'THE PEACE PIRATES' PROVE MERRY BAND

Columbia University Players Give Annual Varsity Show at Hotel Astor.

COSTUMING A FEATURE

"The Peace Pirates," by the Columbia University Players—At the Hotel Astor.

Pirate Steward.....F. Nyland, P. G.
Lafitte, a pirate....J. W. Norton, '17
Drake, another pirate, D. Friedenberg, '18
Capt. Kidd.....W. Hughes, '17
Blackbeard, a polite pirate, L. Sowar, '18J
Vanderdecken.....W. A. Dietz, '16
The Flying Dutchman.....C. Lamb, '18
Dr. Aking.....V. H. Hanneman, '17
Dr. Bones.....A. C. Curry, '17
Andrew Rockyford..P. S. Hasslinger, '14
Mrs. Rockyford.....L. M. Hart, '18J
Celestine Rockyford..P. E. Cowan, '19
Dorothy Fairface....P. B. Leavitt, '18
William Jennings Tryan, C. A. Osterholm, '16
Washington Snow..O. Hammerstein, '16
Billy Montague..E. M. Sperling, Jr., '16
Tansy Collins, a dancer.....D. Lee, '17
A Lion.....W. J. Muller, P. G.
Head Waiter.....J. C. Norton, '18
Herman the Darndest, a magician, R. C. Fisher, '19
R. L. Perkins, an entertainer, By himself

Capt. Kidd and a merry band of pirates straight from the confines of Morningside Heights furnished a lot of excitement last night at the Hotel Astor, where the Columbia University Players held forth with their first presentation of "The Peace Pirates," their annual varsity show.

Although there wasn't a single varsity athlete in the cast or chorus, the audience which filled the grand ballroom to capacity was not denied its annual privilege of seeing some of the most graceful and many of the most awkward young men who attend classes on Morningside Heights prance daintily or stumble heavily across the stage in flimy draperies that were never meant for masculine usage.

Donald Lee, '17, who has been on the stage since he was 4 years old, was a most chic little piece of femininity, and as *Tansy Collins*, a dancer who went along with *Andrew Rockyford's* peace pilgrimage, he kept a great section of the male portion of the audience guessing. Of course the girls weren't fooled for a minute, for in more than one of his half dozen changes of costume Lee left tell tale hints that the practised eye of the 1916 maiden detected without fail. But the men were willing to wager that the fair *Tansy* was a Barnard girl who had slipped into the cast despite faculty restrictions.

Costumes a Feature.

What the show lacked in continuity of plot and action was more than made up by the costuming, especially of the feminine part of cast and chorus, and by music that would have done credit to a regular Broadway production. Some of the songs even seem destined to become hits without the aid of an introduction by some star of musical comedy. "From a Window on Broadway" and "The South Sea Pearl" were especially pleasing. Both were written by Ray L. Perkins, '17, who composed all the music of the show. The author of the book and lyrics is H. J. Mankiewicz, '17.

An eleventh hour change was necessitated in the cast because of the illness of J. D. Beales, '17, who played *Andrew Rockyford*. The part was taken by Phil Hasslinger, an alumnus of a couple of years standing, and that fact accounted for some of the lack of smoothness that characterized the first presentation.

Worthy of note in the cast were Oscar Hammerstein 3d, grandson of the impresario, who as *Washington Snow* was the Al Jolson of the show. Elliot Sperling, who played the part of *Billy Montague*, is a grandson of the late Heinrich Conried, and young Mr. Lee is a brother of Gertrude Lee, the dancer; his father and mother were in the first stock company to tour the Rockies.

The show is a burlesque on the Ford peace expedition and a noted Democratic politician whose prototype in the cast is styled *William Jennings Tryan*. Headed by the loquacious *Tryan* and *Rockyford*, the peace party sets sail on the Oscar III., but before it gets across the briny deep it is torpedoed and the shipwrecked crew and passengers land on an island in the Spanish Main on which they discover Capt. Kidd and his mates, all 300 years old if they told the truth. They looked like normal beings and apparently had found Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth.

How Plot Works Out.

Both the pirates and the pacifists are on their uppers, but each believes the other crowd has money. Inspired by *Tryan*, the pacifists offer to buy out the pirates and transfer the business to New York. Once in New York the pirates are scheduled to be shorn again by trading away their stock in the pirate concern for shares in a gold mine. Unlike any other worthless gold mine in the world, however, this one proves to be a bonanza and the pirates change places with the rich men, but not until they have made merry at a Shakespeare ball given as part of the tercentenary celebration.

P. E. Cowan, '19, as *Celestine Rockyford*, and P. B. Leavitt, '18, as *Dorothy Fairface*, made a pair of charming girls. Ray Perkins, '17, the composer, was a whole show in himself when he portrayed himself as an entertainer.

Among the patronesses were Mrs. Charles E. Hughes, Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. H. D. Auchincloss, Mrs. Frederick P. Keppel, Mrs. William E. Iselin, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Baroness de Roupe, Mrs. E. G. Burghard, Mrs. O. P. Anisel, Mrs. M. T. Bogert, Mrs. A. C. Gildersleeve, Mrs. J. Laimbeer, Jr., Mrs. Gustavus T. Kirby, Mrs. R. H. Montgomery, Mrs. Daniel E. Moran, Mrs. William Barclay Parsons, Mrs. A. W. Putnam, Mrs. E. B. Ramsdell, Mrs. W. H. Sears and Mrs. I. N. Seligman.

C. C. N. Y. PROMISES 'UPHEAVAL.'

Radical Magazine Planned to Revise College Life.

According to a poster placed on the bulletin board of the College of the City of New York yesterday students of that institution are preparing to bring out a radical magazine called the *Upheaval*, which "will be an organ of free speech and fair play to all." The poster continues:

"The recent demonstration against military training has shown that the old order of things has become unbearable to the students and that the revision of college life and college organization is desirable."

The promoters of the *Upheaval*, who state that for the present they must remain unknown, promise to cause this revision.

HIP PEE-RADE JUST JAM FULL OF GORGEOUSNESS

Even Lena, the Big Elephant of "Hip, Hip, Hooray," Enters Into Spirit of Occasion by Refusing to Budge for United States Mails.

"Gangway! For the last time I warn yuh!" screamed the chauffeur of a United States mail motor truck hurrying—until Lena, the Hippodrome elephant, got in the way—eastward across Sixth avenue at Forty-fourth street yesterday forenoon. "Yuh can't stop the United States mails."

The mail driver may have had the idea in mind that he was addressing humans in charge of the glittering street pageant which was a part of the Hippodrome's week long celebration of the eleventh anniversary of the opening of the biggest playhouse. But his eyes and voice were directed squarely at the side elevation of Lena's waist, Lena having decided to come to anchor temporarily at right angles to the Forty-fourth street curb.

Whether or not the impatient mail driver finally scooted under the wire at the Grand Central Station in time cannot be stated. Nobody waited to see, because just then a rumor wedged its way through the jam now watching the Hippodrome parade form on three sides of the building that a block to the south Dick Burnside, who will try anything once, had suddenly decided to take a chance and seat Miss Belle Storey, prima donna during the first half of "Hip, Hip, Hooray," not only in the same touring car, but on the selfsame seat with Charlotte, prima donna during the last part of "Hip, Hip, Hooray."

Noise Drowns Megaphone.

War correspondents bored into the crowd and in less than ten minutes had managed to claw their way from Lena south to Belle and Charlotte. Sure enough, there was the fearless Dick Burnside megaphoning above the uproar to Charlotte and Belle to climb into the same machine.

But, in a way, the grand marshal was not taking many chances. For one thing he had satisfied himself first that Charlotte was not wearing her ice skates. What extra precautionary directions he was yelling through his megaphone could not be heard above the noise of the crowd and Corse Payton, who had dropped into Jack's on Tuesday night for a snack of supper, but now had (or had been) debouched out into sunlit Sixth avenue patriotically waving a red lobster claw, a white napkin and a bluefish. And Corse was hollering.

Immediate activity around the prima donnas' car, however, explained the drowned out directions. Grand Marshal Burnside was directing Dr. Oscar Leiser, Dr. Smith and the Hippodrome's uniformed trained nurse into the same machine with Belle and Charlotte. At another blast through the grand marshal's megaphone the hospital corps of the Hippodrome swung into line immediately behind the touring car. Then two mounted cops pushed a path to the sides of the tonneau and remained beside the prima donnas throughout the hour long parade.

Bob Hilliard Butts In.

Into the crowd Bob Hilliard fought his way until it seemed that he'd be amputated from his white carnation.

"Where do I march, Dick," cried Bob Hilliard. "Where's my place in the——"

"Up an alley for yours, Bob," cried the grand marshal. "This is a Hip-pee-rade. Beat it!"

"But—but—but!" sputtered the great actor, tugging at a coat pocket and bringing forth a typewritten order of march prepared exclusively for the morning and evening papers by Mark Luescher. "Wait a minute." It says here: 'Stage mechanicians, seventy-five stage carpenters, Robert Hilliard.' I'm all dressed up and everything and——"

"Get the air! That means Bob Hilliard, chief engineer of the Hippodrome. Back to the Lambs. That's right, officer—but don't club him!"

Bob Hilliard had just begun to come to a stop against the back drop far across the street when a new hullabaloo drowned out the older noise. John Philip Sousa and medals had hit the sunlight at the head of his band. Resultant detonations rolled south to Forty-second street and then caromed west so far that the official reviewing party waiting at the New Amsterdam Theatre—Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Dillingham, Abe Erlanger, Teddy Rousseau, Bruce Edwards, Jay Rial and Harry S. Black and H. O. Winsor of the United States Realty Company—jumped into position at the Erlanger office windows and came to attention.

Almost Miss Reviewers.

The reviewing party almost missed the whole darned Hippodrome pee-rade. The permit for the procession said distinctly that the elephants and bands and marchers were to proceed unostentatiously from the Hippodrome, right resting on Jack's, south to Forty-second street, west to Eighth avenue, south to Thirty-fourth street, east to Madison avenue and north and west to Delmonico's and Sherry's and Jack's.

But when John Philip Sousa and mounted police and things and stuff swung away to combined hysteria and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," the press agent department of the Hippodrome, led by Col. Luescher and staff officers, Sallie Rosenthal and Lootie O'Shaughnessey, wormed its way up to the head of the pageant just as the turn west into Forty-second street was about to happen.

"On to Park Row! Hep! Hep! Hep!" cried Col. Luescher, trying to head off the turn to the west and shoo the pee-rade straight down Sixth avenue. "Down to Park Row and past the newspaper offices and disband."

They threw him out of line. But half an hour later or so when the procession was about to turn from Thirty-fourth street north into Madison avenue Grand Marshal Burnside cried suddenly to the foremost mounted cop: "Officer, he's in again! Do your duty!" And for a certainty, there was Col. Luescher at the head of the line again—he and his staff having cut across lots—and for some reason known only to himself was pleading with the head of the parade to go south through Madison avenue at least far enough to circle Madison Square Garden just once.

A Glorious Hullabaloo.

But outside of these two unfortunate incidents the Hippodrome high noon parade yesterday was a great and glorious hullabaloo. There were all the principals and all the ballet and all the ladies of the chorus, and also all the wind that the girls could stand. In fact, the breezes were so unmannerly, especially around the Times Square corners, that all the ballet girls said later that they never felt so embarrassed in their lives.

Jawn Philip, to select only a few of the highest lights in a stretch of brilliancy that took twelve minutes to pass a given Ned Wayburn, who was on the side lines near the windy corner of Broadway and Forty-second street—Jawn Philip himself was a procession. And all along the line as he marched just behind the mounted police in his bluest broadcloth and natty tan leggins, the jammed sidewalks hollered applause at Leader Sousa that stifled the oompahs of his band. If instead of an ivory wand under his arm he had donned a shako and swung one of those drum-major silver staffs high into the air there would have been a riot.

And there was manager Harry Askin in his flossiest minstrel clothes right up among the prominent folks. The new London store clothes worn by House Manager J. W. Mathews alone repaid the Tenderloin for getting up at 11 A. M. to lamp the one time manager of the Duke of Yawk Theatah flash by. No vulgar show clothes for Jim Mathews, but a freshly varnished three quart topper, morning coat, pin striped trousers, patent leathers and perfectly beautiful mauve spats.

The lilies of the palmiest days of the Weberfields had nothing on William Elmer Powers, owner and trainer of the string of Hippodrome elephants in line. Bill Powers was solid gold where he wasn't some bright if baser metal. And there was Mrs. Jennie Powers, Bill's beauteous wife, as a mahoutess in all the glories of white silks and fuss and feathers; and little Miss Julia Powers in khaki riding clothes and white helmet riding atop of Lena's swaying head, not forgetting Bill's other hopeful, George Powers, dressed like a Persian pageant.

All Sorts of Attractions.

Toyland floats, high stepping tandem teams, block long strings of gay clothed horses, Chin Chin (bench name for the baby elephant, kennel name being Emmy) gowned in white satin, trim looking usher boys in blue and gold, Nat Willis in his street clothes, the German skating girls in decorated automobiles, Phil Lemlein's boisterous brass band, companies of chorus girls in khaki and chorus men in white sailor suits, drum corps, regiments of mechanicians of all kinds, wardrobe women, scenic painters in squads, Composer Ray Hubbell and orchestra in Lambs Club lounge suits, dye makers, spanglers, cleaners, laundresses, calcium operators, electricians by the crate, a company of fifty "principals," stenographers, photographers, maids, porters, cleaners, scrubwomen, property men, costume designers and then some—and all rigged out regardless and every one of the 1,300-odd an employee of the Hippodrome.

There was a final float labelled "The Power of the Press" upon which were emblazoned the titles in facsimile of all the New York newspapers in which the Hippodrome advertises. The legends on the float explained further that the newspapers had spread the fame of the big playhouse across the continent because, said the float, the Hippodrome does not advertise by means of billboards, circulars or posters, but "solely in the newspapers."

BALLET STAR GETS SNEEZING POWDER

Afternoon Appearance of Mlle. Revalles Delayed by Note's Contents.

A pinch of what was apparently "sneeze powder" in a letter addressed to Mlle. Flore Revalles of the Diaghilew Ballet Russe nearly upset the whole programme of the performance at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. In opening the note, which was handed to her just before she was to go on in "Scheherazade," the powder flew up in her face and blinded her for the instant. Then things began to happen fast.

Mlle. Revalles swooned in her dressing room with a scream that she was being poisoned by a German spy. She refused absolutely to go on with the show, and John Brown, business manager of the opera house, had to go before the curtain and explain that the ballet had been changed to another place on the bill. Later the dancer recovered sufficiently to appear.

While all this was going on friends of Nijinsky, the Russian dancer who was making his debut, circulated charges that the incident had been concocted by Mlle. Revalles for no other reason than to distract attention from his performance. It was some time, however, before Mr. Diaghileff and other officials were able to restore order among members of the troupe.

Last night Mlle. Revalles consented to exhibit the letter in proof of her innocence. The note was signed by "Prince A. A. von Zeil," who claimed direct descent from Napoleon and said his great-grandaunt was once Empress of Russia as the wife of Peter the Great. He also maintained that his great-grandfather was Prince Maximilian von Zeil of the old nobility of Germany. He himself, he said, was born in New York in 1861 and had a brother who was chief of police in a city in Pennsylvania. The letter contained no threat of violence and no explanation was offered for the presence of the powder.

"The powder must have been a poison," said the dancer. "I had a narrow escape. In Russia there is a method of poisoning persons in that way. I thought sure it was some kind of black hand letter when I read that this man, whom I do not know of, was related to a German prince. Anyway I'm glad I didn't breath any of the powder or I'm sure I would be quite dead by now."

HEROES SENT BACK TO SPAIN

Bodies of 31 Prisoners of War Surrendered by U. S.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., April 12.—The bodies of thirty-one Spanish prisoners of war who died here after their capture at the battle of Santiago were surrendered to Spain to-day. They will be taken on the steamer Almirante Lobo to Cadiz for burial in the National Cemetery.

Rear Admiral Knight, representing the American Government, transferred custody of the bodies to Col. Don Nicholas Urculiu, military attache of the Spanish Embassy. In doing so he commented on the friendly relations between the two Governments. He said the bodies had been kept under the Spanish flag, which was renewed at the head of the graves on each Memorial Day.

The bodies were brought to the pier in separate coffins headed by a band and escorted by United States marines and bluejackets. After prayers by the Rev. D. J. O'Brien the bodies were placed aboard the steamer and three volleys were fired by the marines, taps being sounded by the drummer of the marine band.

Gair Company's Profits Greater.

The report of the Robert Gair Company of Brooklyn for the year ended February 5, 1916, shows net profits amounting to $403,684, as against $321,722 in the preceding year, and profit and loss surplus as of February 5 last of $540,563, as compared with $377,945 in the year before. Cash on hand decreased from $67,041 in 1915 to $40,666 in this year.

NIJINSKY APPEARS WITH BALLET RUSSE

Dancer Is Seen as the Rose and Also as the Tragic Petrouchka.

HE WINS WARM APPLAUSE

Warslav Nijinsky, the principal dancer of the Ballet Russe, effected his long deferred first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The ballets performed were the "Prince Igor" dances, "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Scheherezade" and "Petrouchka." Mr. Nijinsky was seen in the second and fourth of these. The audience which assembled to greet the celebrity did not overtax the seating capacity of the house. There was of course no subscription, since it was an extra matinee. Mr. Nijinsky will dance once this week for subscribers, namely, to-morrow evening.

It was unfortunate that this distinguished artist's debut should have been postponed to such a late date. The Ballet Russe is no longer a cause of public excitement. The two weeks at the Century Theatre in January seemed to absorb all the emotion of theatregoers. Furthermore "Petrouchka," which is one of the most characteristic of the company's offerings, was revealed in the early season, and Leonide Massine's impersonation of the tragic puppet was received with enthusiasm. It was not a simple undertaking for Mr. Nijinsky, the originator of the role, to follow another delineator, who had achieved a success in it.

However, the dancer's impersonation as disclosed yesterday afternoon showed certain clearly marked characteristics. Perhaps the most striking of all was the searchingly pathetic expression of the eyes. The whole face was eloquent even to persons seated half way to the rear of the auditorium. In this as well as in the continence of his movement and gesture Mr. Nijinsky showed himself a stage artist of refinement, taste, direct method and conviction. In the "Spectre of the Rose" he was accorded opportunity to exhibit his skill as a dancer, and his grace and agility as well as his communication of sentiment were warmly applauded.

In the evening "Thamar" was given for the first time in this city. This is a choreographic drama in one scene after a poem of Lermontov. The music is by Balakirev, the action arranged by Fokine and the decoration by Bakst. The music is not entirely unknown. It was played once by a local orchestra. Thamar is a Caucasian queen who sits in a castle by the River Terek. She sits waiting for lovers. When one comes she entertains him with barbaric revels and her own charms. Then she carefully sinks him in the river and resumes her occupation of looking for another. It is a delightful story and belongs to the class which seems to afford real inspiration to ballet creators.

The production of this edifying drama was equal to the standard raised by the Ballet Russe. Mr. Bakst's scene and his costumes again provided a riot of brilliant yet harmonious coloring. The pantomimic delineation of the somewhat crude methods of the Caucasian monarch was excellently devised and the revels had the now familiar sensuous charm.

Flora Revalles was the representative of the voracious queen and Adolf Bohn of the unfortunate lover. The scheme of the ballet did not permit either one to exhibit the highest skill in pantomimic detail. Much of the action of "Thamar" is carried forward in dancing and not very interesting dancing at that. The pleasure afforded by this item in the repertory is chiefly for the eye.

WHITE RATS KEEP MOUNTFORD.

Also Adopt Militant Policy, Indicating Possible Strike.

After balloting for more than a month the results of the election of international officers and board of directors for the White Rats Actors Union and the Associated Actresses of America were made known last night.

The organization came out strongly for an "offensive and defensive alliance" with all other bodies of organized theatrical employees and is prepared fully to carry on a vigorous war with the vaudeville managers for a "closed shop." This was indicated in the return of Harry Mountford as international executive and secretary-treasurer.

James W. Fitzpatrick was elected international president and Edward Clark international vice-president. The international board elected consists of Edward Archer, Theodore Babcock, Johnny Bell, Joe Birnes, Ernest Carr, Will P. Conley, Barry Connors, George E. Delmore, James F. Dolan, J. Greenfield, Frank Herbert, Robert H. Hodge, Jim Marco, Junie McCree, Sam Morton, Fred Niblo, Frank North, Otto Steinert, G. L. Whalen, Arthur Williams and V. P. Wormwood.

That the union's plans tend toward calling the long threatened strike was emphasized by the passing of a resolution granting the international board power to levy 5 per cent. on all actors' salaries who may be working in other theatres during a strike or lockout.

ANOTHER PLAY ON REFORM IN PRISON

Megrue and Cobb to Compete With the Success by Galsworthy.

STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP

There will be another play on prison reform within a short time to share the popularity of "Justice," which has proved more popular within a week than the other plays of Galsworthy within a much longer period. This is "Just Like Justice," by Irvin Cobb and R. C. Megrue. If it resembles the play now at the Candler Theatre from a box office point of view the authors ought to be satisfied.

Creighton Hale will travel through New England to show himself in person wherever "The Iron Claw" is exhibited. The demand to see the actor himself along with the pictures is growing stronger every day.

Dorothy Bigelow will not end her career on the stage with "See America First." She has been engaged by the Shuberts to sing in "The Girl From Brazil."

Kathleen MacDonnell, who will play the leading role in "The Dawn" when A. H. Woods gives George D. Parker's play at Atlantic City, is the wife of the author. Robert Edeson, who has not been seen here since "Man and Wife" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, is in the company.

"Patriotism," remarked Joe Weber yesterday, "is a wonderful thing. Indeed, there is no emotion grander than love of one's country. Take Victor Herbert. He is a wonderful patriot, loves his own country and is never tired of telling about the glories of Ireland.

"All the same, it won't make things any easier for the three companies that I was about to send into Canada to sing Herbert's operetta 'The Only Girl.' The Canada tour was just beginning. We had every promise of a great season for every company. But whether they will go now is a question. There has been an intimation that after all we might postpone the tour until next season. But patriotism is a great thing. Don't misunderstand me on that point."

Walter Kingsley, still wearing the shepherd's plaid suit which he put on Monday for Social Register Week at the Palace, as he called it, was more serious yesterday. He is afraid that the output of the one act playwrights may be still further discouraged by the spring weather.

"Think of the opportunities for the man who will supply the demand for one act plays," he said with a sigh of regret. "It seems impossible to find anything like the necessary supply. There are of course numerous actors waiting at this time of the year to go into the music halls. Apart from their needs, it is only necessary to think of the actors who started out and had to relinquish their vaudeville engagements for the lack of a play which could interest audiences in the vaudeville theatres. Among these are Nat Goodwin, Julia Dean, Hattie Williams, Marie Tempest, Charlotte Walker and Mrs. Whiffen, who did not get beyond a modest tryout on a Sunday afternoon in small theatres. Why do American playwrights not think it worth while to devote some time writing plays for all these actors who are willing to pay such good prices for them and are yet unable to get any vehicle suited to their purposes?"

As nobody volunteered an answer Mr. Kingsley wandered into the Palace to watch Margaret Hawkesworth and Basil Durant.

The Actors Equity Association has twice recently made its influence felt importantly in local theatricals. When Josephine Victor was demanding an increase in salary for no justifiable reason the Shuberts appealed to this organization and Miss Victor is still at the head of the company playing "Just a Woman" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. The second interference of the organization happened in the case of Thomas Wise, who was playing in "The Merry Wives" at the Criterion Theatre.

Alf Hayman had engaged Mr. Wise to act with Ann Murdock in her new play, which opens its season to-morrow. At the request of Mr. Hackett, Mr. Hayman released Mr. Wise to play *Falstaff* on the condition that he would return to the company of Miss Murdock when Mr. Hayman required his services, as Mr. Hackett expected to recover his health in time to resume the part in his production at the Criterion Theatre. But Mr. Hackett's knee did not mend in time and it was necessary to continue Mr. Wise in the role or close the theatre.

Mr. Hayman wanted Mr. Wise for the part in "Suki." Mr. Wise thought he saw a way out of his contract with Mr. Hayman because he was not playing the leading role, as he had supposed, but the role third in importance. Mr. Hayman appealed then to the Actors Equity Association, which decided that Mr. Wise would have to keep his contract, and this explains why the end of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" came so soon and why Mr. Wise had to give up the altogether pleasant task of playing *Falstaff*.

There are styles even in circus entertainments. This year the season at Madison Square Garden has shown an entirely new kind of entertainment. One of the managers told yesterday of its novel features. He said to THE SUN reporter:

"The safe and sane circus seems to have struck the keynote of the amusement seekers' wants. With horrors enough in the world just now the elimination of the death defying stunts from the Barnum & Bailey show seems to be accepted as a welcome change. The box office has told the story in impressive figures and the crowds at every performance testify to the pulling power of circus acts without death as an understudy waiting to play his part when miscalculation gives the cue.

"There are thrills enough in the big show now at Madison Square Garden," he went on, "plenty of them, but there is no longer an attempt to shoot a woman from a cannon's mouth or exhibit an Arabian knife thrower who can successfully outline the feminine form with sharp blades stuck into a stopboard. The somersaulting motor car and the loop the loop bicycle rider have gone because the people no longer care for that sort of thing. No spangle bedecked performer now sticks his head into the lion's mouth. His and the other foolhardy stunts are things of the past.

"It has been proved that the saner the circus the better it pays. Skill and beauty are appreciated more than daring nonsense and while the high trapeze performer continues to thrill he has more than a life's training to make his position safe—there is a net under every part of the big amphitheatre to which he might swing.

SUES FOR DIVORCE AS HARRY THAW'S WIFE

St. Louis Woman Claims Marriage in 1902—Asks Custody of a Daughter.

ST. LOUIS, April 12.—Declaring that she was married to Harry Kendall Thaw in Buffalo on October 6, 1902, and lived with him until December, 1903, Christina Thaw of St. Louis filed suit for divorce in the Circuit Court here to-day, asking maintenance and the custody of their twelve-year-old daughter, Lady Gwendolyn Clemmens.

V. R. C. Lacy, her attorney, says Thaw married her under the name of Harry Kendall Thaw Clemmens and that Thaw's mother and sister came to St. Louis in January, 1904, to see the baby, which is said to have been born here a month after the couple separated.

The petition states that the plaintiff and Thaw lived together in a New York city hotel. She said that during their married life Thaw quarrelled with her continually and made her life unendurable. He refused to establish a home for her and recognize her as his wife despite her repeated solicitations.

PITTSBURG, April 12.—Commenting upon the divorce suit filed in St. Louis, Mo., against Harry Kendall Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, by Christina Thaw, who claims to have married him in Buffalo, N. Y., on or about October 6, 1902, Stephen Stone, who, with his father, ex-Gov. William A. Stone, is a Thaw attorney, said to-night:

"That's a joke. Not a thing in it. During Harry's trial for the murder of Stanford White every step in his life was gone over thoroughly. Not once was there any mention of this woman who calls herself Mrs. Christina Thaw or of any marriage in Buffalo."

Harry Thaw is in Florida.

Her Songs Rejected, Dies by Gas.

Mrs. Christine Ness, 60, was found dead from gas in bed yesterday afternoon in a boarding house at 70 West Ninety-sixth street. Letters from two music publishers found in the room indicated the return of rejected songs.

Why the Color of Empire Tires is a Safe Buying Guide

Color is running riot in automobile tires. We were the first to produce a tire different from the conventional gray.

But mere color itself is no reason for buying a tire.

Empire Tires are *red* because we discovered the red rubber of our secret compound to have unusual wearing quality. That they are red is incidental—that they were the *first* red tires to be made is significant. Pioneers always have followers. Our red was not primarily an appeal to the eye. It just so happened that the best rubber compound ever put into an automobile tire was Empire Red. Now every tire we make is red—red through and through.

Empire Tires
RED
WEAR LONGEST

"If it's *Red*, it's an Empire"

For four years we have made the Empire Red our tire de luxe. Experience has convinced us that this tire, regardless of its cost, is the best buy for the motorist. We therefore decided to discontinue our gray tire that was sold at a lower price. By concentrating on red we are, in spite of the high rubber market, enabled to offer you Empire Red Tires now at about the price prevailing last year. This is in face of the fact that all other manufacturers have increased prices.

Empire Red Tires are adjusted on the basis of 5,000 miles.

EMPIRE RUBBER & TIRE CO.
New York City Branch, 240 West 55th St.
Newark Branch, 889 Broad St.
Brooklyn Agency, Farrell Auto Co., 1178 Bedford Ave.
Home Office and Factory, Trenton, N. J.

Is the Contemporary British Novel Superior to the American Novel?

This question will be answered by the following Brilliant Writers

Winston Churchill	Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy)
William Allen White	Henry Kitchell Webster
Ellen Glasgow	Owen Johnson
Meredith Nicholson	Elinor H. Porter
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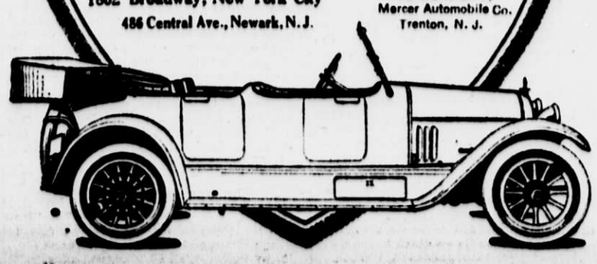
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