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as a step toward sound readjustment from war time inflation was, in our opinion, a paramount consideration.

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Amusements

"PASSION."

"Passion"—the screen's newest triumph, built on human nature's oldest offense—was shown at Crandall's Metropolitan Theater yesterday before audiences renewed throughout the afternoon and evening from waiting crowds that overflowed the lobby to the pavement as far as 10th street.

The camera, in holding the mirror up to nature, has reflected with flesh and blood realism the France of Louis XV, with its gay abandon of unlicensed revelries set against the ominous background of a vengeance-mad people already clamoring at the palace gates. The plot has for its central figure that Parisian milliner who became the Du Barry of history and one of the most tragic figures in the love annals of France, though love is dominated by the stronger passion for wealth, pleasure and place. As a slip of a country girl, new to the excitement of Paris, she betrays the trust of Armand, the student who truly loves her, for the jewels and flattery of courtiers through whom she becomes the king's favorite and the despot of his court. Her extravagance and selfish disregard of the common people stirs class hatred until, because of ribald lampoons and jeering street crowds, the king, to appease her vanity, orders her marriage to the profligate Compte Du Barry, so that, as a member of the nobility, she may be "presented at court." The king dies and Robespierre condemns Du Barry to the guillotine.

Pola Negri, the Polish screen star, gives to the character the coquetry that was Du Barry's conquering charm. The student, who honestly loved her, the king who was besottedly infatuated with her, the power-jealous prime minister and his sister, who plotted her downfall, and the cobbler who ruthlessly drags her to the knife, are so tensely human in their passions, good, bad, but never indifferent, as to sweep away any supposed limitation of the screen and place the production of "Passion" on a higher art scale even than that one-time famous stage play produced by Belasco, with a celebrated actress as its star.

The rhapsodic adjectives of a press agent may be questioned, but conservative critics will agree that, with the possible exception of one or two American masterpieces, "Passion" is the highest example of screen art and screen drama ever seen in this city. It is more than that: The storming of the Bastile, the onslaught of Versailles by a mob blood-hungry for the lives of the new king and Marie Antoinette; the tumbrils weighted with condemned aristocrats accompanied by mocking thousands wrought to demon-madness by the inspiration of "The Marseillaise"—with more thousands waiting at the guillotine to revile the agony of men and women about to die—so charge the atmosphere with the horror of truth, that for absolute realism "Passion" gives a more convincing conception of the French revolution and all it stood for than any history that was ever printed or any drama ever staged.

The environment is France, its streets, parks, palaces and pleasure grounds. The actors, it is said, were selected from noted stars, who had come from everywhere to fight the great war, and the film was two years in the making. Added to the screen value of "Passion" is an excellent orchestra, with a special score that follows the spirit of the play, with "The Marseillaise" as its dominating theme.

"THE ED WYNN CARNIVAL."

Ed Wynn has brought his Carnival back to the National Capital after a year of success in New York and elsewhere, and a Washington audience at the National Theater last night noisily expressed its joy. It is a more amusing, more smoothly running production than it was when it played here before, and Ed Wynn has held fast to members of his company who helped to make the Carnival a success from the start. The pruning hook has been used judiciously, and the result is a swiftly moving entertainment, without plot, to be sure, but knit together by Mr. Wynn's own funmaking.

As "Himself," Ed Wynn rambles joyously through two acts and innumerable scenes. He and his company appear to enjoy themselves as much as the audience, which is a lot. Mr. Wynn's humor and methods are peculiar to himself, and, therefore, he is well cast as "Himself."

The diminutive actors from Japan the Mayakos, added to their laurels last night, both in song and in acrobatic feats. Then there are Ray Miller's Black and White Melody Boys, a jazz band par excellence, to set the feet of the audience moving whether or no, and who were encored many times. Lillian Fitzgerald, with her French and Irish characterizations and songs, and as a partner of Mr. Wynn himself in several of the scenes, made many new admirers last night.

Lillian Wagner, Charles Bennet, Muriel Harrison and Earl Benham are intrusted with the song hits of the carnival—outside of those by Miss Fitzgerald—and their rendition was excellent. "My Log-Fire Girl," sung by Charles Bennet; "Good-Bye Sunshine, Hello Moon," by Muriel Harrison and Earl Benham; "I Love the Land of Old Black Joe," by Muriel Harrison, and "The Sphinx of the Desert," by Lillian Wagner, all were enthusiastically received.

Vanda Hoff, as queen of the Nile, in an Egyptian dance, is both beautiful and graceful, and Beth Stone, in an eccentric toe dance, shared with her the dancing honors of the evening.

Henry Regal and Simeon Moore, acrobats, perform a number of unusual, not to say dangerous, feats.

The scenic effects are wonderfully beautiful, especially the Japanese scenes, also that revealing the sphinx in the desert. It would be a distinct oversight not to mention the exceedingly pretty girls who make up the well drilled chorus. All in all, the Ed Wynn Carnival is a long way in advance of many of the musical revues and musical comedies that have been produced here. It is an entertainment that fully deserves the applause it received last night.

"BLUE EYES."

In presenting "Blue Eyes" Lew Fields and Morris Rose, the producers, have revived an almost obsolete descriptive title—"musical comedy." Although the opening scene is laid in Greenwich village, "Blue Eyes" is not a "follies," nor is the village referred to by its modern name. The offering, greeted for the first time in Washington by an appreciative audience last evening at Poli's Theater, is strictly what its title implies—a musical comedy of the substantial type. It has a plot, which, of course, clears it of any suspicion of being a revue or a "follies." The plot is well defined throughout, and the fact that the story is thoroughly up to date is evidenced by the fact that it introduces an anarchist and a bomb plot. It has to do with a trio consisting of an impecunious artist, an equally moneyless poet and a playwriter, likewise unhampered by assets. The artist is knocked down by an automobile driven by "Blue Eyes," daughter of supposedly wealthy parents, with an estate on Long Island. By mistake, when his name is demanded, the artist produces from a pocket of his coat the card of an Italian count. His two impecunious friends insist that he "go through with it" and the trio proceed to the Long Island estate as week end guests of the parents of "Blue Eyes." It develops that the latter are not wealthy, but are merely living by their wits and hope to borrow money from the "count" on the theory that the latter will fall in love with the daughter, who is not a party to the deception. The real count is in truth an anarchist, and in capturing the ringleader of the gang the pseudo count earns a large reward. He and the girl exchange confidences and all ends happily after many complications.

"Blue Eyes" is bubbling over with music and dance numbers, and has at least one popular hit. The cast was evidently selected with care, for it measures up to all requirements. Donald MacDonald, singer, dancer and thoroughly at home in any part assigned him, has a leading role, as has Ray Raymond. Olin Howland is a comedian who ranks far above the average. Dorothea Mackaye is the Dorothy Manners, or "Blue Eyes," and she is the heroine in looks, in voice and in terpsichorean ability. The remainder of the cast includes names pleasantly familiar to theatergoers, while the chorus is numerically large, pleasing to the eye and thoroughly drilled. Rose and Arthur Boylan execute special dance features. The music is by I. B. Kornblum, the lyrics by Z. Myers and the book by Leon Gordon and Le Roy Clements.

"JIMMIE."

A decade or more back Arthur Hammerstein presented Emma Trentini in "The Firefly," one of the big successes of its day. "Jimmie," his new production, that is being presented at the Shubert-Belasco this week, with the dainty little comedienne, Frances White in the leading role, is enough like its predecessor to have been borrowed bodily, even though rewritten. Both concern the trials of a foreign waif who drifts to America and whose parents have been lost in the shuffle. Of course, the tangle is ultimately straightened out and all ends merry as a marriage bell.

Frances White has long been a popular entertainer in vaudeville. She has a fetching personality, and it is this fact and the clever manner in which she puts the big song and her other numbers over the footlights which more perhaps than anything else must be given credit for giving the show its reported record of success in Boston and New York. After her song, "Jimmie," Miss White was recalled at least a dozen times, and this song is the dominant melody of the piece. Ben Welch in a dialect part is good support to the little star and shares honors with Harry Delf, a very clever dancer and an original comedian. Rita Owin also is a delightful dancer, while Genevieve Davis, with a voice of unusual sweetness and strength, is one of the charms of the performance. The other people of the company are capable, and the scenery, while not elaborate, suffices, although Carlotti's cabaret is unusually pretty and pretentious.

COLUMBIA SAXOPHONE SEXTET

Marion Harris, "syncopation's scintillating star," with the Columbia Saxophone Sextet and Yerkes' Novelty Orchestra, furnished a large audience with the joys of jazz and merry melodies at Poli's Theater last night. Miss Harris, who has a good soprano voice and a trick of personality that is very effective in putting songs over the footlights, carried her audience with her and won its hearty and insistent applause time and again. She sang with much success, "Look for the Silver Lining," "Everybody But Me," "I Ain't Got Nobody" and won a storm of applause with "Little Tin Soldier." Walter Reed made a hit as the laughing trombonist and the jazz band was a delirium of delight.

Photoplay Features.

"MIDSUMMER MADNESS."

"Midsummer Madness," William C. eD Mille's film production of Cosmo Hamilton's powerful novel, "His Friend and His Wife," which was shown yesterday at the Columbia Theater, is one of the best acted and most interesting screen offerings seen in Washington for some time. It is adapted by Olga Printzlau, and the story is well pictured, while the scenic effects are unusually good. The excellent acting of the four principals lifts the picture out of the ordinary and make it a genuine delight. Lois Wilson probably stands out as the real star. Her acting in the emotional scenes is of a high order.

The story is appealing and carries a real lesson. It centers about matrimony, using two young married couples as its instruments—Jack Holt and Lois Wilson, as Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, in good social and financial circumstances, and Lila Lee and Conrad Nagel, as the Conrads, their intimate friends. Conrad has become bored at his wife's incessant expressions of affection, and Mrs. Meredith, who has not lost any of the romance of girlhood, feels that her husband, who is wrapped up in his legal profession, no longer cares for her. Circumstances throw these two together, and there is a gradual transition from neighborly friendship to something more serious. Fate finally brings about a climax when the couple, in a moment of madness following a moonlight night and a country club dance, drive to Conrad's shooting lodge. Their good sense returns, however, before it is too late and they retrace their steps. The news of this indiscretion travels fast on the wings of gossip and the story is brought to an intense climax when the two are confronted by Conrad's jealous wife and Mrs. Meredith's husband. However, in a clever manner Conrad is used as the instrument of bringing about a new and better understanding for all concerned, and two happy homes are made instead of two wrecked ones.

A Clyde Cook comedy, Selznick news pictures, including scenes of the naval balloonists' return to civilization, and an orchestral overture add to the program.

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT."

Thrills a-plenty and an abundance of laughter are furnished by "Something Different" at Moore's Rialto this week, with Constance Binney pictured in the leading role. Miss Binney's luck has compelled her to appear in ordinary clothes in former pictures, but in her latest offering she is seen in sumptuous gowns and with surroundings that lend enchantment to the picture.

The story is Alice Duer Miller's "Calderon's Prisoner" and demands close attention from start to finish. Bored with society and fashion in "little old New York," the heroine decides on a trip to South America to dig up something new in the way of entertainment. She gets all she wants and a little more when she finds herself the center of a healthy revolution with trying situations and considerable gun play. The general commanding the government forces being a likable fellow, the erratic little lady naturally falls in love with him and in this at least finds "something different." The finale is easy to guess.

The supporting company is excellent, including Ward Crane, Lucy Fox, Crane Wilbur and Mark Smith.

One of Sewell Ford's "Torchy" stories is an added feature, with a splendid musical program and news pictures.

"THE CHARM SCHOOL."

Wallace Reid continues to bat among the top-notchers in the popularity league yesterday in James Cruze's photoplay, "The Charm School," which opened a week's run at the Palace. The Paramount release of Alice Duer Miller's story delighted scores who patiently waited in serpentine lines seeking entrance.

The theme is unique. Whoever heard of a youth in his twenties taking over a girls' school, conducted since its foundation in the staid, dignified and stiff-necked fashion which breeds old maids, and turning it into an institution which produces young ladies, specializing in feminine charm, minus vampire attributes, and yet are the deadly enemies of bachelorhood?

Lila Lee and Grace Morse are seen in the support, the former as an exemplary product of the charm school and the latter as one of the teachers under the old regime, a personification of "old maidenhood."

The orchestral overture, "The Chocolate Soldier," deserves mention, and the Summerville comedy, "Hold Me Tight"; a Mutt and Jeff cartoon, Topical Tips and the Pathe News furnish good minor films.

"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN."

In "The Unpardonable Sin," the photoplay at the Shubert-Garrick Theater this week, Marshall Neilan, besides giving theatergoers nearly an all-star cast, provides for those who played their part in the war on this side of the Atlantic a look-in on some of the realties of war. "The Unpardonable Sin," although possibly leaving a bitter taste, registers impressively the terrorism which was perpetrated in Belgium by the German mailed fist, and the film is probably as good a historic record of certain phases of the world struggle as could be handed down to posterity.

Blanche Sweet, Wesley Barry, Matt Moore, Wallace Beery, Edwin Stevens, Bobby Connolly and Mary Alden are pictured in the story which vividly depicts what happened to Belgian peasants, as well as to tourists, who were caught in that terrible sweep through King Albert's domain by the Germans. The activities of the committee for Belgian relief are developed throughout the photoplay, and other historic facts which have gone to make the recent war the most overwhelming tragedy the world has

(Continued on Page Seventeen.)

PLOWS UP 20 SNAKES.

Farmer Forced to Give Battle to Reptiles.

WINCHESTER, Va., January 17 (Special).—Twenty good sized snakes of a deadly poisonous species were plowed up in a field on the farm of J. W. Sheets recently and Ernest Kibler, who unearthed them unexpectedly, was forced to give battle to the reptiles, who resented being thus disturbed. He cut most of them in two with a "blacksnake" whip he had and killed the others with rocks. A passerby caught the plow horses as they were stampeding.

$75 $85 $90

Imported Great Coats

$52.50

THE matchless makes of KENNETH DURWARD, RICHARD AUSTIN and the famous AQUASCUTUM Coats.

Only the low rate of exchange makes this price possible. For these are the sort of coats one looks for but seldom finds at a sale. Foreign fabrics. Warmth without weight. Designed for the man who wants something just a bit better. And made inside and out with the care and precision that foreign artisans only give to their work.

If you need a coat it would be almost extravagant to miss this sale.

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TROUSERS

half price

ON every pair we sell we lose money, but make a friend. So come out on top after all.

Trousers of blue serge, cashmeres, cheviots, black and unfinished worsteds. For street and dress wear. And being all wool—for very hard wear.

Bring down that vest or coat out of the closet and let us match it up for you.

$ 7.50 Trousers, now	$3.75
$10.00 Trousers, now	$5.00
$12.00 Trousers, now	$6.00
$15.00 Trousers, now	$7.50
$18.00 Trousers, now	$9.00

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Selections typically P-B, which might be construed to mean A-1. For Manhattan headquarters in New York have co-operated with us in this event that brings shirt prices back to the days when collars were two for twenty-five.

If you need shirts we suggest you come in, *early*. Prices will be higher in the Spring.

All $5.00 Manhattan Shirts, now $2.50
All $7.00 Manhattan Shirts, now $3.50
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All $13.50 Manhattan Shirts, now $6.75
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