

AT THE THEATRES

THE BELASCO.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

"Ugliness is but skin deep. The business of art is to reveal the beauty underlying all things." That is one line from Jerome K. Jerome's beautiful play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which was presented at the Belasco Theater last night before one of the finest audiences of the season, by Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson and his splendid English company.

The line that I have quoted, which seems to me the keynote of this great symbolic play, is, too, ample justification and answer to those who may object that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is not a drama, but a tract. Rather, it might be said that it is a parable, and like all parables it is not sufficient within itself, but depends on the intelligence, the willingness, the aptness, the inherent goodness of those who hear.

To such—and there were many present last night who listened with something closely akin to devotion and with much of sympathy—this play has an appeal that goes deeper than the heart; an appeal that transcends the intellect; a lesson that strikes with firm and truthful hand those spiritual chords that in the rush and hurry-burly of crass materialism we so often forget or ignore; that, rust though they may, or covered with a scum of selfishness, the master-strokes and vibrate in the harmonies of beauty—which is truth.

Here is a play without beginning, without ending. It has no plot; no properly speaking-dramatic personage. On the programme you shall find certain names: Maj. and Mrs. Tompkins, Jane Samuels, Joy Wright, Stasia, Mrs. Sharpe, and what not, but even this concession to "the god of things as they are," the conventions, strike one as being unnecessary, the characters themselves being much better lined in the fashion of the Elizabethan moralities, as they are in Dickens or Thackeray, but symbolic—symbols of human nature, of character—symbols that "hold the mirror up to nature" and show us—the audience—"virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age, the body of the time his form and pressure."

To judge this play by the accepted canons of the theater as we have known it is impossible. Unless we should stretch a point and take the revival of "Everyman," which, in its turn, undoubtedly led to "The Servant in the House," we should have nothing to measure it by; no precedents to guide us. But, at its best, that is what it is—re-creation, not slavish imitation, and it is for us to thank heaven that a playwright dares to be himself, to speak his message in his own way; to turn our theater from a place of froth and glitter and tinsel into a real place of thought and feeling, to be hailed with honor, and crowned with glory.

It is so simple a story, this of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," simple, and yet—so simple, and yet—its scene is a London boarding house, where there are gathered men and women to whom life is bitter; a failure; a scene of petty strife and bickering, of hatred, malice, and all uncharitable thoughts. The mistress cheats her lodgers; the servant cheats her mistress; the lodgers are compassed about with selfishness. Father would sell his daughter; the painted lady enlists in a false vanity; the artist would prostitute his gifts and pander to the evil of money; the Jew would dishonor his race and live by knavery.

As you see these people in the prologue you wonder at them—you might think them exaggerated in their selfishness and meanness, unless you paused to reflect, to take the lesson home, and to ask your own heart whether it is not only a question of degree that separates you from them.

Then comes the stranger, gentle voiced, and with a smile that no one can resist. With tender sympathy and love that cannot be denied, he searches the hearts of all with whom he comes in contact, and by some subtle influence; by the needed word here and there; by the pressure of his hand; by his evident faith and belief in the inherent goodness that only waits a chance to express itself; he changes the whole complexion of the household. Love comes in and regenerates all the characters. "The meeting place of friends is the heart," he says, and before the play closes, the hearts are united; smiles of beauty light each face; evil has disappeared and love has taken its place. "It is a great privilege to be deemed worthy to suffer," he says, and when he leaves these people that know that even suffering can be good, can make for happiness—that it is only through suffering, for ourselves and others, that any of us can hope to attain that measure of perfect peace and happiness which the Divinity intended us to enjoy.

And not the least wonderful thing about this symbolic play is that it is not done as a play, but as a message to the audience to take part. The message that the stranger brings—it is the old, old message, so meaningful in this holiday season that it is so soon to come upon us, of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." It speaks with infinite pathos, though in other words, that "new commandment" that all hearts are beating to one another—and it is not hyperbole to say that there can be no man or woman with soul so dead to the finer impulses but must go from the theater after a more thoughtful man; a man who has received an impetus toward the sweeter, better things of life.

Great as the play is, it would be hard to imagine it with an actor of less fine feeling, less honesty of purpose, a looser art than that which J. Forbes-Robertson brings to it. Dignified always, and with a face that of sort of spiritual beauty that must have been the Tennesseean King Arthur's, he is dominated, and right, every scene in which he took part. His very presence on the stage seemed to bring a benediction with it. And so wonderfully has this distinguished player

THE NATIONAL.

"Three Twins."

"Three Twins" affords the same acute enjoyment this year as it did when previously shown in this city, and the large audience present at the National Theater gave every evidence of being fully repaid; for at no time during the evening did the merriest show any signs of abatement.

The reason for all this is that the play represents about the best type of musical comedy, absolutely without pretension as regards the intellectual element, but full of color, motion, and comedy, and withal clean. Another element of strength is the fact that the certain things to be done are attempted by people who know how to do them. The principal singer really has a good voice, the dancers are clever, and the comedians are really funny without palpable effort.

The comedy situations hinge on an accepted time-honored expedient of musical comedy, with the subject treated with some degree of novelty; in fact, the present exposition of the idea goes the exemplification one better, for instead of the person, as in the old-time comedy, being a young man who, for certain purposes, disguises himself to resemble a photograph found on the beach; the third party, who looks them both. The complications, thus arising from a basis for most of the comedy, and incidentally gives excuse for the introduction of spectacle, specialties, and songs. Of the first it must be said that it is gorgeous, of the second that they are clever, and of the last that they are catchy.

Clifton Crawford, as Tom Stanhope, is the head and front of the merry-making, his efforts being extremely effective from the fact that they appear to be entirely spontaneous, a young man who, for simple, but the effect of staid horseplay is distinctly absent. He says and does a lot of funny things and is completely irresistible. You simply have to laugh, and have not very much time to reflect upon the words, and the other cause. He assisted materially in several songs, kidded every one, even the actors, into good humor, and got off a fine series of imitations, including his very clever one of impersonating several distinct types in a recitation, with characteristic versions of the "Charge of the Light Brigade." While speaking of Mr. Crawford and the comedy, it would be proper to mention right here those who, in a substantially assisted along that line. Joe Allen appeared as Gen. Stanhope, a choleric old gentleman; Russell Lennon, as Dick Winters, one of the twins; George Herbert, as Harry Winters, the other facetious, and Ralph Locke, as Dr. Hartman, B. W. G. N. T., giving a satirical impersonation of the high-browed specialist, in this particular instance of Teutonic prolixity.

The principal songs were rendered by Daisy Leon, who has a good voice, and uses it with effect, scoring in "Good-night, Sweetheart"; "Cuddle Up a Little Closer"; "The Girl Up There"; "Marie Fanchon"; "Here I Stand"; "Boo-hoo, Tee-Hee"; in conjunction with Miss Della Niven; with the "Hypnotic Kiss," assisted by Mr. Crawford, and with the "Yama Yama Man," aided by the "Yama Yama Girls." Most of these things were accompanied with success when first presented as to become by words, and last night's repetition confirmed that estimate.

The spectacular features are many and varied, in the most instances making pleasing appeal to the eye. Notable among them is the "Marvelous Faceograph," posed by Myrtle Tyson, and a scenic effect of striking beauty is produced in the first act representing a moonlit sea, with lights and other accessories.

Taken together, "Three Twins" is just about the kind of production that people in search of diversion like to see, and it is a moral and a good one, and a thing worth seeing, and a success, mainly constituted person who attends will be divested of any feelings of gloom, for the time being, at least.

THE ACADEMY.

"The White Captive."

The sanguinary drama once more reigns at the Academy, and, apparently, the past few weeks of milder productions have only served to whet the appetites of those who enjoy such plays as "The White Captive." A packed house greeted the opening performance. Robert Wayne terms this latest product from his mill "A Drama of the Real West." "Indians vs. Aeroplanes" might better indicate its timeliness, for the West portrayed is not the land of Buffalo Bill and the stage coach, but the experimental ground of wireless operators and birdmen.

There is a sputtering wireless, a lifelike aeroplane, a young man who, as Indians, one of the latter doing some clever tricks with the larlat.

The plot that goes with these scenic effects concerns Ruth Fairfax, just home to the ranch from a school in the East. She finds the affairs of her father have been mismanaged by Black Jack, the foreman, and this discovery incurs his enmity. Ruth fears the man, and appeals to Tom Merrick, an aeroplane agent, for protection. But one day Black Jack and his Indian kidnap Ruth. They carry her up into the mountains, where they prepare to burn her at the stake. Then enters the aeroplane, and in a moment Tom catches Ruth and a few minutes later, for a trip worth \$10,000 by the Grahamme-White computation. In the end true love triumphs, and the stage is strewn with dead and dying villains.

The company is a competent one. Clara Joe, as Ruth, does excellent work, and Elberta Roy contributes an effective character as a half-breed girl. Others in the cast deserving of mention are True S. James, as Ruth's father; Bernard Seebach, as Tom; and T. E. B. Henry, as Black Jack.

There is a tendency to overdo the comedy introduced, and the suggestive song introduced by the French wireless operator should be eliminated. Otherwise the piece is good of its kind.

CASINO THEATER.

Vaudeville.

In the bill presented at the Casino Theater this week the most popular act is unmistakably the comedy sketch, "A Leap Year Leap," played by Willard Hutchison and Rosamond Harrison. Miss Harrison's work as the lady determined to get a proposal was very good. Ed. Morton as the organizer of the militia, offered by the Misses Gray and Travis, in "Violets." The Houghtons performed feats in hand-balancing, contortion, and equilibrium; the Moulton Rouge Band, arranged in late for a madcap performance, gave a splendid band of classic and popular numbers in the evening. Sam Roberts entertained with songs, recitations, and conversational patter; Len Welsh was an amusing Hebrew comedian with stories and songs, and June Le Veay sang several songs with changes of costume. The motion picture plays rounded up an enjoyable performance.

THE GAYETY.

Burlesque.

The Marathon Girls hold sway at the Gayety this week and last night set a pace in which the winner was hard to pick. The company is so well balanced that it is hard to pick any one individual as a star.

The show is entitled "Crazy Finance," in which the audience is let in on the secrets of Wall street as they "aint." Ed. Morton as the organizer of the militia, offered by the Misses Gray and Travis, in "Violets." The Houghtons performed feats in hand-balancing, contortion, and equilibrium; the Moulton Rouge Band, arranged in late for a madcap performance, gave a splendid band of classic and popular numbers in the evening. Sam Roberts entertained with songs, recitations, and conversational patter; Len Welsh was an amusing Hebrew comedian with stories and songs, and June Le Veay sang several songs with changes of costume. The motion picture plays rounded up an enjoyable performance.

THE LYCEUM.

Burlesque.

The attraction at the New Lyceum this week, "The Jolly Girls," does not measure up to the usual standard. The comedy is poor, because the material is rather old. The two farces, "The Flying Man from Mexico" and "An Irish Pasha," have been seen here before, and the chorus was conspicuous by the absence of gingers in the ensemble.

The olio was in keeping with the rest of the show. Nancy Simpson sang several songs; Tony Kennedy, assisted by Leulla Temple and company, gave a sketch; Rev. W. W. McMaster, pastor of the First Baptist Church, preached the annual sermon. He was followed by a particular report of the committee on order of exercises. Rev. W. W. McMaster, pastor of First Baptist Church, pronounced the benediction.

The order of exercises to-day will be as follows:

THE ARCADE.

Burlesque.

Slowly but surely the dancing fraternity of Washington is falling in line. Last evening at the Arcade, Fourteenth Street and Park road, northwest, the ballroom catered to another large crowd, sure evidence of the growing popularity of the attraction. As a special attraction for Thanksgiving evening the management has decided to hold an old-fashioned sketching dance, with prizes for the couples best exemplifying "Ya Olden Time." Crowds continue to flock to the skating rink and another "big night" was enjoyed last evening.

THE HOWARD.

Burlesque.

"My Friend from Dixie," the musical comedy, with book and music by J. Lubrie Hill, the star comedian of the piece, repeated its first big success at the New Howard Theater last night before a large audience. The catchy music and the cleverly written comedy work of J. Lubrie Hill and his associate comedians, Sheldon, Brown, and Mitchell, afforded a pleasing variety of entertainment. The costumes are attractive, and the piece is well staged.

Julian Ellinge as a Star.

Atlantic City, Nov. 14.—Julian Ellinge appeared as a star in the new musical comedy "The Fascinating Widow" at Nixon's Apollo Theater, and a large audience voted both the show and Ellinge one of the theatrical novelties of the season. "The Fascinating Widow" is the work of Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hozhau, and from the manner in which the auditors received it these clever writers have added another winner to their successful list.

Shortest Name Is Al Re.

Everett, Mass., Nov. 14.—Al Re claims to have the shortest name of any one in the country. He challenges anybody to come forward with a name as short as his. Previous to Mr. Re's announcement Miss Eda Ek, of Brockton, was credited with having the shortest name in America.

OPERA SEASON OPENS

"Armide" Is Given at Metropolitan Opera House.

New York, Nov. 14.—The opera season opened brilliantly to-night with the presentation of S. Giuck's "Armide," at the Metropolitan. The opera house was jammed with society subscribers, and the cosmopolitan crowd that does not begin to take interest in life until Giulio Gatti-Casazza's midnight beard looms against the red plush hangings of the lobby.

There were upward of 4,000 people who had secured seats in advance, but more than 1,000 stood in line for hours to buy admission and stood cheerfully throughout the performance. Altogether, there were about 5,000 people present, and the cash receipts of the opening night were in the neighborhood of \$30,000.

Infesting the Broadway sidewalk were fifty-six speculators, who followed to some profit. By the use of "diggers," as the speculators call their private agents who obtain seats at normal prices for them at the box office, they were amply supplied with good seats, and conditions were such that they made the public contribute lavishly. Orchestra seats priced at \$5 in the box office were disposed of by the speculators at \$10, \$75, and \$50. For seats in the dress circle they demanded and frequently got \$10, and for many seats in the balcony and the gallery they received \$5 to \$10.

"Armide," the opera with which the Metropolitan began its season, had its first presentation 133 years ago in Paris. To-night was the first time it was ever produced in this country. It deals with an episode in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." The action takes place in the time of the first crusade. Armide is a Saracen sorceress, who tries to tempt Renaud, the ablest general of the Christian army, to desert. Renaud is played by Caruso, who sang the part of Renaud and Olive Fremstad was Armide.

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WEAVER INDORSES CITIZEN SOLDIERY

Wants a Reserve Force of 100,000 Men Created.

In his report, made public yesterday, Col. E. M. Weaver, Chief of the Division of Military Affairs of the War Department suggests that in order to provide further for the national defense in case of emergency, a national reserve of 100,000 men be created by law. This national reserve should stand somewhere between the place occupied by the regular army and the organized militia, and should be recruited from among officers and men who wished to retire from active service in either the army or the militia, and who still wished to be considered as ready to spring to the country's defense in an emergency.

"Such a reserve might well constitute a part of the regular army of the United States," said Col. Weaver; "that is, the regular army of the United States might be considered as a body of citizen soldiery, supplemented by the active army, and constituting, in time of peace, a body that would receive trained soldiers, both commissioned and enlisted, from the active regular army, and from the organized militia on the other."

In speaking of the present organized militia, Col. Weaver declares that in some States it is very satisfactory, and in others very unsatisfactory. He suggests that if the office of adjutant general was taken out of politics in the various States much might be done to improve the militia. He suggests also that government competition for the adjutants general be provided for by amendment of the militia law, since these officers do so much work for the War Department. The report shows an increase of 224 officers and enlisted men in the militia.

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TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Mason and Dixon's Line—November 15.

The King of England was indebted to Admiral Penn to the sum of \$80,000, and William Penn, on the death of his father, inherited the claim. At Penn's request King Charles granted him, in payment of his claim, a tract of 40,000 square miles in America. In the petition to the King, Penn asked for the territory west of the Delaware River and north of the northern boundary of Maryland to the north "as far as plantable." It was the largest grant ever made to one man in America.

The boundary of the colony, as given in the charter, became the subject of the most serious dispute, and the matter was not fully settled for a hundred years.

The first survey to establish the boundary and settle the dispute was made by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two English surveyors, who were brought to this country by the heirs of both parties for that purpose. They arrived in America on November 15, 1763, and began that year the survey, completing it in 1765. Lord Baltimore had claimed that the fortieth degree fell north of Philadelphia, whereas the King in granting it supposed it would fall at the head of Delaware Bay. Penn insisted that the line be fixed where it was supposed to be. The charter says that the province granted to Penn was to extend five degrees westward from the Delaware River, and "the said lands to be bounded on the north by the beginning of the third and fourth degrees of northern latitude, and on the south by a circle drawn at twelve miles distance from New Castle northward and westward unto the beginning of northern latitude."

Just what the "beginning of the third and fourth" degree meant was not clear. Penn, finding that the fortieth degree fell too far north to give him a harbor on the Chesapeake, contended that the "beginning" of the fortieth degree did not mean the fortieth degree, and he won in part; but it cost him

dearly, for although the charter set the boundary at the "beginning of the fortieth degree," which would have thrown it north of Buffalo, it was finally fixed at the forty-second degree.

In 1762 the heirs of Penn and Baltimore signed an agreement that the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland be run due west from the tangent of the western boundary of Delaware with the arc twelve miles from New Castle. Mason and Dixon surveyed it west for 244 miles, and at the intervals of a mile small cut stones were set in the ground; each stone had a large P cut on the north side, and a B on the south side. Every five miles was placed a larger stone bearing the Pennsylvania coat of arms on one side and that of Lord Baltimore on the other. These stones were cut in England and afterward brought to the colonies.

A few of these stones still stand, but time has crumbled many of them; others have been carried away piecemeal by relic hunters, and a few are doing service as steps before the doors of farmhouses along the route. The first revision of the survey was made in 1848, when it was found the original survey was substantially correct, and within a few years the route has been gone over and many of the former historic monuments were re-covered and put in their proper places.

November 15, the articles of confederation were adopted by Congress in 1777; the Cayuga and Seneca Canal was completed in 1825, and the Doomsday Book in 1688. To-day is the birthday of William Cowper, poet (1731); William Pitt, the English statesman (1708); Sir William Herschel, the great astronomer (1738); Johann Casper Lavater, Swiss poet and theologian (1741); Jerome Bonaparte (1784); Richard Henry Dana, poet and essayist (1727); and Thurlow Weed, journalist and politician (1757). It is the date of the death of Christopher Gluck, composer (1757) and Johanna Kunkel, the German novelist and musician (1858).

IF YOU HAVE A SICKLY YOUNGSTER TRY THIS FREE

The family with young children that is without sickness in the house now and then is rare, and so it is important that the head of the house should know what to do in the little emergencies that arise, a child with a serious ailment needs a doctor, it is true, but in the majority of instances, as any doctor knows, the child suffers from some intestinal trouble usually constipation.

There is no sense in giving it a pill or a remedy containing an opiate, nor is flushing of the bowels to be always recommended. Rather give it a small dose of a mild, gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which, by cleaning out the bowels and strengthening the little stomach muscles, will immediately correct the trouble.

This is not alone our opinion but that of Mrs. N. H. Mead, of Freeport, Kansas, whose granddaughter has been taking it successfully, and of Mrs. J. R. Whiting, of Lena Wis., who gives it to her children and takes it herself. It is sold in fifty cent and one-dollar bottles at every drug store, but if you want to test it in your family before you buy it, send your address to Dr. Caldwell, and he will forward a supply free of charge.

Dr. Caldwell does not feel that the purchase of his remedy ends his obligation, he specializes in constipation, liver, and bowel diseases for over forty years, and will be pleased to give the reader any advice on the subject free of charge. All are welcome to write him. Whether for the medical advice or the free sample, address him Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 514 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

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FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

THE MAJESTIC.

Vaudeville.

Yesterday's show included George Randall and company of four, who present an interesting playlet entitled "Jimmy's Kid," in a most acceptable manner. The story is an interesting one well told. Hazel and Hawkins presented a burlesque act that was acceptable, while Milmar and Morris and their comedy acrobatic act, Dorsey and Mild, with a novelty musical act, and Josh Lazar, a black-faced comedian, completed the bill. The cinematograph concluded the performance with some of the latest pictures.

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