, newly imported from Europe, are gymnasts; Violinsky plays the violin and piano simultaneously, and Wood and Lawson present a singing and dancing specialty.

The company at the Murray Hill Theatre will be the Serenaders, headed by the comedian Bob Van Osten. Two farces, "The People's Choice" and "A Day Clerk," will be offered in addition to the olio.

Weber & Rush's Parisian Widows will be at Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall this week. "The Actors' Boarding House" will be the opening farce and "Fun in a Department Store" will close the performance.

The Eden Musée shows the candidates for Mayor in the central hall and other new wax groups this week. Otto Mueller, the self-confessed Islip assassin, is shown in his cell in the Chamber of Horrors.

IN BROOKLYN THEATRES.

"In Hayti" With McIntyre and Heath —"The Man of the Hour."

The return of McIntyre and Heath to Brooklyn will undoubtedly be welcomed by many who have seen these stars in various impersonations of the real "cullud" funmaker of the past. Their new musical comedy, to be seen at the Montauk this week, has been built on a most elaborate scale. The new work is called "McIntyre and Heath in Hayti," and tells of a struggle between two financiers to control the markets of Hayti and the entanglement of two rollicking darkies, a stranded theatrical troupe and two pairs of young lovers in the revolution that results. The sixteen musical numbers by Jerome and Schwartz are already heard in after theatre cafés everywhere as the result of the New York engagement.

This week the Crescent Stock Company will present the satire by the late Charles Hoyt, "A Contented Woman." It is particularly appropriate for election week as it is a political story and written about the early suffragettes as seen in Denver when women were first allowed to vote.

"The Man of the Hour," George Broadhurst's political play, will be at the Majestic this week. It should be of particular interest at this time.

At the Orpheum this week Sam Chip and Mary Marble will present a distinct vaudeville novelty in a sketch which is called "A Delft Dialogue with Ditties." Frank Fogerty, "The Man from Dublin," is also on hand with a budget of anecdotes. Millie Payne, who has been called "The Low Comedy Queen" in England, will make her American début here. A stirring dramatic playlet called "The Bandit" will be presented by E. F. Hawley and company, and a riddle of automata is offered by "The Motogirl."

Flo Irwin, the comedienne, will head the programme at the Greenpoint in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." Gus Edwards's "Blonde Typewriters," distinctly a "girl act," will be among the attractions here.

Harry Lauder, the Scotch singer and comedian, comes to the Fulton Theatre for the week at the head of a good vaudeville bill.

A good entertainment is promised at the Star Theatre this week, where the Jersey Lilies Extravaganza Company will open an engagement beginning with Monday's matinée. Two breezy musical comedies and a vaudeville olio of half a dozen numbers will make up the programme. Leon Errol, a resourceful comedian of unforced humor, is the leader of the combination.

Politics from a comic point of view is treated in "Sweeney's Finish," a musical comedy that has an important place on the programme of the Trocaderos, the organization that will provide the programme this week at the Gayety. It treats of the aspirations of two rival candidates. Another comedy, "The Isle of Nowhere," is a musical work of the spectacular order.

EXPLORING WITH PEARY

A TRIP TO THE POLE AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

The Sledge That Made the Journey Shown There With Trophies From the Arctic—Life of the Eskimos Pictured —Graphic Scenes From the Far North.

The path indicated by the arrow directing "Peary Exhibit" placard at the main entrance of the Museum of Natural History is the popular path nowadays. The arrows guide the way until, over near the western end of the building, they give place to a more imposing signpost. This is the storied lifeboat of the Polaris, the Arctic exploring ship lost in the ice thirty-six years ago, whose lifeboat was brought back by the 1906 expedition of Commander Peary.

From the weatherbeaten boat to the right the vista of the far north exhibit extends, skin wrapped pillars narrowing in perspective till they frame the flag draped Arctic landscape hung at the furthermost end of the west wing. American flags, too, decorate the entrance through which the visitor passes to meet the three Eskimo effigies sitting in the foreground with faces turned unblinkingly to the front either obligingly or to satisfy their own curiosity as to what sort these new neighbors may be.

At first glance all three appear to be women, but the ever present placards rectify this mistake. The bow driller and the thong binder, even though their long black tresses fall away femininely from a central part, are labelled as men from the north coast of Hudson Bay and from Smith Sound respectively. The third wax figure represents a woman from Cumberland Sound. Closer inspection reveals a slightly greater elaboration of coiffure, for she has braided her tresses and wrapped them coronet-wise about her head as though she, in her distant home, had heard the latest whisper of fashion from Paris that is responsible for the tightly bound heads in evidence of late along Fifth avenue.

These three figures illustrate native costumes and vocations. Bow drilling holes in wood so as to join together pieces is highly important, as in the far north wood is at a premium and little pieces are intricately patched together for sledges, sledge runners, bows and arrows. No less characteristic is the occupation of him who is thonging together the wooden parts, for in the rough bumping life of the Arctic sledge there is no place for anything so insecure as nails.

The woman is sewing, though her ivory needle and thread of animal sinews would scarcely be recognized as implements of the art. The three sitting at their simulated work make a vivid illustration of the possibilities of little things in the land of snow and ice.

Grouped within this first enclosure are many trophies of more individual and personal interest. Well to the fore, at the base of the column to the right and the column to the left are the very beds which accompanied the explorer on his travels and in which he slept out small allotted portions of the long, long night, or day. The beds are nothing but bags, tightly sewn bags of skins into which the sleeper could crawl.

Here too is a kayak or hunting boat, a skin covered, long narrow craft, closed over the top save for a manhole barely large enough for the hunter to sit in. Harpoons, lances, bows, arrows and all weapons are bound to the forward deck, space to the rear of the manhole being reserved for prospective game. There are sledges, big, little and middle sized; the smallest sledge was made for the explorer's baby daughter. It was in 1893 that it was built, and it is to be doubted whether its owner now, sixteen years after, could take a comfortable ice journey within its diminutive dimensions.

On beyond the demesne of the three Eskimos a second enclosure, bounded by similar skin draped pillars, skull heaped at the base, presents another aspect of the polar situation. The floor is here the point of interest, and from Greenland at the southern extremity to the pole at the northern extremity very properly a huge map has been painted. Channels and capes and lands with their various names and dates of discovery are properly placed, and a realistic air is given to it all by the miniature signposts of remarkably civilized, commonplace appearance revealing to the observer that the spot of their application is 500 miles from the pole, 400 miles, 300 miles and so on until the distance is zero and the pole has been reached.

There in Robeson channel, a meagre little step of 400 miles from the pole, just off Cape Sheridan, the diminutive Roosevelt rides at anchor, nose pointed to the north as though inquisitively sniffing at the broad yellow line which marks the footsteps of the explorer clear to the flag crowned stick, which, small and humble of appearance though it is, is the visual representation of that which caused it all, and the date upon which it was at last found out is written just below the flag.

Just north of the north pole—excusing the paradox—rises the most imposing part of the exhibit, comparatively huge blocks of snow and ice from which stuffed denizens of the ice country look down curiously upon the map of their discovery. The ice blocks and the heating apparatus of the room do not cause each other any inconvenience, as the former are constructed from a non-melting combination of white paper upon tiers of boxes. Nevertheless the big white polar bear who holds the position of honor in the centre looks as though he felt himself perfectly at home, and the musk oxen to his right and to his left front smilingly forward and out to meet the particularly fitting upward glance of the seals placed on either side, down below at the bases of the pillars.

Around to the rear on the downward slope may be seen in reduplication the valuable walrus, blear eyed and feathery whiskered. He is highly prized because of his tusks, which are used for tipping weapons, because of his skin, which is used for tents, and because of his skeleton, which is fashioned into implements for the household.

Seal of course are present with their familiar, upturned, gasping expression, and a typical Eskimo dog with a jaunty upcurled tail and a sorrowful glass eye. He is completely harnessed as when hitched to a sledge and does not look as fierce as his Arctic wolf ancestry would warrant. The little white fox near by looks savage enough, and further on the Arctic hare of white fur smiles out upon the strange-familiar surroundings.

Perhaps most strange to its eye is the tall can in one corner at the base of a pillar matching a heap of skulls across the way. It is a fire extinguisher, a thing which the cold weather denizens, even if they knew of it at home, would probably never want to make use of.

The visitors generally promenade about the three central compartments first, but by no means the least interesting part of the exhibit is found in the glass cases ranged around the walls and the roped off enclosures at their base. Here at one side, upon a thick, soft, generous sized bed of white caribou skins, reposes the sledge whose replica will no doubt grace the anniversary celebrations of centuries to come—the very vehicle that made the journey to the pole. It resembles the sledges used by Peary in his previous expeditions except that it is more stoutly constructed, having no nails whatever, but being joined with stout jolt resisting thongs. Scarred and weather beaten, it does not present a single attractive feature, and yet despite this and the fact that it is not much unlike any of the other sledges exhibited it remains the centre of interest

Fashions in Arctic wearing apparel are amply displayed in the wall cases. A single fabric seems to be the fashion, and that every year and the year around. Sealskin is used not only for jackets but for the nether part of the costume as well, for boots and bonnets and gloves and curious looking little objects which resemble nothing so much as bedroom slippers. Raw and tanned skins are displayed, and as for the cut the main object does not seem so much in the direction of beautiful appearance as of getting the body as closely covered as possible with the least hindrance to locomotion.

Of all the skins none is more interesting than the heap from a herd of Peary caribou, taken in 1906 when in Grantland. He came upon the creatures, which were previously unknown and which have been named for him. The thirty animals in the herd were killed, and the pile of skins is the trophy, surmounted by one stuffed specimen, a rather small, white, brown tinged creature of bovine appearance, with long, slender, spreading antlers and forehead horn. The animals have been frequently met since and it is thought there must be several hundreds of the species roaming the Arctic regions.

One of the wall cases holds a collection which appeals primarily to the scientific mind, the scientific instruments used by the explorer on his journeys. Of more general interest on account of its curious appearance is the odometer, a peculiar wheelbarrow shaped implement which is used to record distances.

Books of Arctic explorations by many authors of many endeavors from many countries make up the exhibit under the division labelled "a century of polar explorations." The limited bird life is also displayed. Specimens of rock pheasants, of the snowy feathered ptarmigan, of the loon, of the goose of several varieties show that there is some provision made even in that country for every variety of life. Almost pathetic is the little group of rough implements displayed which the natives manufactured from brass lost there from an expedition. It tells the story of the country and the people where no opportunity is let go to waste.

MYSTERY OF A HERRING.

A Bismarck Specimen Urged Upon Two Astonished Women.

Two women went into a restaurant near the Grand Central Station for luncheon the other day, looked over the bill of fare and with a promptness which, considering their sex, was somewhat disconcerting signified to the waiter that they were ready to give their order.

Taking out his pencil and pad he cocked the side of his head toward them and proceeded to jot down the items. Perhaps his surprise at such unparalleled absence of the usual feminine dallying scattered his wits. Perhaps he had cocked his worst ear toward the table. Anyway he boggled the order a good deal.

The women took clam broth, steak, stuffed peppers, salad and coffee. He had to have most of it repeated two or three times, so it was not to be wondered at that as the woman who was giving the order laid down the bill of fare the other should say somewhat impatiently:

"And bring it as quickly as you can We're in a hurry."

The waiter fussed over his writing a minute, then said:

"Beg pardon! What else?"

"I said to bring it right away; we're in a hurry."

Again he hesitated.

"What was that?" he asked.

In chorus the two women reiterated that they wanted the order served promptly, and the first woman wound up distinctly: "We're in a hurry!"

The waiter wrote something more on the pad and disappeared. He soon brought the clam broth and then the other dishes in succession. All was going well when, after serving the salad, he lingered in evident disquiet of mind and haltingly remarked:

"I suppose that was a Bismarck herring," with the accent on the "Bismarck."

The women stared at him and asked what he had said.

"It was a Bismarck herring you wanted, wasn't it?" he stammered.

The women looked at him and then at each other in bewilderment. One of them said to him: "I don't know what you mean." He repeated his plaintive inquiry, with the accent on the Bismarck; and the women, utterly dumfounded, stared again. Finally one of them said:

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Why," said the waiter, "you said you wanted a herring and I'm asking if it's a Bismarck herring you want."

A gleam of comprehension lighted the face of one of the women.

"A herring!" she exclaimed. "I said we were in a hurry!"

Then they were amazed to find that hurry did sound a good deal like herring.

NEW BRONX THEATRE TO OPEN.

Percy Williams's Playhouse Receives Its First Audience To-morrow.

Percy G. Williams will open his new Bronx Theatre to-morrow. Among the many improvements in the auditorium that which strikes the auditor most pleasingly is the absence of posts. Complete view of the stage can be had from any seat in the house. The aisles too are very much broader and more commodious than are usually found.

The orchestra contains twenty-four rows, giving a total of 700 seats. Each floor contains handsome parlors and retiring rooms for the comfort and use of the women patrons of the Bronx Theatre, while the wants of mere man are looked after by a large and commodious smoking and lounging room, situated in the basement. Distinctive of all the Williams theatres are the balcony boxes, eleven in number, each seating eight persons.

In point of safety the theatre is secure, there being no less than twenty-one separate exits. The building is said to be as nearly "strictly fireproof" as a theatre can be made. The construction consists solely of steel and stone, concrete and brick.

Profited by Experience.

From the Youth's Companion.

In the gray light of early morning the traveller in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before to-night I shall look up other lodgings."

"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied, respectfully.

The traveller smiled ironically.

"If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"It is occupied, sir."

"I know it is. By a man who snored all night, and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."

"The beds are all alike, sir. That man has been here before and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

Game Protection Up-State.

From the Wayne Democratic Press.

Game protectors throughout the county ought to give more protection to pheasants than those fine birds are now receiving. While there is no evidence that these birds are being slaughtered contrary to law, such is nevertheless a fact, as related by housewives and others who talk too much.

One farmer in South Lyons has become so disgusted in his attempt at protecting his flock that he has invited a number of sportsmen to visit his premises and clean out the whole lot, so that he won't be bothered any longer either by pheasants or trespassers.

RARE COINS SELDOM DUG UP

A FEW EXCEPTIONS THAT HELP TO PROVE THE RULE.

The Credulous Often Deceived When Viewing Greek and Roman Ruins—A $6,200 Gold Coin Unearthed in Philadelphia—Find at Portsmouth, N. Y.

Every old coin that a workman finds while making an excavation is always thought to be of great value, and often when an old corroded copper piece the design of which can scarcely be made out comes to light in this manner some one present will offer for it a figure that probably would get for him fifty coins of exactly the same character and in an excellent state of preservation at any well stocked coin dealer's.

Certain persons in those ancient cities of Europe which are much visited by tourists take advantage of this weakness, and around famous ruins in Rome and Greece the tourist is often offered an old copper coin which has just been found on that very spot. It is nearly always offered at a figure which although it does not seem high to the tourist when he considers the age of the coin, perhaps struck before the Christian era, still results in a very fine profit to the vender.

Old Roman and Grecian coins exist by the peck, and often an urn containing hundreds of these pieces in either silver or copper is uncovered unexpectedly by plough or shovel in Continental countries. Of course there are many rare varieties of these coins, but the average copper coin of Rome or Greece is common and commands no more of a premium than a common copper issue of the present century.

There is, however, always a possibility of a rare ancient copper coin being picked up. Just the other day the cashier of a prominent Brooklyn bank casually drew the attention of a coin expert to an old copper coin which he was wearing on his watch chain, the design of which was gradually becoming obliterated. The coin had been presented to the cashier by a friend who collected coins, but who was not especially versed in the varieties of the ancient coins.

Even the coin expert to whom the cashier at first referred was unable to inform him definitely of the coin's character and value and it was finally turned over to a Frenchman who all his life had made a study of the coins of Rome and Greece. The latter immediately became enthusiastic over the piece, examined it carefully and finally pronounced it a "small bronze" of Pescennius Niger, made Emperor of Greece A. D. 193 by the soldiers of the army in Syria. The coin belonged to what is known as the colonial series and was struck in Amphipolis.

The French expert declared that the coin was of the utmost rarity, that he had never seen a specimen like it in his twenty years investigation and that the coin was strictly a "museum piece"—that is, not to be found outside of a museum—and very valuable. The cashier at once restored the coin to his friend and told him that such a rarity ought not to be subjected to such hard usage as it would receive as a watch charm and that any other coin not so rare would be quite as well suited to his purpose. The rare coin since has been carefully placed among the most valued coins in the collector's cabinet and will now receive the respect to which it is entitled as a finely preserved example of a rare and ancient series of coins.

Once in a while a rare coin is found in the ground that actually exceeds in value the wildest estimate of inexperienced bystanders. This was true of a coin found in an excavation for a cellar that was being made in Philadelphia's business district a few years ago. About ten feet below the surface an old coin about the size of a half dollar was found by one of the laborers. Those at work with him at once stopped operations, crowded around the finder and began to speculate as to the character and value of the piece. It was somewhat heavy, but covered with dirt to such an extent that hardly any of the design could be distinguished. It was not certain of what metal the coin was composed.

At last the workman decided to see what its current value was, if it had any, so he took a can and made his way to the nearest saloon. The bartender wouldn't given him even the customary "pint" for the coin, which after much handling finally found its way to a local old coin dealer who paid $50 for it.

Upon cleaning the coin it was found to be a very fine specimen of the famous New York gold doubloon, made in this city in 1787, being one of the rarest of the coins associated with the United States. The coin afterward was sold to a coin collector of Albany for $600. He still owns the rare gold piece, which has greatly increased in value since that time, one specimen having brought $6,200 at the sale of the Stickney collection in 1907.

It was through an excavation that an extremely rare if not unique cent of the State of New Hampshire came to general knowledge. While a workman was removing some earth at Portsmouth, N. H., a number of years ago he came across a much defaced and corroded copper coin about the size of our old time cent. The design of this coin was very crude, showing on one side the date "1776," divided by a pine tree, while the border was composed of dots. On the other side around the border were the words "American Liberty" and in the centre the initials "W. M." This coin is thought to have been a pattern for a cent to be issued by the Colony of New Hampshire about the time of the Declaration of Independence and consequently the first copper piece to be contemplated by a member of the Confederated States.

On June 28, 1776, the House of Representatives of New Hampshire voted that the colony's Treasurer should receive in exchange for its paper bills any quantity of copper coins made in the colony of the weight of five pennyweights and ten grains each, three such copper coins to be received for twopence lawful money. William Moulton got the right to make such coins, and the piece in question is thought to have been made by him as a pattern, although the design did not exactly tally with that specified by the House, which provided that on the obverse it should bear "a pine tree with the word American Liberty," and on the reverse a harp and the figures "1776."

Two other pattern coins for a New Hampshire copper coinage are known which contained designs along the specified lines, but no coinage by New Hampshire was ever regularly begun, and this excavated piece now occupies a place in the first rank of Colonial coin rarities.

Hawks as Snake Destroyers.

From the Whiteville News-Reporter.

C. K. Council says he doubts the wisdom of the new law offering a bounty for hawks' heads, as they destroy a great many venomous reptiles. A few days ago one of his neighbors was laying for a large hawk that had been carrying off his chickens. The hawk sailed down near where this party lay concealed and as it rose carried away in its talons a rattlesnake pilot, and lighting on a nearby limb proceeded to tear off the venomous rattler's head, when it let the snake fall to the ground and flew away.

The gentleman could easily have shot the hawk as it was perched upon the limb, but he permitted the bird to take wing, preferring to lose an occasional fowl to having his premises infested with rattlesnakes.

Mr. Council says hawks destroy many venomous reptiles that would overrun the country were these birds of prey all killed for the little bounty.

HEARD OUR FLAG HISSED.

Just How Such an Incident Made One American Woman Feel.

"Every now and then," said a woman the other day, "I read in the papers of some flag incident which has either just occurred or been declared closed.

"Occasionally the trouble seems to be that Americans have failed to display a foreign flag when somebody thought it would have been a delicate attention, but generally the gist of the incident has been a decidedly indelicate misattention by foreigners to our own flag.

"I always took these reports very calmly and was easily convinced of the truth of subsequent explanations to the effect that the trouble was due to intoxicated and quite irresponsible persons and that it was without any significance.

"I know better now. I've had a flag incident of my own; and, incidentally, I found out for the first time in my life how an acute attack of the fever called patriotism feels. An acute attack, I say; because I'm quite as patriotic as anybody, but I'd never had it stirred up in just that way before.

"My flag incident occurred in St. John, New Brunswick. I happened to be in that very pleasant old city for a few days, and one afternoon when time was a little heavy on our hands my friend and I went into the only amusement place which was open, a nickel theatre devoted to the cult of the moving picture show.

"It was a good place of its kind, clean, large, well conducted. Among the picture stories shown was a series called 'The Japanese Invasion of the United States.' Of course it was a made up affair, as most picture dramas are. The Japanese General was shown with his officers studying maps and laying out the campaign; Japanese spies were followed through sundry adventures; the first Japanese advance was pictured and brought into action.

"So far there was no demonstration of any kind. The pictures went for what they were—mere fakes, so far as actuality was concerned. Then the usual hint of the next stage in the story was thrown on the screen. It read: 'Defence of the Stars and Stripes,' and as I saw the words I thought I heard something that made me tingle with a funny little cold thrill. I thought I heard a hiss!

"But I said to myself I must be mistaken. It must be the picture machine fizzing, as it sometimes does. As the thought went through my mind the pictures began again to file across the screen and this time the troops were our own and the flag was my own; and before I had fairly swallowed the little leap of my heart which always greets that floating flag when I am in another country the hisses came again with reenforcements.

"I can't tell you how I felt. At first I was too astonished to believe it, but I wasn't left any room for doubt. I saw men near me from whom that insidious insult came, and then I felt blind with rage. I could have fought with hands, teeth, nails.

"A perfect passion of loyalty and love made my eyes dim and my throat tight. It caught my heart—physically, I mean; and—it's absurd and not a bit romantic, but I actually felt weak and nauseated. Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous. I should have thought you were posing if you had told me such a story before I had heard my flag hissed.

"But it's all true, every word of it. The hisses were kept up until the series ended. We were not the only Americans in the house, and the triumph of the Stars and Stripes—yes, they triumphed—was greeted with applause enough to drown the hisses. I know I did my share, and my friend, who never abandons her dignity to indulge in applause for even marvels of acting, I could see out of the corner of my eye clapping so violently that her hat was over one ear. Clap? Why, we stamped too!

"When we came out we were pretty quiet for a while, then we compared sensations. Both of us were actually still rather weak and sick; not from overexertion, but from outraged loyalty. While I don't want an experience like that again, it was almost worth the pain to have such a revelation of personal possibilities. I know now what it is to want to fight for my flag. Not just abstract fighting, but the plain fist to fist kind."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

That Double Chin

Every woman who is fat, and especially every woman (or man) who has a hog-like double chin, will welcome this news paragraph. Your night masks and sticking-plaster strips and strokings are at an end. A method of reduc